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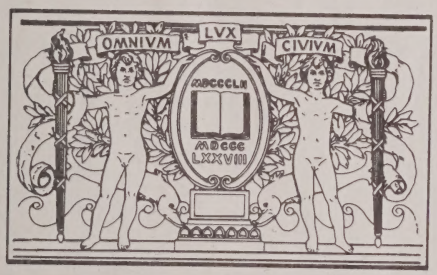


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THE

# ATLANTIC MONTHLY

A MAGAZINE OF

## Literature, Science, Art, and Politics

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# THE DIARY OF JOSEPH FARINGTON

## A PICTURE OF THE ENGLAND OF GEORGE III

EDITED BY JAMES GREIG

In the winter of 1921, Messrs. Puttick and Simpson, the well-known auctioneers who occupy the house in Leicester Square, London, where Sir Joshua Reynolds lived and worked, were asked to see the small property of the late Miss M. L. E. Tyrwhitt, of Northwood Lodge, Wallington, Surrey, and found, among other things, the Silver Plate presented by the Royal Academy to Joseph Farington, one of its members, as well as a large number of his drawings.

Attention was drawn also to a batch of books, in a case, which the vendor thought of little value. They were, however, carted to the salesroom along with the other contents of the house, and on November 28, 1921, the firm invited several people to see a Diary and its tributary notebooks.

A member of the *Morning Post* staff was the first to call next day, and, after a cursory examination of a few entries, here and there, satisfied himself that the volumes were of more than ordinary importance. At his suggestion the sale was postponed for three weeks, so that a more careful study of their contents might be made. This he was permitted to do and, on the strength of the knowledge gained, he advised Mr. H. E. Gwynne, editor of the *Morning Post*, to buy the Diary for publication.

At the sale on December 9, there were in attendance representatives of the Royal Academy and of some of the public galleries, as well as of publishers and London newspapers. The bidding began at sixty guineas, and the collection was knocked down to the *Morning Post* at the paltry price of one hundred and ten guineas.

The first intention was to publish the Diary, — as a test, — daily, in the *Morning Post*, for six weeks, dating from January 23, 1922. Its success exceeded the anticipation of almost everyone. Large numbers of the public asked for its continuation and it is still appearing in serial form with growing popularity.

Who was Joseph Farington? What was his professional standing? What were his opportunities for acquiring information of sufficient interest to fill with manuscript sixteen large volumes, besides numerous small notebooks? The biographical dictionaries say very little about his art or himself; he is nowhere mentioned as a diarist. A Memoir of Sir Joshua Reynolds is the only literary work by him that is recorded. Let us give briefly the few

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facts known before 1922, which illustrate his achievement.

Farington was descended from an old Lancashire family, and studied art under Richard Wilson, the famous landscape-painter. His topographical drawings, if not brilliant, are remarkable records of things seen with eyes wide open to the intimate beauty of the landscapes, conveyed by him with great assurance and simplicity in the water colors, which, during his lifetime, were held generally in high esteem, in spite of the fact that his contributions to the public galleries were infrequent.

From the year 1773 he ceased to exhibit with the Incorporated Society, and withdrew from it as a member. In June of that year he went to Houghton Hall in Norfolk, the seat of the Earl of Orford, and there remained for three years, employed, along with his young brother and pupil, George Farington, in making drawings of its pictures, which were sold in 1779 to the Empress Catherine of Russia, at a cost of £40,-555, the value set on the collection by Benjamin West and Cipriani, to the astonishment of Horace Walpole. In July, 1776, Farington went to Keswick in Cumberland, where he continued principally to reside until 1780, when, in December of that year, he removed to London and established himself at 35 Upper Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square. Between 1773 and 1778 Farington did not exhibit anywhere; but in the latter year he began to contribute regularly to the Royal Academy, up to 1799, and afterward, at intervals, showing there for the last time in 1813.

His name became widely known in his day, mainly through the drawings, reproduced in handsome volumes, of his many tours in England, Scotland, and France. As a man he won the highest respect and his influence was exercised for the good of his fellow men. He was 'a true gentleman,' says James Northcote, R.A. '. . . the great man to be looked up to on all occasions. . . . His great passion was the love of power — he loved to rule. He did it, of course, with considerable dignity.'

In the life of Sir Martin Shee, a president of the Royal Academy, we read: —

> The principal spokesman was Mr. Farington, whose name was associated with every proceeding of the Royal Academy, in whose movement for good or evil he exercised so powerful a control as to procure for him the appellation of the Dictator of the Academy. He possessed a degree of weight in the deliberations of the councils of the body far beyond what any other member could hope to attain or excel.

On May 8, 1792, a correspondent, who severely criticized Farington's Views of Windsor Castle and of Westminster, added: —

> Though Mr. Farington has more authority in the Academy than any other member, and from Majesty of appearance, and haughtiness of Behaviour can terrify His puny Competitors into *violent* Obedience, we speak our opinion.

Farington's pride in his authority kept him sincerely modest, he feeling that his qualities, and his 'acts of kindness and of love,' would at some time be remembered. Here is proof of his prescience as recorded by himself: —

> He [John Taylor, once editor of the *Morning Post* and author of *Monsieur Tonson*] again spoke to me at the request of the Editor of the *Monthly Mirror*, desiring me to let Him have a portrait of me and some Biographical material, to enable him to publish an acct. of me. — I told him it wd. be to me a most [undesirable] circumstance to see my name in print in such a way; that if, a few years hence, it should seem more proper, it might be done, but I certainly could not now consent to it; *and that there was no doubt but at a future period I should be noticed in the proportion as I ought to be.* (The italics are mine.)

Such was the history of Farington known to the world before the publication of the Diary in the *Morning Post.* To-day his fame extends far beyond the boundaries of his native land; he has at last come into his right 'proportion.' In the volume of extracts from his Diary, shortly to be published, will be found a few of the innumerable letters and other references relating to it that came to the editor of the *Morning Post* from all sorts and conditions of people; and these show the consensus of the opinion expressed to be that Farington will in future rank with Samuel Pepys and John Evelyn as a chronicler of the sayings and doings of the eminent men and women and the stirring events of a later and momentous period in history.

Long experience, discretion, generosity, candor, and even temper brought to him all who wanted counsel in the important, and even trivial, affairs of life. A Turner or a Constable, wishing to be elected an A.R.A.; a Lawrence, a Hoppner, or a Wilkie, anxious to secure full Academic honors; hard-up painters, an artist's widow or daughter in need of a pension from the Academy — all eagerly sought Farington's favor.

The Prince Regent took a fancy to Van Dyck's beautiful picture, containing three different portraits of Charles I. Farington was asked to approach his friend Mr. William Wells, of Redleaf, its owner; he parted with the painting for 1000 guineas, — 500 guineas was first suggested, — and it passed to Windsor Castle, where it still remains one of the most important works in the King's collection.

He knew almost every eminent man and woman of his time; in after-dinner talks, across the walnuts and the wine, at town or country mansion, club, or coffeehouse, he heard and recorded many important and curious things. In his Diary vivid descriptions are given of men who led the revolutionary movement in France. Mirabeau's meeting with Edmund Burke is delightfully described, and there is nothing of their kind in literature finer than the stories of the death of Burke's son Richard, and the great statesman's relations with his wife — 'My dear Jane.'

Farington and others give, from personal observation, remarkable word-pictures of Napoleon in his heyday and decline; and Josephine's convincing opinion of the Emperor finds a place. The difference between the characters of Wellington and Blücher is aptly illustrated, and there are numerous entries relating to Nelson, Howe, Hood, and other naval commanders.

Politicians come and go in the Diary, and their success or failure is faithfully recorded in its pages. We learn what the King thought of Chatham's writing; Pitt is a great figure seen in a new light; the amours of Charles Fox are delicately referred to, and we learn much about his association with the democratic movements that disturbed England in the seventeen-nineties.

Literature is fully represented. Dr. Johnson was dead before Farington began his Diary, but memories of the 'Great Cham' are given by James Boswell, whose obiter dicta occupy considerable space. There is a charming description of Mr. and Mrs. Piozzi's home at Streatham; also of Lord Orford's life, and his treasures at Strawberry Hill, which Pope called 'a Gothic Vatican of Greece and Rome.' The fifth Earl of Chesterfield's opinion of Wordsworth's poetry is bluntly expressed; we learn that Wordsworth thought very little of Sir Walter Scott's romances, and Farington's account of Coleridge's glib, but confusing, table-talk is 'curiously confirmative of some of the well-known impressions of Lamb, Hazlitt, and Carlyle.'

Sheridan, Byron, and Anacreon (Tom) Moore also have a place in the Diary. Mrs. Siddons explains why William Combe, author of *The Tours of Dr. Syntax*, thought her 'penurious in the extreme'; her alleged intimacy with Sir Thomas Lawrence shocks the painter's friends; Hoppner, R.A., says that Mrs. Jordan afforded very little entertainment in company, and that Jack Banister, the celebrated actor, was an amusing mimic, but 'in understanding, an ordinary man.' Sir Joshua Reynolds and Gainsborough are the subjects of many valuable entries; and important questions are settled with regard to the latter's wife and his picture of the Blue Boy, which is now in America.

There is much to interest Americans in the Diary. Benjamin West, John Singleton Copley, his son (the future Lord Lyndhurst), Trumbull the artist, and Robert Fulton the inventor of the first submarine, all Americans, figure in it prominently, and there are notable references to the War of Independence and the growth of the new Republic. Particularly moving is the scene where George III, in presence of the Queen, discusses with Benjamin West the possible loss of the American Colonies and its effect.

Apart from the Diary, which dates from July 13, 1793, to December 30, 1821, there is a large number of letters, and small notebooks containing all sorts of scraps and fragments — *mémoires pour servir*, in their place and way. The most readable parts of these little volumes contain records made during Farington's sketching excursions. One of the entries of special interest may be printed. On July 20, 1792, — the year before the Diary began, — he dined with Mr. Riddle at Friars Carse, near Dumfries. Robert Burns also was a guest. Here is how he appeared to Farington: —

> Mr. Burns, the Scottish Poet, At present an Exciseman in Dumfries, on £70 a year. He is married, and has a family. He is a middle-sized man, black complexioned, and his general appearance that of a tradesman or mechanic. He has a strong expressive manner of delivering himself in conversation. He is not acquainted with the Latin language. His father was a gardener in Ayrshire.

The foregoing statement does not adequately present the varied interest of the Diary. Few things escaped Farington's eyes, and his ears were ever open to what was well worth hearing. Goldsmith's Vicar was as a child in knowledge compared with Farington. We wonder how the latter's handsome head held the half of what he knew; and wonder still more how he, single-handed, found time in his otherwise busy life to write with meticulous care the human and historical documents that make the Diary invaluable for all time. Farington is not content with recording after-dinner talks across the walnuts and the wine. At every public or private dinner that he attended, howsoever unimportant, he drew a plan of the table, — round or square or oblong, — and wrote down the name at the place occupied by each one of the party. Only those, indeed, who have seen the original volumes of the Diary can realize its importance, and the genius of Joseph Farington.

The last entry in his Diary is dated Sunday, December 30, 1821, the day of his tragic death, at the age of seventy-four. The words run: —

> rose 10 after 8 — a dull moist morning. Thermr. at noon 44½. Wind West. Didsbury Church I went to morn'g and *afternoon*, my Brother remaining at home on acct. of his cold, and Eliza being unwell. At Didsbury Church I spoke to Mrs. Geo. Philips, Mr. & Mrs. Fieldin, & Mr. Birleg.

Following this, on the same page, his niece wrote: —

Mark the uncertainty of this life!!! My venerable respected and affectionately regarded Uncle — *So* wrote his day's notes, — previous to setting out for the Evening Service at Didsbury Church — from which it was the *Will of Heaven* he should not *return* in *life!!*

The Service concluded, he was descending from the Gallery where his Brothers Pew was — but his hands encumbered with Hat Umbrella and prayer book — His feet equally So with Golloshes he was unable to recover from a slip of his feet and went down the flight of stairs with great rapidity and force,— Such as to project him beyond the Stairs — So that his head came with heavy fall on the pavement of the Church floor — the vital spark was gone. He — neither looked, spoke, moved — or breathed again.

Such was the *Will of God* — and doubtless all in Mercy — Of a nervous temperament, illness affected my good Uncle greatly — and would have embittered the decline of a life — which had long been preparing as was evinced by his Conduct, and writing, for that *Future State* — So as to be by

*Redeeming Mercy* —
Ready to Depart!!

## Extracts from the Diary — 1793–1815

The first paragraph in the Diary refers to Horace Walpole, and Mary and Agnes Berry, his 'Twin-Wives' — his 'Dear Both.' In 1788, Walpole, then seventy years of age, met the sisters, and yielded to their witcheries. He spoke of Mary as 'an angel both inside and out,' and he lavished every term of endearment upon them. He was ready to go through the formal ceremony of marriage with either, 'to make sure of their society and confer rank and honour on the family.' The sisters were more than society beauties. Mary, particularly, was very clever. She wrote copiously, her most important work being on *A Comparative View of the Social Life of England and France, from the Restoration of Charles the Second to the French Revolution.* Although twice sought in marriage, she remained single, and died at midnight, November 20, 1852. A marble bust of her is one of Mrs. Damer's finest works.

*July* 13, 1793. — Went early this morning in company with Mr. George Dance [R.A.], the Architect, and Portrait Draughtsman and Mr. Samuel Lysons [eminent Antiquary] of the Temple, to Lord Orfords at Strawberry Hill, where we breakfasted with his Lordship. In the forenoon Mr. Dance made a drawing of his Lordship's profile, an excellent resemblance. Lord Orford is now in his 76th year, infirm in his body, but lively and attentive in mind. He went into the different apartments with us, and we were very much pleased with the singularity of the appearance of them, as well as with a variety of curios and valuable miniatures, some larger pictures, and sundry articles, particularly with a silver bell enriched with carving by Benvenuto Cellini. [The bell, ascribed to Cellini, was bought in at £252 in the Strawberry Hill Sale, 1842.] Mr. Berry and his two daughters [Mary and Agnes] came to dinner at 4 oClock. They are near neighbours to Lord Orford, and reside in a house in which the late Mrs. Clive, the actress, dwelt. It belongs to Lord Orford, who gave it to Mrs. Clive during the latter part of her life, and since her death to Mr. Berry, to be a country house for him and his daughters ['so that the Earl, then over seventy-two, could enjoy their society without the ridicule or the trouble of marriage,' to use Miss Mary's phrase].

*July* 20. — Went to breakfast at Mr. Piozzi's at Streatham [Piozzi married

Mrs. Thrale, Dr. Johnson's friend]. In the Library at Streatham are 3/4 portraits, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, of Lord Sandys, Lord Westcote, Mr. Murphy, Dr. Goldsmith, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Sir Robert Chambers (Judge in Bengal), Mr. Garrick, Mr. Thrale, Mr. Baretti, Dr. Burney, father of Fanny Burney [author of *Evelina*], Mr. Burke, and Dr. Johnson. Over the chimney piece whole-length portraits of Mrs. Piozzi and her eldest daughter, Miss Thrale ['Queenie,' who became Viscountess Keith]. Mr. Piozzi obligingly played on the pianoforte and sung in a charming taste. He is a very obliging, unaffected man, and as much English as a foreigner can be in manner and way of thinking. He and Mrs. Piozzi are nearly of the same age, somewhere about 50. Miss Harriet Lee, authoress of a novel called *Errors of Innocence*, was on a visit to them. — Mrs. Piozzi received from Cadell, the Bookseller, £150 for the Manuscript of her Anecdotes of Dr. Johnson, and £500 for her Letters from Italy. Cadell lost by the publication. — Mrs. Piozzi subscribed 2 guineas towards the monument proposed to be erected to the memory of Johnson.

*September* 13. — The Prince of Wales on Sunday [at Brighton] gave a dinner to the Officers of his Regiment and some others. He sat at the head of the table and had three Vice-Presidents, one at the bottom and two in the centre of the table. He commenced the jollity after dinner by drinking 10 bumper toasts, out of glasses, 6 of which held a bottle. This jollity continued till 12 at night, from 6, when they dined, the music playing at the outside of the pavilion. The French may retort on us for a contempt of Sunday.

*September* 15. — Called on Lawrence R.A. . . . Sir Gilbert Eliott [afterwards Lord Minto] told Lawrence that he was at school or an Academy with the celebrated Mirabeau. Sir Gilbert introduced him, when he visited England, to Mr. Burke. It was very singular to see Mirabeau and Burke in controversy. Mirabeau could speak little English, Burke, French imperfectly. Yet these celebrated men argued with as much earnestness and continuation as if they had been speaking a language common to both. Mirabeau was astonished at the eloquence and force with which Burke expressed his meaning, though he could only do it by uniting words of different languages. — While Mirabeau was in England, Sir Gilbert was often called upon to get him out of scrapes. — Sir Gilbert lost 4 or 500 pounds by him.

*October* 26. — Hamilton [R.A.] was well acquainted with Marat [who was killed in his bath by Charlotte Corday] and with Brissot [also a Revolutionary leader: he was guillotined] when they were in England (in 1775). Hamilton studied under Zucchi [R.A.], to whose house Marat came in the most familiar manner, a knife and fork being laid for him every day. He borrowed from Zucchi at different times about £500, which he could not repay. He professed himself a physician and cured Bonomi, the architect, of severe complaints twice or three times. He had an original way of thinking in his professional capacity, as was observed by the apothecary who made up the medicines, and acted against common rules. He was a little man, about the size of Cosway [R.A.], the painter, slender but well made. Of a yellow aspect and had a quick eye. He had a great deal of motion, seldom keeping his body or limbs still. He was thin, discontented, and abused the establishments which existed. This was about 18 years ago, when Marat appeared about 40 years of age. Zucchi at that time courted Angelica Kauffmann, the artist, and frequently took Marat with him in the evenings, when he went to visit her.

*November* 5. — I was informed at Chertsey that Mr. [Charles James] Fox and Mrs. Armstead pass a great deal of their time at St. Anne's Hill. Mrs. Armstead is described to be a very agreeable woman and highly accomplished, and towards fifty years of age. Mr. Fox has a natural son about nineteen years old, very like him, but unhappily he is both deaf and dumb. The young man frequently comes to St. Anne's Hill to see his father. Mr. Fox has also a daughter, a little girl of seven or eight years of age, of whom Mrs. Armstead is very fond, though not her daughter. This girl is cross-eyed, otherwise pretty.

Marchant [R.A.] passed the evening with me, and told me He had lately passed two days at St. Anne's Hill with Mr. Fox and Mrs. Armstead. — Their manner of living is, to breakfast at 9, — dine at 4, — Coffee and tea soon after 6, then walk, then cards, and slight supper at 9, and to bed at 10. Their table plain. — A little girl, a daughter of Mr. Fox, but not by Mrs. Armstead, was there. Mr. Fox spoke of the Arts, and said Commerce must support them. He entertains the highest opinion of Sir Joshua Reynolds, — and thinks very favourably of Northcote & Opie. — Of [Benjamin] West He spoke with contempt and thinks slightly of the works of Fuseli. [Fox married his mistress, Elizabeth Bridget Cane, or Armstead, about 1795, but kept the marriage secret until 1802.]

*November* 6. — Angelica Kauffman [R.A.], the paintress, made about £14,000 while she resided in England. Her application was very constant. Zucchi [also a Foreign Artist] made about £8,000 while he was in England. Angelica is about 48 years of age, Zucchi is near 70 years old. [They were afterwards married.]

Mr. Tickel, the celebrated author of the pamphlet called Anticipation [an imaginary debate in the House of Commons], published during the American War, and some beautiful pieces of poetry [He was also responsible for parts of the Rolliad], on Monday last threw himself out of a window of the attick storey in the Fount Court of Hampton Court, and dashed the back part of his head to pieces. His carriage was waiting for him at the time to bring him to the Stamp Office, where he had a place, and Mrs. Tickel, a beautiful woman, was in the room. Distressed circumstances and an apprehension of being arrested, it is said, is the cause of this momentary phrenzy.

*November* 7. — Boswell told me it was not by advice of any medical friend that Dr. Johnson was induced to leave off drinking wine. A constant apprehension which he had, of becoming insane, made him fear the consequence of continuing the use of it. Yet he often declared he had never been known to have been intoxicated, though he said he once at College drank three bottles at a sitting. Boswell and Humphry [R.A.] proposed a small Society for the Winter, to meet at each other's houses, not to exceed 8 persons. Boswell, Humphry, myself, George Dance, and [Edmund] Malone were mentioned to begin with.

*November* 15. — Information came from Paris last night of the death of the Duke of Orleans, who was executed at Paris on the 6th of this month. He dined at the Royal Academy, with the Prince of Wales, a few years since, at one of the great Annual Exhibition Dinners, and it happened a whole-length portrait of him, painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds, was placed above the seat on which he sat on the Prince's right hand. The picture is a very fine one, a whole-length in an Hussar dress, and a remarkable likeness, which everybody acknowledged who then had an opportunity of comparing it with the

original. The Picture was painted for the Prince of Wales and was placed in Carltou House, till the detestable conduct of the Duke, in what related to the late King of France, caused the Prince to have it taken down, and it is now in some private apartment in Carlton House. The Prince moved about the same time to have him expelled from the Je ne sais quoi Club held at the Star and Garter [in Pall Mall], which was immediately done, and his name scratched out by one of the waiters. He was 50 years of age — born in 1743.

*November* 17. — In 1788, when I was at the Marquiss of Graham (now Duke of Montrose), he told me, when he was abroad and at Paris, he was sometimes of the late Duke of Orleans parties, which he made for a select number of his acquaintance, and that ladies were included. These assemblies were held at one or other of his country houses, near Paris. The Marquiss observed that he never saw a man so well preserve the dignity of his rank as the Duke did in the midst of scenes of great freedom and voluptuousness.

*December* 20. — Went to the Club. Seventeen Members present. Before dinner Mr. West desired Mr. Tyler and Copley and myself to go into another room, where he informed us that on Thursday evening he went to Sir William Chambers, and that after a long conversation he had prevailed on Sir William to agree to the proposed plan for a celebration. That Sir William and he had been this morning at nine o'clock with his Majesty, when Mr. West delivered the paper of resolutions and inclosed in it the estimate. The King read the first through and then looked over the estimate, and said the Academy should not be disappointed, and that the estimate of expence was very moderate.

In the course of the evening I mentioned to the Members present my wish, and I knew it to be the wish of others, that a uniform dress [the French Academicians wear a green uniform] should be worn by Members of the Royal Academy at all their public meetings, which would give an impressive respectability to them, and in a becoming way distinguish them as a body. Nollekens said he would second my motion, and all appeared disposed to concur in it. I mentioned that formerly such an idea had been held by Sir Joshua Reynolds, &c., and that they proposed that gowns should be worn. I thought this would be carrying it too far, and that a blue coat, with some distinction of collar, cuff, and button would be sufficient, and would subject the Members to no real addition of expence, as the coat might be worn in common if the cape were taken off. [Uniform dress was never worn by the Royal Academicians.]

*December* 21. — [After wasting much time in useless palaver, a fitting address to the King was prepared, thanks to the commonsense of Farington and Boswell. The address settled, Farington and Tyler, R.A., went, on December 23] . . . to the Freemasons Tavern and spoke to Richold [who afterwards charged for more people than were present] about the dinner to be prepared for the celebration. The great annual Exhibition Dinner is charged at half a guinea a head, the desert included, but on account of this being a much dearer season He proposed that half a crown each should be allowed for the desert, making the whole thirteen shillings a head. If 54 persons dine on that day He thinks the whole expence of the entertainment will be about sixty guineas. Champaigne is become very dear and scarce since the French troubles began, but as it has been customary we ordered it should be served once round.

*January* 16, 1794. — This day died Edward Gibbon, Esqre., Professor of ancient History in the Royal Academy. He was in his 57th year. [On January 24 Farington wrote] Lysons told us Ld. Orford was with Gibbon two days before he died. That at the time He was in good spirits, and had no apprehension of his approaching end. Gibbon died of a mortification, occasioned by a Hydrocele, of 16 years growth. It had increased without his noticing the apparent distension, and he noticed with surprise, at last, people looking towards that part, not being sensible of the size, which was equal to that of a man's head. It became necessary to open it at last, but the parts were then in such a state as to cause a mortification. Gibbon by will bequeathed the whole of his fortune to a young Swiss man. He did not even mention in his will, Lord Sheffield, his particular friend, or any of the few relations he left behind.

*June* 3. — Went into Sir Wm. Chambers Box and heard Burke speak against Hastings; this is the 3d. day of his reply. Windham read for him. — Grey in the Box part of the time, no other managers came. — Francis sat at the end of the Managers Box. — Mr. Hastings was writing or reading the whole time, and appeared to pay no direct attention to Burke. — Markham was in the Councils Box, and He was much alluded to as being the agent on the Station where the abuse was committed. — But few Commons attended and only abt. 23 or 4 Lords. — The Galleries were well filled. Several relaxations in dress since the beginning of the trial. Grey came into the Managers Box in Boots and Spurs. Several peers came upon the throne *behind the Chancellor* without Robes, Lord Albemarle in boots.

*June* 11. — Last night Sir Roger Curtis arrived at the Admiralty from Ld. Howe, announcing a great victory gained over the French fleet of 26 sail of the line, by the British fleet of 25. The Battle was fought on Sunday June 1st. — 6 ships were taken and two sunk, — wiht. the loss of one British ship. The papers this morning reported the news. [Here is the French version of the Battle]: *June* 24. — An acct. came to-day from Paris, stating Barrere's report to the Convention of the Arrival of the victualling fleet from America consisting of 116 sail, which entirely removes all apprehension of famine from France. — He also gave an acct. of the late Naval engagement, which He called glorious for France. That the English had 14 sail of the line more than the French, yet left the scene of action to them. That the French had 7 sail dismasted, which He fears are lost. — But the English had Ten dismasted, which wd. have been taken but for the cowardice of certain French Captains, which are sent to Paris for trial. — So much for a specimen of French representation as a Republic.

At 2 o'clock in the morning [June 11] we were knocked up to put out lights. — Many windows were broke. The Illuminations became general. Lord Stanhopes windows were smashed.

*June* 12. — Fuseli came to me . . . and afterwards dined with me — & we walked out to see the illuminations which to-night were general and began early. The streets undisturbed by mobs and no windows broke.

*June* 13. — Illuminations were again general this evening — the third night.

*July* 1. — Mr. Trumbull, the Artist, is arrived from America, and comes in the capacity of secretary to Mr. [John] Jay the Ambassador, to settle the differences which have risen between the two countries lately. — Mr. Trumbull said everything seemed to promise fair for a settlement. He said the prudence of Mr. Washington prevented resolu-

tions from being passed in America of such a nature as would have produced a war between the two countries.

He spoke of Tom Paine with aversion. His temporary pamphlet, entitled *Common Sense*, gave Tom for a while credit in America, but He was at last seen through to be a man disposed by nature to disturb the peace and order of society.

The Arts are likely to be well encouraged in America. Stuart, who is now at New York, & well employed. — His prices are not so great as He had in England, but his expences are proportionately more reasonable.

America thrives rapidly, towns increase in size, and people grow rich.

Very bad accts. were received to-day from Flanders. The French have defeated the Prince of Saxe-Coburgh, and Charleroi surrendered in consequence. Brussells, it is said, is also in their possession. The Duke of Yorks Army of British and Hanoverians, seems to be in a dangerous situation in the neighbourhood of Tournay. It is said to consist of 12,000 men, almost surrounded by the French. A later account says, 'It appears the Allies are retreating from the French in every quarter.'

*July* 31, 1794. — Lord Orford mentioned many particulars relative to the late Mr. Topham Beauclerc [the celebrated wit]. He said He was the worst-tempered man He ever knew. — Lady Di passed a most miserable life with him. Lord O., out of regard to her, invited them occasionally to pass a few days at Strawberry Hill. — They slept in separate beds. — Beauclerc was remarkably filthy in his person, which generated vermin. — He took Laudanum regularly in vast quantities. — He seldom rose before one or two o'clock. — His principal delight was in disputing on subjects that occurred; this He did accutely. Before He died He asked pardon of Lady Di, for his ill usage of her. — He had one son and two daughters by Lady Di. — One married Lord Herbert, the second went abroad with her Brother, Lord Bolingbroke.

*August* 3. — Richd. Burke, only child of Edmund, died yesterday. He had been elected member for Malton in the room of his Father, 10 days since.

*August* 9. — Marchi [assistant to Sir Joshua Reynolds] said the grief of Burke on the loss of his Son was excessive. He cd. not be kept from the room in which the corpse lay, and after viewing threw himself on the bed in agonies, and was so weakened by his greif He could scarcely stand. — Burkes servants thought the journey and business of the election in Yorkshire had hastened his end. He had sickness in the night which He desired his servant to conceal from his Father. He was 36 years old.

Lady Inchiquin this morning [September 30] described to me the death of Young Burke.

Two days only before his death He was removed to Brompton, and it was not till then that his Father was sensible of his danger. — On that day He died He heard his Father so loud in his expressions of greif in the next room, as himself to be much moved by it. He ordered his servant to dress him and make him appear as well as He could. He then walked into the next room to his Father and addressed him on his allowing his greif so to overcome him.

'You unman me, Sir, by it, — recollect yourself, — come in to me, and talk to me of religion, or on some other subject.'

They returned together, and being seated, the young man said, 'my Heart flutters.' — Hearing a noise like rain He said does it rain? His Father replied no, it is the wind — again hearing it He said surely it is rain, No said

the Father, it is the wind among the trees. — The Son then began to repeat that part of the morning Hymn, from Milton [*Paradise Lost*, Book V], beginning with: —

His praise ye Winds! that from four quarters blow,
Breathe soft, or loud; and wave your tops, ye Pines!
With ev'ry plant, in sign of worship wave.
Fountains! and ye that warble, as ye flow,
Melodious murmurs! Warbling tune his praise

While proceeding in repeating that Hymn, He sunk forward into his Father's arms and expired. Mrs. Burke came in at this distressing moment.

Walter King wrote the eulogium on Young Burke, published in the papers.

*(The diarist's record will be continued from 1795–1815 in the* Atlantic *for February)*

# ON THE TECHNIQUE OF BEING DEAF

BY EARNEST ELMO CALKINS

## I

The unwise attempt to keep up with a hearing world gives many deaf people a distracted air. It is, perhaps, unfortunate that we deafened can go so long without detection. The halt and blind are spared the temptation to practise this innocent camouflage. It is no use for them to pretend. But the choice is offered us of the part we will play. We frequently choose foolishly, preferring to pass as slow, thick-headed, stupid persons, rather than as the quick-witted deaf persons we really are.

For the deaf are called on to perform prodigies of deduction. In every communication that goes on between them and their fellows, they are working double, devoting most of their energy to finding out what it is all about, and carrying on the conversation with one hand, as it were. I have frequently reconstructed the whole colloquy from a single chance remark, as a palæontologist restores a dinosaur from a single bone. It is a fine indoor sport, but the waste is enormous.

I have been for fifty years what Mr. Nitchie's School of Lip-Reading prefers to call 'deafened' — to distinguish us from mutes. The census says there are 70,000 deaf in this country; but that count did not include me. On the other hand, specialists say that everyone is deaf; but they merely mean that normal hearing is something too acute for civilized life. There are four million of us — the O. Henry number — who hear with difficulty, but who talk normally — even abnormally at times.

I have become a master of the art of being deaf. It is an acquired art. People are no more born with it than they are born bachelors. A bachelor is something more than a man who has failed of marrying; and the art of being deaf is something more than loss of hearing.

Nature has been of great assistance. Few things are more significant than the way living things adapt themselves to hard and unusual conditions. The hermit crab soon fits himself to his borrowed shell. The blind fish in Mammoth Cave have dispensed with a sense they do not need. The printer's occupation makes his thumb callous; the miller's thumb becomes sensitive. In the *Ethics of the Dust* (does anyone read Ruskin now?) the crystals are shown accepting, with bravery and cheerfulness, impositions that change and alter their natural forms. Who has not seen a tree with a great stone embedded in its trunk? Thus life grows round a hard fact, such as loss of one of the five wits, and shapes itself anew.

In the pursuit of my researches I have made a few discoveries and some inventions, which I am about to share with a deafened world, after the amiable custom of professional men.

The great discovery is that old one with which Brer Æsop's fox consoled himself about the grapes, succinctly if bluntly paraphrased by the philosophically deaf old lady to whom a friend's polite, but utterly unimportant, remark was finally communicated: —

'Umph! Us deaf folks don't miss much.'

And when I asked Mr. Edison why he of all persons did not avail himself of one of the electrical devices for making hearing less difficult, he said: —

'Too busy. A lot of time is wasted in listening. If I had one of those things, my wife would want to talk to me all the time.'

Discussing a banquet at which it might be politic for me to be 'seen,' I said to a friend: —

'I 'm not going to any more of those dinners. It 's such a bore to sit there and not hear any of the speeches.'

'Not so much of a bore as if you heard them,' was his feeling reply.

After all, I thought, are not the deaf rather inclined to overrate the mere accomplishment of hearing? So many people hear to so little purpose. The deaf fondly imagine that hearing itself is the pleasure, without considering that what is an end to them is merely a means to others.

Audition is not without its drawbacks, and deafness is not without its compensations. For us, a noisy world is soft-pedaled. The dog baying the moon, the cock's shrill clarion, the echoing horn, are all part of vocal nature, as well as the nightingale's liquid notes. And we evade so many tiresome inflictions with a clear conscience. It only remains to put the time thus salvaged to the best use.

## II

I was fourteen years old when I first came face to face with the problem. I was beginning Latin in high school. My teacher was a woman of rare sympathy and helpfulness. She saw that I liked Latin, but that I would never get anywhere in the classroom. She took me as a private pupil in her own time, after hours, with no other reward than that of helping a discouraged boy keep up with his classes. I owe it to her that I have read more Latin than the average college course requires, and that it was a pleasure. I owe to her the discovery of the priceless refuge there is in books. But I owe her more than that. She gave me a point of view that has made even deafness a spice of living. After forty years, I still remember the enthusiasm with which she once said: —

'Earnest, I want you to succeed, not in spite of your deafness, but on account of it.'

Let me pay her the humble tribute of setting her name here. There are many who owe something to the fact that Ida Miller McCall was their teacher. She

gave to each the inspiration he needed. She was a teacher of character as well as of Latin. It is part of the tragic irony of life that this woman, who so intuitively selected and imparted the mental attitude that would make deafness tolerable, should later lose her own hearing. The infliction, peculiarly cruel to one of her temperament, — for she was an artist in conversation, — she bore to the end of her life with the same smiling philosophy that made her the influence she was. She often spoke of her years devoted to teaching me as her apprenticeship.

There ought to be a book of short biographies of the famous deaf, telling how they met their problem. One wonders if they attained success in spite of, or on account of, their deafness. E. S. Martin, who so nobly fills the editorial chair of *Life* — his work radiates a mellowed and sunny philosophy, as if he had found life good; Thomas Edison, by no means so 'sweet' a character, but busy and successful, disdaining annoyances of dulled ears with an impatient gesture; Sir Joshua Reynolds, putting all his great ability into an art where hearing is of slight importance; Ludwig van Beethoven, composing some of his greatest works after losing the faculty that the unthinking would deem absolutely essential.

One of the most successful enterprises of Charles Knight, the publisher, was Kitto's *Pictorial Bible*. Kitto was so deaf as to be practically dumb. Curwen gives a pleasant picture of the relations between these two. The publisher kept the writer in work as long as he lived, and profited by it as the doers of good deeds should.

One of the most famous letters in the famous 'Life' is the scathing one Dr. Johnson wrote to the Earl of Chesterfield, after an unfruitful attempt to make the peer a patron of the Dictionary. Apparently the Earl had refused to see the Doctor when he called. The sympathies of the deaf will be with Chesterfield, one of whose letters, dated the very year of Johnson's unsuccessful suit, Croker quotes: —

'My deafness is extremely increased, and cuts me wholly off from the society of others.'

Dr. Johnson's conversational methods were not such as would make a deaf man feel easy. Cannot you imagine him thundering: —

'Sir, I am bound to furnish elevating conversation. I am not bound to furnish ears to understand it!'

Some of us have missed our opportunity of standing godfather to some great dictionary, under similar circumstances, and have been roundly scored into the bargain.

Every deaf person should read *Society in America*, by Harriet Martineau.[1] The author gathered all the information contained in these two thick volumes by a personal visit, during which she toured the country from the Atlantic to the Mississippi, and talked with everyone.

'I labored under only one peculiar disadvantage that I am aware of,' she says in the Introduction, 'but that one is incalculable. I mean my deafness. This does not endanger the accuracy of my information, I believe, as far as it goes, because I carry a trumpet of remarkable fidelity: an instrument, moreover, which seems to exert some winning power, by which I gain more in tête-à-têtes than is given to people who hear general conversation. Probably its charm consists in the new feeling of ease and privacy in conversing with a deaf person.'

I should like to quote the whole brave paragraph.

We cannot draw any consolation from the belief that our condition is tragic. It is n't. All literature is against

[1] Paris: Baudrey's European Library, 1837

us. The hero is never deaf. The deaf man furnishes only the comedy. William De Morgan, called to account by an exasperated deaf lady, for making Aunt Izzy funny, plaintively answers, 'I did n't make her funny. She *was* funny.' But no one found Blind Jim funny. And literature is right. It is backed up by life. We all smile at the deaf man's slips, but never at the blind man's. Pathos is inherent in the one, and not in the other.

These are some of the things life and books have taught me. Out of them and hundreds of other experiences and adventures I have made my little philosophy, which has stood me in good stead, and which I am trying to compress into a brief and handy Manual for the Use of the Deafened.

## III

To begin with the first lesson and the hardest, it is imperative to admit that one is deaf — admit it to one's self, and tell the world, and accept the penalties, as well as the compensations. The compensations outweigh the penalties, as you will see. Deafness of the kind known as 'hard of hearing' — and how hard it is! — grades from a defect scarcely noticeable to total eclipse of sound from the outer world. Somewhere along that line one must give up the struggle of trying to pass as a normal-hearing person. Most of us wait too long, buoyed up by the same false pride that makes people wear wigs. When my hair got thin, I was encouraged by my barber to let it grow long on the sides and brush it over the top, in the vain hope that people would think it grew there. I soon found that I was deceiving no one — not even myself.

As some corn-fed philosopher remarked, 'Old maids is really the happiest — after they quits strugglin'.' Likewise the deafened are happiest, once they renounce the innocent pose of hearing, and proceed to accept all the drawbacks, but also all the benefits, of being deaf.

And what are those benefits? First, greatly increased leisure. The deaf have all the time saved from not trying to do what they cannot do, to spend in doing better what they can. We all have our twenty-four hours a day, as Arnold Bennett has demonstrated, but we deafened may have a bonus besides.

After all, even the deaf are not deaf all the time. They are not deaf when there is no occasion to hear. According to the subjective theory, — which I advise all deaf people to adopt, — sound does not exist unless there are ears to hear. As I remember the sentence from my school book, 'Niagara thundered in silence for thousands of years, until there appeared upon earth a being with ears.' I find it profitable and amusing to cut down the time when I am unavoidably deaf, and increase that when I am on a par with the acute-eared. It works like the old dial motto, which counted only the hours the sun shone.

I have, thus, not unbroken, unrelieved deafness to deal with, but intermittent deafness — say deafness of two or three hours a day. All human contact, all need of hearing, comes under two heads: the unimportant talk that is necessary, and the important talk that is had for its own sake — conversation, the exchange of thought with our fellow beings. The latter is optional, and depends on temperament, even with the hearing. An unsocial hearing person may have less conversation than a social deaf person.

But the talk that is necessary for the purposes of living cannot be escaped. No deaf person is so primitive that he never goes shopping, or takes a journey.

One afternoon I joined a long line in

front of the Pullman window in Philadelphia. As always, I was conscious of my deafness. I rehearsed in my mind the form of application that would produce results as quickly as the time and place imperatively demanded. I decided to use a question which could be answered, 'Yes' or 'No.'

'Can you give me a seat on the four o'clock train to New York?'

Evidently the answer was 'Yes,' but there was a condition.

'You mean a seat in a sleeping-car?'

No, that was n't it. The girl behind the grille, with just a touch of impatience, apparently repeated her original statement.

I made one more attempt.

'You mean on another train?'

The answer to that was, unmistakably, 'No.' I took a sporting chance, laid down my money, and secured the customary folded green slip.

I awaited my train with only a slight misgiving. I had 'something' on the four o'clock train. I tendered my slip to the Pullman conductor, who took it and directed me to the club car. Of course. One more question, and I would have completed the circuit.

One who hears as unconsciously as he breathes is amazed at so complex a situation over so simple a transaction. But to the deafened these problems occur with monotonous frequency. It is his life. He must constantly match his wits against his deafness, to extract from the world the information necessary to carry on the business of living. No matter how well he does it, he never gets credit for the real mental agility shown. He is merely thought less deaf than he is.

So the technique begins with what might be called the friction of life, the constant colloquies with salespeople, clerks, ticket-agents, waiters, policemen, car-conductors, and others, who constitute, collectively, the machine of living. As a class, they have one irritating quality. They confuse physical defects with mental. They think that a deaf person is obtuse. With this class, the rule of acknowledging deafness is defaulted to good advantage. Even if time permits the establishing of the new basis, what is the other party, with his limited imagination and resources, going to do? No, it is up to you to take advantage of your position as the provoker of the interview, to make the terms on which it is to be conducted, and to make them as favorable to yourself as possible.

Begin with the selection of the individual to be approached. This is not always possible. People behind grilles in banks, offices, and railway stations are fixtures that must be handled differently; but on the streets you may select the person to whom you put your question with as much care as a professional beggar. People of Latin extraction, for instance, always respond with a gesture. The Italian peanut-vender accompanies his volume of words with a gesture so eloquent that it almost deposits you at the door.

The second rule is to ask questions that can be answered, 'Yes' or 'No.' Yes and No are always recognizable. To be sure, the answer is sometimes 'No,' followed, of course, with the right information; but as a process of elimination, it works wonders. There are but few directions in which one can go. In a railroad station, pick out the most likely-looking train and say to the man in uniform, 'Is this the New York train?' If it is n't, then your list of trains is reduced by one. I am describing only desperate cases. You average much better than this. Sometimes you pick the right one the first time. Sometimes your informant points to the right one.

Perhaps I would better say right here that the deaf person always prepares

for as many emergencies as possible. He studies the time-table in advance. He reads the signs on the walls and in the train shed. He soon learns (and public-utility servants should bless him for this) never to ask an unnecessary question. I always buy a map of a strange city, in this country as well as in Europe. I learn it by heart. And as I walk proudly down a strange street, in an unfamiliar foreign city, I realize that I get on better than even my most acute-eared compatriots. It sounds like a lot of work, but not more than is necessary to play a good hand at bridge. And it is just as much fun.

I always inquire the price when shopping, for the moral effect on the salesman. In small shops I tender a bill that I know must be larger than the amount named. In big shops I read the sales-slip upside down, as the salesman makes it out. Also, in some stores the price is marked on the goods.

The menu card is now common enough to make ordering a meal comparatively easy. In country hotels, where the card is rattled off by a blonde person just abaft your weaker ear, I generally throw myself on the mercy of the waitress, and ask her to bring me what she thinks is best to-day, adding that I usually take coffee.

Before I cast off from the bell boy who pilots me to my room, I anticipate whatever I am going to want, and order it. The boy is instructed to enter without knocking when he brings it. Of course the night clerk cannot 'call' me; but I have learned to 'set' myself for any hour — a trick not hard to learn. And the man who awoke several hours too late, and found a paper tucked beneath his door on which a considerate bell boy had written, 'Sir, it is six o'clock; get up,' was not even deaf.

These are but some of the shifts and devices with which I get through those hours when it is my destiny to be deaf. Through all the complicated machinery of living, my subconscious mind is functioning in ways like these, automatically, just as you learn not to step on the top stair that is n't there.

To these few hours I must add the time spent in what the United States Census so delightfully calls a gainful occupation; and then I have all the rest of the day for myself, time off, to be deaf or not, just as I choose.

I have taken the deaf man's job for granted, as I am talking to those who have found a way to make a living, but are rather at loose ends as to what to do with the living when they have made it. My own job requires a good deal of hearing, but I have built up a machine to take care of it, something like that which mitigates my other contacts. I believe that most men who were not born deaf have got shaken down in some occupation, and have evolved the proper offensive and defensive mimicry, and are more concerned with things outside office-hours.

Nothing has been said so far about aids to hearing. It is just as well for the deaf to arrange their lives without dependence on these substitutes, and then get all the help out of them they can. The various forms of the telephone housed in little black boxes are a great help, especially in those necessary conversations by which the humbler part of living is carried on. I have one, in fact I have a whole flock of them, and I carry one with me, so far as the exigencies of life permit. I am frequently stopped at the doors of museums and galleries by the custodians, with 'Here, you gotta check that; photographing ain't allowed; it 's let to a party.' But these instruments, while useful, do not take the place of ears, not even to the extent that glasses replace eyes.

Then there is lip-reading — a wonderful art, which some practise with a

dexterity that is little short of marvelous, and which all of us utilize to some extent. But it must be admitted that the good Lord has created few people with legible countenances.

What conversation the deaf man gets will be with one of these two substitutes. Only at rare intervals will he know that finest flower of civilization — real talk. He will find that, by a perfectly natural law, his friends are inevitably those who speak distinctly. He will never know the others well, however desirable they may be.

If he has become, by chance, a part of a social group, one of three courses is offered him. He may depend on an interpreter, one of those clear-speaking persons who will give him the leads; or he may interrupt with a topic evolved from his own insides, as the spider spins her web, and catch a few flies until the subject is changed again; or he may break off and segregate a unit of the group for a tête-à-tête, as one does at formal dinners.

It will not matter much. Most people are merely waiting for an opportunity to introduce their own topic, anyway; and a lot of casual conversation is merely amiable noises, greetings, inquiries that demand and expect no answer, obvious remarks about our common weather — the deaf soon learn to discount these. We can make amiable noises ourselves. Relevance and appositeness are not required, even between hearing people.

As you see, the fox makes out a good case for the percentage of acid in the grapes.

## IV

And now we come to the most delightful phase of this art of being deaf. All that has gone before is but the dreary practising of scales, preliminary to playing a Hungarian Rhapsody, the reiterated 'keep your showlder down and yer eye on the ba'' of the professional, to be able to send a long drive down the centre of the fairway — tiresome but necessary.

I have found it worth while to make formal lists of the liabilities and assets in the way of recreation, so that I may know just where I stand; to separate those things in which hearing is essential from those where deafness is no bar, and where it may be even an advantage.

On my index expurgatorius are:—

Conversation in the best sense
The theatre
Lectures
Public dinners, and most private ones
Music
Social dancing
Games like 'What is my thought like?'
Being read aloud to

I have left:—

Books
Pictures, moving and stationary
Art, painting, sculpture, architecture, and applied
Natural science
Scenery
Travel — on foot, train, boat, horse, and motor
Exhibition dancing, and all spectacles and pageants
Games like golf and whist
Nearly all hobbies

I add these two columns and strike a balance. When mitigations and compensations are added, the assets exceed the liabilities, and I am, from a happiness point of view, solvent.

Nor are all the liabilities total. I have often read a play in advance, and derived some entertainment from seeing it without hearing it. And in France and Italy I have done more. There I have an advantage over the visitor who does not understand the language. I get more out of the acting through my

long training in observation, the seeing eye, sharpened beyond anything Sherlock Holmes utilized. I saw *Après l'Opéra* at the Grand Guignol, and repeated the plot to my wife afterward. I had not missed an essential detail. This faculty adds immensely to the entertainment furnished by street scenes in continental cities — this ability to see all there is, which many hearing people lack entirely.

Someone has said (Boy, page Mr. Bartlett) that when God closes one window, He opens another a little wider. I have tried to help Him and swing my window altogether open.

Just as soon as I realized that I was dependent entirely on myself for amusement, I took pains to equip myself with a number of self-contained, self-starting recreations. Indeed, every man should do at least one thing as different as possible from what he does for a living. If he has a white-collar, white-paper job, he should have also a hand-dirtying hobby. He should paint, model, carve, fish, dig — do something that will give him the feel of things, — earth or tools, — to make him a complete human being. But what is merely healthy balance for the normal man is essential for the deaf one. He is denied the harmless and amusing time-killer and space-filler that conversation is. He must be prepared with a number of things to take its place and give him the sense of a full life.

I have been unusually fortunate in this respect. I learned to play early in life, and I learned to use my imagination as the chief toy. My mother had little money for the 'boughten' kinds; but she had plenty of imagination, and my deafness taught me to depend on myself. (I wonder if even children know how to play nowadays.)

In consequence, I have never been bored, except by one thing. I thought at first that it was my duty to stick around where conversation was being indulged in — before I made my great discovery and took a reprieve for life. It is the proper thing to urge the deaf to mingle with their fellows as much as possible, and try to hear. It is one of the most fatiguing things in the world, effort without result, like foozling one's drive. I gave it up. The price was too high. I really began to live when I realized this, and gave myself wholly to a deaf man's recreations.

And what are they? Printing is one. I learned the trade as a boy, followed it until I attained the proud eminence of a card in the Typographical Union, and thereby opened my little window a bit wider. I do not now work at it as a trade, having gone into another line (in which printing is a great help); but my knowledge gives me another interest in books, apart from reading them. I can look at a collection of rare books and taste the pleasures of a connoisseur. My name is on several of the committees of the Institute of Graphic Arts — of which I am a useless but enthusiastic member — simply as a tribute to my great love.

Some day this hobby will flower into a private press with a fancy name — how would The Upwey Press sound? — and I will play with printing like Horace Walpole and Sir Egerton Brydges.

Meanwhile, I work in wood, with a lathe and carving tools. Woodworking shares with the outside of a horse the quality of being good for the inside of a man. It is a great soother. A woodcarver in Grand Rapids told a reporter who was wondering at the contented state of labor in the woodworking crafts that you had to have a good disposition to work on wood.

I make models of ancient ships. This opens wide a big door. There is the excuse for hunting old books and prints, to learn how they looked and were

rigged — books like Captain John Smith's *Sea Grammar* (London: John Haviland, 1627), or *L'Art de Bâtir les Vaisseaux* (Amsterdam: Chez David Mortier, 1719). I am a member of two societies, one in England and one in this country, whose members either collect or make these delightful bits of craftsmanship. The making calls for the exercise of many arts and, like one of De Morgan's books, it lasts a long time. And, when completed, it becomes, if one has been faithful, not only an historical document, but a bit of decoration as well.

I have a colony of bees, which are sufficiently amiable to permit me to take out the brood combs and find the queen, when there is someone to see me show off and exclaim, 'Don't they ever sting you?' I also battle with beetles and worms, for the satisfaction of raising a few of the varieties of roses.

If I play a rotten game of golf, it is not because I am deaf. There is no reason why a deaf man should not be a very good golfer. With me it is, perhaps, because I enjoy a walk as much with a blackthorn stick in my hand as with a mashie. The city of New York has built me a beautiful walk, running beside my home, and extending many miles both north and south. This is the Ashokan Dam Aqueduct, on whose dorsal vertebræ I am free from the menace of the motor-car.

This list of mine does not represent any unusual ability or training. What little I know I learned from books. There are few things one cannot learn from books, and the learning is part of the game. Books came first on my list, naturally, but little need be said about them here. It has all been said. Everything in the *Booklover's Enchiridion* about the value of books should be underscored for the deaf.

You may not care for reading. Oliver Wendell Holmes expressed his admiration for one who sweetly and honestly said, 'I hate books'; but he was n't deaf. However, a liking for books is not necessary to my scheme of salvation. Turn back to the list of permitted interests, and see how large is the choice. I have described my own diversions, merely to show that it can be done.

Do not get the idea that all this means dispensing with friends. Friendship is not conversation. The things the deaf can do to reclaim the waste places of his life, and find happiness in doing, have another rare quality. They are a substitute for conversation in a quite different way. They enable him to account for himself to others, to acquire a new interest in the eyes of his friends, to win a consideration that his amateur performance as a listener will not give.

Thus I find myself at fifty-four, busy and happy, with a very satisfactory 'expectancy' allowed by my insurance company, with a life packed full of the most exciting and enthralling things to do, and wondering whether I am going to have time — even if I realize that expectancy — to do them all.

# LAFCADIO HEARN'S BROTHER

BY HENRY TRACY KNEELAND

## I

NEARLY nine years ago my father learned that a brother of Lafcadio Hearn was living on a farm near our home. He learned this from our family physician, who, while making a call in the family of James D. Hearn, had noticed certain Latin books on the sitting-room table; and, upon asking about them, was told that Mr. Hearn had been educated in an English boarding-school. Dr. Wheeler had seen a copy of *In Ghostly Japan*, and asked my father about the author.

Father was immediately interested, having an admiration for the work of Lafcadio Hearn, and knowing of his detached life and lonely years in this country. Later, he himself talked with James Hearn regarding his life and his correspondence with his brother; and I remember his advising me to drive out to the farm and read the letters. One fall afternoon of last year, while running through a case of books, I came across a volume containing 'The Dream of a Summer Day.' The blue and gray of the sky, the exquisite description of age-old custom, the music of the phrasing, impressed me deeply. I resolved to get that information of the writer which I knew was close at hand.

It was not difficult to find the farm of James Hearn. A boy by the wayside gave me the direction, and soon, at a crossroads, I looked out over his land.

Stopping in front of the spotless white frame-house, I inquired for Mr. Hearn. His wife, a large woman with a pleasant expression, told me that he was back in the cornfield. She smiled proudly when I told her my errand and said, 'James will be glad to tell you what he knows of his brother.'

Swinging back to the corner, I looked across the field of cut corn. I could not see him at first; but, following with my eye to the end of a row of high shocks, I found a figure in blue overalls, setting the bundles together. As I drew nearer, a slim man of medium height stepped from behind the shock and looked toward me, one hand shading his eyes from the westering sun.

Those who know the earlier pictures of Lafcadio Hearn would find strong resemblance in the brother. The expression about the eyes is quite similar, that of very nearsighted people. The profile of the brother is delicate and well modeled, with a sharply defined nose and expressive mouth. The face, I should say, is broader across the temples, and has less of a taper to the chin than that of the older brother. On the whole, it is a more capable and decisive face — certainly a happier one.

He told me willingly of his family, starting with his father's romance in the Ionian Islands, which is elsewhere related. I shall set down his remarks approximately as I heard them.

'When I was about a year old, father brought us — my mother, brother, and myself — back to Cavin, a military station near Dublin. My earliest recollection is of the barracks

there — carrying up a small pail of water to the soldiers. I must have been about three years old. Father was called to service in India. Lafcadio was taken by an aunt, and I went off to a large boarding-school. Before that time mother and father were divorced, and she went back to Greece. There was an old Scotchman by the name of Dr. Stewart, who ran a school in Alton, Hampshire, England. I lived there with him till I was sixteen years old. Mother went away so early that I don't recall seeing her.

'When I left school, I was foolish enough to come out to America. Maybe if I had stayed there I 'd have had advantages for more education. I came to New York at sixteen, and went to Wisconsin, to stay with some friends, Henry and Tom Turvill. They had quite a market-gardening business at Madison, — across the lake from the Capital, — and I worked there with them. It was 1871 when I came over, and I struck Chicago during the Great Fire, lost part of my luggage there, and was a little afraid that I 'd get burned up. I was on the northwest side of the city. The major part of the fire was across the river.

'After being in Wisconsin nearly five years, — I was now twenty-one, — I went back to England. I intended to go out to India to enter a tea business. Dr. Stewart had a son who was a civil engineer for a tea company, and I expected to go in with him. But young Stewart got another idea — for me to return to the United States and get a knowledge of tobacco-growing in Connecticut before I went to India. So I came over again and stayed with a Mr. Smith at Poquonock. I had worked for him several years when I heard that young Stewart had died; so I gave up the tobacco scheme and came West.

'When I was twenty-four years old I went into the milling business at Gibsonburg, Ohio. I had some money from home, and I bought a one-third interest in the mill. The flour dust gave me miller's asthma. Then I bought a small farm nearby, and lived there for several years. I had married when I began farming. We had bad luck. It was a poor piece of land and I could n't meet my payments. For a time I was hopeful when the oil industry came in. They drove a well on my place, but all that came up was salt water. Finally I sold out at a sacrifice.'

It is interesting to note that, during this period, Lafcadio Hearn was writing for a newspaper in Cincinnati, only a few hours' distance from him, but that neither had knowledge of the other.

'Then I rented farms for a number of years; but that was unsatisfactory. It was about this time that I saw my brother's name in a Cleveland newspaper. I wrote him and had to send him a photograph of father to convince him of our relationship. He promised to visit me, but never came, and went to Japan soon afterward.

'Neither of us had much news about our family. When we were boys, father had married again, and we were separated in different schools. I never saw father but twice in my recollection. I was almost a waif, and Lafcadio was the same. He went to a Catholic college in France, but was disgusted with the life and came to New York. He had harder knocks than I had. I worked with people I knew, but he had tough experiences.

'I believe we had somewhat the same make-up. I always hated restraint under a boss; and when I was milling, it galled me to work under somebody's orders all the time. So I thought a farming life would suit me. I came to Michigan over twenty years ago, and bought eighty acres of wild land here in Bethany. You 'd hardly believe that I 've cleared all of this.'

We stood looking across the golden fields. At our back was a fenced woodlot of tall elms and oaks. Across the fields, in the rich afternoon light, I could see one of his sons ploughing with a great white team, to which he called occasionally. The farm lay there, very beautiful.

He looked away quietly for a moment.

'I think I 've done as well as my brother. It 's very different, of course. He was a genius in one way, but he did n't have any business head. But he did have a gift of language, and he suffered for it. I 'd like to have met him. I offered to pay his expenses to Ohio, but he went off to Japan in a great hurry. Queer tender-hearted sort of a fellow he was, I believe. I 'll show you his letters.'

## II

We walked on toward the house, through several gates, and came out in the farmyard. His wife was throwing feed to a crowding flock of hens. Two of the children sat on the well-curb, eyeing me curiously.

From an old cabinet in the sitting-room he brought out a packet of letters written on yellow paper.

'This is the only acquaintance I ever had with Lafcadio. You can get the facts from these if you care to.'

The letters were mostly undated, but I have arranged them as they were written — in the winter of 1890.

The first note was in reply to James D. Hearn's letter claiming relationship. It indicates the suspicion in which Lafcadio Hearn held most people at this time — a trait to become more emphasized in later years. It is unsigned.

To James D. Hearn

Dear Sir, — Details of letter sparse, incorrect, and unsatisfactory.

Can you answer the following questions: —

What is your full name?

What was your mother's name prior to her marriage?

Of what place was she a native?

Where is she?

By whom and where were you brought up?

What was the name and profession of the person who performed that office?

Where is that person?

Have you any particular bodily marks, the simple mention of which could strengthen your claim?

Have you photographs of your father, mother, and yourself?

Address, if you think proper, care of Dr. Geo. M. Gould, 119 S. 17th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Upon receipt of the photographs, the following letter was written: —

James Daniel Hearn, —

Do not feel in the least bit annoyed about my questions. I have had letters from other persons claiming to be what you seem in good faith to be — whose sole object was to secure an autograph.

That is my father's photograph — I had one precisely similar. I like your photograph very much.

Had you not an uncle? Who took care of you? Where is he? Please tell me something about him.

You ought to have, on the calf of each leg, three lines — Εἰς τὸ ὄνομα τοῦ Πατρὸς καὶ τοῦ Υἱοῦ, etc. — made by our mother. Perhaps you have them without knowing it.

Please tell me something about yourself — all you have time to tell me. I want to know all you have been doing, and are going to do. Moreover, I must see you, and that before very long, as I shall be leaving the United States shortly.

I want to get the photograph of

father copied. You can get that done for me at a later day. As for a photograph of mother, if there is any way to obtain it at any condition, I must try to get it. Still, it strikes me as strange that the Doctor should have her photograph and know nothing of her history or name.

Did you not know that there were three of us? The first died a child.

Why did you never try to communicate with me before? I had friends in Paris and elsewhere trying to get upon my brother's track.

You were misinformed as to the rich aunt, or rather grandaunt, educating your brother for the priesthood. He had the extreme misfortune to pass some years in Catholic colleges, where the educational system chiefly consists in keeping the pupils as ignorant as possible. He is not even a Catholic. The grandaunt in question did not leave her property to the Church, but was the victim of a Jesuitical adventurer, who bankrupted in London after risking her fortune in business. His name was Henry Molyneux.

What are you doing? I heard that my brother had been brought up as a civil engineer. Have you any profession? And, of all places in the world, how came you to drift to Bradner, Ohio? Are you married?

Please write me a good long letter; tell me all about yourself. I have been hunting after you a good deal more energetically than you seem to have been looking after me. I think I should be very fond of my brother, once quite sure about him.

Please address L. HEARN
149 West 10th St.
New York City

'On second thought.'

I will return the photos in a few days if you will kindly allow me to have them long enough to get father's picture copied. If you feel at all uneasy about it, however, let me know and I will return at once. I am writing in great haste, overwhelmed with work.

MY DEAR BROTHER, —

I waited very anxiously for your letter; it has made me at once very glad and very sorry — glad to feel the reality of you, sorry to find you have had some experiences with the world not at all agreeable. But you have shown superb pluck, are independent, apparently, and — in every sense of the word — a thorough *man!* There was good stock in us from either the mother or the father's side. While thinking about you, I always said to myself: 'Her blood will bear him through everything, if he can keep his strength.' For I thought of you always as my double: a highly complex nervous organization, with her vital force. Now I would imagine you stronger than I, for you have done much beyond my power to attempt.

And you do not remember that dark and beautiful face, with large brown eyes like a wild deer's, that used to bend above your cradle? You do not remember the voice which told you each night to cross your fingers after the old Greek orthodox fashion and utter the words — Εἰς τὸ ὄνομα τοῦ Πατρὸς καὶ τοῦ Υἱοῦ καὶ τοῦ Ἁγίου Πνεύματος — 'In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost!' She made, or had made, three little wounds upon you when a baby, to place you according to her childish faith under the protection of those three powers, but especially that of Him for whom alone the nineteenth century still feels some reverence, *the Lord and Giver of Life.* And you know nothing about her? It is very strange. Perhaps there is much I do not know.

But I know that mother was a Cerigote, belonging to one of the best families of the island Cerigo — the

antique Cythera. English regiments were stationed there — including the 76th — about '57–'58. My father was attacked by mother's brother, terribly stabbed, and left for dead. He recovered, and eloped with mother when the regiment was ordered away. You were born in Cephalonia; I and another brother in Santa Maura — where the other was buried, I think. We were all very dark as children, very passionate, very odd-looking, and wore gold rings in our ears. Have you not got the marks yet?

I do not know much about subsequent events. I remember my mother's interpreter — a Miss Butcher; I remember my father taking me up on horseback when coming into town with his regiment. I remember being at a dinner with a number of men in red coats and striped trousers, and crawling about under the table and pinching their legs. Then I remember this: —

One day my father came to my aunt's house to take me out for a walk. He took me into some quiet street, where the houses were very high — with long flights of steps going up to the front door. Then a lady came down to meet us, all white-robed, with very bright hair — quite slender. I thought her beautiful as an angel, perhaps partly because she kissed me and petted me, and gave me a beautiful book and a toy gun. When we left the house, my father told me not to tell my aunt where we had been. But my aunt found it out, and took away the book and the gun, and said that was a very wicked woman and my father a very wicked man. She was the woman who afterward became my father's second wife and died in India.

Then I remember my brother running away with my toys — tin soldiers — and I running after him and taking them from him and beating him because I was older and bigger; and everybody cried, 'Shame!' But I was too selfish in those days to feel a bit sorry; I only said, 'He took my toys.'

Later on, when I was told by my aunt, or grandaunt, that my father was very wicked, that she had disinherited him because he had got a divorce from my mother without just cause, and that she had forced him to pay back all the money she had advanced him, she said that he had got his divorce through a technicality, which decided for him that the marriage, though legal abroad in the Orient, was not legal according to English law. She told me that my mother had married the lawyer who took her part and who spoke Romaic, and went to Smyrna.

I can remember seeing father only four times — no, five. He never caressed me; I always felt afraid of him. He was rather taciturn, I think. The one kind act I remember on his part was a long letter written to me from India, — all about serpents and tigers and elephants, — printed in Roman letters with a pen, so that I could read it easily.

What you tell me about yourself is very much *myself*. I suspect, however, that I am almost an exaggeration of you, — more a slave of my dislikes and likes, — still more easily repelled by a flaw. The longer I live, the more self-control I obtain; but it comes rather through the pursuance of a policy than through any diminution in the force of impulses.

I wish I could hope to see Gracie [daughter of James D. Hearn] grow up. But now, by the time she is twenty, I shall be nearly sixty and you about fifty-six!

I shall be very anxious to get news about mother's portrait. I wish I could write now that you might expect me in a day or two at Bradner; but I am tied down by duties I cannot neglect, and

for the moment can say nothing decisive. If anything should prevent me getting to Ohio, please write me in Japan. I will give you address there. I wish we could chat instead of write.

With best love to you and yours

LAFCADIO HEARN

149 W. 10th St., N. Y.

DEAR BROTHER, —

I was delighted to receive the photograph of your wife and baby. I like your wife's face: full of serious kindness and gentleness; but the baby! I can scarcely believe it is your baby: I could almost swear it was *my* baby! It has the eyes, sure enough — you will have to be very careful, I fear, with Miss Gracie's eyes. Do not let her stoop over school-desks, when she is old *enough* to be taught — or stoop at all, for reading and writing. If I am ever a father, I will not let my child go to school before seventeen or eighteen — before being old enough to go to a university or practical institution of some sort. The best education is that given at home, and many of our greatest men are, like Herbert Spencer, strangers to school-life. — However, we shall have lots of time to chat and plan over this. Only, above all things, do not *forget* never to let the child strain her eyes over books. If she be nearsighted, teach her to *lift* what she wishes to look at as close as she pleases, never to *bend down* to it. With a boy, it is dangerous enough, but in the case of a girl, eye-strain is usually accompanied with other troubles. I hope, however, all this is unnecessary, and that Gracie is *not* nearsighted. If she has my disposition, I can't imagine her growing up in the country — after reaching girlhood; *but*, you see, I will keep on talking about the future! — Really, I think that is my baby! It has my eyes anyhow — mother's eyes *almost*. (But later on they may become mother's eyes in fact.)

Singular force in that Oriental blood, reproducing its characteristics so strongly in the third generation, and dominating such elements as are mingled with it! — She has another characteristic, too, which we have — head all *above* the ears! I think there is something wonderful waiting to unfold within that little head of hers: she looks smarter than either of us.

There is a psycho-physical *theft somewhere:* I think you must have stolen some of my soul, to make Gracie with. She certainly looks more like me than you. I am going to ask you *which* is her father, when I can get up there to see you.

I sent you another photo of myself taken three years ago — but more like me than the new one. If you observe it carefully, you will see I have lost one eye and am very nearsighted with the remaining one.

I stopped writing here three days ago, having caught such a cold on the lungs that I was placed completely *hors de combat.* You see this is the first cold weather I have felt for nearly fourteen years, and the change is quite rude for me. But I shall be away from here March 6th.

With regard to what you say about mother's treatment of us — I must tell you that, even as a child, I used to *wonder at it.* But my old grandaunt and others — the old family servants especially — would say to me: 'Don't believe anything unkind about your mother; she loved you all as much as any mother could do; she could not help herself.' Afterward I heard that the man whom she married had made this condition with her: 'I will go with you anywhere; I will give up everything for you; but I will not bring up the children of that man.'

Mother was in a strange country, without means, unable to speak a word of English; then again, the boys seemed

to be well provided for. I was to be grandaunt's heir and she was quite rich; my father had made some promises regarding you. As for her never making inquiries afterward, I doubt it — I suspect she was always informed of our whereabouts and condition up to at least twenty years ago. But even if mother should not have afterward exhibited such interest as we should wish regarding us, I could not blame her. She must have hated father's memory. Neither could I blame her, or cease to love her, were I to hear she had committed any fault. Her circumstances were very peculiar and cruel, and her nature probably intensely confiding and impulsive, with him. We heard nothing of her from 1858. She [grandaunt] also told me that my mother had named me after the place of my birth — Leucadia in Santa Maura; the name, Lafcadio, in modern Greek, being nearly so pronounced. Spaniards and French people readily and naturally change it, however, into Leocadio, by which I have been known in the West Indies and elsewhere.

To give you details of my life would be tedious and uninteresting on paper. It has been a very varied, blundering, foolish existence — sometimes rather shocking than creditable. A nervous breakdown before I was thirty years of age turned my attention to the difficult art of taking care of one's self. Before that I used always to be pretty reckless. I have no wife or children; had various temporary relationships with women, in which I was the dupe until I succeeded in obtaining the wisdom of experience. In short, my life has *been decidedly rough.* I won my way into something higher and better by patient hard work. I was for seventeen years a journalist; I am now a *littérateur* by occupation.

The outward events of a brother's life have infinitely less interest, however, than those which belong to that mysterious ghostly part of us, the nature of which will probably ever remain a mystery. When I saw your photograph, I felt all my blood stir, and I thought, 'Here is this unknown *being* in whom the soul of my mother lives, who must have known the same strange impulses, the same longings, the same resolves, as I! Will he tell me of them?' There was another *Self;* would that Self interpret *This?*

For *This* has always been mysterious. Were I to use the word 'soul' in its limited and superannuated sense, as the spirit of an individual instead of the ghost of a race, I should say it had always seemed to me as if I had two souls, each pulling in *different ways.* One of these represented the spirit of mutiny, impatience of all restraint, hatred of all control, weariness of everything methodical and regular, impulses to love or hate without a thought of consequences. The other represented pride and persistence; it had little power to use the reins before I was thirty.

When I look on the portrait of father (I lost mine about '72 or '73; I thank you very much for giving me yours), with that rigid, grim face and steel-steady eyes, I cannot feel much in my life in common with his. I suspect I do not love him.

I could not love his Indian children by that woman with the bright hair who kissed me as a boy. The soul in me is not of him. Whatever there is of good in me — and, I believe, whatever there is of deeper good in yourself — came from that dark race-soul of which we know so little. My love of right, my hate of wrong, my admiration for what is beautiful or true, my capacity for faith in man or woman, my sensitiveness to artistic things, which gives me whatever little *success I have* — even that language-power whose physi-

cal sign is in the large eyes of both of us — came from Her.

What if there is a 'skeleton in our closet'? Did not he make it? I think only of her. I have thought only of her, and of you, as imaging her possibly, all my life — rarely of him. It is the mother who makes us, makes at least all that makes the nobler man; not his strength or powers of calculation, but his heart and power to love. And I would rather have her portrait *than a fortune.*

You know nothing of me, of course, but when you do, you will laugh at your own suggestion, that I might wish my brother to be an aristocrat. I only trust he is not *much more* indifferent to external appearances and to social formalities than I am; for I have the reputation of being an outrageous person. (I have been showing your photo to everyone and proclaiming my good fortune.)

To-day I cannot write about our meeting satisfactorily, but will do so when I hear from you again. Suppose I could go to Toledo; I would write you in advance, and telegraph you from there? But I will write again about this. I will return you father's picture next week.

In February I leave for the other side of the world, — Japan and China, — but we are keeping the matter quiet for literary reasons.

I would like to know all about yourself, physically — height, weight, strength (I think you are four years younger than I). And all about your wife and the little one. Has she great big eyes like mother's?

Best love to you and yours, my dear brother. — Heart's love to you for mother's sake.

LAFCADIO HEARN

149 W. 10th Street
January 16, 1890

DEAR BROTHER, —

Thanks for kindest letter and enclosures.

I received them only on the eve of my departure, as I start to-morrow for Japan, and so write in haste.

I will be glad to please you, by writing to Lilla as soon as I can, or in any other way possible.

It pains me that I could not see you. I am, however, and must be, for several years more, a slave of contracts and opportunities. I hope to achieve independence in the future, but at present I have to obey the will of others to some extent, in order to achieve success. Be sure the first visit I make on my return will be to you. You will write me from time to time as soon as I get settled.

It was a mistake to suppose my name 'assumed.' It is the name my mother gave me. Patricio I dropped from the time of my arrival in this country.

I think that the will left by my aunt assured me some money, which those rascals could be made to pay if I had means to make the fight for it. However, just now that is impossible. I do not care so much about the money; but if I can make it uncomfortable for the Molyneux people some day, I certainly shall; and if there be any money as a result, be glad to share it with you.

Best love to you, and your wife and our baby.

LAFCADIO HEARN

Will send address from Yokohama.

This letter marks the end of the correspondence between Lafcadio Hearn and James D. Hearn. In the letters themselves, Lafcadio Hearn seems to have had a greater desire to visualize his mother than to seek the comradeship of a brother. The remote and inaccessible seemed always to be nearest his heart.

# AN ENGAGEMENT ON THE RHINE

BY FRANCES KAUTZ READ

## I

THE first time that I saw Wilhelmina, she was in the leading 'Ladies' Furnishing' establishment in Coblenz, trying on sweaters. At that moment she had on a green one with large pockets.

'Do you like better the green sweat, or do you like better the pink sweat?' She turned a large but enchanting smile on a young soldier, who was surveying her with the eye of an appraiser.

'If you ask me, I would n't own one of the dumb things, but the green one makes the least noise.'

He looked toward the saleswoman.

'Say, Fräulein, why don't you have clothes like they wear in the United States — Vereinigten St-a-a-ten, sabby?'

His pronunciation of the German words was scarcely more illuminating to Fräulein Paula than was his English.

'The green sweat make so thick; but if you like, I like.' Wilhelmina's manner was the age-old subservient one, so gratifying to the dominant male.

'Sold! The green sweat!'

The soldier removed his shapely leg from the table piled high with garments of many colors, and pulled from his breeches pocket the fattest roll of paper-money ever seen outside a burlesque show.

'Here you are, Fräulein!' He peeled off the outer layer and handed it to Fräulein Paula, much as a bank president might knock ashes from a cigar. 'Light the fire with the change.'

Sweaters being the latest badge of distinction with which the Fräuleins indicated their claim to an American soldier beau, Wilhelmina encased herself in hers, as she proudly prepared to leave on the arm of the munificent giver.

'And now we go to look at diamonds!'

As I watched their disappearing backs, as unlike as a yacht and a coal-barge, I recalled having seen that particular member of the American Army of Occupation somewhere at Headquarters.

Doubtless his trim appearance had caused his frequent detail as orderly to the various department heads. His somewhat snubbed nose and reddish cast helped further to remind me that I had heard the Chief of Staff, who was incidentally my own lawful chief, call him 'Flynn.'

His hair was clipped in the approved Rhineland style, almost to baldness just above the collar, but bursting from beneath his overseas cap, like turbulent waves tossing a lifeboat at the last angle of safety. His uniform was not of the ordinary 'issue' variety, but cut from officer's cloth to taper at the waist.

I had been waiting in a corner to be served and, according to recent monarchical standards, I might have reduced Fräulein Paula to a state of supine apology by introducing myself as Frau Colonel, Frau Chief-of-Staff, or, best of all, Frau Invader Crane. But

far from considering myself as 'rating,' I was in no hurry to abbreviate a scene that was adding years to my mental age.

It was but a short time since the order forbidding 'fraternizing' had been countermanded — perforce. Soon the very word, with its coined contractions, was to become, if not obsolete, not in the best of taste.

The same men who, a little while before, had ridiculed the practice of 'fratting,' and the Teutonic curve of beauty in general, were now suddenly appearing on the Rhine promenade and in the cafés, in advanced stages of intimacy with the objects of their former ridicule.

A few days later I was destined to see again the particular example of rapid adaptation called Flynn, when I stepped into the Amaroc office, to advertise in the want column for a cook.

As I sat waiting for the proper official, Flynn stepped into view — Corporal Flynn, as the new chevron on his arm indicated. Pulling down his blouse, he stood in an attitude of almost military attention.

'If you are looking for a girl, Mrs. Crane, I know just the one you want.'

For obscure reasons, I did not welcome this dispensation. But my lukewarm reply did not lessen the soldier's faith in the favor he was conferring.

'She could come and see me, and we could talk it over.'

'Oh, that 's all right. She can come right away.'

My memory of the girl in the sweater forced me to hedge: —

'But will she be able to do the things that servants usually do?'

My benefactor's countenance scarcely veiled his compassion. However, he stooped neither to defense nor to praise.

'You 'll see. She will be all right. I 'll bring her right around.'

'Of course, I could n't think of taking her away from anyone else,' I murmured, hypnotized by his assurance.

'Oh, that 's all right. She was going to leave there anyhow.'

In entering upon this particular domestic adventure, I had been upheld by a secret hope that the actual hour of initiation would be unavoidably postponed. Not only did I consider a familiarity with Heine's *Book of Songs* a feeble equipment for keeping house in the land of efficient housekeepers, even under normal circumstances; but, under conditions of food-shortage and the necessity of dealing, in a foreign tongue, with a people who had no reason to welcome me, I was doubly intimidated.

But my hour had struck. On returning to the villa which the malice of the billeting officer had inflicted upon us, I found Wilhelmina ensconced, with every appearance of permanence, in 'The Hall of a Thousand Antlers,' so christened by the Chief of Staff.

There she sat, with her bundles around her, her plum-colored cheeks, and her large sweet smile. I can see her yet, with the large beaver-hat perched high on her magnificent hair, for which the friseur had done his utmost, and above her the effulgent Flynn, presiding like a modern Greek Fate over my humble destiny.

I assumed an appearance of efficiency; but my Berlitz method of engaging a servant failed to bring forth the model answers. When I asked Wilhelmina why she left her last place, she answered: —

'I was by my aunt, gnädige Frau. My bridegroom' — here she looked at Flynn as a trick terrier watches its master, and corrected herself — 'my boy thinks maybe I work too much by my aunt. My aunt is very good Hausfrau.'

Flynn's opinion of American housekeepers needed no further elucidation. He read my thoughts, and explained

confidentially, excluding Wilhelmina from the conversation: —

'These German housekeepers are something fierce, Mrs. Crane. Her aunt goes round with a cotton glove and runs her finger everywhere for a speck of dust.'

But I was not to be cajoled.

'I am afraid the work will be too much for you, if you have never worked out before.'

'Oh no, gnädige Frau, it is not too much. It is only my boy who so thinks. At home I work much more.'

'This won't be anything for her!' Flynn gave a sweeping gesture, which included the statues of the Trumpeter of Säckingen, the Dying Boar, and all the antlers.

'But I can't give you more than eighty marks.'

To Flynn, with his thousands a month, that must have seemed a beggarly sum, although actually thirty marks more than the regular wages.

Again, the result was not at all as scheduled. They evinced a slight amusement but no interest.

'It matters not, gnädige Frau. I care nothing.'

I took a fleeting comfort in the thought of the incredulity of my American sisters.

Mechanically I concluded the formula by conferring Sundays and Thursdays 'off,' rejoicing in the thought that I too would be free to go forth, unshadowed by foreign domination. But this time I was met with the consternation that should have accompanied the mention of wages.

It was only later that I realized what it would mean to a person who had lived five years on substitutes to be deprived, two evenings a week, of the longed-for white bread and American commissaries. Let me add that, whatever else Wilhelmina missed, she never missed a meal.

## II

For a while I was willing to acknowledge that our greatest blessings come in spite of our efforts to prevent them. No new broom ever swept so clean as Wilhelmina. My own particular soldier, who had put up with camp and hotel fare so long, could revel at last in comfortable domesticity.

Wilhelmina scraped the hardwood floors with steel shavings. She mounted on ladders, with buckets of hot suds, and washed each individual crystal of the chandeliers until they dazzled our eyes. She dusted the thousand antlers and the Trumpeter of Säckingen and the Dying Boar. She carried the floor-runners to the roof and beat them. She taught the little Luxemburg maid how to open all the windows, and tear the beds apart with total disregard of the clinging affection of sheet and blanket, until the very mattresses and feather coverlets rose in the air in rampant remonstrance.

Fortunately I was not in the position of one of my compatriots, who had no German and could not stop her non-English-speaking maid from scrubbing. That Wilhelmina sometimes scrubbed at inconvenient hours, I did not at first associate with the fact that those were the hours when Flynn was on duty.

When Wilhelmina had been with me a day or two, I was obliged to fill out a blank for the Bureau of Intelligence, and I asked her for her full name.

'Wilhelmina Sauerborn. My bridegroom says I am named for the Kaiser, but he makes a joke. Gnädige Frau can call me Minna.'

Minna seldom said a sentence without mentioning her bridegroom, although Flynn did drill her into dropping the expression with everyone but me.

'My boy says I must "can" the "bridegroom." In America one is only

bridegroom when one is "tied up." We will be tied up as soon permission is given. But we have already exchanged rings.'

She showed me the conventional marriage band.

Minna explained that it was a custom in her country to exchange rings when one was as yet merely engaged. Indeed, being engaged was a serious affair. I could not resist asking if Flynn wore his.

'He carry his in his pocket. He says he is afraid the Dental Corps will steal it while he is sleeping.'

'But Minna, soldiers do marry and take their brides to America?'

'We could also be married in that way, but it is not a nice way. Never, never, my boy says, will he be married in that way.'

I returned to the questionnaire. 'Are you a native of Coblenz?'

'Oh, no, gnädige Frau. I come from Niedermendig. My father has Wirtshaus and my mother has servants.'

Then followed the story of their love.

Flynn's captain had been billeted at the Inn of Complete Refreshment, and the inevitable presence of Flynn with the Morning Report, Flynn as orderly, Flynn off duty, being ministered to by the innkeeper's fair daughter, bore the usual consequences of propinquity.

But Flynn's natural methods in courtship brought about certain secret treaties between the paternal Sauerborn and the commanding officer, and Flynn was mysteriously transferred from the organization at Niedermendig to Headquarters in Coblenz.

Fortunately Papa Sauerborn's ignorance of the English language prevented a full comprehension of Flynn's opinion as expressed. Thus, happily, a minor engagement was averted. But Minna, in her enforced capacity as interpreter, was not spared the splendor and volume of her father's return fire; and this incited her to cast off the old tyranny in favor of the new. She moved to Coblenz, to live 'by' her aunt, where Flynn's resentment that she should be made to drudge must have been a novel and pleasant experience.

At that time the 'anti-frat' ruling was still in force, and to see one another they bought adjoining seats at the opera, and met as if by accident, a perfectly transparent ruse, which lost none of its romance through familiarity.

'My boy laugh very much when I explain to him what means the opera; but now he says it is no more a war-necessity. Music is always beautiful, is it not? My boy says it is not. I go to hear *Zauberflöte* many times, but my boy says it is I. C.'

I inferred that Minna meant 'Inspected and Condemned,' or, rather, that she used the letters at Flynn's valuation, just as she changed them later to the more colloquially fashionable 'Kaputt.'

It was gratifying to note that the rapid assimilation was along American lines. Even when the doughboy condescended to use German terms, he gave them a doughboy flavor that was new and strange. Thus hitherto inconspicuous words were given an eminence which must have surprised the placid natives.

On the other hand, I could have dispensed with Minna's ready acceptance of some of our unauthorized Americanisms. At first she was puzzled that she could not find such expressions as 'attaboy' in her 'wordbook,' having used it with unexpected effect. Flynn explained to her that her dictionary was 'kaputt,' and that an entirely new language had been invented since the book had been published.

When the Chief of Staff made his one and only attempt to practise a laboriously acquired German sentence on

Minna, her reply of 'fine business' showed an appreciation of the spirit, if not of the letter. And her habit of saying 'Check!' by way of approval, doubtless a trick of Flynn's, held over from some experience as quartermaster in checking up stores, was saved from flippancy by her complacent serenity.

In her dress, Minna was less amenable. She came to me on one occasion with a small toque and a veil in her hand, both of which she regarded with disfavor.

'My boy buy this for me. He says I must be snug.'

For once I entirely approved of Flynn's taste, although for some time I had been looking with disfavor on his habit of buying clothes for Minna.

'But Flynn is always giving you presents, Minna. The other day it was an umbrella, and not long ago a bead bag.'

'But it is every time anniversary, gnädige Frau.'

'Do you mean birthdays?'

'No, gnädige Frau. But to-day, the twenty-fifth of the month, we did meet for the first time.'

'And the umbrella?'

'That was also anniversary. On that day we exchange rings.'

'From the number of presents, there must be many anniversaries.'

'Every month, gnädige Frau.'

'But what will he give you for Christmas?'

'By that time he will have many more marks. Surely a diamond.'

Minna's failure to appreciate our own national conception of innocent flirtation, as exemplified by the pretty nursemaid in one of our army families, came as a deserved rebuke.

'She has every day a different boy. She laughs and talks with all the men. A German girl does not do that. She has only one boy. Besides, she will catch cold. It is not nice to dress so.'

## III

But the course of good housekeeping was not destined to run smooth indefinitely. Dinners, dances, and functions in honor of the Allied High Commission, or the visiting French and British officers from the neighboring bridgeheads, were daily occurrences, so that an evening of peace and quiet appeared to us as a real dissipation.

We had gathered the American papers about us for undisturbed relaxation and enjoyment in the *Herrenzimmer*, as it was listed in the 'Inventory' — the German equivalent of a den; although it was a matter of speculation, how mental repose could be attained in a room so filled with frenzied frescoes and mottoes gone mad.

I was just resisting the effort to follow and separate the different designs, when a low murmur from the hall arrested my attention. The Chief of Staff was reading a frivolous article in the Sunday Supplement. I stepped into the shadow of the ceremonial stairway, and saw, as I expected, Minna entertaining her suitor where she had probably always entertained him.

'Minna, you would not entertain your soldier-friend in the hallway of a German officer's house, would you?'

Her response to my stage whisper was flawless in its respectfulness.

'Oh no, gnädige Frau!' Her tone of horror was all the justification that I needed.

'Corporal Flynn is very young and new to the service; but I am sure he understands what is due from an American soldier.'

I had an injured feeling that they both owed me gratitude for saving them from the severity of the Chief of Staff; but, although Flynn had sprung to his feet in an attitude of utter respect, I knew in that moment of revelation that not only would he never cross my

threshold again, but that a contest for the control of my household was about to begin, and that the loser was foreordained.

All might still have been well, however, had it not been for the marketing, and other legitimate outings of a German cook.

I had discovered that it was only in families of the lower middle class that the lady of the house went forth to buy the staples of life. I might have defied this social custom, with relish even, in my desire to carry a market-basket gayly painted with daisies, had it not been the better part of valor to hand over the adventure to the more conversant Minna.

For adventure it certainly was, as fresh supplies could never be counted on, even in the stores that sold nothing else. Butter and eggs and lard did not necessarily mean butter and eggs and lard, and the merchants would stare with surprise if they were expected to have what they advertised in gilt lettering on the windowpanes.

Minna's sources of information were Egyptian, and it can be seen that I could not check her up when she said that eggs were to be obtained one day in the Entenphule Gasse, and another day in the Altengraben. She might have obtained them around the corner, and promenaded the rest of the time with an Irish corporal by the name of Flynn, for all I could tell.

In addition to the marketing, there was Mass, which my conscience would not permit me to question. And then there was the opera. I enjoyed the thought of Flynn at the opera. But nothing would have mattered had it not been for the 'wine parties.'

I had noticed that the giving of gifts was invariably accompanied by a 'wine party,' in which the great American spirit of jollification joined hands with the Teutonic anniversary worship.

Minna, accustomed from childhood to the sight of wine, showed no signs of indulgence; but it was evident from her air of subdued pride that Flynn's temper was taking on the acidulous quality of the native grape. Moreover, his native talent for embroidering the truth was exceeding the bounds of admissible 'soldier dope.'

I did n't mind his telling her that in the States the officers' wives would call upon her, or that he had had his picture taken in a cinematograph talking to the President. But the time came for an appeal to a higher court.

Minna had asked my permission to visit her home, in honor of the 'name's-day' of her little sister Gustel, whose picture, with frizzled flaxen hair, I had been called upon to admire.

If there was room in Minna's being for two emotions, the second was her love for children. Therefore it was with sympathy that I consented to the trip to Niedermendig, although it necessitated her being absent overnight, and extra work for Sophie.

As there was no possible train on which she could return, I was surprised that evening to find her in the kitchen, flanked by the blood sausage and coffee cake which her mother had sent me.

'But Minna, how did you get here?'

'My bridegroom brought me in the general's car.'

'What do you mean — in the general's car?'

I sat down as Minna stood up.

'My boy asked the general's permission. Only I had to get out on the outside of town, because the M. P.'s would not understand.'

'I should say they would n't. Flynn could n't have asked the general's permission, because the general gave a dinner at the Casino, where he has been for the last five hours.'

If I thought to unmask Flynn, I did not know my Irishman.

'I know, gnädige Frau. My boy went to the Casino to ask the general's permission.'

I was silent with admiration.

A few days later, the Chief of Staff was obliged to leave without his lunch to keep an official appointment, because Minna was late. She was cheerfully unapologetic.

'I met my bridegroom.'

'Minna, this can't go on any longer.'

'Shall I go, gnädige Frau?'

I resented being made a guardian of morals, but I was unable to free myself from a sense of responsibility. I told myself that I would send Minna away, and hesitated; and while I hesitated, Minna unexpectedly fell ill.

## IV

Doubtless her illness was aggravated by her inability to see Flynn. She lay in bed, in a starched and frilled night-gown, with her hair beautifully dressed, surrounded by photographs of Flynn and by commissary delicacies sent by Flynn. Her aunt's little daughter, Kätchen, came to wait upon her, and to run errands, the principal ones being the carrying of notes to Flynn. Nor did she hesitate to lift up her voice and weep.

'Why does he not come? When he had the flu, I took care of him, and he cannot even come to see me. He send me bonbons — but what do I care for that stuff!'

All the stern things I had meant to say were forgotten in the face of Minna's distress, but I realized that something would have to be done. The Chief of Staff was fretting under the enforced wanderings from the Riesenfurstenhof to the Schloss Café for our dinners, and the inability to find out from day to day when Minna was going to get well.

The necessity of renewing my subscription at the Amaroc office appeared to me as an imperative duty. A meeting with Flynn could be only incidental and accidental, for my dignity's sake. When I caught sight of him flipping coins in an inner office, I realized that he was as impudently inaccessible as if he had been on the other side of the earth.

Like a certain heroic battalion during the war, I did not understand the word 'retreat.' The young captain who edited the news-organ for the Army of Occupation had asked my coöperation in preventing Minna from going to see Flynn at the Amaroc offices, and now I asked him to summon Flynn to speak to me.

That Flynn was compelled to come did not lessen my sense of surrender.

'Corporal, will you come to see Minna?'

'I can't do it, Mrs. Crane.'

'But I ask you — through the front door, if you like.'

'I am sorry, Mrs. Crane, but I can't do it.'

I understood the impulse that prompted the emperors of Rome to say: 'Throw this man to the lions!' Fortunately, the habits of civilization prevailed, and I said with a gentleness that was in reverse proportion to my feelings: —

'But Minna may be very sick, and she is calling for you.'

Flynn expressed as much sarcasm as was possible to a snub nose and curly hair: —

'She knows how she can see me. I tell you, Mrs. Crane, when these German women get an idea in their heads, they are worse than an army mule.'

Minna, holding out against Flynn, put a new and agreeable light on the matter. I was willing to plant my flag beside hers if it were a question of bringing him to terms. But his next words destroyed all hope that he would bow that proud head.

'My time is nearly up, and I have asked for a discharge and return to the States.'

Consistency forbade me to make any reply that was not approval. I went home with an uneasy sense of tottering standards, a distorted perspective, and a muddled point of view, which I was not able to conceal, and which brought forth the deserved comment from the Chief of Staff: —

'I thought you disapproved of marriages between soldiers and German girls?'

'I do — theoretically. But it does seem rather too bad of Flynn. He has upset my household. He has caused me to feel guilty and responsible. He has involved me in his love-affair when I don't wish to be involved, and now he calmly leaves the matter to me to settle, and sails away.'

I told Minna merely that I had asked Flynn to come, and that he had refused.

She only moaned: 'He is so proud. Why cannot he give up his pride for me?'

Circumstances were closing in upon me.

'Minna, I am going to write to your mother.'

'My mother will everything arrange. She likes my boy.'

This was decidedly encouraging.

'Will your father let you go home?'

'My mother will arrange with my father.'

A discovery that the distaff side of the family was not without its influence lifted an enormous weight from my spirit.

## V

My letter brought forth a succession of delegations, one of which, consisting of Minna's mother and aunt, florid and capable and indistinguishable, assisted the trembling Minna into a cab and carried her off to the train.

Another was ushered in by Sophie: with as near an approach to a giggle as her training would permit, she announced two male visitors.

Papa Sauerborn was small and round and red; he sat on the edge of his chair, and fingered his hat in a disarming meekness.

The other, who played the part of interpreter, belonged evidently to young revolutionary Germany; he was burdened neither with timidity nor with superficial politeness. He opened the conversation.

'Gnädige Frau is perhaps surprised at this visit, but the matter stands thus. This Flynn, after announcing that he will marry Fräulein Minna, now refuses to do so.'

'But he is not permitted to.'

'It seems that there are steps he might take, and also steps that the Fräulein might take to bring the matter to a conclusion. But he has her so bewitched that she will not make the attempt unless he so says. The Herr thought that perhaps the gnädige Frau is so kind as to obtain the interference of the highly placed and highly honored Herr Husband —'

'Oh, but I could n't think of it. American wives never interfere in official matters.'

The interview was beginning to afford compensations. Papa Sauerborn could not miss the éclat of my delivery, even though my words lost much of their meaning through their transformation into something deep and guttural.

'The Herr says that, in view of the fact that the Occupation forbids marriage between soldiers and German girls, it is very painful for parents to see their daughters exposed to intimacy, with what consequences one never knows. The Herr did never wish the marriage with this Flynn.'

Although thoroughly in harmony

with the desires of Papa Sauerborn, I resented hotly his lack of appreciation of the high honor of such an alliance.

'Is it because Corporal Flynn is an American that Mr. Sauerborn objects?'

'Never in the world, gnädige Frau! The Herr likes very much the Americans. He hopes the soldiers will stay here a long time; but he says that this Flynn has nothing laid by with which to start a household and bring up a family. To be a soldier is in itself not a profession. In Germany a man always has a trade, is it not so? Therefore, because this Flynn could not show that he had a nest egg laid by or an assured occupation, the Herr told him outrightly that the dowry would not be forthcoming.'

'But Corporal Flynn would not accept it. In our country, men support their wives,' I interrupted with fire.

That this javelin struck wide of the mark was indicated by puzzled head-shakings.

'So he said, very strangely. He even said he would throw the with-so-much-care-hand-embroidered linen from the hope-chest in the face of the Herr. Such a thing has never before been. All this at a time when the Herr had a very advantageous understanding with a worthy citizen from Mayen, who sought the hand of Fräulein Minna. A very well-established owner of a quarry, whom the Herr was obliged greatly to offend. However, the Herr says he must now himself submit. After all, a father's heart wishes the happiness of his child. He is willing now to provide the dowry, only that everything should be satisfactorily arranged.'

With some misgivings, I stopped the young man before he imperiled himself in another tangled construction.

'It is too late.' And I explained Flynn's discharge and departure on the transport.

Instead of the outburst I expected, the father became a little deeper red and a little more ill at ease.

'It is not good,' the interpreter conveyed, 'but perhaps in the end it is for the best. If he is not here, it may be that she will in time forget, and the matter will itself arrange.'

Was he thinking of the estimable citizen from Mayen, I wondered.

They bowed themselves out, and I closed the door, permanently I thought, on the little drama.

## VI

Some months later, I was permitted to accompany the Chief of Staff on an expedition connected with the Department of Intelligence — a privilege that I owed to the fact that my feminine presence would serve to hide the serious and confidential nature of the trip.

These journeyings over roads as smooth as billiard tables, through avenues of wind-blown trees, never lost their charm. The car-window formed a frame for pictures of checkerboard fields newly drenched with rain, or sunlit and wooded hills bearing aloft some mediæval stronghold.

The gray houses of the villages huddled together like sheep in a storm, watched over by the spire of a church or a Roman tower. These towns opened their narrow streets to receive us; but even so, it looked as if the clumsy Cadillac would become wedged in the twists and turns, or between the overhanging upper stories.

And everywhere there were children — children who threw stones at the car; children who took care of smaller children; children who ran errands over the slippery cobblestones, or swept the hard earth round the doorway with witches' brooms. Doubtless because of the absence of their elders in the fields, it seemed as if there were no other inhabitants.

The Chief of Staff held a map on his knees, and consulted with an orderly interpreter, who likewise consulted a map and gave instructions to the driver. We read the wooden signs at the crossroads and compared them with the names on the post offices in the centre of the towns. On one of these posts I was gratified to recognize a name: 'Two kilometres to Niedermendig.'

The Chief of Staff announced that he would have to leave me to find my own entertainment in the next village. I wavered between excessive willingness, which might seem overdone, and resignation, which would be actually hypocritical. On the very outskirts we read, in large letters which could be seen at a distance, across the side wall of a house: 'Inn of Complete Refreshment.'

As the car stopped in front of a small entrance, mine host and his wife appeared magically on the flagging, looking exactly as a host and his wife might be expected to look. When they caught sight of me, the circles of their eyes in the rosy circles of their faces became almost humanly expressive.

The Chief of Staff covered whatever embarrassment they may have felt by handing me out like a small package, and shouting smilingly as people do in speaking to foreigners: —

'I am going to leave my wife in your care for a while.'

With a salute, he was in the car and off.

My hosts, who had absorbed the meaning, if not the actual words, ushered me into a glass enclosure, which caught the late winter sunshine and feebly reproduced the delights of summer. The blue-tiled floor and the red-checked tablecloths gave a gay warm look, greatly heightened by the castles, frescoed on the house wall, of Lahneck, Rheinstein, and Stolzenfels, if one could believe the inscriptions underneath.

Papa Sauerborn discreetly withdrew, perhaps at a sign from his wife, who hovered over me in a flutter of timid good-will. I am sure that the variety of small breads, cheesecakes, and preserves, which she pressed upon me, was not included in the usual traveler's order. My German having improved sufficiently, I decided to be the one to break the ice and bring up Minna's name. Frau Sauerborn's face broke into a broad smile.

'She will soon be quite recovered'; and then, emboldened by the friendly opening, she ventured: 'If gnädige Frau would so far trouble herself as to mount the stairs, it would give my daughter great happiness.'

As we passed through the narrow hallway and up the stairs, whose steps were worn into curved hollows shiny with much scrubbing, the mother said in a low voice: —

'I don't know if I should tell gnädige Frau, but our Minna is married.'

'Oh!' I stammered, as visions of the quarry-owner from Mayen flitted through my mind. 'Are you glad?' were the words I summoned from my limited vocabulary.

'It has turned out for the best.'

My speculations came to an end soon after I entered the room with its tiny windows and shrine to the Virgin. There lay Minna in her starched and frilled nightgown, with her hair arranged as if fresh from the hand of the friseur, holding in the loop of her arm a small object, with a tuft of what was unmistakably red hair on the top of its head.

'O gnädige Frau!' she exclaimed, with a smile that surpassed the sunlight that filtered through the white curtains, 'is he not all sweetest? A ringer for his father, is he not?'

This echo of Flynn was clear.

At that moment, with a murmured 'Gnädige Frau will excuse,' — I thought she added: 'We have to-day newly slaughtered,' — the mother withdrew, and Minna anticipated the questions that sprang to my lips.

'Gnädige Frau, I go to America as soon as I am well; but do not tell my father.'

'Is the corporal coming to get you?'

'I and my son cannot go alone.'

A suspicion arose in my mind that Minna was attempting evasion. I wanted to ask her when she had married, and what had become of Flynn; but an automobile horn from below recalled me to a tardy admiration of the youthful Flynn, which, under no circumstances, could have been omitted, and a rapid good-bye.

At the foot of the stairs, Frau Sauerborn met me with some fresh provender, for which I had bargained during our previous conversation. She added that she was sorry she could not let me have some new potatoes, but the men were just beginning to gather them in. That was where her husband had gone. I might see them working in the fields on the way home.

As we left Niedermendig behind us, and saw the men turning up the moist black earth, it occurred to me — ever on the hunt for food — that it would be a praiseworthy idea to buy a sack of potatoes.

Leaving a slightly skeptical Chief of Staff, I ran over the sticky furrows, in the direction of a stooping figure in blue jeans, who was shoveling tubers from a small pyramid into a sack. The stooping figure looked up, and I gazed straight into the blue eyes of Flynn. Wordlessly we met, and wordlessly we were about to part, when that universal impulse that levels all differences overtook me.

'I saw the baby.'

Flynn's face shone like the morning sun.

'Not much the matter with him, is there, Mrs. Crane? Does he look as if he was "made in Germany"?'

'He looks just like you, Flynn.'

The Chief of Staff accepted my bare statement that potatoes could not be had; and, as we bowled over the wonderful roads, a turn in the conversation made it natural to ask: —

'Have there been many desertions from the transports of men who want to stay over?'

'There are usually four or five who don't appear at roll call.'

'Do you try to find them?'

'If it does n't cost too much.' — He changed the subject. 'Do you want me to show you the hope of this country?'

As we slowed up to enter one of the villages, the children flocked to meet us. They ran in front of the car at the risk of their lives, and followed us with cries until we were out of sight.

# THE ANCIENT DAYS OF THE SPANISH WAR

## CHAPTERS FROM THE DIARY OF JOHN D. LONG

EDITED BY LAWRENCE SHAW MAYO

In January, 1897, President-elect McKinley asked Mr. Long to come to Canton, Ohio, for a conference. The two men had been friends in Congress in the eighties, and although ill health had prevented Governor Long from taking an active part in the presidential campaign of 1896, he knew — and the press did not hesitate to guess — that McKinley was about to offer him New England's seat at the Cabinet table. Just which portfolio would be his remained to be determined. McKinley's first suggestion was the Treasury. But Mr. Long shook his head, insisting that he knew nothing about finance. This was discouraging to the President-elect, for he wished New England's favorite citizen to occupy a high place in the Cabinet. He could not offer him the State Department, for that must go to Senator Sherman. That was settled. However, as Sherman was failing, mentally and physically, he would probably remain in office not more than a few months. Would Mr. Long wait until the expected vacancy should occur, and then become Secretary of State? Again Governor Long shook his head, protesting this time that he was no diplomat. This was hardly true, but it was his way of saying that he preferred purely administrative work. Then he told McKinley that he doubted if his health would permit him to do the work required of the head of either of the departments mentioned; but if, upon reflection, the Major wished to entrust him with the Secretaryship of War or of the Navy, he would be glad to consider either office.

Early in February it was generally known that John D. Long would be a member of McKinley's Cabinet. The formal offer, to be sure, did not materialize until the second day of March, but in the meantime the press had announced that he would be Secretary of the Navy, and on this occasion the press was right. McKinley was pleased, and New England was delighted. Mr. Long himself was not displeased, for he little guessed that within a year from the date of his commission the Navy would be the busiest department at Washington.

The first nine months were uneventful. In fact almost the only entry of general interest in the Secretary's journal for that period is this, on Friday, April 9, 1897: 'Roosevelt calls. Just appointed Assistant Secretary of the Navy. Best man for the place.' During the winter of 1897–98 Mr. Long happily adopted the time- and labor-saving scheme of dictating his diary, with the result that he made longer observations. Among these, his portraits of some of his contemporaries are often remarkable. Then, too, there are frequent sidelights on others, which are illuminating. A day or two after Christmas he dropped in at the White

House about noon and found President McKinley 'as usual, seated at the Cabinet table, with somebody at his elbow pressing claims for office.']

I fancy it is a relief to him [wrote Mr. Long] under these circumstances to have a Cabinet Officer come in and afford him a diversion from this constant pressure. When we were alone, we went over a few matters of official interest, and then chatted pleasantly upon domestic matters. . . . From that, we branched off upon the notice I had read in the morning papers of his mother's will, which gave everything to the unmarried sister who lived with her for many years. I told the President I thought I saw his handiwork in this disposition of his mother's property for the benefit of the one who evidently needed it most. It is very sweet to get underneath the hard surface of public life, and to drop into the homely currents which are common to the lives of us all. It is a striking characteristic in the President that he is so devoted to his family, a devotion which extends over to his large circle of personal friends. I tell him that it is the only fault I have to find with him: that he is inclined to be too good to his friends, at the risk sometimes of losing sight of that sterner virtue which made the Roman sacrifice his son.

During the day Senator Lodge dropped into the Department, tormented, as is not infrequently the case, with this eternal matter of the distribution of public offices. Lodge is a man of wealth, industry, brains, and good ambition. It is to his credit that with his large means and social opportunities he is so devoted to public life. It is not easy to understand how he can endure the subjection, which every such man is obliged to undergo, of his time and talents to so much that is petty and annoying in the demands which the public, and especially the office-seekers, make.

[The eleventh of January gives us a picture of another Senator from Massachusetts.]

In the evening Senator Hoar called upon me. He is a delightful man. His mind is stored with learning, especially on the lines of historical and biographical literature. He has the highest sense of public duty, most chivalrous and unflinching courage of his convictions, and deservedly possesses the confidence of all with whom he is associated, and of the people whom he represents. Some of his orations on special historic occasions ought to rank with those of Webster and Everett. Yet such is the changed condition of things, and in such an ocean of literary accumulation are we to-day submerged, through the newspapers, magazines, and multitudes of books, that nobody remembers one of his — or of anybody else's — addresses a week after it is delivered. Whereas the speeches of Webster were a part of the education of the people fifty years ago.

Senator Hoar's manner in speaking is not especially good. He stands with knees bending inward, and with a quaint drone or whine in his voice. Neither his gesture nor his elocution is at all fine. It is fun to hear him sound the *u* like *oo* in such words as constitution.

I have often been struck with the fact that the Senator's judgment of men is not the best. I do not think he has the discriminating insight into personal character. He is inclined to be extravagant in his likings, much more, I think, than in his prejudices; which, of course, is a good fault. I think, too, that he is easily imposed upon by men in whom he takes stock. He is also inclined to be a hero-worshiper, and

extravagant in his praises when once launched upon adoration. Interesting himself in the story of Rufus Putnam, or some other worthy, he is inclined to put him on a pedestal higher than that of George Washington or Benjamin Franklin. After perusing the Bradford manuscript,[1] he puts it next to the Scriptures; though why he stopped there, I am somewhat surprised. Evidently Shakespeare and Milton are entirely distanced.

How quickly men grow old! But a day or so ago he was a state senator from Worcester, under the dome of the Massachusetts State House; then one of the young representatives in Congress, distinguishing himself at the impeachment of General Belknap.[2] Now I sit with him, an old man, his shoulders bent, his hair white and thin, although his mental vigor is entirely unquenched. He has led a noble life, rich in mental product and culture, though poor in this world's goods. He loves his library and is happy in the company of the poets, philosophers, and statesmen of the past; the gauds and shows of the world are not necessary to his happiness.

[Much as he might have liked to do so, the Secretary of the Navy could not spend many evenings at home with such congenial visitors as Senator Hoar. A few social occasions were enjoyable in their way, but others were made endurable only by Mr. Long's unfailing sense of humor. There was, for instance, a reception at the Russian Embassy on the evening of January 12, 'starting at quarter of ten.' As this was 'considerably later' than his usual hour for going to bed, the Secretary went reluctantly, accompanied by his wife and his daughter Helen.]

A more dismal house for a reception is hardly possible. It was as barren as a barrack. As we were early, the thing looked a little meagre for a time. However, we entered the drawing-room, paid our respects to the Russian Secretary of Legation, to the wife of the Military Attaché, and one or two other officials, with whom conversation was brief and, owing to unfamiliarity with each other's language, not especially intelligible.

We sauntered past a shelf in the alcove, on which was a punch bowl, and behind it a servant to dip it out, and then wandered into a room too big for a drawing-room and too small for a hall, which was arranged for dancing. My niece, Julia Castle, and her husband were there; the fat Chinese Minister, and his fatter wife; two Haitian women, with an abundance of hair, and at least a sufficient exposure of the neck and shoulders to suggest the original Haitian maiden on her native heath and in her primitive costume.

By this time the rooms were comfortably peopled; the musicians were playing, and, as others were waltzing, I took a turn with Helen, much to the amusement of everybody who saw me dance, and also to my own admiration. Inasmuch as Mr. Gary and Mr. Wilson of the Cabinet were there, I took great pleasure in thus intimating to them that they were old fellows while I was still a youth.

[Washington was an interesting place of residence, and the Navy was an interesting department even in time of peace; but there were days when Mr. Long's thoughts bore him far away from the District of Columbia.]

[1] Governor Bradford's *History of Plymouth Plantation*. It was due primarily to Senator Hoar's efforts that the Bishop of London had recently presented the original manuscript to the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

[2] During Grant's second administration, 1873–77.

Most delightful morning; air fresh and clear, but almost as warm as springtime. The climate in Washington has been very lovely during the winter, and a sharp contrast to the wind and storm, sleet and snow, and variation from warmth to extreme cold, which prevails in the neighborhood of Boston, and a striking contrast also to the intenser cold of my birthplace in Maine. And yet I find myself continually longing to go back there for a taste now and then of the wintertime. I recall the landscape, continuously deep with the white snow; the roads winding their tortuous course between high drifts on either side; the crisp, clear mornings, and the frosty windowpanes; the blue smoke rising straight and swift through the clear atmosphere, and all the familiar traces of the traditional New England winter landscape.

[During the first part of the winter of 1898, as for a long time previous thereto, matters in Cuba were in what Secretary Long termed 'an earthquaky condition.'

As yet, however, there seemed to be no reason for action of any kind by the United States. One evening while this status quo prevailed there was a Cabinet dinner at Vice-President Hobart's.]

Beautiful old-fashioned house, on Lafayette Square; charming rooms; one of the most exquisitely furnished tables I ever saw, with a wealth of roses and green leaves and other ornaments in the centre. The President is quiet; his wife, who is an invalid, is very gentle; the Vice-President is inclined to be humorous; the Secretary of State is getting a little forgetful, and tells the same story twice. The rest of us sit around in the usual fashion, of rather dull commonplace. After the ladies retire, we smoke and talk trifles. There happens to be nobody who tells a good story; nobody who has the art of interesting monologue. My experience is that most men, and most gatherings of men, are not interesting. It is the rare man who can entertain his fellows, either in the way of pleasantry or instruction.

[On January 24, 1898, the time seemed to have come when the Administration could and should make a slight change in its Cuban policy.]

This has been an interesting day. The Cleveland Administration, which left us the legacy of the Cuban imbroglio, had adopted the policy of having no United States vessel at Havana. The present Administration could not change this policy without a great deal of friction and risk; and yet it has been the purpose from the first to have a vessel at Havana, not only because our vessels ought to be going in and out of it, like those of any other nation, it being a friendly port, but [also], in view of the possibility of danger to American life and property, some means of protection should be on hand.

Since the Spanish Ministry came into power, three or four months ago, the whole Spanish policy with reference to the island has been changed: autonomy has been granted, and a more liberal and humane course pursued. There has been an understanding that our Consul-General there, General Lee, might telegraph for a ship at any time, and telegraph directly to the commander of it at Key West in case of an emergency.

For still further safeguard, it has been understood that, if telegraphic communication was discontinued at Havana, it should be assumed that the cable had been cut, that Lee was in danger, and that a ship should

at once proceed, without further order, from Key West. All this has been a risky arrangement, and I have favored for some time suggesting to the Spanish Minister here that his Government recognize the wisdom of our sending a ship in a friendly way to Havana, to make the usual visit and to resume the usual practice, which exists with all other nations, of free ingress and egress, to exchange courtesies and civilities with the Spanish authorities there, and to emphasize the change and the improved condition of things, which have resulted from the new Spanish policy.

To-day the Spanish Minister assented to this view, in conversation with the State Department. Judge Day[3] and I called on the President, and we arranged that the Maine should be ordered at once to Havana, notice having been given by the Spanish Minister to his people, and by our Department to our Consul.

Of course the sailing of the ship has made a great stir among the newspapers, and in public sentiment. We have carefully guarded, however, against any alarm, and, in our interviews, given assurance to the country that it is purely a friendly matter, and a resumption of customary relations. The newspapers try to discover some hidden meaning beneath this, as they always do; but it happens to be the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. There is, of course, the danger that the arrival of the ship may precipitate some crisis or riot; but there is far less danger of this than if the ship went in any other way. I hope, with all my heart, that everything will turn out all right.

[Two days later his hopes seemed to be realized, and his justifiable concern over the visit of the Maine to Havana gave way to less grave but more annoying matters.]

Cable from Captain Sigsbee, commanding the Maine, in which he reports that much interest was manifested on the arrival of the Maine, military courtesies exchanged, and that everything went off pleasantly.

Senator Penrose comes in, and we come near striking fire about a little two-penny appointment of shipkeeper, at $2.00 a day, at the Philadelphia Navy Yard. Representative Butler wants it, and Penrose wants it. It is like a fight of wolves over a carcass. Shameful and disgracing picture: that a Senator of the United States should be running his legs off, wasting his time, when great questions are at stake, about this carrion of patronage — which very patronage only hurts, instead of helping, his political prospects.

[Mr. Long's administrative methods, and a sketch of the Chairman of the Senate Committee on Naval Affairs, are disclosed under the date of February 2.]

Went with Captain O'Neil, Chief of the Bureau of Ordnance, this morning before the Senate Committee on Naval Affairs, with regard to armor plate. Of course I know nothing about it, and go through the perfunctory business of saying so, and referring the Committee to Captain O'Neil. When I say I know nothing about it, I mean nothing about the details — which only an expert can know — of the process of manufacturing armor. I make a point not to trouble myself overmuch to acquire a thorough knowledge of the details pertaining to any branch of the service. Such knowledge would undoubtedly be a very valuable equipment, but the

[3] Owing to Secretary Sherman's infirm condition, Judge Day, his First Assistant, had become actual head of the State Department.

range is so enormous I could make little progress, and that at great expense of health and time, in mastering it. My plan is to leave all such matters to the bureau chiefs, or other officers at naval stations or on board ship, limiting myself to the general direction of affairs. What is the need of my making a dropsical tub of any lobe of my brain, when I have right at hand a man possessed with more knowledge than I could acquire, and have him constantly on tap?

At best, there is enough for me to do, and to occupy my attention. Some of it is spent on important things, and a very large part on small things, especially personal matters — personal frictions, personal delinquencies, personal appeals, and personal claims.

Senator Hale is Chairman of the Senate Committee on Naval Affairs. He came from Turner Village, the next town to Buckfield, where I was born. He went to Hebron Academy, as I did. He probably taught school; started a small law office; served several terms in the House of Representatives, and for a number of years has been Senator from the State of Maine.

Last summer, in the Turner Village burying-ground, I saw the graves of his father and mother. On a neighboring hill is his father's homestead. Just under the hill in Buckfield where I lived, is the schoolhouse where his sister taught, and he, on Friday nights, used to drive to carry her home. He married the daughter of Zach Chandler, and now enjoys the large fortune, which furnishes him with a beautiful home here and a beautiful home in his native state.

Hale is an able man, has a strong, practical mind and a heap of hard sense and a clear way of putting things.

He has made a good record as a politician and statesman, and deserves the honor he has acquired and the confidence which the people of Maine put in him.

[The nature of some of the 'small things, especially personal matters,' with which the Secretary of the Navy was bothered appears in his journal for the fifth of February.]

I am amused to-day with another exhibition of the jealousies of the army and navy corps. The Chief of the Bureau of Navigation comes in with a long face, and says that the Navy are feeling very troubled over the fact that, at the White House receptions, while two army officers and one marine officer take part in introducing the guests to the President and Cabinet and to their wives, there is no representative of the Navy proper. It also turns out that, at the first reception, while General Miles, head of the Army, was invited, the senior officer of the Navy was not invited. Also, that, while no general invitations were extended to the naval officers, Commander Clover of the Navy, who has a rich wife with social affiliations, was there. Also, that at the last reception, to which the chiefs of the various naval bureaus were invited, and no others, there was an exception in the case of Lieutenant-Commander Buckingham, which is regarded as a discrimination against older officers than he.

I suggest that this is undoubtedly due to the fact that Buckingham happens to be the son of a clergyman in Ohio, who, I think, performed the marriage ceremony at the President's wedding.

Just at this time in comes Roosevelt, who says that the naval officer in his office was very much aggrieved because, while Roosevelt, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, was not invited, a civilian clerk under him, whose salary is only some $1200 or $1600, and who married the daughter of a million-

aire in Washington, having social affiliations, was a guest. Roosevelt is too sensible a man to do more than to laugh at this. He recognizes that the President, like everybody else, ought to have the privilege of inviting whom he pleases to his own house, and that, if he omits any, it is on the simple ground that he really does not see fit to invite them, or, if there is any reason why he should have done so, omitted them through an inadvertence.

Roosevelt amuses me also by saying that General Miles himself felt very much aggrieved, and the whole Army with him, at the fact that his particular seat at the recent White House dinner was not in the exact spot where he thought it ought to have been; and, what is funnier still, that Congressman Boutelle is still more aggrieved, and threatens never to attend another similar occasion, because he was given no lady to take out with him, but sat between two men.

Meanwhile, the President has authorized me to select some naval officer to attend the reception, being very glad to comply with a request to that effect. I offer that place to two young lieutenants, who rather snobbishly decline it, and so I detail Southerland, of the Dolphin, who is a stand-by, and who always comes up to any demand that is made upon him.

These are the humors of public life.

[Not long after this episode, the manner in which naval matters were prepared for the consideration of Congress led Mr. Long to write a few remarks concerning our governmental methods.]

Went with Constructor Bowles before the House Committee on Naval Affairs, with reference to the New York Dry Dock, which is under repair. A little room, overcrowded; much confusion; very little regularity in the proceedings; a good many people talking at the same time; and yet, after all, a great deal of information conveyed and digested.

How small the number is of those who have complete and accurate knowledge of any one subject! This committee, the naval eye and ear of the House, is charged with the important matter of the dry dock at New York. It is fair to say, with entire justice to them, that not more than two of them have anything more than a general confused notion that there is a dock there, and that it is out of repair and in process of reconstruction; probably not more than one has ever seen it. Yet the Committee is to pass upon questions involving thousands of dollars and important methods of construction, where any error may be followed by most disastrous consequences.

[The international situation was progressing very well, from the point of view of peace-loving Americans, when a diplomatic error on the part of Spain increased the tension at what proved to be a critical moment. Under February 10 the incident is related.]

Was obliged to withdraw acceptance of invitation to Agnes, Helen, and myself to dine this evening with the Spanish Minister.

It appears that some time ago he wrote a private letter, in which he made offensive references to the President. This letter has been obtained in some way and published. It, of course, makes the relations of the Spanish Minister with the Administration such that he can no longer remain, and he is obliged to retire from his post. It is an unfortunate occurrence; an exceeding folly on the part of the Minister to write such a letter; a termination of what, hitherto, has been a useful term of service. He is a man of a good

deal of ability, and seems to have conducted himself remarkably well. So it is that little things are obstacles that throw great movements off the track and sometimes lead to disaster.

[The access of hostility occasioned by this now forgotten incident was increased a thousandfold by a great tragedy which occurred less than a week later. Although it took place on the evening of February 15, it appears, of course, for the first time in Secretary Long's journal in the entry for the following day.]

At half-past one o'clock last night Helen came into my room, returning from the ball, with a dispatch which had just been left at the house, bringing the terrible news that the U.S.S. Maine had blown up in the harbor of Havana, Cuba; many killed and more wounded, and the cause unknown. I was at once deluged with newspaper-reporters and additional dispatches. Sent for Commander Dickins, of the Bureau of Navigation, who came in and, under my direction, telegraphed for some small vessels to go to the harbor to render assistance.

This is the most frightful disaster, both in itself and with reference to the present critical condition of our relations with Spain.

I am kept up until five o'clock by telegrams and calls from newspapermen.

This morning, at 9 o'clock, I call on the President, to whom I had sent full information before.

[The journal for the next few days gives an excellent idea of public opinion in the late winter of 1898.]

*Wednesday evening, February* 16. — This has been a busy day; a day of gloom and sadness. The Department has been thronged with callers, expressing sympathy and intense interest in the disaster to the Maine, in the harbor of Havana. The entire Spanish Legation called to express regrets, as did the British Ambassador and the Minister from Switzerland.

The records now show that 253 men and two officers were killed by the explosion.

The President has, of course, given up the usual receptions which were assigned for to-night and to-morrow night at the White House. I have been with him most of the day. Lunched with him and his family at the White House dining-room.

Get a quiet evening, however, at home, and retire early.

There is an intense difference of opinion as to the cause of the blowing-up of the Maine. In this, as in everything else, the opinion of the individual is determined by his original bias. If he is a conservative, he is sure that it was an accident; if he is a jingo, he is equally sure that it was by design. The former is sure that no design could have been carried out without discovery; the latter is equally sure that no accident could have happened, in view of the precautions which are taken. My own judgment is, so far as any information has been received, that it was the result of an accident, such as every ship of war, with the tremendously high and powerful explosives which we now have on board, is liable to encounter. The best way, however, seems to be to suspend judgment until more information shall be had.

The occurrence suggests one important thing, and that is the frightful destruction of life and property which will hereafter accompany any naval or military engagement. In the old days a war vessel could be peppered all day long, with comparatively little damage to ship or to crew. Now a battleship

with five hundred men on board, fairly struck by one of the great projectiles, will probably go to the bottom and every life will be lost. This reflection ought to have weight with those who talk lightly of going to war. The illustration now afforded by this accident to the Maine gives food for sober reflection.

The saddest thing of all is the constant coming of telegrams from some sailor's humble home or kinspeople, inquiring whether he is saved, or asking that, if dead, his body may be sent home.

*Thursday, February* 17. — A trying and anxious day. No further developments as to the cause of the disaster. The air is full of rumors. There is a great deal of outspoken, and a great deal more of suppressed, excitement. Still, I think the good sense of the country is quieting down to a condition of patient waiting for facts and information.

The President sent for me this afternoon, to see if I had anything to give him. Am sorry to find him more oppressed and careworn than at any time since I have been in the Cabinet. Am afraid he is in danger of overdoing.

*Friday, February* 18. — I am really too much driven with the tremendous pressure of this disaster to the Maine to find time to write more than a word in my daily journal.

Members of Congress, and naval officers, and many others are continually calling, and the number of letters and telegrams has increased, and the newspapermen cluster like bees about me. Some of these newspapermen are men of excellent ability and good address. They are gathering information for the public, and it is hardly worth while to be impatient with them when they are really the avenues through which the public, very properly, gets its information. Some of them are of great adroitness in obtaining what they want; some are of great ability in their comprehension and digestion of matters of public interest.

Attended Cabinet meeting this morning.

The House passed an appropriation, which I recommended, of $200,000 for raising the Maine.

Late this afternoon I gave out a statement of facts to the reporters, intended to allay the disquietude occasioned by sensational newspaper articles.

Thus far everything has gone very smoothly and without friction.

(*Passages from the Diary of the Secretary of the Navy, 1897–1902, will appear in February*)

# A PRELUDE

BY LAURENCE BINYON

I REMEMBER a night of my youth, I remember a night
Soundless!
The earth and the sea were a shadow, but over me opened
Heaven into uttermost heaven, and height into height
Boundless
With stars, with stars, with stars!
I remember the dew on my face, I remember the mingled
Homely smell of grass and unearthly beauty
Out of the ends of the air and the unscaled darkness
Poured in a rain, in a river,
Into my marrow — through all the veins of delight
Poured into me.
O the divine solitude! the intoxicating silence!
I was a spirit unregioned, worthy of them:
I, even I, was a creature of infinite flight,
Born to be free.
In the midst of the worlds, as they moved, I moved with them all,
A sense and a joy; I was hidden, and yet they were nigh;
For they came to me as lovers,
Those stars from on high.

Thus as my whole soul drank of the star-filled air,
I felt, more than heard, like a whisper
Invading me out of immensity, hinted, haunting
Sound
Of waves, of waves, of waves.
And I felt in the blood of my flesh, to the roots of my hair,
That it sought me, a mind in that muteness;

In the midst of the worlds I trembled,
I in the night, a mortal,
Found!
What was I, what was I? Nothing
But a Moment aware
Of the ruins of Time!
Yet a memory of memories within me, from far, O from far,
From shadow effaced behind shadow, from dust under dust,
From burial of realm under realm (even there, even there),
From the den in the hungering forest, from ancientest lair,
Rose to claim
This my body, the sap of its veins and its secret to share;
To emerge with the star-watching eyes of the venturer, Man.
And my spirit was filled with its meaning; it knew whence it came;
For I was the word on Earth's lips
That she needed to name.

'But tell me,' I cried, 'O whispering, troubling waves,
Tell me, O journeying wildernesses of stars,
Why do you near me and choose me? Whither would you lure me,
The earth-child?'
— To be brimmed with desire overflowing the bounds of the world,
To be wingless and stretched on a longing that boundlessly craves,
Who has known not this, in the bloom of a midnight marveling
Earth-exiled?
But thus to be sought from afar by phantom waves,
In the still of the night to be neared by stooping stars,
As if all immensity sought for a home in the mind
At its core —
This draws my whole being up from its secret caves,
And the flesh is no longer a home, nor can comforting Earth
Shelter me more.
I am known to the Unknown; chosen, charmed, endangered;
I flow to a music ocean-wild and starry,
And feel within me, for this mortality's answer,
Sea without shore.

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# NYASALAND SKETCHES

## IN THE CHIKALA RANGE

BY HANS COUDENHOVE

### I

THE old 'boma' in the Chikala range, where I lived over six months, had been uninhabited for almost ten years when I entered it. Although it would be classed, in Europe, as quite a young house, it is an old one for Tropical Africa, where houses age in a decade as much as they do in Europe in a century. No one would look for a house in the remote and savage locality where it stands, twenty miles from the nearest white settlement, while the nearest Yao village is scattered at the 'foot of the mountain,' there being no native inhabitants at all on this eastern part of the range.

The boma, as its name implies, has been, during the brief period of its commission, a tax-collector's residence; it is built of brick, with a corrugated-iron roof, a large veranda, and bow windows, and its interior still shows many signs of the taste, and the love of comfort, which directed the builder in his work. It cannot be expected, however, that the structure could have, unattended and unlooked after, resisted the destructive effect of time and the seasons. There is scarcely a bow window with all the panes entire, not a curtain left, not a brass bolt unbroken. Stains and rusty nails on the walls bear testimony to the artistic proclivities of the last inhabitant; the wainscoting is, in many places, detached from the walls; the white-calico awnings stretched underneath the ceilings of the rooms are torn in parts, and in parts stained and eaten by the droppings of the bats. Only the beautiful fireplace of carved cedar has remained intact, with the added beauty of the patina acquired with age. The many traces of past comfort and elegance, the present dilapidated and neglected condition, the savage aspect of the surrounding scenery, the magnificent bushes of European roses right in front of the veranda, a grove of thick mango trees just behind the house — all these contrasts give to the old boma a touch of romance, as if it were taken out of a chapter in a fairy tale.

It is built on a terrace, about 2000 feet above the plain, and is surrounded on three sides by an amphitheatre of hills, which form part of the main range. This, the Chikala range, runs from east to west. The amphitheatre, from its eastern and western wings, rises gradually to a dome of granite over 5000 feet high, the highest point of the range, due north of the house. The latter faces south, embracing a view of half the compass over plains and mountains. To the left, Lake Chirwa — ten miles away at its nearest point during the dry season, but approaching its boundaries according to the volume of water brought by the rains — runs south

to northeast. The two black island hills in its middle look like joints of beef on a silver dish.

During the dry season, the plain looks limitless, sky and veldt meeting in a haze along the horizon. During the rains, however, the whole view is changed. Beginning in the southwest with the majestic Mlanje range, nearly 10,000 feet high in its highest peak and barely sixty miles in length, mountain range follows mountain range all along the horizon, past and far round the lake, into Portuguese territory, with a few breaks only, through which the plain rolls on into the unknown.

Here and there, in the champaign, isolated hills rise, sometimes to a considerable height, the characteristic 'island mountains' of Tropical Africa. In the Nyika of East Africa those hills rise at regular intervals from the level plain. There I noticed a curious particular. I have climbed none on which I did not meet, somewhere near, or on, the top, a puff adder larger in size than any which I have ever seen elsewhere, either free or in captivity — a weird genius loci, probably centuries old, letting the time rush by while it lies in a lethargic state of eternal digestion, punctuated by single meals at intervals of months. As none of my Masai companions ever showed the slightest inclination to kill one of these anchorites, but appeared to be opposed to my doing so, I came to the conclusion that they must be fetish.

Whether the mountain islands of Nyasaland share this peculiarity, I have not, so far, had occasion to ascertain. Lake Chirwa, however, enjoys a zoölogic speciality also — an almost unique distinction. The many crocodiles which inhabit it are not more dangerous to man than so many sheep! So I was assured by all those inhabitants of the lake shore whom I consulted on the subject. I asked them if they had charms. They said no: with those crocs there is no need of charms!

But Mother Nature, always anxious to correct any small anomalies which may occur in her household, has, to reëstablish the balance, — a hobby of hers, — peopled the lake with venomous water-snakes, dreaded by the fishermen as much as crocs are dreaded elsewhere. The natives say that they stand erect, cobra-fashion, among the reeds of the lake shore, half submerged by water, and when a man has passed them, but not before, they charge him.

This snake, which the Yao call Assábuhe, is most beautiful, being marked in an undulating pattern of black and brown and gray, with thin bright-yellow straight lines running from head to tail. Barely two feet in length, and thick in proportion, it bears, with its stumpy tail, a certain resemblance to a puff adder. The form of its head, however, and the position of its fangs, suggest the colubrid. Its aggressiveness appears to be a fact, and distinguishes it from the land snakes.

The *changements de décoration* of the landscape exceed in variety anything that one could see on the stage. In autumn, or better, in spring, the veldt shows as many different colors as the rainbow. But as soon as the rains begin, these change into many shades of green, from emerald and apple-green to dark olive, grading, in the distance, into one uniform tone of bluish gray.

The colors of the hills, with the exception of the islands of the lake, which are always of a dark greenish-brown, vary according to the time of day. Those which roll away into Portuguese territory, as they recede, grow fainter and fainter, until they look like a breath on a pane of glass. Immediately after sunset, however, when the sky behind them is pistache-green, they appear clear-cut, heavy and transparent, like mountains of gray quartz.

The high Mlanje mountains sometimes, at sunset, seem to intercept, with their dark-blue mass, the glare of an immense conflagration, the shine of which just peeps over the outline of their pinnacles; at other times they are hidden by a bluish-gray wall of vapor, fringed with lilac all along the top; while the sky just above them is of an intense, luminous orange, which, as the night advances, grows blood-red.

Often, in the early morning, the whole plain is covered with a sheet of low-lying white mist, out of which the island mountains emerge like rocks out of a frozen arctic sea. Or else the lake alone, brilliant like a mirror under the horizontal rays of the rising sun, is covered as if with cotton-wool by a layer of densely packed white clouds, which follow its contours just as if they had been spread there by a careful hand.

With all its beauty, however, the landscape never loses that indescribable something which characterizes all African landscapes — something intensely melancholy, brooding, and ominous, as if some terrible event were held in suspense.

Clouds, as Sir Martin Conway says, are not a bit less beautiful than mountains, and they form, with these, during the rainy season, combinations and groups which remind one of Doré's illustrations to Dante's 'Inferno.' Each chain of mountains will act independently of all the others, with its own particular set of clouds, its own thunderstorms, its own strokes of lightning. One range may be swathed in a sheet of torrential rain, while the other, through a rent in the clouds overhanging it, is struck by beams of sunlight. Occasionally, however, when it rains for good, a perpendicular, solid, gray wall of rain creeps slowly, from the fast disappearing mountains, over lake and plain toward Chikala; then the plain vanishes, then the solitary tree at the far end of my terrace; and then it comes down on the corrugated-iron roof in one continuous, deafening roar.

One would imagine that no living creature, except a fish, would enjoy getting a tropical downpour on its back. To this my two ravens, Grip and Nevermore, — chance acquaintances with whom I have formed a solid friendship, — are exceptions. Instead of seeking shelter, which they could find in abundance far and near, they will, when overtaken by the avalanche, sit on an exposed granite boulder, their backs to the wind, with shoulders raised and head bent, like Mr. Dombey's brother-in-law when his wife annoyed him, and apparently sink into a kind of torpor, as, under these conditions, they refuse to respond to the most tempting morsels of food!

The champaign is most beautiful during the period of the veldt fires, which begins toward the end of October and lasts until the rains are on. In the daytime the flames are invisible from here; but in calm weather great columns of smoke rise, like Moses' pillar in the desert, sometimes to an immense height, and spread out in the sky to tremendous black clouds, which intercept the light of the sun and plunge into shade half the plain. In stormy weather, the spirals of smoke rolling fast along the ground look like the steam of express trains running full speed. At night the flames are visible, and then the bush-fires look like burning cities, and make the onlooker think of sack and rapine and murder. Where they burn low, they suggest the keys of an organ of fire touched by invisible fingers.

The lake has its fires, too, but they begin later and cease later. It is full of reeds in many parts, and these the natives burn, to facilitate fishing during the rainy season.

But the most beautiful sight is when, in a still, calm night, the conflagration

extends along a large segment of the eastern horizon, and the full moon rises out of it, as intensely luminous as the fire itself, like the birth of a planet out of a sun, when creation was still young.

## II

At the northern end of the lake, almost due east from here, lies the village of a chief called Chikweo, which has just now been the theatre of a lion story more than usually dramatic. For several months past, a man-eating lion had been spreading terror among the villagers by periodical appearances, which were nearly always the occasion of the killing of a man or a woman. Several times he was frightened away by the men appearing en masse after he had seized his victim, but he had killed fourteen, and wounded six, so I was told, before his career ended.

This came about in this way. An old woman, who belonged to another tribe, had been living for some time at Chikweo's village with her young daughter, who had a baby at her breast. These three were living in a hut built of logs, on the outskirts of the village. With characteristic native improvidence, on the night in question, in the early part of last December, they slept with the door of the hut open, and the lion crept in and jumped on the old woman. In a moment the daughter had made up her mind — to save the baby and sacrifice the mother. She slid out of the hut with the child, pulled the door to, dragged a heavy log of wood against it, and gave the alarm.

With the rapidity with which natives are capable of acting in an emergency, the villagers collected, brought more logs of wood, built a strong barricade all round the hut while the poor old woman was still alive and screaming for help; and then they sat down in a circle and — it was before midnight — waited for dawn.

At dawn — the old woman by that time was dead — the chief Chickweo came with his Snyder, jumped on to the roof, gave, through a hole, one shot to the lion, and went home to sleep, having, by drawing first blood, secured the government reward. After that, the lion was finished off by others, through the roof, partly with Chikweo's Snyder, partly with spears.

It is possible that the woman might have been saved, if, instead of closing the door upon her and her terrible guest, her daughter had contented herself with rushing out and calling for help; or even if the people had reopened the door of the hut, as the lion would perhaps have been frightened by the noise and the sight of so many people, and might have tried to rush out. But the villagers thought that such an occasion to get the man-eater would never return if they let it slip.

If one considers how great is the love of natives for their mothers, — it is their one pure sentiment, — one can imagine how violent must have been, in the girl's heart, the conflict between the love which she bore her mother and that which she felt for her child.

The chief, sleek and debonair, called on me on his way to Tomba with the lion's skin, and gave me all the details. When he mentioned the shutting-up of the old woman with the lion, he suppressed a smile. He told me that the animal — as could be seen from the skin — was very old, with part of its teeth gone and the rest in a bad condition. That it was frightfully hungry became evident from the fact that it did not allow the vicinity of so many people to disturb it in its meal; and that, after it had finished devouring its victim, of whom there remained only the head and the larger bones, it killed and ate all the chickens in the hut!

There was a remarkable sequel to the tragedy. Chikweo told me that, on the day that followed it, on the very morning of the day when he passed my place with the skin, a lioness, believed to be the man-eater's consort, came into the village, killed one man, and went away again. She had never been known to kill anybody before, and she has made no reappearance up to the time of writing this, three months later. When last I asked after her, I was told: 'Oh, she has left, she has gone into Portuguese territory!' One must admit that this single murder of the lioness looks uncommonly like an act of vendetta.

Lions are probably very long-lived. I believe that the longest authenticated duration of a lion's life in captivity is seventy years; and one may safely assume that, when they enjoy their freedom under congenial circumstances with no enemies to speak of, man excepted, they live much longer. That they are monogamous is certain, although the assertion made by some, that they mate only once in their lives, is open to doubt, and would be difficult to prove. The affection that unites male and female is a sentiment as strong among the higher mammals, and felines in particular, as it is among human beings, if not stronger.

To the broad-minded observer it must surely appear rather unfair on the part of the 'destroyer,' or the 'lord' (as some prefer to be called), of creation, that he calls 'savage' all those animals that feed as he himself does! They eat their meat raw — but some human athletes and valetudinarians do that too — but they slaughter their victims with infinitely less cruelty than man — instantaneously always, and with no preparations at all. If lions, which are forced by dire necessity to kill a man, sometimes make a mistake in this respect, it is only because they are unfamiliar with his anatomy. Man-eaters are no doubt objectionable; but such individuals are rare, and their action is the consequence of homicidal mania, or of old age and helplessness.

Leaving quite out of the question the cannibals of Oceania and West Africa, white men have been known, and not so seldom either, to devour one another when the second alternative was death from starvation. And lions and leopards have the distinction here, that they never commit cannibalism. They fight, they kill each other, and I am afraid that very old lions sometimes have a bad time at the hands of younger members of the community; but, according to all accounts, they never eat one another, however hungry they may be.

## III

The northern half of the compass is taken up, at close range, by the amphitheatre of hills which forms the background of the boma terrace. While the high dome of the centre is sheer granite, almost down to its base, its two wings are formed by tier after tier of huge boulders, the gaps being filled by densely growing, dark-foliaged trees.

Some of the boulders are crenelated with lichens, others tainted white with the droppings of birds. On many of them stand solitary trees of considerable height. Their exposed roots, running down forty and fifty feet, as broad sometimes as a small stream, flattened against the rock, bleached as white as ivory, clutch the granite in a grip so tight that one imagines one sees the strain of the gigantic effort, as in the arms of an athlete or the tentacles of an octopus. Who can say how long the strain of the embrace has lasted?

The appearance of a human being on the footpath which skirts the eastern slope of the amphitheatre is usually the signal for a concert of whistling sounds in the rocks above, beginning

with isolated notes and increasing in number, until they seem to proceed from almost every one of the huge boulders. Birds or boys might whistle in this manner; the virtuosi are, however, neither of these bipeds, but rock rabbits, of which a few families live among the rocks. These interesting, harmless little creatures have of the rabbit only the name; they are no relations of those rodents, but actually the smallest cousins of the elephant. As climbers, they are unsurpassed, being able to scale almost perpendicular flat surfaces, like lizards. Their nests, built adhering to the foot of overhanging boulders, resemble very large swallows' nests. They are, unfortunately, prized as an article of diet by the natives, who persecute them ruthlessly.

A large and beautiful lizard, common to all the mountainous countries of Tropical Africa, brings a bright touch of color to those granite boulders which it has elected as its domicile. Its head and neck are a brilliant chrome-yellow, its body sea-green, its tail turquoise-blue. Being of an inquisitive turn of mind, it scans the approach of the stranger with marked curiosity, by moving its head up and down, before it rushes to conceal itself in some crevice. If one keeps very quiet, however, it will come back, and, if she happens to be present, start courting its lady, indifferent to the fact that she has no beautiful colors to boast of on her plain brown body. It is very amusing to watch them at play, running round and round and making love to one another, at which latter game their habits are remarkably like those of dogs. In order to attract them to a certain rock, and accustom them to my presence, I tried to lure them with insects, which I deposited on the boulder; but I signally failed in the beginning, as live insects of course ran away, and the lizards would not touch dead ones. And then I had the lucky idea of collecting the clay nests of a certain ubiquitous wasp, which builds them all over a house or a tent, in the most improbable places, including such things as the sleeve of a coat. There the wasp deposits — in separate compartments — the paralyzed bodies of all sorts of maggots, caterpillars, and spiders, making the nest serve both as a casket and as a larder for its own young. I extracted those unfortunate paralytics, some of which, having accomplished their ghastly destiny, were already metamorphosed into full-grown wasp pupæ. My experiment afforded me proof that the outraged creatures lose nothing of their freshness in their living tombs, as the lizards devoured them with the greatest gusto.

The slope of the mountain where the rock rabbits dwell is visited and occupied temporarily and alternately by a large herd of yellow baboons, and a herd of black monkeys, of the kind called 'kimas' by the Swahilis. These monkeys are beautiful creatures, with hair almost black, and the full-grown adults nearly attain the size of a female baboon. Unfortunately, however, full-grown individuals are rare, the reason being, I am afraid, that their skin and flesh are much in demand.

The relations of these two tribes are, I am sorry to say, strained. They never occupy together the same side of the range. The baboons will come and stay for a week perhaps, and then the kimas will come and stay as long — it is always, however, turn and turn about; when one nationality turns up, the other goes. While the voices of the apes vary largely, according to the sex and the age of the individuals, and while the gamut of sounds which they do give forth is almost human in its extent, the monkeys are singularly behindhand in this respect, and utter one kind of call only, an unmusical sound, like a

very loud croaking. When it happens to be their turn for occupation, they collect, every evening, on the tops of the largest boulders, and, in a chorus, call out their farewell to the setting sun.

There is something touching in this cult of the sun practised by many animals — the origin, perhaps, of man's worship of the fixed star. When walking in the early morning, years ago, along the seabeach in Portuguese East Africa, and in Natal, in places where the virgin forest came down to the shore, I was always struck by the sight of the monkeys, which sat motionless in the topmost branches, with outstretched arms, looking at the sun as it rose out of the Indian Ocean. Many of the larger birds greet the rising sun with the same gesture of adoration.

The love of a mongoose for the sun amounts to a passion. A few years ago, I was living in a house to which the rays of the setting sun came, through a cleft in the hills, at one single spot only in the uninhabited back part of the house. A small mongoose that I had, although it hated to be alone, went there by itself every day when twilight was near, and, lying down on the veranda, watched the sunset. As soon as it was gone, she would quietly come back into the house, seek her couch, and go to sleep. As long as I lived in that house, she never once missed the sunset. Before she died, a few years later, she laboriously climbed up to the thatched roof of a hut where I was then living, by a kind of staircase which I had erected, gave a long, last look at the sun, then came down again with great difficulty, and died.

On the top of the range, also to the east, live a couple of leopards. As they have been calling frequently, both at night and sometimes in the afternoon for several months past, they are supposed to have a family of young, this being a sure sign, the natives say. They prey largely on the baboons, and no doubt on the kimas also, although I have not been able to ascertain that for certain. But as to the baboons, I can occasionally follow by mere sound — mostly at night but sometimes also in daytime — the developments of the chase. The old males of the baboons, always *en vedette*, begin by uttering their cavernous barks, an imposing and even formidable sound, not unlike the leopard's own, but of far greater volume; the young males shout like boys of the human species, and the females scream in a higher key, the whole herd moving along up the slope while they produce these noises, which generally begin nearly at the foot of the slope, about level with my boma. From time to time, during a lull of the baboons' barks and screams, the stalking leopard utters his grunting, halting growl. As a rule, the alert ends in nothing, the various noises ceasing gradually, as the baboons get out of reach and the leopard gives up the hunt. But when, instead of fizzling out, the adventure ends in piercing yells and screams, and the barks of the old baboons become howls of rage, I know that the great cat has been successful in securing a good meal for the family. If I want additional proof, I get it on the following morning, when my two ravens, which live in the forest not far from the leopard's lair, make no appearance at early breakfast as they invariably do otherwise, but stay away till noon, and then show little appetite.

The old saying, that it is an ill wind which blows no one any good, applies also to this predilection of leopards for baboon's meat, quite apart from the benefit which they themselves and their clients may derive from it. Where many baboons live in a locality inhabited by leopards, the latter annoy the human inhabitants in the neighborhood very little, if at all. They do not go out of their way to capture goats in

the villages — always a risky thing to do; and even dogs, which are so often killed by leopards, appear to be allowed to move about in comparative safety. This is perfectly accepted by the natives, who will not even prevent their small boys from climbing the mountain, into the leopards' reserve.

Wild pigs stand to lions in the same relation as that of apes to leopards. Where lions live in the vicinity of wild pigs, the natives will treat them, as they do the leopards, as negligible quantities or — where the pigs are destructive to crops — even as desirable guests. Regularly, in February, when the maize is ripening, a couple of lions cross the Chikala range coming from the north, to make war on the wild boars which, at the same time, leave their forest haunts, to bring devastation into the fields. Why the lions should prefer, for these excursions, rainy weather to dry, is difficult to explain; but it is a fact that, so far, the only nights in which they called out their warning were nights of pouring rain.

Two things exist in nature, concerning which a mistake can never occur. These are the voice of the lion and the color of gold. Whoever hears the one or sees the other, knows what it is. This does not mean, of course, that the reverse is the rule also. Many men have mistaken the cry of the ostrich for that of the lion, and tenderfoots' gold for gold. The lion's voice — his hunting voice, not his roar, which is so seldom heard — is absolutely unique in character, just as he to whom it belongs is unique. Although it is extremely powerful and carries to incredible distances, and although it sounds ominous, and sometimes awe-inspiring by implication, there is in reality nothing either cruel, or bloodthirsty, or even savage in the sound itself. To me it has always appeared as the most consummate expression of despair uttered by a powerful creature in moral, not in physical, distress.

Of these Chikala lions the natives seem to have as little fear as they have of the leopards of the range; and the knowledge that they are about does not prevent men from climbing up the mountain for bamboo or for wood.

Some fifteen years ago, when the coffee and rubber plantations of the Usambara were still young, and much damage was done to them by the many herds of wild pigs which live there, the turning-up of a lion on an estate was looked upon as a favorable event by some of the German planters, who in consequence strictly protected him.

In this connection it may be interesting to record an event narrated by Emin Pasha — in one of that pioneer's letters, I believe, published by Dr. Franz Stuhlman. Somewhere in Equatoria, Emin's followers had dug a pit to catch big game, and a lion fell in. As soon as this was known, a native from the neighborhood, owner of many cattle, came running, and implored Emin to let the lion go. He said that, in exchange for a weekly tribute of a bullock, the lion kept away all other beasts of prey, and himself, except his regular weekly allowance, never touched a head of cattle belonging to his ally. The man's request was granted, a plank let down into the pit, and the lion climbed slowly out and went his way.

I was assured in the Pare mountains of what is now Tanganyika province, that a native there had formed a similar alliance with a leopard which, against the regular supply of a goat, protected from all enemies the owner's herds, and even slept in the loft of his hut! I have failed to substantiate the truth of this story, but there is nothing intrinsically impossible in it.

Before the war, the German medical officer in charge of the sleeping-sickness

commission on the west frontier of the colony, had a full-grown she-leopard, which was as tame as a dog. One of his colleagues told me that, whenever one of them returned home after an absence, the huge cat would stand up on its hind legs and rub its head against the face of its friend, in manner of welcome. A drawback was the circumstance that, at certain times, all the male leopards of the neighborhood appeared to have given themselves a rendezvous in the vicinity of the camp. The idyll, unfortunately, came to a tragic end, as those idylls always do, a statement for which one must leave the priority to Æschylus. The doctor's leopard seized a dog belonging to a native; the native attempted to interfere, and the leopard killed him instead. So sentence of death was passed and carried out on the affectionate creature. A characteristic sequel, so my informer told me, was the appearance in the camp on the following day of the victim's father, who simply said: 'I want my bakhshish.'

That leopards have a sense of humor, although of a somewhat grim kind, they show by their curious habit of planting the bare skulls of animals which they have killed and eaten on a forked branch high up a tree.

Their common sense they show by their disregard of fire, which is so well known to natives who are accustomed to leopards, that they never use this means in order to keep them away from a hut or a camp.

These preventive measures are more successful where lions are concerned, but, even with regard to these, the sweeping notion imbibed in our childhood, that 'wild beasts are afraid of fire,' requires revision. Some lions avoid the fire, no doubt, but certainly not all. In British East Africa the natives used to say that large, flaming fires irritate lions; and I have certainly known cases where lions cleared a large fire as they would have cleared a fence. It would appear as if the most effective fire against lions were a low-burning, not flickering or flaring, but steady fire.

While the lion's cry, on a dark rainy night, is a distinctly unwelcome sound to the traveler who sleeps in his tent, it has, on the other hand, when one hears it from inside four solid brick walls, an effect similar to that of a ghost story by a brightly burning fire, on a social winter evening.

A beautiful and imposing bird, by its numbers and by its powerful voice, attracts attention on the range as effectually as do the two felines just mentioned. It is a fishing eagle, with head and neck and half the body snow-white, which owes to its remarkable vocal qualities its Latin surname: *vocifer*. From long before sunrise till long after dark its clarion-call — which in some individuals resembles somewhat the whinny of an excited stallion — resounds about the heights of the range where it builds its eyrie. In many countries it has served me as a welcome signal that the night was nearly over and the day approaching. When it calls, it behaves in a peculiar manner: it poises in mid-air, and, while uttering its shriek, frantically and simultaneously moves up and down both head and neck and tail. It is exhilarating to see them dive for fish as I often did on Lake Nyasa. They 'take a header' into the water like any human champion diver, to emerge again and fly up into the air some hundred feet farther on, nearly always with large fish in their beaks. They are fortunately on the 'protected' list in this country.

There are certain things, instantaneous pictures of the memory, often in themselves mere trifles, the thought of which brings back with extraordinary force the realization of the particular romance of a milieu — like

Zarathustra's lizard, or Rudyard Kipling's 'firefly in the cane.' One may read whole books about Tropical Africa without feeling its atmosphere with the intensity impressed in a second by the mention, for instance, of a crocodile basking in the sun on a sand-bank by a lazy river; or of a solitary elephant standing under a mimosa tree in an expanse of Sanseveria, spraying itself with red laterite dust; or of lemurs dancing a fandango on the top of a coconut palm in the full moon of Zanzibar.

To this category belongs also the appearance of the *bateleur* eagle, most graceful of birds, sailing motionless above the champaign, under a clouded sky, a perfect Cupid's arc in outline. The *ecaudatus* — he was treated niggardly by Mother Nature in respect to his caudal appendage — makes occasional appearances here, but never, like his vociferous cousin, penetrates far up the range, as he prefers the plains, of which he is so characteristic an inhabitant. From the third or fourth year onward these great birds of prey mature slowly; the jaws grow a scarlet red, like those of some macaws, to which they have a further — moral — resemblance, in that, when brought up from childhood, they become fully as tame as a parrot. Large as it is, that magnificent eagle feeds, according to the natives, almost entirely on rats and mice and snakes, and never becomes a danger to the poultry yard. No doubt, the beautiful colored plate of a *bateleur* attacking a young jackal in Sir Harry Johnston's *Uganda* is either a libel, or the portrait of an exceptionally enterprising individual.

## IV

At the foot of the range, Mposa's village straggles along, with interruptions, for nearly two miles.

As is the case in all Yao villages, each hut, in size like a small cottage at home, stands in its own grounds, sometimes with a small patch of maize attached to it. Where there is no garden, the whole place is kept free of vegetation and well swept; this gives to the village a singularly clean aspect. Here and there a very large tree stands by itself in grounds equally well swept, affording shade for palavers, and shelter to the chattering carrion-crows. Lots of wagtails fly unmolested between the houses, although it is a favorite pastime of the boys to hide in the high grass with a long rod, and kill small birds, when they balance in the reeds, by hitting them with it. Wagtails, however, are fetish, and never touched. The Yao have given them the pretty appellation, 'doves of God.' Children, goats, chickens, and dogs run about; the grown-up men, when not at work, either sit before the chief's house, or play cards in front of their own. The women, never idle, are occupied on various household tasks.

On nearly all the roofs, fish from the lake, extended in rows, are drying in the sun, in a buzz of metallic flies. One kind of fish only is caught at the present season, a silurid in two or three sizes. The small ones, bent round in a circle, are stuck on rods in rows; the larger ones are cut into two sides and flattened out. The second kind of fish, which favors deep water, is not caught until the rainy season is well advanced and the shallow lake has attained its full size.

It is well known that Sir Jonathan Hutchinson, the great English dermatologist, — who, by the way, fruitlessly endeavored, some twenty years ago, to persuade the world to abolish leper-reserves as barbarous, inefficient, and unnecessary, — ascribed nearly all occurrences of leprosy to the consumption of insufficiently cured fish. If this

is really the fact, one does not see how, at least for many years to come, the evil can be stopped among the millions of natives around the lakes; for one might as well expect them to give up breathing as eating fish. The establishment of curing-centres under government supervision appears to be the only practical solution.

Chief Mposa's principal house is conspicuous by its size and its elevated, matted veranda, with two deck-chairs. He himself — quite apart from his picturesque attire, which consists of a red turban, a corduroy khaki-colored shirt, a dark-blue skirt, and a long sheath-knife — certainly looks the most distinguished person in his village, being tall, dignified, and good-looking, with a short full beard. He might, from his aspect, be taken for a black Arab from Zanzibar. His subjects kneel to him, as he himself kneels to his invalided old mother; but his authority does not appear to be of a despotic kind; its chief manifestation probably consists in these outward tokens of respect.

If Mposa's 'grand air' is due to his descent, this would furnish an argument to those who opine that the stronger qualities are inherited through women, as, in Yao dynasties, the laws of inheritance act in a way which one might compare to the advance of the knight on a chessboard. The sultan is succeeded, not by his own son, but by his eldest sister's eldest son. It was, however, explained to me that, if this eldest son of the sister is 'very stupid,' his younger brother will succeed in his place; and if he should happen to be very stupid also, the third, and so on. It would be interesting to know by what standard the intelligence of these potential heirs is measured.

Mposa's heir is being brought up here under his uncle's eyes, although his mother lives in another district. I hear this was insisted upon by Mposa himself, which is certainly a sign of sound judgment. The boy is being looked after by his 'little mother,' as the Yao call the aunt on the mother's side. When a Yao mentions his mother, one never knows if he means his real mother or her sister. As a rule, he means the latter, because there is always a reluctance to refer in speech to the direct progenitors, apparently from a sense of veneration and respect.

The impression which the settlement makes is one of peaceful prosperity — a truthful one on the whole, so far, although beer-fights, with broken heads, occasionally occur. Unfortunately the country is now threatened with a partial famine, the maize crop having been spoiled, here as elsewhere, in consequence of the insufficient rainfall. It is true that the natives in the lake regions have an almost unlimited supply of fish to fall back upon, as well as — here in Chikala at least — reserves of rice, and the rock rabbits and klipspringers and other beasts of the mountain and of the plain; but they could no more be expected to live entirely on these than the Parisians of Marie Antoinette could have lived on the *petits pains* which the unfortunate Queen liked so much. But natives never bother much about the future, confident as they are that the Government will provide help if it comes to a pinch; besides, they are all fatalists, to a really exasperating extent.

Even without food worries, however, life in Mposa's village is not without drawbacks, one of the worst being the great quantity of mosquitoes bred in the neighboring swamps. The notion, entertained by some Europeans, that natives do not suffer much from mosquito-bites, is quite wrong. They are probably as sensitive to them as we are. How much they suffer from them in Mposa's village can be judged from the pathetic device to which they have

recourse at the beginning of the rains, before the cool weather begins, when mosquitoes are at their worst. They keep men walking about, with beating drums, far into the night, so as to be prevented from going to sleep early, as attempts at an early sleep would be frustrated anyhow! So they are being kept awake by the drums until sleep really overpowers them, and then there is a chance of being able to outsleep the stinging. Some of them, however, are the lucky proprietors of mosquito-curtains; and there can be no doubt that, if the remainder seriously desired it, they could, by practising only a little economy, and by refraining from spending on trifles every shilling earned, soon find themselves in the same position. But negroes one and all resemble that guardsman of Ouida's, who, rather than go to the exertion of taking off his boots, preferred to suffer agonies of pain from their narrowness.

On the whole, so long as it has sufficient to eat, the community appears to be as contented as any community which one could see in Europe, if not more so; and there are always occasions of excitement, mostly of a mild description, to prevent it from getting unduly bored; as, for instance, the visit of the Resident or the Assistant Resident from Zomba, or that of a neighboring chief, or the passage of Police-Askaris in search of a thief, or a beer-fight, or a dance. There are, besides, tribal ceremonies and festivities, which take place at certain periods.

One of the latter, which is of a character rather quaint, took place a couple of months ago at the close of the girls' 'uniago' or period of initiation. During that period, which lasts for about a month, the girls, every age from childhood to full-grown womanhood being represented, live together in a large hut built especially for that purpose, and are there prepared by old women, the wisest in the village, for the vicissitudes — and the pleasures — of life, and instructed as to the lines to be followed in their relations with the other sex.

For several days before the time appointed for the disbandment of the young ladies, a couple of men, whose particular business it is, were busy in the forest, manufacturing, out of bark and grass, resemblances of lions, hippos, and crocodiles, hollow and sufficiently large to enable a man to crawl inside. These the men put on, like circus-clowns, on the evening of the last night, and, having reached in silence the house of initiation, began to imitate the movements of the animals which they impersonated, while the lion, in addition, produced with a large earthen vessel an admirable imitation of that animal's voice.

The older girls, who had been warned, pretended to be horribly frightened; while the smaller ones were so in reality, and began to scream, and the lot rushed out at the back of the hut. After they had reached a certain distance, the grown-up girls explained to the younger ones that the whole thing was a joke, and then they all came back laughing, to examine the menagerie more closely.

The purpose of the whole affair, so I was told, is to teach the children to beware of wild beasts when they happen to meet them.

The show ends with dancing and pombe drinking for two days and two nights.

# LITERATURE IN COLLEGE

BY ELIZABETH A. DREW

We all live, nowadays, in an age of theory, and make of our human existence a much more complicated affair than our ancestors did. Scientific, medical, psychological, economic, social, and artistic theories crowd the journals of the world with their claims and criticisms, while, particularly in this country, of the making of educational theories there is no end.

Let me say at once, then, that I have no love for educational theories, and have no new one to propound. In educational matters I am thoroughly old-fashioned. I believe teaching — or, rather, arousing the desire to learn — to be purely a matter of personality and practice, and learning to be purely a matter of keenness and concentration. I have never found any theory that can get behind these facts; but I recognize very clearly, nevertheless, the value of the multitude of theories which so greatly amazes a stranger in America.

This value is not, I think, in themselves, but in the general attitude of mind of which they are a symptom. They are part of the really great and genuine interest in the subject of education, and the profound realization of its importance to the community, of which no sensitive person in this country can fail to be conscious.

When we look back upon the developments in educational method of the last few hundred years, we have some reason to claim real progress. The days are past when education meant the mere acquisition of knowledge. We no longer encourage a curriculum like that suggested by Sir Thomas Elyot, in 1530, who remarks: 'As far as poetry is concerned, Aristophanes, Homer, Virgil, Ovid, Silvius, Lucan, and Hesiod will suffice until the scolar pass the age of thirteen years'; who recommends 6 to 11 A.M. and 1 to 6 P.M. as suitable working hours, from the age of five years. We no longer agree with Dr. Johnson when he says: 'Why, Sir, till you can fix the degree of obstinacy and negligence of the scholars, you cannot fix the degree of severity of the master. Severity must be continued until obstinacy be subdued, and negligence be cured.' We are past the Sandford and Merton stage of reducing everything taught to a question of moral conduct; and, in theory at any rate, we are past the horrors of the early days of the examination system.

All I mean by this system can be illustrated by the quotation of a joke which appeared many years ago in *Punch*. The scene shows a poet and an examiner taking a walk in a wood in the springtime. Suddenly the cuckoo calls. The poet quotes: —

> 'O Cuckoo, shall I call thee bird,
> Or but a wandering voice?'
>
> State the alternative preferred
> With reasons for your choice,

concludes the examiner!

But the ideals represented by these systems belong to the past, and our present aims in education are very different. Perhaps one might describe the difference shortly by saying that we aim nowadays rather at producing an

attitude of mind than at mere instruction. The schools of a hundred years ago produced an attitude of mind, too, as we can see by this letter from a young lady on leaving school.

> Well, my education is at last finished. Indeed it would be strange if, after five years' hard application, anything were left incomplete. Happily, that is all over now, and I have nothing to do but exercise my various accomplishments. French, Italian, music, drawing, dancing. . . . As to common things, geography, history, poetry, philosophy, thank my stars, I have got through them all, so that I may consider myself not only perfectly accomplished, but also thoroughly well informed.

Education, in fact, was a matter of schooldays, and automatically concluded when school was finished with, and the young lady was 'finished.' It was a social asset, just as the vocational training of to-day is a business asset. But the aim of our modern educational idealists is to make education a social asset in a far wider sense. For whatever theories they may hold as to how to teach and what to teach, they are all agreed in the human ideal that they wish to achieve. Put shortly, the aim of modern educators is to train youth in such a way as shall enable each individual in the community to live as complete a life as possible; to be as much alive as possible in every part of his being, body, mind, and spirit; to stimulate and develop every channel of sensation through which impressions reach mankind — bodily senses, mental senses, spiritual senses; and in the first, to increase the feeling for beauty in all man's physical being; in the second, to stimulate the love of mental adventure and constructive doubt; in the third, to appreciate the variety and wonder of human character, experience, and achievement.

All these go to make up the sum of human life, and we now agree upon the principle that any educational method should aim at making people respond to as much of life as they are, each individually, capable of responding to.

What place, then, does the study of literature hold in this view of education? Literature is an art which is more closely related to life than any other of the arts, so that any ideal which is aiming at fullness of life must be much concerned with it. It is possible, I suppose, to hold the view that, since education is to be the training of experience, and literature is only experience at second-hand, it were better to leave literature on one side, and learn direct from life itself. For, as Stevenson says, 'books, music, pictures are all very well in their way, but they are a mighty bloodless substitute for life.'

So, indeed, they are, and I think there is real danger in the overemphasis of this side of literature. 'Reading maketh a full man,' says Bacon; but too much reading maketh him too full; and an overread person is just as distressing as an overfed one. We all know that blotting-paper individual who seems always to bear the impress of the last printed matter he has been in contact with, and there is a reality behind the sneers of the practical world at the 'academic spirit.' But it is a view which can be held whole-heartedly only by those who are deaf and blind to the world of art.

Literature is interpretation of life, and cannot be appreciated without experience, it is true; yet to the sensitive mind its experiences are as real and vivid as those of life itself. For the artist makes life *more* true, *more* varied, *more* clear by his comment on its problems and sensations. It is true that the world says everything and shows everything; but since we have eyes that see not and ears that hear not and hearts

that do not understand, through literature we can add beauty and reality to our own imperfect impressions. The mind of every individual is peopled with a sleeping company of reminiscences, associations, impressions, attitudes, emotions, and facts which will respond and awaken at the touch of art. Browning has expressed this faculty of the artist in *Fra Lippo Lippi*. He speaks of painting, but the interpretative touch belongs more completely to literature.

> We're made so that we love
> First when we see them painted, things we have passed
> Perhaps a hundred times nor cared to see;
> And so they are better painted . . .
> . . . Art was given for that;
> God uses us to help each other so,
> Lending our minds out.

And the minds of writers are lent more completely than those of other artists, because the experiences they deal with are the most directly related to life as it is lived. Through them we can range over the vast track of human existence, choosing at any moment our company and our occupation. We can follow the pilgrim's progress or go angling for trout; be present at the fall of man or at the first roast of sucking pig; decline with the Roman Empire or travel with a donkey; hear of holy living and dying or of unholy. We can be in places as different as Erewhon and Wuthering Heights, Athens and Reading Gaol. We can feast with the gods on Olympus or take tea with the ladies of Cranford. We can meet friends as different as Othello and Mr. Collins, Perdita and Mrs. Poyser, Piers Plowman and Mr. Pickwick.

These are the human delights of reading; but beyond this, there is no subject so wide in its appeal to all sides of man's nature as literature. It touches his physical senses with a wealth of suggestion in beauty of color, of line, of melody, of rhythm, describing with the brush of a painter, working in sound like a musician. On the mental side it shows mankind the splendor of his intellectual scope, 'how noble in reason, how infinite in faculty . . . in apprehension how like a god'; while it contains the whole worlds of fiction and drama as comment and as interpretation of the immense range of human emotion and character. What subject could be wider? Hence the importance of considering thoughtfully how best to keep the study of it wide. For it is obvious to anyone who takes a large view of the subject to-day, that, in spite of a full recognition of its value as an educative force, its full possibilities are cramped and thwarted on many sides by narrowing ideas of its function and its scope.

Some seem to get little from literature save the skillful statement of moral truths. They make it the Polonius of life, something which supplies an inexhaustible mine of useful and helpful maxims, characters, and stories. That maxims and quotations can be an inspiration to the living of life no one will deny. They give mental and moral help, supply courage and quietness, zest and patience, or any other quality of which our frail humanity stands in need. In the old days, the bards were freely employed to maintain heroes in fortitude and enthusiasm. When the heart failed and the spirit drooped, the bard came and urged men to their high destiny by reminding them of their high origins and magnificent traditions. In a very noble sense, the poet was a propagandist: he reminded mankind of the heroic in them. In one sense, this is what all fine literature does; but to narrow it down to its moral content is as bad as to narrow life down to duty.

One is reminded of a wicked little comment by Matthew Arnold on the Puritan founders of American society.

'Notwithstanding the mighty results of the Pilgrim Fathers' voyage, they and their standard of perfection are rightly judged when we figure to ourselves Shakespeare or Vergil . . . accompanying them on their voyage, and think what intolerable company Shakespeare or Vergil would have found them.' Literature, indeed, is not a kind of messenger-boy running between God and the suburbs.

At the other extreme are those who shrink the subject to a field for research. Here it befits one who is in no sense a scholar to walk warily, for the ground is full of thorns. Yet I think there are many, having the teaching of literature at heart, who agree that the idea of 'research' has grown to be something of a fetish. While not perhaps going as far as Samuel Butler, in wanting a Society for the Suppression of Erudite Research and the Decent Burial of the Past, it is almost impossible for the common-sense individual not to be convinced that there is quite as much in the past as in the present of the unimportant and the superfluous, and that these dry bones are none the more living after exhumation than before it. The practisers of this craft of raising ghosts are very apt to rate the importance of their investigation in proportion to the trouble it costs them: hence the frequent lack of proportion in their views. A subject has no inherent literary, or even scholarly, value because it has 'not been done before'; and how many of the theses which result from the postgraduate work of immature college students are nothing but tombstones set up to a period of misdirected effort. If only it were frankly accepted that the task of minute and patient investigation, though laborious, is quite easy, instead of its being exaggerated into an occupation for the best intelligences, we should, I think, find fewer competitors in the field, or perhaps one might say, the graveyard.

For the study of literature should be a matter of growing, not of grubbing, of the widening of capacities, of education in the fullest meaning of the word. But as we teach it in our universities and colleges, does it mean this? Or do we find, side by side with the admiration of the superfluities of past ages, an admiration of the superfluities of the present? It is, I fear, impossible to deny that we do. We find students who have been through a compulsory course in English at college acclaim the latest sentimental or realist novel, the latest minor poet or the latest emotional drama, as a fine artistic achievement. And this misvaluation of the present is an unmistakable sign that the past has not been really understood or enjoyed, but is honored only on the score of authority. The taste of the majority of educated young people is a vague and ill-formed sense of likes and dislikes in the present, and a somewhat sullen acceptance of established masterpieces as classics — according to the famous definition of that word as books which can safely be praised without having been read. 'I know what I like' is considered a sufficient standard, although that knowledge is shared alike by infants, illiterates, and imbeciles.

But if literature is to play the part in education which is claimed for it, and which undoubtedly it can play, it must mean more than this. It cannot be merely a moral tonic, a subject for research, or a reflection of the fashions of the moment in manners and morals. It is all these, but it is also an art; and though this is the side of it most neglected, because most difficult of approach, it is its ultimate importance. Hence by far the most lively problem before the teachers of the subject should be, *how to create a standard of appreciation.* The question is, how to lay

the foundations of the enjoyment of reading so that they may develop into a real critical sense. It is a practical question. All students have, I believe, one year during which English literature is a part of their compulsory course in college. Now, how is the subject to be best presented to them in that time, so that its effect on widening their consciousness may be most potent?

It is usual in England, and I think also in America, to adopt the historical and sociological method: either by a survey in outline of the whole of English literature, or by the more detailed study of a certain period. It is, of course, obvious that anyone who is to make a special study of the subject must do so historically, at last; but that this method is the one by which to profit most in a short general course, is, I think, very questionable. Everyone comes from school with some slight knowledge of the historical background of our literature; but what all lack when they come to college, and what most lack equally when they go from college, is any capacity for artistic appreciation. Ask any college boy or girl whether he or she thinks *Far from the Madding Crowd* or *If Winter Comes* the finer book. We may safely say that over fifty per cent will vote with sincerity for the latter; and most of those who honestly prefer Hardy will generally be quite unable to give any reason for the faith that is in them.

The historical method makes the subject unmanageable for a short course. Lists of necessary reading are given to students, but real lack of time, besides natural mental laziness, makes it inevitable that the temptation to use textbooks and summaries should be overpowering. The heart of the subject — the unity of all literary art, past and present — cannot be stressed, and the student fails inevitably to relate his literary experience of the present with anything that he or she studies as a part of the college curriculum.

It is for this reason that I would put forward the suggestion that a class in Appreciation of Literature is of far more value than one in the History of Literature, during the freshman year in college. Anyone who has in any degree experienced it, whether in making poetry or puddings, an opera or a radio apparatus, knows something of the energy of creation: the thrill, the excitement, the zest, the sense of stimulation and vitality and exhilaration which it brings. It is this sensation, this 'sudden blood,' which should be behind appreciation; for criticism is but another kind of creation. The critic occupies the same relation to the work of art that the artist does to the visible world of form and color, or to the unseen world of passion and thought. His aim is to re-create in his own consciousness the vision of the artist: he stands as interpreter between the inspired and the uninspired; he knows what the writer is trying to do, and how he has done it, what he is striving to express, and how he has expressed it; he can establish and determine the relation of the writer's art to that general life which is its substance and its subject.

All art is life made more living, more vital, than the average man lives it: hence its power. But this power is conditioned by the kinship and capacity of the minds to which it speaks: hence the supreme importance of developing that kinship and capacity. For it can be developed. Taste, unlike genius, can be acquired; and, since its acquisition enriches personality perhaps more than any other quality, it is worth while to consider the best means of doing it.

There is no need for a course such as I have suggested to become the study of æsthetics. The abstract questions,

what Beauty is, and its exact relation to Truth, are unnecessary. Few literary artists are either philosophers or metaphysicians; and no other knowledge is needed to appreciate a work of art than was possessed by the writer to create it. But literature contains certain forces and qualities, certain fusions of thought, emotion, and expression, which produce that harmony of mind, sense, and spirit, which we call artistic pleasure. We believe that our education becomes completer in proportion as our sensitiveness to these impressions increases in depth and variety. Any teacher of literature, who has any right to be teaching it, must experience this enjoyment and must believe himself, or herself, capable of communicating it to others.

Still, I doubt if many really face the question, what literature *is*, and what are the sources of the impressions it communicates. Yet this is the question on which everything else in the whole study and delight of literature depends. All knowledge of it historically centres in the answer to this question; and yet it is not considered important enough to have a place in college curricula. We teach young people what the great works of literature are, but we do not discuss with them why we consider them great, or by what standard we measure them.

But these questions, besides being the foundations of all judgment, are also those which stimulate most easily that sense of mental adventure without which all learning is futile. There is no inquiry more fascinating than that which brings us close to an apprehension of the difference between life itself and its expression in terms of art. In the course of such an inquiry, illustration and comment can be drawn from the whole sweep of literary history — past and present, classic and contemporary. At the same time, no lengthy reading-lists need be compiled; for it is a study which calls for the minimum of reading and the maximum of thinking. A class may be confronted with this stanza: —

> O Attic receptacle O!
> Chaste crucible made long ago!
> Informing our youth
> That Beauty is Truth,
> Truth, Beauty, that's all they need know!

and then with the *Ode to a Grecian Urn*, to see what differences they find; or quote them the story of *Othello* as it might appear in a police-court report, and make them realize what more they find in Shakespeare. I think one may safely say that students find such a method of approach more stimulating than *Outlines of Elizabethan Literature*, or *The Romantic Revival*.

These are only suggestions of detail, which I have found stimulating in my own teaching experience; but such a course would include an immense range of subjects of general interest to the alert mind: large questions, such as the relation of literature to the other arts, and to philosophy, to morality, to history, to sociology, to technique; together with discussions of the artistic qualities which mould the various literary forms — poetry, drama, novel, and the rest; every facet, indeed, of the many-sided subject of the relation of life and writing.

By this method, I believe, the full educative value of the study of literature can be developed in a way which is not now taken full advantage of in college schemes of teaching, and which, indeed, is often completely missed in an historical survey. I do not say it is easy. It requires that teachers and students shall coöperate in intensifying their powers. But its very difficulty makes it attractive to educational idealists with a healthy belief in possibilities. We can all commit facts to memory, and the arousing of emotional

interest in the subject-matter of literature is not hard; but an intelligent standard of appreciation aims at something far wider and higher. The mental and emotional discipline behind its achievement has a very real bearing on national as well as individual life.

The cultural value of works of art is now universally admitted, and in this country museums and private collectors vie with each other in possessing as many of them as possible.

But it must not be forgotten that a nation's artistic wealth consists, not in the number of individual works of art in the land, but in the capacity for appreciation among its men and women. There is only one way to possess works of art, in music, painting, or literature, and that is by understanding them; by living over again the artist's vision and capturing something of his creative vitality.

Oscar Wilde said that the greatness of the Greeks was the result of their being a nation of art critics. To look back upon the age of Pericles is to watch a race of men who made of their intellectual life an adventure as stirring as any physical existence could be. Experiment, not habit, ruled their artistic attitude: hence a vitality of creation and appreciation which has lasted two thousand years.

It is the Greek spirit of experiment and adventure which we need among both teachers and students in our modern universities, and it is worth while trying to create it. It is alive enough in the physical and business spheres in America of to-day, but all too dormant in the spheres of intellect and understanding. Perhaps no portion of the community has greater opportunity to foster it than the teachers of literature. Their task is not easy; 'but a man's reach should exceed his grasp, or what's a heaven for?' No nation is fully civilized until she has added Utopia to her dominions.

# IN CHINA, TOO

BY PEARL S. BUCK

It is rather alarming, even sitting in one's armchair on the opposite side of the world, to observe the youth of America and England through the various newspapers and periodicals of the times. Especially when one's days have been spent, placidly enough, among the ultraconservative parents and grandparents of a remote spot in the Far East, where the covert glance of a man for a maid is an outrage, and the said maid is at once fastened yet more securely behind barred courtyard doors.

Dancing on six inches or so of floor-space, the discussion of knees and necks and petting parties, the menace of the movies and the divorce question, are a far cry from this tranquil corner of my cool, wide veranda. I look through the shady screen of drooping mimosas and bamboos, upon the quiet street of a small town in the far interior of China. High brick walls almost hide the curving roofs of the staid, respectable neigh-

bor homes about me. All I can see of the flapper age of maiden within is when a curtained sedan-chair stops behind the spirit wall protecting each great carved gateway. If one watches keenly enough from the corner of one's eye, one may see a slender figure in peach-colored, brocaded silk, with tiny embroidered shoes, and smooth jet hair decorated with seed-pearls, slip shyly through the gate. Fragile, long-nailed fingers stained a deep rose, a satin-smooth, painted cheek, and dark, downcast eyes — an instant, then the curtains are drawn, and the chair-bearers go trotting down the street.

Sometimes it is a ponderous dowager, in plum-colored satin, with proud drooping eyelids, opium-stained teeth, and a long bamboo pipe, silver-tipped, which she uses as a cane. She leans heavily on two girl slaves, and is supported into the chair. If her eyes fall on one, their glance passes haughtily through to the space beyond. What! notice a foreign devil! A flash of ruby and the curtains are drawn close, and the chair-bearers trot off again — albeit not blithely, under the royal weight.

I never see, on this narrow, cobbled street, the barbarous sights whereof I read in the modern magazines. Yet all day long, people are passing. In the early morning, blue-coated farmers, and sometimes their sturdy, barefoot wives, come to town, carrying on either end of their shoulder-poles great round baskets of fresh, dewy vegetables, or huge bundles of dried grass for fuel; caravans of tiny, neat-footed donkeys patter past, with enormous, cylindrical bags of flour or rice crossed upon their backs, swayed down from excessive burdens borne too early. Sometimes their nostrils have been slit, that they may pant more rapidly under the weight of their cruel loads.

Wheelbarrows squeak shrilly along; the more loudly the better, for each wheelbarrow man cultivates his barrow's squeak assiduously for good luck's sake. They are brawny men, with swelling muscles, bare to the waist, their backs dripping and brown in the heat of the morning sun; a length of blue cotton is thrown lengthwise across their shoulders. Sometimes the barrow's load is a substantial country mother, in to shop or to visit a town relative, herself on one side of the wheel, and her bedding, a couple of cocks, a bundle of garlic, a basket of cakes, an immense oil-paper umbrella, and an odd child or two, on the other side. Sometimes an unearthly squalling racks the air, and it is a wheelbarrow with a stout middle-aged hog strapped firmly on either side of the wheel, with his legs waving violently, and squealing in the utmost agitation and outrage. A wheelbarrow, in short, may carry anything, from a lean itinerant missionary, with a six weeks' supply of bedding, food, and tracts, to a double basket of squawking fowls — geese, perhaps, with yards of neck protruding from the loosely woven reeds, and viewing the passing landscape excitedly.

Smiling, snag-toothed old men hobble along my street, with wrinkled brown faces, and sparse white queues braided up with a good deal of black string. They pass the time of day with each other by solicitous inquiries as to when the last meal was enjoyed — a curious outgrowth of a land of frequent famines.

Everywhere are fat brown babies tumbling about in the dust, for the most part naked and glistening in the warm sun, and grubbing among the cobbles and gutters. They ought to die, when one considers the amount and quality of the dirt they constantly consume from grimy fingers and unspeakable faces, not to speak of immensely long cucumbers and great

turnips, gobbled rinds and all. But apparently they live to grow fat; although I have occasionally called one by his name of Little Two, to be answered with a broad grin that he is Little Three, Little Two having died of an excess of watermelons the previous summer. But where one drops out, two spring up to fill his place.

They play about promiscuously in the grime, until, in a few miraculously short years, the boys turn out in long gowns, and the girls in embroidered coats, with smooth black bands of hair about demure faces. They have apparently forgotten their playtime together, and ignore each other with the most perfect good breeding. The little girls go into seclusion with apparent docility, until such time as the great red bridal chair shall call them forth to the rule of a mother-in-law; and the boys turn to school or an apprenticeship, depending upon the family means and social position.

All a very placid and well-regulated existence. Yet I am vaguely troubled by a sort of undercurrent of change; as, for instance, yesterday, when little Hsu Bao-ying came to visit me. I have known her since she was a mite, with a fat, solemn dumpling of a face, with no nose to speak of. At that time, her feast-day garb was a pair of ridiculously small red-cotton trousers and a little coat to match; a pair of shoes made to resemble improbable tigers, and a cap like an embroidered doughnut, with a tiny pigtail done up in cerise yarn sticking through the hole. Her parents are of the good old conservative type, not believing in overmuch book-knowledge for a girl, and with an eye to a good husband and mother-in-law for the child. An older married sister, advanced in views through a five years' residence in Shanghai, had teased them into sending Bao-ying to a boarding-school in the nearest city. When the child left last for school, last autumn, she was a tractable, meek, sweet-faced little thing, rather frightened at the prospect of leaving home. She had the patient air which all little Chinese girls have who are enduring foot-binding. I had never heard her volunteer a remark, and in my presence she had always been particularly awed and reverential — an attitude I have ever found very pleasing in the young.

Yesterday she came in a delicate blue satin of a more fashionable cut than I had ever seen; her feet were unbound and in little clumping, square, black-leather foreign shoes. She was evidently very proud of them; they looked like shoes for a very rough little American boy, and had steel taps on the heels. They stuck out most oddly from her exquisite brocaded skirt.

After we had exchanged polite remarks, and had taken our first sip of tea, she was so evidently conscious of her feet that I could not but comment on her unusual footgear.

'It is the very latest fashion,' she replied with great satisfaction. 'You know that, of course, in the big cities like Peking and Shanghai, the really fashionable girls do not bind their feet any more. At the boarding-school they don't either; and so, when I came home, I cried for three days, without food, until for peace they unbound my feet so that I might wear these beautiful American shoes. My feet are still too small, but I stuff cotton in the toes.'

Here was change, indeed! I fell back astounded in my chair. There she sat, slim, exquisite, and complacent, but no longer one to be condescended to, and not at all reverential. I felt slightly dashed. And in the course of the afternoon's conversation, I noticed several other things: a little superior smile at her honored mother's lack of worldly experience, as the present generation sees it; a petulant wish that her honor-

able father would smoke cigarettes, as everyone else did, instead of that absurd, old-fashioned water-pipe; a hint of a suffragist meeting attended, in the city where she had been at school for the year. One year ago, oh, my soul! and Bao-ying had been a shy little thing, with eyes eternally cast down, and never a word to say unless pressed to answer a question, and then so faint a voice! And now this young person chattering away of school and cigarettes, and what not!

'What do you know of suffrage, pray?' I asked in great amusement.

'Oh, a great deal, teacher,' she cried eagerly. 'I know that only in this country are women so helpless; why, in other countries, I have heard, they do everything they like! They may go out and take walks and play games, and never bind their feet. It is even said they walk with men,' — here a delicate flush, — 'but of course I do not believe *that*. Although this year, teacher, for the first time, we had men at the Commencement exercises — but only old ones. I looked when nobody saw me, and they were very old. Some of the girls at school are very wicked, and say they will not marry unless they are allowed to see their husbands first. But, of course, that is very bold!'

She shook her head virtuously. Then she looked up at me from under her eyelashes and asked shyly: —

'Of course, in your honorable country, the girls do not walk and talk with young men?'

I cleared my throat at that, and hesitated an instant. I thought of the magazine I had just been reading.

'Well, my dear,' I said, 'times and countries change, and I have not been back there for many years.'

'I should like to know,' she said wistfully. 'Of course, one must not be bold; but really one's parents are too stupid about anything a little different from what *they* used to do. I am sure that, just because *they* never did, is no reason why it is wrong.'

And this young sprig of modern Chinese womanhood looked very indignant and injured, as she uttered this heresy against all Chinese tradition. O eternal and unchangeable youth, the world over!

After she had gone, I sat in my old easy-chair and looked upon the quiet cobbled street, and thought of her and of those for whom she stood. Her grandmother and mother had been my friends — well-born, cultured ladies, and accounted well educated in their day. They sewed and embroidered exquisitely, and were skilled in the preparation of sweetmeats.

'How do I spend my days?' one of them had once said in answer to a question. 'I rise late. My maid brings me the lacquered bowl of perfumed water for my bath. I eat a slight repast of sweetmeats. My hairdressing, gowning, the artistic painting of my face and finger nails, consume the time until the noon meal. In the afternoon I embroider at the portrait of Li-P'o, upon which I am working. That, and a little gossip with the other women and drinking of tea, and it is time for the evening meal. After that, I visit friends, or they come to me and we gamble a little, and it is time to retire.'

Her granddaughter is up betimes at boarding-school, and goes through a stiff morning's work in science, history, literature, languages, and mathematics, with sewing, music, and gymnasium in the afternoon. To be sure, she has lost the delicate, swaying grace and the beautiful courtesy of her grandmother. She walks with sturdy feet well planted, and clips her words: she has her grandmother's eyes; but they look one calmly and widely in the face.

I am rather breathless over it all, having had my main outlook on life the

last quarter of a century from this quiet corner of my veranda in a little interior city of China. We are really very conservative here yet, the rare visitors from an outside world tell us. Vague rumors of coeducation, of men and women dining together in restaurants, of moving pictures, and even imported dances, float in from the port cities. I know that I sometimes see the inhabitants of such places pass through the abominably ugly railway-station, which has just been foisted upon our old-fashioned little old town; and they look scandalous women to me, with their wide, short trousers and short sleeves and tight coats; but I suppose I am behind the times. I confess that I like my old Chinese friends better, with their courteous speech and gracious manners. I dislike the acquired abruptness of these young creatures. I dislike the eternal cigarettes, and the blasé, self-sufficient expression on young faces, which I am accustomed to seeing timid and reverential.

*But* — and but again — how much of my displeasure is dislike of the irreverence of my own pedantic old self, and discomfort at having my opinions, fixed by years, questioned and even flouted? How much of it, I wonder, is middle-aged stiff-neckedness? What if, after all, these young upstarts are the beginnings of a new growth out of the decadent soil of an old civilization insufficient for this day and time? The universe of space and time is not comprised within this old street, with its secluded, shaded courtyards, and spirit walls guarding dragon-carved gateways.

If these young things let the sunlight into the courtyards, and tear down the spirit walls in unbelief, and even desecrate these marvelously wrought dragons with modern paint and plaster — if, I say, it is done in the name of a new era of general enlightenment and clear thinking, and of a struggle for better things and conditions in this sleepy, unhygienic, ignorant old town and country, to the winds, then, with my slow, conservative soul and love of old-time reverence and manners!

For the world is marching on!

## SPIRIT

BY ADELE LATHROP

STARRY among grasses moveth she:
Where her spirit passes, loveth she:
All of life's fair largess giveth she:
Seeing unseen beauty, liveth she.

# 'LABOR ONCE LOST'

BY ROBERT HUNTER

## I

How many and how vast are our wastes, and how attractive, to certain minds, is the study of the many forms in which we squander our heritage! The exhaustion of the soil, the waste of fertility, was a subject uppermost in the thought of the late Mr. James J. Hill. The waste that results from competition and duplication exercised the mind of the elder Mr. Rockefeller. The waste of timber aroused Mr. Gifford Pinchot to launch his great campaign for the conservation of our forests. The waste of water-power agitates the people of many States, and interests Mr. Henry Ford in Muscle Shoals. The waste of labor through unemployment, and the conscious restriction of effort, induce Mr. Herbert Hoover to undertake some important investigations, and to hold many conferences in Washington, which may result in some useful reforms.

The study of waste becomes an obsession in some cases. Since the day of Charles Fourier and Albert Brisbane, the socialist has never been so eloquent or so convincing as when he depicts the waste of competition and of capitalism. Indeed, some socialists have thought that if, in some manner, the obvious, gigantic, incredibly multitudinous wastes could only be stopped, nothing would seem more certain than that we must all become very comfortable upon the savings which would accrue.

In the absence of accurate data, one would be very indiscreet to speak of this or that waste as the greatest of all. The wars men wage with each other would seem to have first place. Preventable illness, accidents, and death make a showing that is appalling. But if we pass over those wastes that are not exclusively economic in character, a strong case might be made, it seems to me, for the waste of labor through its employment upon materials that have the shortest possible life. I mean upon cloth that goes the soonest into tatters, upon leather that tears and cracks, upon timber that is not well seasoned, upon roads that fall into immediate decay, upon motors that must be junked in a few years, upon houses that are jerry-built, and, in fact, upon nearly every article manufactured in quantity for the American public.

I have not seen any writings upon this subject, or heard it widely discussed. I think no adequate data exist, which would enable one to estimate the annual loss to this nation from this form of waste. But anyone who gives a little thought to the matter can imagine how huge this loss must be in labor-power. The cost of the labor that produced the Wonderful One-Hoss Shay

> That was built in such a logical way
> It ran a hundred years to a day,
> And then, of a sudden —

was probably but little more than the cost of the labor that built one of the

many which fell to pieces in a few years.

The problem of saving labor seems to me far more important for our country than for any other. Because we have here the most costly labor in the world, we should use care in seeing that it renders us full value. We cry out against the wages that must be paid, and yet we employ labor upon materials that would be discarded in many countries of Europe. What traveler abroad has not marveled at the churches and public buildings centuries old, at the substantially built dwellings, well-laid pavements, everlasting stone bridges, excellent cloth, stout boots, sturdy vehicles, and nearly everything else that meets the eye. Permanence is written all over the European product. It is meant to last. Even the poorer workingmen in England often wear cloth and leather that we might well envy. Some English woolens seem everlasting, and the leather is not so split into layers nor so cured and tanned as to render it well-nigh useless. Where else does one find such thread? Even the parcel that arrives from the tailor is done up in stout wrapping paper and tied with linen string that might serve for a trout line. Permanence everywhere; even in those places where it, too, seems wasteful. It is paradoxical that in England, where labor demands much lower wages than it does here, it should be employed, as a rule, upon honest materials for the creation of products that are lasting, while in our country it is too often put at work upon materials that have little life in them.

## II

My taste is very likely not that of the many, and I am free to confess that, on the whole, I prefer old things. I am not offended when I see a well-darned piece of cloth. I am particularly fond of any old homespun, and rejoice especially in one that has done me service for some seventeen years. I am grieved to see the thread rotting in my favorite brogues, with soles hardly showing wear after years of honest labor. Linen, silk, woolen, and leather of quality arouse in me a lively affection.

My old friend Riggs, a connoisseur of fine linens, once astonished a small party at dinner by putting the tablecloth to his lips. When we all laughed, Riggs rebuked us with the words, 'Such material and such workmanship deserve our reverence.'

What can be a greater luxury than to be clothed in soft, fleecy Shetlands? What odor is more redolent of honest worth than the aroma of the smoke of peat in a Harris tweed? When Morris produced his beautiful chintzes, at prices little higher than those of the best wall-papers, he found welcoming them an appreciative and enthusiastic public; but they would not use them for house decoration. They dressed themselves in his wall-hangings! The taste of the public is, perhaps, too much maligned. Think of the prices paid for Japanese and Chinese embroideries, for porcelains, for delft and willow ware, for copper and pewter pots, and indeed for any everlasting product of the old régimes.

If materials like the serges, jerseys, friezes, whipcords, meltons, and broadcloths of old were now obtainable, the demand for them would, I believe, outstrip the supply. In the presence of such cloth, one trial of our modern products, which lose their color and their shape and become threadbare in a few months, would be a lesson to any man. We shall never have again, I suppose, such laces, velvets, tapestries, carpets, damask, porcelains, pottery, cabinetwork, leathers, pots and pans of brass, pewter, silver,

and gold as the age of handicraft gave us. This is a machine age, and even some of the old processes are lost; but all the raw materials used in the past — and indeed some new ones — we still have, and men can, if they will, have modern labor employed upon good, honest stuff capable of rendering durable service.

It is said, I know, that this day of ours has altogether different tastes from those of our fathers, and that, while old things are sometimes treasured as curious, the real demand nowadays is for things new and fresh. We prefer new clothes, new china, new furniture, and all the rest of it. New styles arouse the most lively interest, not only in hats and gowns, but in clocks and watches, and in a multitude of other things, like these last, where durability would seem to be the quality most to be desired. No thoughtful observer of our time can deny the prevalence of this passion for the new; but while it is responsible for much that is obviously good, it is responsible also for economic evils that are leading us into serious troubles.

More and more, if this tendency grows, will our manufacturers be led to vie with each other in creating new styles for each change of season; and the time is not distant when every product of last season will be unbearable to our eyes. With the poorest of materials employed, — yielding up their feeble existence upon the slightest strain, — it will be no difficult matter to make the new not only desirable but necessary.

Of course the cost to society will be heavy. Labor so employed will be wickedly squandered, and only the merchant, builder, and manufacturer will profit. Less than ever will they be concerned in conserving labor-power for the benefit of the community. Let the turnover be as frequent as possible, in order that profits may be repeated as often as possible, will be the one guiding principle of business. Twelve times the labor in twelve pairs of silk hose will not serve our daughters so long as the labor in one pair in the good old days. Five times must labor be employed to build me suits, where one would have sufficed in the old time. If every morning, on our way to work, we are forced to purchase a new pair of shoes, the profit to the manufacturer will be immense and the prevailing ideal of trade achieved at last.

Well, let this world go on its way, and this passion for the new turn to madness! Somewhere I shall find a bit of honest tweed, a side of sound leather, a good linen thread, and some competent workman who will build my things in the *logical* way.

## III

There are, of course, many products where durability is unnecessary. Foodstuffs should be used, as a rule, as soon as possible. Speed is desired in most forms of transportation; and in the labor employed in buying, selling, bookkeeping, directing, and similar occupations little or no saving could be effected.

But it is astonishing to note the many industries in which more durability in the product would make possible a considerable saving.

The quality of the implements with which men work in agriculture, in carpentry, and in all mills, mines, and factories could be bettered. The materials used in tents, awnings, sails, baskets, carpets, rugs, draperies, dresses, suits, furniture, plumbing, kitchen-ware and table-ware should be far more durable than those now obtained in the ordinary course of trade. Vehicles, whether impelled by steam, electricity, gasoline, or the old Deacon's 'rat-tailed,

ewe-necked bay,' should be made of better stuff than is customary at the present time. The materials used in paving are, perhaps, of good enough quality; but labor is squandered in this trade by using insufficient material and in bad construction. Many of our States have been bonded for forty years to lay pavements that have to be reconstructed in less than ten years.

During the war, when labor-costs were higher than they had ever been, the general policy of our manufacturers was, so it seemed, to employ their labor upon the poorest materials that could be purchased. Home-building stopped except where the contractors could pick up trashy materials out of which they could build houses for sale. In 1918, I noticed a number of small houses being built on some cheap lots, and I made some inquiries into the problem of how the contractor could, in such times, make them pay. I watched every stage of the building, and, so far as I could see, there was not a sound bit of material used in any part of their structure.

They were all sold immediately to workingmen, and I venture to say they will cost as much in repairs as they were ever worth, and, to the moment of their complete collapse, will be a source of expense and worry to their unhappy owners.

The deluded workingmen were not the only ones to suffer in those days. We all bought shoes, shirts, suits, motor-cars, houses, and what not, at tremendous prices, knowing, if we thought at all, that the labor which went into their production had been in large measure squandered. At a time when labor-costs were almost prohibitive, the country was flooded with the cheapest and nastiest products that we shall ever see, let us hope, in our time. There were excellent reasons for this state of things, and I am recalling the facts to mind only as an interesting example of this economic paradox; at the time when labor was scarcest and most highly priced, it was feverishly employed in building things of all sorts which were destined to the shortest possible life.

Fashion, it is true, demands rapid changes of style in many things, and shrewd tradesmen play to the full upon this weakness of ours. And then there are the bargain-hunters, who exercise everywhere a powerful influence in lowering the quality of purchasable things. To attract them, the merchant and manufacturer employ every possible device to achieve the last word in style, and yet cheapen to the last degree in quality the product of human labor.

Our newspapers, now one of the great American industries, are mainly given to the task of agitating these frenzied folk, who are forever seeking bargains and never finding them, forever buying bargains and never getting them. The prices of every imaginable article fill the pages of our papers; and while good quality is, in reality, nearly always cheap, and poor quality nearly always expensive, price nearly always determines the sale.

But the mob, however imposing, is never the majority; and, although it is true that the creatures of fashion and the victims of bargains may be numbered by the million, there yet remains a considerable portion of the public which is protesting more and more audibly against fraudulent practices, misrepresentation, and inferior quality. Moreover, among people of taste and intelligence, both rich and poor, good, sound, well-made products always find appreciative buyers. The desire for new and more fashionable articles accounts for much wasted labor, but surely not for the prevalence of bad paving, jerry-built houses, substitu-

tion, adulteration, and many other evil practices which habitually victimize the public.

To determine what this policy of our merchants and manufacturers costs this nation annually would be an intricate problem in economics. Perhaps it can never be exactly measured, but we know, if a group of laborers produces something that lasts a day and might have been made to last a month, that that labor must be expended thirty times in order to render the same service. Even if labor in certain fields were made to go only twice or thrice as far by the use of better materials, the annual saving to the public would be immense.

The few precious articles of furniture which I possess promise to be as useful to my children as they are to me. The cost of the labor in some oak chairs, supposed to be three hundred years old, which I use daily in my dining-room, was probably only a few shillings, and yet, had it been three hundred dollars, the age and sturdy endurance of these chairs would have made it cheap labor.

If I purchase a suit which lasts me a year, the cost of the labor employed in its making may be exorbitant. If the suit lasts me two years, it may be reasonable. If the suit lasts me three years, it may be cheap labor.

Obviously, it is not so much a question of the high price of labor as of the poor quality of material, which makes the cost of modern production so great a burden upon the consumers. It would, perhaps, be impossible to double the life of the products of the several million workers engaged in those industries where durability in the product is desirable, yet, supposing it could be done in the case of, let us say, three million workers, it is startling to realize that the saving would approximate $2,000,000,000 yearly.

## IV

British tradesmen have never been as successful as our own merchants in putting over the 'cheap and nasty,' as Charles Kingsley used to call the products of the sweatshops. Jerry-built houses have always aroused the indignant clamor of the English public. Poor quality may at any moment be openly rebuked in a letter to the *Times*. The English newspapers are not mainly billboards camouflaged as newssheets and insinuated into one's home. The front windows of a department store do not stare us in the face as we turn over the pages of our favorite journal. Advertisements have their modest place, but the more reliable merchants rarely use this method of attracting trade, and the English public is as suspicious of those in business who blow their own horn as we are of doctors and dentists who do likewise. Quality rather than style or price has ever been the object of the most active demand. Consequently, men of business seek above all things to establish a lasting reputation for themselves by the high quality of their output. Everyone in England seems to know the men who build the best boots, guns, rods, golf clubs, and so on. And rarely does one see in the advertisements the names of the most reliable tradesmen in any line.

By keeping the consumer's mind only on price, and by constantly advertising, unscrupulous merchants can keep going for a long time; but high quality and entirely satisfied customers are essential to men of business who do not use newspapers and magazines to entice the public. Completely satisfied customers have kept many British firms going and prosperous for a century or more.

Notwithstanding that the standards of trade are higher in England

than here, nearly every product of industry there has been the subject of lamentation since the introduction of the modern factory-system. John Ruskin and, later, William Morris were among the most severe critics of the quality of British products. When Morris built his famous Red House at Upton, he was forced to build the furniture, to weave the draperies, to make his own glass, and I know not what else, in order to get the quality and design which he desired. He found poor materials and bad workmanship in nearly every craft in which he was interested, — and they were many, — and in order to get what he wanted he was forced to make it himself. The happy result of this necessity was to produce in him the master craftsman of his time. He made a profession of household decoration, and, in his shops at Merton, he designed and executed carpets, embroiberies, tiles, furniture, printed cotton-goods, paper hangings, figured woven stuffs, velvets and cloths for upholstery, painted-glass windows, and tapestries woven in the high-warp loom. Morris died nearly thirty years ago, but the products of his shops — even his draperies, carpets, and furniture — bring prices to-day, wherever such things are dealt in, far above what they brought fresh from his hand.

## V

I am not, however, so pessimistic as my words might lead one to believe. We are, I like to think, on the eve of better things. In the darkest days of the late war, when prices were soaring and no one seemed powerful enough to stay their flight, the Housewives' League suddenly sprang into existence. Once again — because such things have happened before — it was definitely shown that consumers, when organized, can exercise a powerful influence upon the trend of prices and the methods of trade. Other things also promise better days. There is hardly a trade which does not now employ efficiency experts for the purpose of studying and eliminating waste, wherever possible. Mr. Herbert Hoover recently asked the American Engineering Council, and instructed the employees in his own Department at Washington, to study and report upon certain forms of economic waste and upon the most practical methods of reform. The newspapers are beginning to refer to these activities as the New Conservation.

Fortunately, Mr. Hoover is practical in whatever he undertakes, as one would expect him to be from his education and training; and he has assailed his quarry at exactly those points where it seems most likely that ore is to be found. His first appeal is made to the self-interest of the capitalists and he points out various ways in which their profits may be increased by the elimination of waste. So far as this goes, it is excellent; but he will, I imagine, meet with difficulties in dealing with unemployment, which he speaks of as the greatest of all wastes, and also with purposely restricted effort, which, under certain conditions, becomes the most effective form of sabotage.

Mr. Hoover reminds us that 'Labor once lost is lost forever' — a thought that might profitably be placarded all over the country, and kept at all times uppermost in our minds. Unhappily, the saving of labor for the public weal is not a matter that appeals to the self-interest of the capitalists. But, while they will not be benefited to an extent sufficient to arouse their active support, by reducing unemployment the community as a whole would make an immense saving. Yet I think it is not too much to say that, if we have lost during the last two years by unemploy-

ment more than we can compute, we have lost even more by employing on poor materials the millions of workers who have been actively engaged in production during the same period. The general public would certainly be aroused if Mr. Hoover should have his Department place in his hands a carefully prepared report upon this subject. The cost of labor is high in this country, not so much because of the wages it receives, nor yet because of whatever lack of effort it may put forth, but chiefly because the product of this labor is not as lasting as it should be.

For wages paid, no matter how high, the entrepreneur is usually reimbursed; but the consumer must pay, not only for high-priced labor, but also for the wretched quality and poor material upon which this labor is so often squandered.

The problems involved in so simple an economic question as the one under consideration are far more complicated than they appear at first thought. For instance, if we could achieve immortality for all the products of human effort what a misfortune it would be! We might then see the end of progress, and the world littered with our feeble and awkward first attempts to accomplish something useful. The mere thought of it causes one to shudder. It would not have been wise to make the first steam-engines and motor-cars everlasting. It is better at times to build only for our own day. New devices, inventions, and ideas, constantly issuing from the ingenious mind of man, will make many things upon which we pride ourselves to-day utterly useless to-morrow. Trinity Church, at the head of Wall Street, is sometimes used as an example of the folly of making things too durable; but the point is not a good one. Trinity Church is a typical case of that waste which must ever result from building in the wrong spot. By foresight and proper planning much of this sort of waste could be eliminated, but by no means all. Necessary changes in the growth of any great city will force us to demolish, from time to time, many fine structures. But while due allowance must be made often for the necessity — and, indeed, the great value and economy even — of change, careful students could find a thousand ways in which we as a nation could be enriched by adding to the life of the products of labor.

Heretofore, I have dwelt only upon the loss of that labor actually employed in making short-lived articles for our consumption. But there is a further loss in providing factories, fuel, light, machinery, transportation, bookkeeping, salesmen, and what not, to make and dispose of several articles where one might have sufficed. It is also worth noting that, in times of prosperity, we often overreach ourselves by building too many factories, opening too many stores, drilling too many oil-wells, and developing too much coal and ore. In order to be in position to supply any demand that may arise, we keep our industries ready for expansion. For such occasions there must be also, standing by, a large reserve of unemployed. The cost to society of this sort of thing is heavy. Labor must suffer hunger and distress, the shareholders loss of dividends, and the consumers generally must bear the burden of paying interest, taxes, insurance, and profits upon capital that might better be used in ways more socially useful.

Socialists maintain that the evils I have dwelt upon cannot be remedied in a capitalist society. Production for profit must always defraud both the worker and the consumer, they

insist. Manufacturers, builders, contractors, merchants, and all others who make profit the chief aim of their lives, will not be interested in serving mankind if it cuts into the net return upon their capital. Moreover, it is said that competition among the capitalists themselves prevents any considerable improvement being made in the quality of production. Price decides in most cases whether or not a sale is made, and the most unscrupulous producer has consequently the best chance to survive.

But there is at least this much of error in these indictments: the producer must create what the public wants. When the public refuses to accept anything of inferior quality, business will hasten to mend its ways. Attempts to eliminate profits and to render better public service by municipal ownership and coöperative production have been successful abroad, but for some reason they have, with few exceptions, failed rather miserably in this country. It would seem, therefore, that we must devise some new method of forcing capitalism to serve better the public needs.

Education and organization would seem to be the most practical and effective way of accomplishing this end. The taste, intelligence, and judgment of the public must be improved before the standards of trade can be raised.

If the press would undertake such a task, much could be accomplished in a very short time; but we can hardly hope for this. In some manner the buyers themselves must be brought together.

Perhaps the housewives of America, who are, after all, the buyers, could be organized into a National Consumers' League, and employ experts to make inquiries into the best materials obtainable and executives to direct the buying of its members. Upon the payment of merely nominal dues, millions of women could be kept informed as to the best method of employing their funds to effect an improvement in the standards of trade and the quality of production. The first gain would surely be the elimination of adulteration, substitution, and other fraudulent practices. The manufacturers and merchants who habitually deceive the public could not long survive. This would be a real achievement; but perhaps even more important would be the support that millions of buyers would bring to the aid of those conscientious producers and tradesmen who, while seeking their legitimate profit, desire also to serve their patrons honestly and well.

# ONLY A CONVERSATION

BY VIOLA I. PARADISE

## I

To-day, as always on days when the cannery was closed, Mrs. Kazalski wavered between relief at having free time for housework and distress at the loss of a day's earnings. Good, at least, that the weather was fine, she thought; and told Katie to take her cough out into the sunshine, and to see that the baby did not cut himself on the oyster-shells. Then she sent Dan to the pump, at one end of the 'camp,' for water, and turned to sort an accumulation of soiled clothes, which smelt unpleasantly of stale oyster-juice.

Mrs. Kazalski accepted the distasteful odor with a dull fatalism, as she accepted the rest of her widow's lot: as she accepted everything in her life. A careless observer might have called her broad peasant-face stupid, might never have guessed that the thick crust of acceptance covered a shrinking sensitiveness, and had nothing to do with her thoughts. These, in so far as she thought at all, concerned themselves with obvious things: worry over Katie's cough, the debt at the company store, a mingled hope and dread of the early call of the factory siren on the morrow; for an early siren meant a big load of oysters, and consequently more nickels.

She had put the clothes in to soak, when she became aware of excitement in the camp, and the sharp voice of Mrs. Oshinsky's Annie in breathless recital. Mrs. Kazalski put her head out of the door, and saw a group of women and children — Katie among them — at the end of the building.

One of the women called her, and in the next sentence told Mrs. Oshinsky's Annie not to talk so loud. She arrived in the midst of the hushed importance of Annie's outpouring.

'Gov'ment ladies. It 's men dressed like ladies. Two. One went to talk to the boss. Mike Salinsky says it 's inspectors. The other went down to the lower camp, but she says she ain't a inspector. She 'll be here after a while. If they catch on us kids is working, you got to pay fines. Twenty-five dollars, Mike says. He says the gov'ment pays them to be inspectors, and that 's why things cost so much at the store. He 's awful mad. He says if it was n't for inspectors, everything would be better for us. He says maybe they 'll take the work away from us. He says maybe they 'll put us in jail. I think maybe they got revolvers —'

She was interrupted here, instructed to let her thoughts alone, and to stick to what she had heard and knew; and to repeat her tale in Polish, for the benefit of those who knew no English. She finished, and presently broke the short awed silence by beginning again, partly to prolong her importance, partly because talking kept her free of the fear manifest in the eyes of her listeners' otherwise impassive faces. But when it became clear that she had nothing more to tell, her elders silenced her, and took counsel.

After some discussion, Mrs. Kazalski spoke.

'It ain't nothing. They can't take money we ain't got. If we keep our mouths shut, they won't know the children work. The cannery ain't running to-day. Everybody's got to tell their children to shut up, and to shut up theirselves, only be polite. They can't do us nothing. No gov'ment lady or man neither won't get something out of me.'

All morning, as she worked, however, she worried about the 'gov'ment lady.' Suppose that someone should let it out! Jail? No, surely not that. But if they should stop the children from working, how could they live? Suppose the company should refuse credit at the store! Once she had wished to cheat the Virgin Mary of a half-burned candle. Could this be punishment?

And suddenly, athwart her numb acceptance of life, came a passionate regret: if only she had never left Baltimore! Why, why, had she yielded to the persuasions of Mike Salinsky! She went over in her mind all the incidents that had influenced her to 'come South to oysters.' The day of Mike Salinsky's visit stood out as clearly in her mind as if it had been yesterday, instead of the day of her husband's funeral, three months ago.

Carrying the baby, and followed by the other children and her sister-in-law, she had come into the kitchen. The funeral was over.

'Take off your things,' she ordered the children; but she herself did not remove her shawl. She slumped into a chair, rested her elbow on the kitchen table, and, chin in hand, stared into space.

'What you going to do now?' asked Annie Pritoff, the sister-in-law.

She did not answer. If only her sister-in-law would go! She wished to be alone, wished to do two things. The candle burning under the image of the Virgin Mary — she would extinguish that. All winter she had kept a candle burning there, that Mike might be spared. Mike had died. But she had not the courage to snuff out the light before her sister-in-law.

Her other impulse was to look in her purse. She knew it contained exactly five dollars and thirty-eight cents, knew that counting it again would add nothing; yet before she had made sure, once more, she could not turn her thoughts to the future.

Now Annie Pritoff was chattering again. 'He left you insurance?'

'Only for the funeral.'

'But you got money in the bank? He earned good, when he worked, no?'

'He was six months sick. It costs to live. The doctors and the medicines took everything.'

'Well, it was a decent funeral you gave him.'

Katie, her oldest, a thin girl of twelve, with hollow eyes and straight yellow hair, began to cough.

'Did you ask sometime the doctor about Katie's cough?' continued Mrs. Pritoff.

'Yes,' Mrs. Kazalski answered dully.

'Well, what did he say?'

'He said to eat eggs and milk, and sleep with the window open. She sleeps with the window open.'

'But no eggs and milk, eh?'

'Oh, let me be, let me be!'

Mrs. Pritoff was offended. 'I knew he was a good man, and did n't beat you, but I did n't know you was so stuck on him you could n't be polite to your sister-in-law.'

Mrs. Kazalski roused herself a little. 'Don't be offended, Annie,' she said in Polish. 'I don't know what I'm saying. I want to be alone. I don't know what I'm going to do.'

'Mamma,' asked Katie, anxiously, 'have n't we any money left?'

'Go 'way. Be quiet. Let me have a little peace.'

Mrs. Pritoff spoke again, this time with hesitation. 'I could take the baby, Marya. We ain't got money, but Pete's got steady work, and one child does n't cost much extra, and he could be a help to us when he grows up. The doctor says I'll never have one of my own.'

'No, thanks, Annie. I keep my baby.'

'Well, what you going to *do?* You can't take boarders here in three rooms. And you can't go to work, with the baby. Will you ask charity? They 'd put away the children in the orphan 'sylum. Ain't it better I should have the baby than the orphan 'sylum?'

'So low as orphan 'sylums and charity we ain't got yet.'

'Well, what you going to *do*, Marya?'

'I don't know, I don't know. Just let me alone.'

When the sister-in-law had gone, she took out her purse and counted the money. Five dollars and thirty-eight cents. The rent was paid. She must buy some cough medicine for Katie. That would leave —

No use. Five dollars or ten dollars, it would soon dribble away. Something must be done. She stared at the money, but could not think.

The baby woke and cried, and she nursed it. Presently the other children began asking for food. She sent Katie to the grocery for cabbage and bread.

'Could n't we have meat to-day, mamma? It's like a holiday,' said six-year-old Mary.

'Meat? God knows when we'll have meat again. Meat!'

Mary began to cry.

'Be quiet!'

Katie left, coughing. Her mother set a kettle on the gas-flame, and walked aimlessly about the room. Then she remembered the candle. She hesitated, crossed herself, and stretched forth her hand. But she could not put it out.

After the supper dishes were washed, Katie put the younger children to bed, and then came back into the kitchen. She wanted to sit close to her mother, now so strangely remote and indifferent. But, afraid of being ordered to bed, she sat quietly in a far corner of the room, anxious and frightened at the awful events of the day — the black coffin, with papa dead in it. And to have it put under the ground! But far more frightening was the change in her mother. It was as if her mother were not there.

Mrs. Kazalski was still unable to think. Again and again she looked at the money in her purse, again and again said over to herself, 'What next? What shall I do?' and could find no answer.

About nine o'clock, a heavy step was heard on the tenement stairs, and then a loud knocking at the door. Katie, frightened, looked at her mother, who sat as if she had not heard. When the knock was repeated, Katie herself asked, 'Who's there?'

'Does Mrs. Kazalski live here? I 'm Mike Salinsky.'

'Who? Come in.'

A fat, florid man entered. 'Good evening, good evening,' he said; and began at once a long rapid speech, in Polish. 'I learned from the undertaker about your grief. Very sad. My condolences. Life is strange. The will of God. You never can tell. But what would the world come to if we gave in to our grief? We must think of the living, of the living.'

He found an unresponsive audience. Katie, now leaning against her mother, gazed at him, wide-eyed, unsmiling. Mrs. Kazalski, contemptuous, hardly noticed him.

'I 'll just sit down,' he said, 'and get my breath.'

Katie began to cough.

'My, what a bad cough, for such a

nice little girl!' said the stranger. 'This climate — bad for coughs. How many children have you, Mrs. Kazalski?'

With an effort she tore her mind away from its vacant brooding, and focused it upon her visitor.

'What do you want of me? Why do you come here? What business is it of yours how many children I have?'

'No offense, no offense,' he replied, always in Polish. 'I 'm here to help you. The undertaker told me you were a widow with several children, and my business, you might say, is to help widows with children. I can do you a good turn.'

She did not answer, and he went on, quite unembarrassed: —

'How 'd you like to go South? How 'd you like to go down to the Gulf of Mexico, down in Mississippi, where it 's nice and warm, and where you and all the children could get nice easy work, and good pay, and free rent, and free fuel? How 'd you like to go South and shuck oysters and pick shrimps? For the winter. I 'm the row-boss for the O. U. Oyster Company, and they sent me up here to get families to come down and work. We pay the fare, and if you stay the whole season, and work whenever there 's work to be done, we pay your fare back to Baltimore. People earn three or four dollars a day. Oh, not at the very first, but — do you know the Blitskys?'

'No.'

'Well, Mrs. Blitsky earned two hundred dollars last year, and she 's gone down again. Her children make fifty or seventy-five cents apiece, some days.'

Mrs. Kazalski, by nature cautious and mistrustful of strangers, eyed the speaker with suspicion. Why should he come to her? If the work was so good, why did n't the people who lived down there do it? Why should he come all the way to Baltimore to get workers? She did not ask these questions. What use? He would give her some smooth answer. He had a smooth, oily look. She mistrusted him.

Suddenly, while she was looking at him, the candle sputtered and went out. She turned to it. Perhaps — who knows? — perhaps it was a sign. Perhaps this was an honest offer of help, heaven sent — a reward from the Virgin for not putting out the candle this afternoon? At any rate, it would do no harm to ask questions.

The work was seasonal, he said. There were not enough people in the locality to do it, and not enough work the year round to keep a large population there. The canneries ran only from October to May. Every year, canneries all along the Gulf coast, in Florida, Mississippi, and Louisiana, brought down thousands of workers for the season. Surely she must have known some people who had 'gone South to oysters.' Had she never heard of Biloxi? Biloxi was less than fifty miles from the O. U. Oyster Cannery.

It happened that Mrs. Kazalski had heard of Biloxi. The family who had occupied these very rooms, before she took them, had gone to Biloxi. She had not known them, nor had she heard how they fared, but the familiar name gave her a feeling of security. She continued to ask questions. The row-boss gave information fluently.

The house they would live in was less than a stone's throw from the cannery. The climate was warm. Fire was needed only for cooking, and the company supplied the wood. The furniture, too. All she need bring was bedding, dishes, and clothing. The work was healthy, practically out-of-door work, and mothers brought their babies along to the canning-shed with them. 'You must have heard of the Sunny South,' he continued. 'Lots of rich people go South for consumption. It would be awfully good for your girl's cough,

down there. And she can work while she 's getting well, and so can all the other children work too. How old are they?'

'Katie 's twelve, and Dan 's eight, and Mary 's six, and Lisbeth is four, and the baby 's two months.'

'Well, well, quite a jump from Katie to Dan! Ha, ha!' But as she did not respond to his joke, he continued seriously, 'Every one of them could help you, except the baby.'

There was more talk. The row-boss soon discovered that Mrs. Kazalski's chief interest lay in the answer to the question, 'You 're sure it 's good for coughs?'

When he had gone, Katie's mother was no longer strange and distant. She held Katie on her lap, — a rare endearment, — and repeated to herself, in Polish, 'The sunny South, the sunny South. Good for consumption. The sunny South!' She beat down the misgivings that forced themselves into her heart.

## II

Despite the discomforts of the overcrowded coach, the two days' trip down to the O. U. Oyster Cannery was of great interest to Mrs. Kazalski. She could not remember any previous two days of her life spent thus idly, except for her trip to America from the old country, nine years ago. It was pleasant to look from the train-window at the passing landscape; pleasant to talk with the other Polish women — a number of them, like herself, in the greenness of their grief, going to escape such poverty as attended widowhood in Baltimore. A few families were fortunate in having fathers, coming to work on the oyster- and shrimp-catching boats. The men, however, were few. Chiefly there were women and children.

The flaw was the changed attitude of Mike Salinsky, the row-boss. He had no longer the suave manner of his visit to her home. Every now and then he walked through the train, looking over the 'bunch' he had rounded up, with an insolent air. Once, as he passed, Katie was coughing, and he told her sharply to 'hold her noise.'

At noon of the third day the train stopped at a small covered platform, and the passengers trooped out. No town, no stores, only a stopping-place for the train, and a signpost, on which a painted hand pointed the direction of the O. U. Oyster Cannery. The land about the platform was marshy, with low palms and bracken and other lush growth.

The large wagon that met the train could take only part of the crowd at one time. Mrs. Kazalski and her children and baggage were piled on with the first load.

When the road along which the wagon jogged turned away from the swamps, and into a lovely pine wood, Mrs. Kazalski felt reassured. It was a bright sunny day, and the air was soft and warm. She reproached herself for her fears. The sweet country smell made her think of the fields of Galicia.

A half-hour's drive brought the road to a turning; and suddenly there appeared the cannery, the 'camp,' and the blue sweep of the Gulf.

As the wagon pulled out of the wood, the sun was so blinding that the newcomers could scarcely take in the scene. The 'camp' had been built up on piles of crushed oyster-shells, bleached white and glaring in the sunlight. A single palm tree, close to one of the camp buildings, was the only growing thing near the O. U. Oyster Cannery. Several long, low, unpainted structures stood flimsily on stilts, above the shell-foundation. Everywhere flies buzzed, and mosquitoes whined.

'Hurry up, hurry up, pick your rooms!' said the driver, as he deposited

the families. 'All just alike. Does n't matter which you take. First come, first served.'

The women stood about, dazed. 'Is this where we — *live?*' asked Mrs. Kazalski, at last.

'Where the hell do you think you live? Of course this is where you live. Every room furnished. A room for each family.'

He turned his horses, and drove back for the second load.

Some of the women began running in and out of the various rooms, to see which were preferable. Mrs. Kazalski stood still. Her imagination had pictured a small cottage, with a garden. To be sure, the row-boss had not promised a garden and a cottage, but somehow she had pictured it so; and this long, narrow, flimsy, barn-like shack shocked her. The building was two rooms deep, and twelve rooms long. Each room had a door and a small window. A sagging uncovered porch, or platform, ran the whole length of the structure, front and back. To the right of each door, protruding from the wall of the house, near the low roof, was a stovepipe. Twenty-four families were to occupy the twenty-four rooms. A pump at each end of the shack supplied water.

Mrs. Kazalski chose the room nearest the palm tree. It measured twelve by fourteen feet. Its furniture consisted of a stove, a table, a bench, and a bunk built up about one foot from the floor — all made of rough, unpainted planks. Thin board partitions divided her compartment from that on either side, and from the one behind hers. The room lacked closets and cupboards. Rusty nails in the walls invited such clothing as the members of the family did not have upon their persons. A small shelf offered support for a few dishes and food.

She sighed. Then she said to herself, 'No matter. The climate is good for consumption.'

The cannery was not running on the day of her arrival. She settled her few belongings, carried some wood from the camp woodpile, and went to the commissary to buy food.

'How much?' she asked, having made her selection.

'Cash or book?'

If one had no cash the company allowed credit, its extent depending upon the number of working children in the family, and the experience of the mother. But articles cost about one third more on credit than when cash was paid. In either case, the prices seemed to Mrs. Kazalski exorbitant; but she could do nothing, no other store was available. Grateful that her purse still held two dollars, she paid cash.

After a dinner of bread and beans and coffee, she washed the clothes that the journey had soiled, and bathed the children. Then, while the clothes were drying, she sat on the edge of the platform in front of her door, nursing her baby, and blinking in the sunlight, content. This drenching, dazzling sunshine — nothing could exaggerate it. Surely it would cure Katie's cough. The children had run down to the water's edge, to the right of the cannery, to play. Yes, it was much better than Baltimore.

But that night it began to rain, and the dampness permeated everything. The roof leaked. The mosquitoes bit viciously. All the children were restless. Katie coughed almost incessantly, and the neighbors on all three sides protested. 'Shut up, you 're keeping the whole camp awake,' called the neighbor on the right. 'That 's right, she is!' responded the father of the left-hand family, and added, 'Damn these mosquitoes!' It was almost as if they were all sleeping in one room, so thin

were the partitions. Mrs. Kazalski gave Katie a double dose of the cough medicine.

It seemed as if she had hardly fallen asleep, when a shrill siren startled the night, and tore her senses awake. The baby and little Mary screamed in terror. Only Katie, drugged by the cough medicine, slept through the disturbance.

'There must be a fire somewhere,' was Mrs. Kazalski's first thought; for it was dark — it could not be four o'clock in the morning.

Soon a heavy knocking was heard next door, and then at Mrs. Kazalski's door came a pounding, and the voice of the night watchman: 'Get up, hurry up, the oysters are waiting. Everybody up!' He pounded with a heavy stick, and Katie woke, frightened.

'What is it, mother?'

'Come, we must get up and go to work.'

'But it 's nighttime, and very cold.'

The damp wood smoked, but Mrs. Kazalski succeeded in building a fire; and after a breakfast of bread and coffee with condensed milk, Mrs. Kazalski and her dazed, sleepy children stumbled across the short stretch of crushed oyster-shells, to the cannery. She carried the baby in her arms.

The work itself was not hard, but Mrs. Kazalski hated it from the start. She hated the chill, damp, shucking-shed, the smell of steamed oysters, the dirtiness of the work. The oysters were unloaded from the boats into small cars out on the pier; the cars were run through a 'steam box' at the entrance to the shed, and then, steaming and dripping, traveled along tracks into the shucking-shed, where the workers clustered about them. Each worker was given a bucket, — called a cup, — a knife, and a glove to protect the hand from the sharp rough edge of the shells. It took only a minute to learn the work. One attached one's cup to the side of the car, took a cluster of oysters from the car, broke it apart, opened the oysters, which the steam had already partly opened, and cut out the meat, leaving the eyes in the shells, which were dropped to the floor.

'A baby could do it,' said Mike Salinsky, no longer resplendent in city clothes, but authoritative. The owner of the factory came in to look about, and left. Mike and another row-boss supervised the work.

'There 's no gloves for the children,' said one woman.

'You can buy some for them, tomorrow,' said Mike. 'You got to buy your own, after this, too. The company gives only the first glove. Hey, you,' — this to Mrs. Kazalski, — 'you can't work with that baby in your arms. Put it over there, with the other babies.'

'You should have brought something to put it on,' said Mrs. Kazalski's neighbor, who had been in the camp several weeks. 'I take a box along for mine; the floor 's awful wet.'

Mrs. Kazalski looked helplessly about. Then she sent Katie home for a quilt.

'Here, where you going?' demanded Mike Salinsky, as Katie was slipping out of the shed.

'My mother wants a quilt to put the baby on.'

'Well, see you hurry back, and quit your coughing!'

About seven shuckers stood at each car. As they shucked, they dropped the shells to the floor, standing among them, and on them. As the piles of shells on the floor grew, and as the cars emptied, the shuckers had to bend over farther and farther, to reach the oysters. They worked with a swaying motion, to ease the monotony of standing. When a cup was filled, the shucker took it to the weigher, who gave her a

nickel for every two pounds. The mothers dumped the oysters their children had shucked in with their own, and received the money.

By noon, Mrs. Kazalski and her children had earned thirty-five cents. She was discouraged, she was wet and dirty, she was worried. Katie had coughed straight through the morning, and Dan was beginning to sneeze and sniffle. The younger children had once or twice fallen asleep on the floor, among the oyster-shells, and she did not disturb them, until she saw Mike Salinsky approaching.

'You make more, after a while,' encouraged her neighbor, Mrs. Oshinsky. 'And when you stop minding the smell, you eat more oysters, — they 're real good, — and you don't get so tired. It 's awful the first few days.'

Mrs. Kazalski thought she would never eat an oyster.

She determined not to bring the smaller children back to the cannery in the afternoon; but when she saw other children following their mothers, she changed her mind.

The children, however, worked only fitfully in the afternoon; and it seemed understood that they need not shuck steadily. At least, though Mike Salinsky shouted at them when he saw them idling or playing together, he did not drive them to work, as he had in the morning.

The first day finished at three o'clock. Counting the time off for breakfast at nine o'clock and dinner at noon, they had worked ten hours. The fastest shucker in the shed had earned two dollars. A family of a mother and four children had earned three dollars. The nickels of the Kazalski family added up to ninety cents.

Mrs. Kazalski went home, discouraged. She was strong, but the standing and stooping over the oyster-cars had tired her, had made her back ache. Her clothes were wet and dirty. 'No use to wash them,' she said. 'They 'd be as dirty after an hour to-morrow.' She changed the children's clothes and her own, and hung the dirty ones behind the stove to dry.

She recalled something Mrs. Oshinsky had said: 'This ain't nothing to shrimps. That 's a stink to complain about. And the shrimp-juice eats the skin off your fingers, till they bleed. But you can get used to anything.'

That had been the beginning. Better days had followed, and worse — the day of the accident, for instance. A child had got in the way of an oyster-car. Mrs. Kazalski shuddered, remembering the crushed hand, and turned her thoughts away. Some days the boats brought in neither oysters nor shrimps, and then one could rest. But no work meant no money; and before the season was half over Mrs. Kazalski owed eighteen dollars to the company store. How could she pay it? She could never catch up. She bought as little food as possible, and tried to fill herself, and urged the children to fill themselves, on oysters. She could contrive no further economy, except that of buying less cough medicine. But Katie suffered, and could not sleep without the medicine. The sunny South had not helped her. She was worse.

Mrs. Kazalski struggled hard against despair. If only she had never left Baltimore!

And now the government, the government was sending inspectors, to fine them, to starve them, to take the work away from their children! Twenty-five dollars! Suppose they discovered that her children worked, that she had not the twenty-five dollars? Some of the neighbors might let it out. Well, the government lady would get nothing from her, not a thing. She would be civil, but not a word about the work!

## III

The government lady was in the door. 'It 's not a man, dressed as a woman,' was Mrs. Kazalski's first thought. 'Annie Oshinsky is a fool!' She responded, unsmiling, to the 'Good afternoon, Mrs. Kazalski. I 'm Miss Egmont of the Children's Bureau. May I come in?'

'Sit down,' she said, in a dull voice. But she thought, as she looked at the short, slight, brown-clad figure, the pointed piquant face under the close-fitting little round hat, 'She looks — almost — as if she could be happy!' It came as a revelation to her that any adult could look like this.

Afterward, thinking of her, Mrs. Kazalski wondered why she had seemed so remarkable. She was not pretty, nor yet clever: apparently she had not noticed Mrs. Kazalski's hostility, had acted as if she were welcome. She had said, easily, 'May I take off my hat? It fits a little too tight'; and, without waiting for permission, had removed it and hung it on the knob of the chair.

Afterward, as during the interview, Mrs. Kazalski felt about in her sparsely furnished mind for a word to explain this visitor, so unlike anyone she had ever met. The Polish word for 'separate' kept coming to her mind; but, being unused to abstract thinking, she did not recognize it as exactly the word to express Miss Egmont's detachment, — detachment from herself, apparent freedom from problems of her own, — which was the quality that puzzled and attracted Mrs. Kazalski.

'Did you ever hear of the Children's Bureau?' began Miss Egmont. And when Mrs. Kazalski had said, 'No 'm,' she continued, 'Well, it 's a part of the government that is trying to find out how children and mothers are getting along, and what they do, in order to learn what things are best for them. Now we are visiting all mothers with children in these little canning camps. How many children have you?'

Mrs. Kazalski was immediately on her guard. Miss Egmont's pencil was poised over a large card, on which Mrs. Kazalski could see irregular patches of printing, combined with blank spaces, and red-and-blue ruled lines. Miss Egmont was not looking at the card, but at her hostess, with half-smiling encouragement. And surely, thought Mrs. Kazalski, that was a harmless question. No harm, either, in giving their ages, and telling at what grades they had stopped in school. In fact, Miss Egmont turned directly to Katie and Dan, who stood by, their wide eyes upon her, and asked them questions about school. Katie, who coughed most of the time, coughed harder, now, from nervousness; and Miss Egmont's face clouded, as she asked about the cough.

Despite her resolution to be circumspect in her dealings with this intruder, Mrs. Kazalski scarcely listened to what she was saying, so preoccupied was she in her personality. 'If she had my life and my troubles,' she thought, 'would she be so — so different?'

'You 'Merican lady?' she asked.

'Yes,' said Miss Egmont, 'but my grandparents came from the old country. How long have you been in America?'

'Nine year. How old you are, lady?'

If Miss Egmont was surprised, she did not show it. 'Thirty-two,' she replied. 'And you?'

Mrs. Kazalski's eyes opened wide. Thirty-two! Why, she herself was only thirty. She would have guessed Miss Egmont fully ten years younger. Then surely this apparent happiness was not real. Why, she was not married: was an old maid. Mrs. Kazalski softened, with something like pity. So busy was she speculating about her visitor, that

she answered questions mechanically. But suddenly, one question brought her up short.

'Now tell me about the children's work. I suppose Katie can't help you very much at the factory, because of her cough?'

Mrs. Kazalski's face hardened. She made no answer. Miss Egmont might ask till doomsday, she 'd get nothing out of *her*. Yet it was strange that she should ask the question so directly — not at all as if she were trying to surprise an answer from her.

'I 'd like to know,' Miss Egmont went on, in her soft, even voice, 'about the work you and the children do in the cannery — just what you do, and how much you earn, and what time you go to work, and some other things. But first, are you sure you understand just why I 'm asking these questions? Sometimes people are suspicious, can't understand why the government, far off in Washington, should send someone away down here to ask questions. Maybe you 'd like to ask me some questions before you answer mine?'

'Mrs. Oshinsky says you come to collect the fines.'

'Fines?'

'The twenty-five dollars for people, if their children work. You inspector?'

'No,' said Miss Egmont, simply, and it surprised Mrs. Kazalski that the accusation did not embarrass her. 'There are inspectors,' Miss Egmont continued, 'and there are fines for employing children; but the bosses, not the workers, pay the fines. Only, my work has nothing to do with fines. The government is making a study of what 's good for children and what 's bad for children. You see, children are the most valuable things in the world; but it is only lately people have learned that, in order to make them healthier and happier, we have to study them, and see how things affect them. The Children's Bureau is finding out how work affects them — how it affects their health and their chances of growing up strong and healthy and happy. What do you think about it? How do you feel about the work your children do, and the other children?'

Mrs. Kazalski had never thought of it. But the question turned her scrutiny back from her visitor to herself. It half flashed through her mind that she had never before thought of anything aside from how to get money for the next day's living; how to keep her children and her house clean; what to cook; whether the oysters would be large or small; how to pick out the wettest car and to work quickly, so that as much water as possible would get in with the oyster-meat, before it was weighed.

But now, here was a new thing. Her opinion was being asked. She shrugged her shoulders. What had she to do with these things?

Yet something quite strange and new seemed to be pushing up in her mind. A slow anger was part of it, but there was another element in it, too. She *had* an opinion, and she wanted, not to be silent and sullen with this government lady, but to talk, to argue with her. Presently she was answering: —

'I think too bad for children to work; but what you can do? It 's better to work and live, than to starve and die. What would *do* poor people without husband, if the children don't work? Without the children, I no could make half to live on. Even with the children, I got a debt eighteen dollars, at the store. And you — the government — it don't give money, no? No, just questions it gives. How can help us — questions? The row-boss say you get money for questions, that 's why things cost too much — for tax. You say it 's good for children — questions. Will it help *my* children?'

This was a long speech for Mrs. Kazalski. She was breathing hard and perspiring with the effort of it.

Miss Egmont's face was thoughtful. 'I 'm not absolutely sure it will help *your* children.' She spoke slowly, experienced in making simple people understand new things. 'I 'm not sure the results of a study like this will come soon enough, though they may come in time to help the younger ones. Do you know,' she went on, 'that some states give money to widows, so that their children can go to school? And that, in some countries, fathers and bosses and the government together pay for insurance, so that, if the father dies, the mother will have some money every month, and won't have to put the children to work? Well, how do you suppose those countries and those states came to do these things? They sent people like me to go and study what the people needed, how they lived and how they worked; and then they planned ways to help them. But it takes time, and to learn these things we must depend on what the workers tell us, and what the bosses tell us. You, when you tell me about your children's work and about your work, are helping the government to make things better for all children, even though the changes may not come tomorrow or for several years. I believe they will come in your children's lifetime. Don't you want to help make things better for children?'

Mrs. Kazalski felt strangely moved. Only partly by the argument of her visitor, only partly by the visitor's personality. Mainly, it was the fact of this visit, the fact of this conversation, which had swerved her mind from its familiar groove into the rough vastness of new thinking. To think, for the first time in one's life, of anything outside the range of one's experience and observation, is a profound experience. As Mrs. Kazalski's untutored but not stupid mind followed Miss Egmont's simple explanation, she forgot about her debt to the store, forgot Katie's cough (for Katie, listening intently, had not coughed for some minutes). A strange emotion welled up in her, a feeling of value, a feeling that her children were really important, not only to herself, but to the country.

She shook her head several times. 'It should be a good work,' she said slowly, at last. And when Miss Egmont took up her questioning again, with 'How did you happen to leave Baltimore, to come down here?' Mrs. Kazalski found herself wanting to tell the whole story of her hardships. It would be a blessed relief to talk about her troubles, to put them into words, to a person quite detached from her life, someone she would never see again. Never had she done this; never had it occurred to her. She had always thought of her burdens as inevitable, inflicted by Providence, goading her to laborious, irksome effort, which offered no reward. She was not a woman to pity herself, but now, as she poured forth her tale, it was as if she had been given the power to stand apart and see herself; and a rush of self-pity, the first she had known, flooded her for the moment — a strange indulgence of pain that was hotter, but softer, than the hard accepting silence of her many months. Yet there was nothing in her voice, no moisture in her eyes, to tell Miss Egmont, who listened with understanding, of her emotion. She had sent the children out of doors, and in a low voice — that her neighbors might not hear — she had begun: —

'Things were enough good with us, till the accident. After five months sick, my man die; and was left in the house only five dollar thirty-eight cents. Katie coughed bad. That night came the row-boss —'

She told of Mike Salinsky's visit, of her trip down, of her disappointment; of the draughty coldness of the canning-shed in bad wet weather; how the roof of her house 'leaked like a basket' when it rained; how she lay awake at night, too tired to sleep, worrying, waiting for the siren, yet dreading it; waiting and dreading the watchman's pounding on the door, which never failed to fill her with anger; hating to force the children from their beds at four or five or six o'clock in the morning — according to the size of the catch; how fast the shucking-gloves wore out — 'one glove a day, and we cut our hands yet'; how much worse picking shrimps was than shucking oysters, because of the acid in the head of the shrimps: 'After two days at shrimps, my hands look like butcher-shop, but that 's the only one thing to make think there is in the world meat! And the stink! You smelt it once? So!'

But, worst of all, was the worry about Katie's cough. That kept recurring again and again in her outpouring. She talked with the simple vividness of a person unused to fluent speech. 'I no would care about work, I no would care for nothing, if Katie could get well. When I go away from Baltimore, I say, charity the Kazalskis no take. But now I think foolish to be more proud than to care of your child's health. It ain't proud, having them work over mud and wet, in clothes soaked and torn like noodles. And I think maybe oysters no good for the cough.'

'Did you ask the boss if he would send you back now, instead of waiting till the end?'

Mrs. Kazalski laughed bitterly. 'He gave me a mouthful,' she said.

'Excuse me, I tell you all this,' she went on, 'but you want to know why children got to work. That 's why. But if Katie could get well, I 'd give — I 'd give — well, I ain't got nothing to give. Excuse me, miss, your face looks very sorry. But you ask — and now you know.'

Miss Egmont was silent for a while. Then she said, 'Did your husband's boss do nothing for you when he died?'

'Why he should do something? It was no his fault — the accident. My man,' — she paused, — 'he good worker, nine year one boss; but he make himself the accident. Sixteen hours he work, and he was much tired. He was good worker, but we no could ask something from the boss, when my husband make the accident.'

'When you get back to Baltimore, what will you do?'

Mrs. Kazalski had asked herself this same question many times, and never had she found any answer. But now, miraculously, she discovered that she had a plan, a plan that sprang up of its own accord, that rushed forth, almost as a part of her outpouring.

'I go to a charity. I say, "Let me take money for rooms; I take lodgers, so I can get a doctor for Katie; I take in washings; I pay back the money." Maybe I pay neighbor to take care the baby; I go factory, maybe. But I send my children on the school; they should grow up, like you say, like people, not like pigs. What for I leave Baltimore, to come down to this pig-life, I don't know. If only,' she added, wistfully, 'if only Katie should live till we get back.'

Miss Egmont looked away, out of the open doorway, to the Gulf. The water was a deep blue. A white sail moved slowly, in the sunlight, along the horizon.

'Well,' she said, bringing her eyes back to Mrs. Kazalski, 'you have had a hard time. But there are only six weeks more, and you have been here, you say, nearly fourteen already. Six weeks is not so terribly long. About the

debt, I should not worry too much. Are you the only person here with a debt at the store?'

'Oh no! All people got debt at the store!'

'Well, surely the company won't want to keep all of you here, for your debt. At the worst, they will take some of your bedding to pay for it. And there may be a heavy run of oysters. And thank you very much for giving me this information. Would you mind if I look over this card, to see that I have n't forgotten to ask anything? I 'm supposed to have an answer for every question.'

Mrs. Kazalski did not accuse her of indifference. Her mind was so occupied with her sudden, new plans for the ordering of her life on her return to Baltimore, that she was scarcely conscious of Miss Egmont.

Miss Egmont stayed a few minutes longer to get in detail the earnings of each member of the family since their coming, and the hours of work. Presently she left, hoping things would go better, hoping Katie would improve, suggesting a Baltimore clinic.

Mrs. Kazalski went back to her washtub. She could hear Miss Egmont making the same explanation in the next compartment, could hear her neighbor's guarded, reluctant answers. She did not listen to the words, though she could easily have heard them — at first. But after a while her neighbor's voice lowered. Then it occurred to her that perhaps her neighbor had some trouble as real as her own; perhaps — why, surely, every woman in the camp had troubles. Most of them were widows, most of them had children to support. And perhaps other women, all over the country! Why, of course, it was right that the government should send someone down to see how things were!

That night she went to bed with a new feeling. It was as if, for the first time in her life, she was fully alive. Not happy, but awake. Sometimes, in her youth, — say fourteen years ago, — at a wedding in Galicia, after a peasant dance, she had a feeling akin to this, yet different. Then the dancing made one forget the hard furrows and the heavy plough. Now there was no forgetting, rather a full remembering, a coming alive of her mind. A full remembering of herself, and, therefore, of others.

Yet, she told herself, nothing had happened, really. A woman had come, had asked questions, had gone away. She had answered questions, had stated her situation. 'Yet nothing has *happened*,' she repeated to herself in Polish, 'only a conversation. Talk, only.' The debt was still unpaid, Katie was this minute coughing, and life in Baltimore, at the end of six weeks, would be a hard struggle, even though she now had a plan. Why then this new courage, this strange, warm feeling, which reached out, even beyond this roomful of her own family — which included even more than the whole camp? Was this, she asked herself, what they meant by *patriotism?*

The wind blew, and the single palm tree outside her door crackled. The sound was like the rattle of hard rain. Other nights she had hated it, had thought it mournful, but now she liked it. She raised her head from the bed, and through the window she could see the tree. The moonlight seemed to drip off the sharp fingers of the leaves. Splotches of light and black shadows made a grotesquery; and for the first time she saw a beauty in it. She could close her ears to the heavy breathing of her neighbors, and to Katie's cough, and could listen to the orchestra of crickets and frogs, against the night's outer silence, with — was it possible? — almost with happiness.

# HAIL AND FAREWELL

BY CHARLOTTE E. WILDER

I HAVE stood with a deck under my feet and looked at many shores of many oceans. There was England, under a setting sun that threw low yellow beams over the green, close-cropped land's end; there was Boulogne, a blot of black in the night, sprinkled with silver points of light. There were the hundred isles of the Inland Sea, and the coast of China, with its beach on beach running in a chain down to the last high-tipped walled town.

When I set my face toward all that panorama, I turned my back on the one I loved most. It was inland, and a not particularly beautiful inland. Summer swept that Western state in a scorching way, and left its low foothills gasping for rain. And yet, up and down the soft, brown hills my memories walk, chasing the elusive beauty of earth, and of that particular soil.

So it is that the least becomes greatest in a disconcerting manner. I am convinced that Boswell's *Life of Johnson* is the most entertaining book ever written, and yet, when there is room in my pack for but one companion, I have slipped in *Lavengro* when Boswell was not looking. And as for home and favorite spot on earth: I stand on a peak of the Alps and think yearningly of 'Miller's Holler.'

This ache for a certain soil seems a thing grown more poignant with the new centuries. Perhaps it is that, as we lose the earth, — as things of utility and invention encroach on the soft wildness of country land, — we find it more precious.

All cities cling to their parks, round which crouches the line of shops, with yellow gleaming electric eyes, trying to press in over the wide, cool province. On clear days, there little children totter along, turning their heads with wide following eyes, watching a leaf blow, — it seems half a mile, — to light in a bit of glassy pool. And people with things to say to each other go there to be near the trees, and to mount a little hill in the centre, to be a twentieth of a mile nearer the moon, it may be. And even when winter comes, drawing its skin of ice over the water and the hard earth, we dip in at the openings in the encircling fence, to walk a way on a half-thawed path and throw peanuts to a desolate squirrel.

There should surely be a philosophy dealing with this single department of human whimsy. It would discover to us what is the particular revelation of the 'little, familiar, remembered spot'; in what consists its attractiveness and elusiveness.

Our minds and books are continually beating against the mystery, in language that can never give it adequate expression: —

> There stood a Poplar, tall and straight;
> The fair, round Moon, uprisen late,
> Made the long shadow on the grass
> A ghostly bridge 'twixt heaven and me.
> But May, with slumbrous nights, must pass;
> And blustering winds will strip the tree.
> And I've no magic to express
> The moment of that loveliness. . . .

One would suppose that, with Life as a common denominator to us both, we

would have some more intimate 'feel' for our background. Surely, with this kinship in our veins, it lies in us to understand the urge in the sap and the seeming futility of the recurring seasons. 'Come into the garden, Maud,' is the password for all of us to content; and yet we and the garden remain singularly alien. It is as if our created culture and dignity had robbed us of some perceptive finer sense. So that what is left is this tumultuous recognition of something beautiful; something wanting to tell us things, if we could hear the voice.

We come nearer to this intuitive recognition, I think, with the 'little, familiar, remembered spot,' and that is why it winds itself into our affections so delicately and permanently. Wide landscapes set us adrift in cold distance, somehow. We are nearer — in one flash of experience — when we put our noses almost through to the roots of wild flowers on a summer hill, or watch, in a still gray morning, mother Marmot and her seven stepping out of their hollow stump, passing in a fluffy file down to the river to bathe, coming back in a sleek file, ready for breakfast.

But even then, the intimacy passes in a moment. We intrude ourselves as Man, and they have disappeared; on our hill we thump the soil in chagrin: like the dead and God, it *does not answer us.*

The least bee, as it goes humming after honey, is comprehended in the ample lap of nature — it, at all events, moves in its own background, unquestioningly. No one, in all the jungles and deserts, sea and wilderness, however cruel or uncomprehending the fight, is alone, with his back to the distances of ether, but Man. He wanders through the forest 'sets' — an actor who does not know his cue.

He is an actor, not only ill at ease but tormented. To right and left, luring him from before and mocking him from behind, are voices and laughter from ghostly, enclosed little gardens, where he played yesterday and the day before. At the cost of losing them, he has gained an understanding of them through Memory. For Memory, the ingredient, takes the scene and the actor, the bafflement, the intellectual interest, the imaginative passion, and fuses them to a complete and satisfying thing. The picture composes. But just as we realize it to be infinitely dear, we discover it irreparably lost.

This is the peculiar tragedy of the wanderer, and all are wanderers who cannot return on a moment of time. In each new garden we remember the last. From China we write: 'Would that I could be with you to share the weather round our valley.' In France we say: 'Do you remember the enticing flavor of those Oriental meadowlands?' In England: 'Why could n't we have stayed in that Fontainebleau village at the white crossroads?' In America: 'Oh, to be in England!'

And even though we may not travel at all, night and day flow by us, depositing on the earth the sediment of change, and on us the grains of time and age. England and New England, China and France slip past our touch. 'Miller's Holler' — brown and seamed with cattle-trails, with a brook that sang all night in my ear — grows more imperishable and unattainable as it recedes.

We wanderers grow to fear and love, in each new flowing moment, memories of the old. If we would greet these multiple gardens, we must make at once our bow and our parting salute:

'Hail — lovely spot. Shadow of the one I have just left; foreshadow of the one I am soon to meet. Individual and enchanting bit of earth — Farewell.'

# THE GHOST-PLAYS OF JAPAN

BY L. ADAMS BECK

## I

A DAY in Kyōto — the ancient and most beautiful City-Royal; an autumn day, the splendor of the maples dying down as if the lights were extinguished one by one before the quiet coming of the night of the world; the Kamo River flowing silently through its broad banks, and a mild gray sky leaning tenderly over the great hill of Hiei: that was the day when I saw my first Nō play in Japan, and received the gift of a beauty so strange and insubstantial that it can hold words but as lightly as the cobweb holds its strung diamonds before the sun vaporizes them into nothingness.

I had accepted an invitation from a society in Kyōto which exists for the purpose of producing these austerely beautiful plays. They are one of the great arts of the world; no past dramatic experience can in the least prepare the mind for them, and there can be no place so good for initiation as Kyōto, because Kyōto is the home of faithful tradition, of dignified reverence for the noble gifts of the past. City-Royal is a precious casket wherein many jewels lie in safe-keeping; and of these, many and glorious, not the least is the ghost-play of Japan.

So I went into the quiet dark hall, where the stage was stiffly set forth with minutest attention to traditional law. In ancient times the audience surrounded it; but, since the day of the great Shōgun Ieyasu, it has faced it as in the West; and it is said that beneath it are fixed large hollow vessels of earthenware, that the movements and the singing may have a deep resonant quality.

A small bridge — the famous 'Flower-path' — is placed that the actors may thus approach it; and on this are set three small pine trees in pots, the symbols of heaven, earth, and humanity. At the back of the stage is painted a pine tree — here symbolizing faithful endurance. This is all the scenery, and everything done is in full sight of the audience, which sits in the low enclosures that are the stalls of Japan, quiet, attentive, many of them studying the play in books brought from the treasured libraries of noble houses: each one an acolyte at a beloved ritual; and not only this, but a keen critic of any variation from a standard that the centuries have made immutable.

No atmosphere can be more favorable. There is nothing to distract eye or thought from the drama to be presented. Before us were only the symbols which represent the eternal verities of God and man; and the priest, spirits, and the young men who take the parts of women, are all masked in the historic masks designed by great artists for the parts they fill.

I am very certain that it is impossible to comprehend the deepest meaning of these ghostly Nō plays, and therefore to enjoy them to the full, unless the spectator has a real knowledge of the spirit and literature of Buddhism; and

it is my object to give a hint of this in what I write now. For I cannot recall, in anything that has been written of these plays by those Occidentals who have studied them, more than a very passing reference to what really is the soul of the play. That there is a beauty which must appeal to any who can feel deeply, I do not at all deny. There is the strangest intellectual charm also — elusive, exquisite, a faint rainbow, smiling, weeping, fading on gray skies; but there is more than this — a theory of life and death. While it is true that the inception of this unique drama was probably the god-dance of the Shintō temples, the Nō play, as it has come down to us, owes all to Buddhism; and the better the Buddhist attitude to life and death is understood, the more certainly will this be felt.

This perhaps is the reason why the Nō plays, like all Far Eastern art, appear so strange to us at first. The belief at the base of them is alien — we do not know what they are driving at. We depict life in the studio, or on the stage, in relation to ourselves. To our minds all beauty exists for man. It pleads at his judgment bar — it is his lovely slave. But to the artist influenced by Buddhist teaching, man himself is but a small part of nature — a part of it only in the same sense as a tree or a flower; animated by the same spirit, no more, no less; passing to the same goal; subordinate, subjected to Law, as is a bough waving in the wind; a mountain-peak lost in drowning vapors. This belief has, of course, made the Far Eastern artists the greatest landscape and flower artists of the world, for they have recognized that the essence of nature differs in no kind from their own, and have therefore painted as they knew.

But all this will be clearer as I describe some of the plays. I will choose some of the less-known ones, using the beautiful renderings of Professor Fenollosa, Mr. Pound, and Mr. Waley, and premising that the ghosts are not the somewhat solid spirits to be found in Elizabethan drama and elsewhere in the West: they are emanations of memory, of sorrow, of fear. They rise like a ghostly perfume, intangible, illusive; they are dead persons, but living passions, visualized for a moment before passing away into union with the Eternal. Their influence on earth, or on men, is no more than the fall of a dead leaf in a frost.

## II

Let me take first the *Nishikigi* — little known in the West. The characters are few — that is almost always the case in a Nō play, and in this they are but three: a wandering Buddhist priest and two ghosts; not armor-plated ghosts, like him who walked at Elsinore, but dim wistful voices, wandering unsatisfied in lonely air; two lives which, having never reached fruition on earth, have now become a sick craving for what life and death alike withheld. It is a story of love that never reached its earthly close.

Picture the deep, deep quiet of the listening audience, in an old hall in Kyōto, the shadows about it, the dimly lit stage, the wailing music of the orchestra, the rigid Chorus — for there is a Chorus, as in the Greek plays, but more quiescent and, at the same time, more personal, taking up the actual words of the speaker and continuing them as if thinking aloud on his behalf; becoming as it were an orchestral representation of his thought — picture that setting — and this: —

A priest is wandering about the country that lies around Mount Shinobu; and now he is not far from little Kefu near the sea, and the evening is coming down upon him. He has been

traveling long — perhaps his feet are a little weary. It seems that, when the body is weary, the defenses that guard it from the unseen are weakened. The spirit-lore of all the world testifies to this. At all events, he sees a man and woman coming toward him, apparently together, but, in truth, worlds apart. They speak to each other, but he does not hear. If he did, how could he understand that melancholy music?

The man speaks: 'Tangled — we are tangled. Whose fault was it, dear? We neither wake nor sleep. In our hearts there is much, and in our bodies nothing, and we do nothing at all, and only the waters of the river of tears flow quickly.'

And now the Chorus supplies the story.

Long, long ago these two were lovers. Nightly, according to the custom of Kefu, he brought to the door of the beloved the lacquered wands with love-signs painted upon them (*nishikigi*), the love-charm which, it was believed, no woman could resist. Every night, for three years, the passionate lover brought his wand and laid it by the rest, hoping, hoping — at last, despairing. And every night the maiden sat weaving the narrow cloth known as *hosonuno*. Her door was shut against him. Was it fear, or modesty, or the tremulous holding-back from delight? Perhaps she herself did not know.

But he died, and they buried him in a cave with all his vain love-charms about him; and as for her — her weaving was all done, and the loom set aside, and her thwarted passion also drifted out into the void.

It was so long ago that now even the old custom of Kefu is forgotten; and death stepped tacitly and blotted them out like water spilt from a broken jar. Into the sand? No — for man is desire, limitless desire; and, when the brain no longer bounds it, it flows abroad and grows stronger: a crying in the wind, a moaning in the sea.

But now they draw nearer to the priest, and he wonders to see them in these lonely ways. It bewilders the old man a little. He says: —

'It is strange, seeing these two people here. I might suppose them two married people. The lady carries what might be a piece of cloth woven from bird's feathers, and the man a wand painted red. Strange merchandise!'

Stranger than he knows, for these are the symbols of their pain, the merchandise of broken lives.

So, pausing in the dusk, they tell him their story — not as if it were their own; only a sad old tale that haunts the countryside.

'We know the funeral cave of such a man,' breathes the woman; 'one who watched out the thousand nights; a bright cave, for they buried him with all his wands.'

The priest is interested. He would like to see that cave. It would be a tale to tell his village when he returns. Will they show it?

So they wander on together — he himself becoming somewhat changed and ghostly under their weird influence, as they go. Night is coming; the air is cold with more than frost. Oh, bitter cold of the lonely heart wandering in desolate places! The Chorus, the thought of the play, cries aloud: —

'Autumn. Our feet are clogged
In the dew-drenched matted leaves.
The perpetual shadow is lonely.
The owl cries out from the ivy
That drags its weight on the pine.
The hiding fox is now lord of that love-cave.'

The wanderers stand at last before it — the place the two must haunt, the focus of their spiritual being. And now they have vanished. The force that materialized them for vision is very slender: it can sustain them no longer; and the priest stands bewildered and

alone. The place is strange; he knows not where to turn. He would sleep beside it, and cannot, for the cry unsatisfied is heard in his heart also — it stirs, it calls him.

'It seems that I cannot sleep
Under October wind, under pines, under night.
I will do service to the Blessed One.'

And, rising, he performs the peace-giving ritual of the Lord Buddha.

But what is this — a cry of joy from a woman's voice, she herself invisible.

'Aïe, honored priest,
Hear soothsay!
Now there is meeting between us,
Between us who were until now
In life and in after-life kept apart —
A dream-bridge over wild grass.
O Honored, do not awake me by force;
I see that the Law is perfect.'

Perfect. This they had not known before — the Law had seemed a thwarting, a binding. Now the cravings of broken desire are stilled; and because they are stilled, the two are united with the Whole, and therefore with each other, and melt into perfect union — according to the Great Teaching. It is a Far Eastern rendering of 'In his Will is our peace.'

The Law is perfect. The quiet of the Blessed One submerges them like an ocean. And now the man's voice is heard: —

'It is a good service you have done, Sir —
A service that spreads in two worlds
And binds up an ancient love.'

And she: —

'The meeting comes now.
This night has happened over and over;
Now only comes the tryst.'

But what is happening? Slowly a warm light fills the funeral cave; shadows pass before it, as they might before a household fire seen from the cold without. It seems to become a happy home in the waste.

'Strange! [cries the priest] what seemed so very old a cave
Is all glittering bright within
Like the flicker of fire.
It is like the inside of a house.
They are setting up a loom,
And heaping up charm-sticks. No!
The hangings are of old time —
Is it illusion — illusion?'

He is not able to tell. It shifts and changes, dreamlike. The spirits themselves cannot tell. The man's voice says slowly: —

'Our hearts have been in the dusk of the falling snow,
We have been astray in the flurry.
You should tell better than we
How much is illusion.
We have been in the whirl of those who are fading.'

But the priest cries aloud, passionately aroused now: —

'Let it be a dream or a vision —
I care not!
Only show me the old times past and snowed under,
Now — soon — while the night lasts!'

And so he sees.

The loom is set up in the cave, as it might be by their fireside. The lover knocks with his wand upon a door whence, in the dead past, he had no answer. But now — now — the Chorus chants softly: —

'There he is carrying wands,
And she has no need to be asked.
See her within the cave,
With a cricket-like noise of weaving.
*Churr, isho,* like the whirr of a loom; *churr!*'

The lover, speaking through the Chorus: —

'I lie, a body unknown to any other man,
Like old wood buried in moss.
We had no meeting;
But tears have, it seems, brought out a bright blossom
Upon the dyed tree of love.'

At last the priest may see into that strange secret bride-chamber of the tomb, where the joy that lies at the

heart of the world's pain has conquered. And the man's voice comes again from a great distance: —

'Happy at last and well-starred,
Now comes the eve of betrothal.'

And the Chorus: —

'How glorious the sleeves of the dance
That are like snow-whirls!'

And the man: —

'Tread out the dance.'

And so it proceeds, with music and light and rejoicing; and suddenly — suddenly all stops. What is this? Darkness — faint light in the east; and now the Chorus, a wind shrilling in a waste place: —

'The dawn!
Come, we are out of place.
Let us go ere the light comes.
We ask you — Do not awake.
We all will wither away,
The wands and this cloth of a dream.
There is nothing here but this cave in the field's midst;
To-day's wind moves in the pines;
A wild place, unlit and unfilled.'

That is all. Were they happy? Did it all come right? Or was that, too, dream within dream? We cannot tell. The audience goes silently away, and the hall is left to the ghosts.

You see? For, says the Scripture of the Good Law, just as a man adds oil to a lamp and so renews the flame, so grows craving in the man who sets his heart on the things of this world. He cannot die, in the true and lovely sense. He can only live to mortal and immortal pain. But the desire relaxing its clutch, the oil emptying in the lamp — there is the peace of the Nirvana, whether in life or death.

## III

In the *Kakitsubata*, the cast is even smaller — a traveling priest, the ghost of a girl, and the Chorus. This is a very beautiful and colored play. You are to remember Narihira, a great man in the ancient Japan — noble, splendid, a great courtier, musician, and poet, and, later, wise among the wise; the light and love of many women; beloved, indeed, by the august Empress Takago — wife of the Emperor Seiwa — a thousand years ago. He has passed through so many women's lives, carelessly, lightly, as a man may gather an iris in a stream and cast it aside.

But there is one who remembers him — whose whole being has become a fixed passionate memory. She does not remember — she *is* memory, and nothing more. How then should she pass into the Peace?

So the priest — he might be the priest of *Nishikigi* — wanders through Mikawa to see the flowers of the iris in all their glory; for it is the season. They stand in noble ranks, and he muses beside them, he too not exempt from 'the old urge of sorrow' within him. And as he stands, he becomes aware of a young girl in the simple dress of the country. She asks what he is doing in that swamp — just as any girl might ask in passing. He is looking at the iris — what else? Where has he come to?

She tells him — to Yatsubashi of Mikawa, and adds: 'You have the best flowers before you there, those of the deepest color, as you would see if you had any power of feeling.'

Yes, the priest can see that. He believes these are the iris of an ancient legend. Who wrote the words? She knows. She replies: —

'By Yatsubashi, by the web of crossing waters, the iris scatters its petals. It was Narihira who said: "These flowers brought their court dress from China."'

The priest ponders: 'Then Narihira came here?' That is of interest — he was so great a man. 'What place was nearest to his heart?'

'This place,' the girl replies, and then: —

'The man who bound himself to me
Returned times out of mind in his thought
To me and this cobweb of waters.'

So you see — because he had remembered the iris and loved them a little for her sake; because she remembers nothing but that passion and loss, she is now a part of the flowers. They are the clothing of her spirit, and she can manifest herself only beside them; and this will be until she has rent the veil of illusion and is absorbed in the reality that lies behind it.

She bids the priest spend the night in her poor cottage — a very lowly place, but still a shelter. He accepts, little knowing what he is to see, and that he is stepping through the broken shell of one world into another. For the lady returns, no longer deceiving his eyes as a country maiden, but dressed in splendor, now her true self and the greatest lady of all that Narihira had loved in the vanished days. Her dress is symbolical, as dress in the Nō is, more or less, always. She wears an overdress of gauze, purple with golden flowers, an underdress of glaring orange, with green and gold pattern. She is now the spirit of the iris and also the love of Narihira — about her is the perfume of his memory of her.

The priest says in amazement: —

'How strange — in this tumble-down cottage, a lady in bright robes! What can this mean?'

He shall know. The spirit speaks: —

'This is the very dress brought from China
(The court dress of the iris also!)
The gown of the Empress Takago.
She was Narihira's beloved.
At eighteen she won him.
She was the light of his youth.
I come, clothed in a memory.'

And the priest: 'You had better put this aside. Who are you?'

'I am the spirit of the iris. The spirit of remembrance. And Narihira was the incarnation of music. Holy magic ran through his words, and even the grass and the flowers pray to him for the blessings of dew.'

And then the Chorus recites the glories of Narihira, in the old days that are dead: the Emperor's favor, his pomp and splendor. They speak for the man himself: —

'The waves, the billows return,
But my glory comes not again.'

They proceed: —

'He was pledged with many a lady.
The fireflies drift away,
Scattering their little lights,
And then flying, flying,
Souls of fine ladies,
Going up into heaven.
And here in the underworld
The autumn winds come blowing — blowing,
And the wild ducks cry, Kari — Kari!'

So one sees it, like an illusive Chinese landscape: whirls of ghostly snow over the white plain; ghostly torn peaks showing here and there through clouds, and a sense of loss irreparable, weeping and crying in the wind. Is it a spirit, a form impermanent, drifting, or only a flurry of rain in the night?

And now the Chorus chants a song of Narihira's own: —

'No moon!
The Spring is not the Spring of the old days.
My body
Is not my body,
But only a body grown old.
Narihira, Narihira,
My glory comes not again.'

But from the Chorus, from the priest, from the power of the memories thus evoked, the spirit of the lady has gathered power. He made these verses for the Empress. She will dance the dance he loved.

'Narihira knew me in old days.
Doubt it not, stranger.
And now I begin my dance,
Wearing the ancient bright mantle.'

And the stately dance begins, holding all the past for her. She and the Chorus describe it alternately. And gradually, slowly, while you watch, the gray- and olive-robed Chorus obscures the bright dancer — the passion is dying down, the memory is fading, the essential falls out of the apparition, saying: 'It is only the cracked husk of the locust.' And the Chorus closes the play: —

> 'Day comes; the purple flower
> Opens its heart of wisdom;
> It fades out of sight by its thought —
> The flower soul melts into Buddha.'

Even the perfume of the iris dies on the air; it is absorbed into the Passionless.

## IV

Of course, by no means all the Nō plays are the habitations of ghosts; but many are the haunt of strange intuitions, of fallings from us, vanishings, worlds not realized; the moving within us of spirits who have moulded our being and whom we have never known. It is a twilight world, lit by waning moons. The ghosts who dwell there have been given over into the prison of their own Selfhood; their passions and memories have made their cage; and they have no escape, in life or death, until they accept the law of self-annihilation.

This is the Teaching. No doubt we have an echo of this in the West, where the miserable spirit lurks forever amid the pain it inflicted or received, bound on the wheel of its own torment; but in the Orient they understand, they have unraveled cause and effect; and it is a hard task for us to learn who, as the Buddhist Scriptures say, 'belong to another sect, to another faith, to another discipline, and sit at the feet of another Teacher.' Yet it is surely a true teaching of the binding of the spirit, whether in life or death.

There is one very touching Nō where the brilliant Prince Genji, the Don Juan of the most famous ancient romance of Japan, adored of many women, returns, an empty ghost, to the seashore at Suma. He is there because it was to Suma that he fled from the Emperor's anger at a gross intrigue, knowing that banishment awaited him. There he had known sorrow for the first time in his shining life, and the shadow of sorrow is a sickness, an insanity that holds the soul captive, apart from the processional joy of the universe. He is dressed in poor garments, he who went so splendid in life; he manifests as a woodcutter of Suma. Suddenly, in the second scene, blooms out the old glory; the beauty of the rushing billows flows like wine in his veins; for a moment he forgets his grief and recalls the old splendor of the Court when before the Emperor he trod the measure of 'The Blue Sea Waves' crowned with maple leaves, himself 'a bright flower' as the ancient story of his loves describes him.

'How beautiful this sea is! When I trod the grass here I was called "Genji the Gleaming." I will dance the blue dance of the sea waves!'

And he dances, that the priest may see even in a vision the beauty lost in the years.

There is a strange and horrible Nō about the wife of Prince Genji, the most unhappy Lady Awoi — one of the heroines of the thousand-year-old novel which records the loves of the Prince and is a classic in Japan. With a heart for so many, he had none for his wife, and she died forsaken. Such a disease of the soul as hers could not escape the Nō, for it gives the woman chained to her misery, as Prometheus to his rock. What is very singular is that she never appears in the play. She is represented by a red-flowered kimono, folded and laid at the front of

the stage. You are to consider that her very garment is saturated and infected with the poison that is destroying her body as she dies.

What is seen is the spirit Princess Rokujō, whose liaison with Prince Genji is driving his wife to death; and yet, — most strange, — this is no fetich of the Princess herself: it is Awoi's jealous agony taking the shape of the woman who is killing her. That thought possesses her mind — it materializes in the loathed shape.

The scene is opened by a great Court official, the Daijin, who relates that the priest and exorcists have been called to aid the great lady and drive forth her disease; and immediately upon this appears the visible Jealousy — which yet will not speak the truth, but declares that she is the spirit of the Princess. She is splendidly costumed — the under kimono of black satin, embroidered with small, irregular, infrequent circles of flowers; the upper part of stiff gold brocade, shot through with purples, greens, and reds.

She speaks of her glories: —

'I had the moon for a mirror. I was drunk with color and perfume.'

Suddenly she sees the dying woman and rushes to attack her.

'This woman is hateful. I cannot keep back my blows.' And she strikes.

It is Awoi's own jealousy wounding her; she is her own destroyer.

'The flame of jealousy,' says the apparition, 'will turn on one's own hand and burn.'

And the exorcist advances, clashing and striking his wooden beads; and now the passion leaves the shape of the Princess and takes a more horrible shape. It is a *hannya*, a demon, a terrible mask with golden eyes, clothed in scarlet and white, faced by the exorcist, who thus describes himself: —

'Then he hung about his shoulders a cloak that had swept the dew of the seven jewels in climbing the peaks of Tai Kou and of Kori in Riobu. He wore the cassock of forbearance, to keep out unholy things. He took the beads of red wood, the square beads with hard corners, and, whirling and striking, said prayer.'

The hannya threatens him with worse than death. Awoi is possessed, indeed! But still he persists, he cries out the sonorous spells, the strong clashing names of the protecting spirits; and at last the horrible possession relaxes — the hannya totters, overcome.

'O terrible names of the spirits! this is my last time. I return here no more.'

And now Awoi nō Uye is sinking — sinking gently into the quiet of death; and the Chorus concludes the play: —

'By hearing the Scripture, the evil spirit is melted. The Blessed One came hither; his face was full of forbearance and pity. Pity has melted her soul, and she has passed into the Buddha. Thanksgiving!'

She will not dream of Genji any more in that translucent calm. She has outsoared the shadow of her hate.

There is another fearful Nō mentioned by Professor Fenollosa and Lafcadio Hearn. It is the story of a woman who inordinately desires the love of a young priest. He rejects her, flies from her, and hides under a great bronze temple-bell, such as may be seen at the Chion-in in Kyōto. She pursues, her fierce desire sweeping the woman out of her. It expresses itself as a raging dragon, glowing and spuming fire. As a dragon, she coils about the bell, biting the metal savagely in her madness, and the bell glows incandescent from the fire that is in her; and the wretch beneath is calcined into ash. For, in the Nō, thought is a creative thing, and therefore the dragon soul animates a dragon body.

But not all the spirit Nō plays are

like this. There is *hagoromo* — pure delicate beauty, and rendered into accessible loveliness by Mr. Waley. A moon-maiden has been dancing in lonely delight, on the beach by the pine woods of Mio — scarcely less lovely than her own aerial world. Like the swan-princess of Morris's 'East of the Sun, west of the Moon,' she has a magic robe of feathers, and this she has hung on a pine tree. The fisherman Hakuryō enters and sees it — wafting immortal fragrance. He seizes it, and the moon-maiden cries for her cloak — the wings by which alone she can climb the blue heights.

> 'How shall I tread
> The wing-ways of the air?'

But he hardens his heart against her pleading; and before his very eyes she droops like a dying flower. At last he softens: if she will dance for him the dance that mortal eyes have never seen, he will restore the cloak. Life radiant and shining flows in her veins again.

> 'I am happy, happy!
> And for thanksgiving I bequeath
> A dance of remembrance to the world.
> Give back my cloak.'

He refuses. The bird of heaven may fly away without the longed-for dance. She rebukes him with gentle dignity,

> 'Doubt is for mortals.
> There is no deceit in heaven' —

and he restores it. Then she begins the stately dance, and the Chorus accompanies it with a chant as lovely — recounting the ritual of the moon's changes: —

> 'In white dress, in black dress,
> Thrice ten angels,
> In two ranks divided,
> Thrice five for the waning,
> Thrice five for nights of the waxing moon.
> One heavenly lady, on each night of the moon,
> Does service and fulfills
> Her ritual task assigned.'

The Chorus calls on the wind to build cloud-walls about the sky, lest the vision leave the world to empty day. Can thought or words be more beautiful? I can never see the waxing or waning of the moon consciously, without recalling the gladness of these fair spirits who direct it. Every word of this Nō is exquisite music, and should be read, either in Mr. Waley's, or in Mr. Pound's and Professor Fenollosa's, translation.

'She is robed in a garment of mist, of spring mist,' says the Chorus; and now she rises, rises into the blue of the air, faintly seen over the pines of Mio, past the floating islands, through the lower clouds; then higher still, over the mountain of Ashitaka, the silver peak of Fuji; and again, but very faint, her form as heaven resumes its own — the mists receive her. And now — she is a lost star. It is over.

These Japanese ghosts are the most insubstantial in all the world. They can hold human shape with difficulty. Homer's ghosts, blown like dead leaves in hell, drinking the blood of beasts, are tangible in comparison. Dante's, suffering in singing flames and glacial hells, are solid beside them; for these are the tortures that conquerors inflict and the reason of man denies; but the Nō ghosts, inexpressible as an odor, — a faint dream gone with the dawn, — are to me the most real and terrible ghosts I know. For we have all felt them; we carry them, each of us, in our own bosom.

Who that has known the gnawing possession of jealousy, cruel as the grave, but must understand when the Lady Awoi's hate and agony take the visible shape of her rival, and so hunt her to death? What pangs of love denied but repeat themselves in the lonely wandering ghosts of *Nishikigi*? Is this wretchedness to be prolonged beyond

death? Yes, the Nō replies, unless this knowledge is gained: —

As the fiery sparks from a forge are one by one extinguished,
And no one knows where they have gone;
So is it with those who have attained to complete emancipation,
Who have crossed the flood of desire,
Who have entered upon the calm delight —
Of these no trace remains.

Theirs is the untracked path of the bird in pure air. Otherwise — there is no fever of longing and memory and sorrow that does not confront us in the Nō, and, as we look, they are the ghosts of our own hearts that meet us. There is much to think of in the Nō I have given, and in the many more of which I might write. Some noble, ringing with gallant courage and high instinct; some wistful and strangely beautiful, the flower of a faith that has moulded great nations, and must do it to the end of time.

These plays demand as much as they give: the audience must bring its gifts of imagination, intellect, knowledge, and poetic insight, and lay them before the stage, or the actors can do nothing for them. It is not so in other parts of the world, so far as I know. I see a Western audience; the glaring obvious stage, tricked out with decoration that overpowers the story; the players; the very thought (if there should be such an irrelevance!); every shade of feeling expressed in black and white before it can be absorbed by the heads that crowd the place. What does that audience bring? It has paid its money to be amused, thought for, taken in, and done for.

But why dwell upon what all know — the theatre of a commercial civilization throned in the midst of its dying arts. It may be said that the Nō was and is the pleasure of aristocrats of birth and intellect. Possibly. Our aristocrats, at all events, seek nothing like it; and in Japan true art in any of its branches has never been the monopoly of the great.

I think it was Mr. Gladstone who once drew the pitiful comparison between what pleased an average audience of ancient Athens — the mighty Æschylean or Sophoclean drama, the clash and glitter of Aristophanic wit — and what pleases a modern audience. He made it his thesis that in the higher intellectual qualities man has degenerated since those great days; that the race then touched its high-water mark, and that ever since the tide has slowly ebbed. I should not say this myself. Knowing a little of thought that as yet is slightly considered among us, — the thought of the Orient, — I should rather say that the weeds of a gross civilization have choked the beauty which will grow only in conditions we no longer fulfill — no longer think even desirable.

'Ephraim is joined to idols: let him alone.' It remains to be seen whether we have lost the power as well as the will to learn.

So in memory I hold a quiet hall in old Kyōto, a little stage, grave and archaic in its setting, a few strange figures, and a stilled, waiting audience, some, book in hand, following spell-bound a drama of the soul of man in life and death.

The night comes, soft-footed, outside; the lamps are lit; the Kamo River ripples softly beside the palaces and temples of the mighty dead who have made Japan's great present. She is great by reason of the faith that was in them. If the people relinquish this, and take for their god the golden idol of our market place — But the future is unknown to us. It is only the Great Gods who see it as one with the past and the present.

# THE RETURN OF THE TURK

BY CHARLES F. G. MASTERMAN

## I

THE Turk has returned to Europe. His return will mean the despair of all those who are working for permanent peace. His return was unnecessary. He could have been kept out of Europe by treaty. But Mr. Lloyd George and his Government refused, first, to assist the Republic of Armenia with the stores and guns which they swept over from the Black Sea ports to carry out a war against the Bolsheviki in Russia. This enabled the Turks to concentrate against the European forces. Secondly, they encouraged a Greek expedition to advance two hundred miles into purely Turkish territory, supplying them with rhetoric instead of with guns, and failing to accept the warnings of everyone who was familiar with the Eastern question, that, as soon as the Nationalist Turks under Kemal obtained arms, the far-flung battle-line of the Greek army would be swept into hopeless defeat.

I remember, when the issue of peace or war seemed to be in the balance, in 1914, and the Cabinet were discussing whether they would join with Russia in offering a joint guaranty for the then boundaries of Turkey for fifteen or twenty years, being rebuked by Lord Grey for what he assumed, I suppose, to be the blind fury of a member of the Balkan Committee who had seen what the Turks do when they go into war or suppress an insurrection. I said that, if Turkey wished to go into war against the Allies, it was better that she should do so, in the interest of the permanent peace of the world; for almost every European war — 1827, 1854, 1877, 1885, 1912, 1913, and the Great War of 1914 — had grown out of the inability of the Turks to rule, the ability of the Turks to massacre, and the impossible attempts made by governments with rival ambitions to obtain portions of that Turkey whose capacity for governing or even for work had vanished in a hundred years.

I asked that a clean job might be made of it all. Lord Grey, not unnaturally, asserted that we had enough nations to fight at present without adding to their number; and if I could have forecasted the tragic slaughter of Mr. Winston Churchill's expedition at Gallipoli, I might have been in accordance with him. In any case, the Turks came into the war under their secret treaty with Germany, which was made before the war began. When the war was ended, we succeeded in slashing them to pieces, and we could have prevented any capacity for their recovery. Their representatives agreed to the Treaty of Sèvres. We have not carried out its provisions, and it has been kicked into the gutter.

And now the Turk stands triumphant, with England and Europe almost begging for satisfactory terms, and with the whole Moslem world rejoicing at the defeat of the Greeks, which they regard as the defeat of England; and, in order to prevent a

greater catastrophe than that which we ourselves have created, we have promised them the rulership of Constantinople and the return of Eastern Thrace, thus thrusting this barbaric race once more into the heart of the Balkans. It is a dreadful ending to one of the most deplorable pieces of British 'diplomacy' ever known.

A distinguished soldier, who has just come back from the Near East in the midst of these desperate times, told me that there was no alternative to this promise; but 'of course,' he added, 'it is certain to lead to another war within ten years.' Such is the result of the stupidity of Britain and the cleverness of France, and, if I may say so with respect, of the deliberate refusal of America to have anything to do with the subject at all.

## II

The Turk never has had and never will have a 'homeland' in Europe. He entered it a barbaric tribe, like a scourge or a plague. He stormed up to the gates of Vienna. At one moment it seemed as if all Christendom might be destroyed by this band of savages. It was saved by a great battle under the walls of the capital, led by the King of Poland, and the people sank down to a comparative peace, with whole nationalities being submerged for hundreds of years and even their names forgotten. The comparative peace meant, of course, a long system of oppression, combined with total inability to rule, or to make anything, or to encourage any trade or commerce. Slowly the Turkish Empire rotted with internal decay. Gradually these nations, which had been inarticulate perhaps for hundreds of years, came to realize their nationality; and as the Turk was dying, they were achieving a new birth. For there seems to be in this strange tribe an unalterable and inexplicable element of blight after victory, in the very centre and core of the people. The Arabs once established a magnificent civilization; the Moslems of India possess culture, knowledge of the world, and capacity for work. Even in Persia there is a constructive element in the arts; and in Morocco a chivalry which has earned the respect of foreign observers.

But this tribe did nothing. They lived on fighting and, in their own homeland of Anatolia, to a small extent on peasant cultivation. They raised the money that they required from the Christian populations over whom they held overlordship; and these Christian populations paid, through taxes, the cash required to keep the Turkish governors in idleness; while for all financial complications they invariably turned to the Jews, who were very friendly to the Turks, and who to-day, even in England, are appealing for 'fair play' for the Turk. He has had 'fair play' for nearly three hundred years. He has produced nothing in literature, music, art, science, or any of the prominent elements of civilization. His conduct of affairs has been a peace with oppression, varied by risings against that oppression, or a fight with some of his subordinate nations, backed by one or more Christian powers. He is alien to everything that Europe regards as legitimate methods of treating people who are subject to another's sway. And he has now grown so tired of the continual interference of Europe with his periodical massacres and atrocities, that he has made up his mind to avoid the necessity for such interference in the future, by the simple method of extermination of all the Christian people under his control. By so doing he has committed suicide; for he is killing in every town and village, or putting to

flight by the fear of his advent, all the artificers and makers of anything in the way of manufacture, and is leaving nothing but a bankrupt nation of men who appear to have no capacity but in the carrying-on of war and, to a limited extent, in the work of agriculture. But he will keep the Jews with him; and I suppose he hopes that, by giving concessions of great wealth in Asia Minor to various competing European financiers, he will obtain the money that is necessary for his own desire to live on easy lines, doing no work at all.

## III

Three times the expulsion of the Turks from Europe seemed inevitable, and three times they have retained their position through the folly of Christendom. In 1878, the Russian armies were encamped at San Stefano, under the walls of the most famous city of the world. The grand duke who was in command of the armies sent back to the Tsar a message that, with the loss of not more than 20,000 men, he could storm these ancient historic walls and be in Constantinople within twenty-four hours; and he asked for an answer, yes or no, to the question whether he should conduct such an enterprise. No answer, either yes or no, was returned. It was quite obvious that the Tsar wished this action to be taken, but knew that he would have to disavow it to the Great Powers. But, as Sir Edwin Pears told me, the commander was not a man but a grand duke, and the Russian army never moved.

In the meantime, the English Ambassador found the Sultan packing up his wives and luxuries, with the determination immediately to ferry off over the Bosporus and retire into Asia. The Ambassador said to him: 'This may be the safest way of protecting your possessions, but be sure of one thing: if you once cross into Asia you will never come back to Europe again.'

That reply prevented his departure. If Russia had once got into Constantinople, she would never have been turned out. Disraeli went to Berlin, where, in conjunction with Bismarck, he tore the San Stefano Treaty to pieces and substituted the Treaty of Berlin, which was the legitimate father of the great European War.

On Saturday, June 22, 1878, the aged Jew statesman telegraphed to the aged woman Empress, whom he delighted to call 'the Fairy': 'Russia surrenders and accepts the English scheme for the European frontiers of the Empire, and its military and political rule by the Sultan. Bismarck says there is again a Turkey in Europe.'

'It is all due to your energy and firmness,' was the exultant Fairy Queen's reply.

Later, when Beaconsfield had further conversations with Bismarck, 'You have made a present to the Sultan,' he asserted, 'of the richest province of the world; four thousand square miles of the richest soil.'

'When he heard that we had annexed Cyprus,' notes Disraeli with his usual cynicism, 'he said: "You have done a wise thing. This is progress. It will be popular; a nation likes progress." His idea of progress,' so Disraeli comments, 'was evidently seizing something. He said he looked upon our relinquishment of the Ionian Islands as the first sign of decadence; Cyprus puts us all right again.'[1]

[1] Incidentally it may be noted that the deposition of Turkish rule in Cyprus need not have provoked any 'fond, unnecessary fears.' Here is the report of the English Consul, exactly two hundred years ago: —

'Cyprus, 11 *August.* — Sixty-two towns and villages of this unhappy island have entirely disappeared. Only their ruins remain to attest the barbarity of their destroyers! And yet the rage of these bloodstained monsters is not yet appeased.

The second occasion was after wars and rumors of war, and the yearly affirmation of unrest in the Balkans 'in the spring.' In 1912, the Balkan States, defying the veto of the Concert of Europe, — *les grandes impuissances*, — fell like a hammer upon the Turk, and, in violation of every judgment of every so-called military expert, shattered his armies into fragments. Once more the Bulgarian army stood outside the walls of Chatalja, with the great prize of Constantinople just before them. But they had been exhausted by the tremendous conflicts at Kirk Kilise and Lüle-Burgas, with weeks of continual fighting. They attacked in a fog, where no positions could be ascertained, and found themselves killing their own men, firing on each other; and in the evening, after enormous losses, the lines remained unpierced. Had the result been otherwise, they would have been in Constantinople in twenty-four hours, and nothing could have replaced the Turks there. A few months after, amid the intrigues of the Great Powers behind, egging on one against the other, they found themselves hopelessly defeated by the combination of all their allies, and Turkey again in Constantinople and in occupation of Thrace and Adrianople and once again the power for evil in the politics of Europe.

The last, and greatest, opportunity was after the World War. At the conclusion of the Armistice, Turkey lay hopelessly defeated, with no resources for resistance. The Treaty of Sèvres, which was accepted by Turkey's representatives, drove them from Thrace, gave them a mere titulary rule in Constantinople, established a neutral and Greek zone round the Christian populations of Smyrna, and created an Armenian Republic, which might have saved some portion of that unhappy nation whose men, women, and children had been massacred deliberately by hundreds of thousands during the war. Eastern Thrace was given over to the government of Greece, and, although I have no love for the Grecian Government, I think, on examination, that it governed there without tyranny and without undue oppression of the Turkish population. Constantinople was occupied by military units of all the powers. The Greeks were encouraged to enter Smyrna, where they massacred some of their own enemies. But, instead of remaining there, they were encouraged to make an expedition two hundred miles into the interior, into specific Turkish territory, to a position which no military expert of any kind would recognize as a possible line of defense, if the Turks once again acquired the power to strike.

What has been our policy since? We had piles of stores and guns at the southern Black Sea ports, which, if given to the new Armenian Republic, would have enabled it to preserve its existence. A friend of mine, who was present at that time in those regions, has described the despair and terror of the Armenian representatives as they saw these guns and stores being swept across the Black Sea to the Crimea, to be used as gifts from England to the adventurers who were creating civil war in Russia, and who, one after another, went down before the Bolshevist attack.

It is said, although I have no actual

A band of wretches very lately repaired to Morphon, where they destroyed everything with fire and sword. The women and children were for the most part taken and confined for several days in private houses, without food. Those who were not destroyed by hunger were burnt, together with the houses.

'Every hour is marked by murders in all parts of the island. The Christians are hunted like wild beasts.'

Multiply these incidents by thousands, and you will understand what has happened in Anatolia during the past eight years.

evidence of it, that guns and stores thus captured were sent round by the Bolsheviki to Kemal and his army at Angora, and that the Greek army was broken by British guns. However that may be, after the mandate for Armenia had been offered to America and refused, and offered to the League of Nations and refused, on the ground that it could not provide a dollar or bestow a rifle, that republic was wiped out; and with it the last hope of the Armenian race.

A Turkish envoy came to Europe, to see if a new peace could not be made, containing indeed many things unpalatable to British ideas, but also things that would have averted the madness and massacre of war. The British Prime Minister refused to see him, as did also the Foreign Secretary. He went back with the impression that only force would prevail. The Turks threw themselves at the centre of the Greek line, and broke it in a day. The Greek army fled to the seacoast, without any remarkable casualties, and after them fled, as fast as was possible, the Christian population of Western Anatolia, although a considerable number fell into the hands of the Turks, especially the women and children, and received the treatment which the Turk has invariably given to a conquered race after victory.

Smyrna, the 'infidel city' of Turkish tradition, was burned to the ground. The whole Christian civilization of Asia Minor was scattered in hopeless confusion among the islands and ports of the new Greek homeland and Western Thrace. The British Government, which had previously forbidden the Greeks to end the war by themselves entering the capital, and threatened to send British soldiers against them, could prevent the actual occupation of Constantinople only by promising that, in the forthcoming conference, they would support a return of Constantinople to the Turks, and the return also of Eastern Thrace. Turkey would again enter Europe as a European power.

The whole prestige of England and the larger prestige of Christendom has been shaken to its foundations, from Adrianople to Agra. The East believes that it has conquered the West; and it will remain in that belief, with the determination to conquer more, until a new war shows it that it has lived in illusion. No more disastrous record of the combination of diplomacy, war, and the fear of war has ever been recorded in history, since the treatment of the then American Colonies by the Government of Lord North, which rent asunder two peoples who, at the first indeed, never desired to separate, and produced a seven years' war which even now is not forgotten.

## IV

It would be impertinent in me to criticize any action the American Government has thought fit to take in connection with these measures. America has shown an enormous compassion, not in words only, but also in deeds, in connection with the horrors which are devastating Europe; and perhaps she is right in refusing to entangle herself in the questions between France and Germany and the interminable wrangles of the Supreme Council. But what I must confess to be surprised at is, as I seem to see it, the comparative indifference of America, and especially of the American churches, to the doings of the Turks in Armenia, and to the present hideous situation. No nation can protect those missionaries who go forth under the recognition that their lives may be jeopardized; and if the Americans had confined themselves to endeavoring to convert Mohammedans

to Christianity, America would have a just right to claim that those who did so did it at their own risk only. There has been too much truth in the gibe that, while the missionary has said, 'Let us pray,' the Union Jack has been run up on the flagstaff.

But America in Turkey and Asia Minor was in a different position. She was not out to convert Moslems to Christianity. She was out to assist, educate, and civilize the great mass of Christian populations suffering from the Turkish tyranny. It was an educational rather than a theological work. Standing high over the Bosporus is the great Robert College, in which were educated almost all the men who, when the time came, were called to be leaders and rulers in Bulgaria.

I visited at Scutari the training colleges for Armenian women teachers, run by efficient American women, and I found myself, in the intolerable squalor of that suburb of Constantinople, in the presence of clean and decent human life. In every town in Anatolia there was an American teacher, training up the Armenian girls into conditions of purity and decency and repudiation of the normal treatment of women by the Turkish harem system. During the war the Turks wiped out the whole of this American civilization in pursuit of a policy of murder and torture, when it would have been better, for the most part, that their victims had been killed outright.

Under my supervision we compiled a record of these hideous stories, with Professor Toynbee, the historian, sorting and collating the evidence for over six months. We threw out for the most part evidence which could not be corroborated, and we threw out most native evidence. The book is a record of testimony from European and American men and women, who actually saw the things happen, and who were impotent to prevent these hideous happenings. They caused the considered judgment of Lord Bryce to condemn them as an effort to exterminate the whole nation, without discrimination of age or sex, whose misfortune it was to be subjects of a nation devoid of sympathy or pity; and the policy they disclosed as one without precedent even in the bloodstained annals of the East. There is even, in this volume, evidence of German missionary residents with records of events surpassing human imagination. The evidence was submitted also to Mr. H. A. L. Fisher, late Minister of Education in Mr. Lloyd George's Government, Professor Gilbert Murray, and Mr. Moorfield Storey, ex-President of the American Bar Association.

The report was published as a British Government document, entitled 'The Treatment of the Armenians in the Ottoman Empire,' and I scattered thousands of copies among the leaders of public opinion in America. It reveals an attempt at the extermination of a race. The men suffered least. They were taken out at the port of Trebizond and sunk in the Black Sea; or were carried up into the valleys, separated from the women and children, and there slaughtered by bayonet or rifle. The most terrible fate was that of the girls brought up in the American colleges and schools, as delicate and refined, and often as distinguished in intelligence, as the girls of London or Boston or New York. Many of these were outraged and then had their throats cut; many were outraged by many Turkish soldiers each, and committed suicide or went insane; others were taken after this experience into Turkish harems, where they still remain. The old men and women and the children were driven in great battues through the desert, without food or water, flogged when they rested or lay

down exhausted, until hunger or disease, or some kindly bullet of their escort, put an end to their misery. That was done during the war by direct command from Constantinople itself, especially by Talaat and Enver Bey. Talaat was subsequently assassinated in Berlin, by an Armenian whose family had suffered under this policy of devilry; and it is to the honor of the German court that the assassin was acquitted. Enver Bey is supposed to be dead, but is probably alive somewhere in Eastern Caucasia.

But in the whole process, not only Armenian, but all the American, civilization was completely annihilated. And the record and memory of such a gigantic outrage upon common humanity, in which no religious question between Moslems and Christians entered into the matter at all, resulted, first, in the panic-stricken flight of all men, women, and children who could escape in Western Anatolia, when the Turks broke through at Karahissar; and secondly, when England had declared that she would support the giving-back of Thrace to Turkey, in a similar panic-stricken flight from Thrace, to escape anywhere from the treatment that all men and women fear. And I must confess to a certain wonder that, so far as I have been able to read, the churches in America have not risen up and, with their enormous forces of organization and influence, declared that, however squalid may be the squabble between France, England, and Germany for booty, at least the maintenance of these gigantic slaughterhouses must cease.

In 1877, over a tiny massacre at Batak in Bulgaria, which would be hardly noticed in comparison with the present outrage, Mr. Gladstone aroused the whole moral forces of England, in the determination that we would no longer support, as we had done some twenty years before, the continuance of the rule of the Turks in Europe. Scarcely twenty years afterward, in the last speech he made at Liverpool, his attack on the Government for not attempting to restrain Turkey from massacring Armenians led to Lord Rosebery's resignation.

John Ruskin, when Mr. Gladstone was pronouncing his denunciation in the name of common morality, said that his solution of the problem was 'to blow the Grand Turk compendiously into the Bosporus.' All that was admirable in the British nation rallied round Mr. Gladstone's denunciation of the Bulgarian atrocities, and prevented England from going to war. Bulgaria was freed, and any Englishman who visits Bulgaria to-day, as I have done, finds that that great spirit, who proved that thus would we resist her oppression, is still walking up and down the mountains and plains, fast in the memories of a people who will no longer be subjected to alternate massacre and oppression.

In John Morley's Life of that great practical idealist he inserts a quotation from his diary: 'On Monday morning last, between four and five o'clock, I was rattling down from Euston Station through the calm and silent streets of London when there was not a footfall to disturb them. Every house looked so still that it might well have been a receptacle of the dead. But, as I came through those long lines of streets, I felt it to be an inspiring and noble thought that in every one of these houses there were intelligent human beings, my fellow countrymen, who, when they woke, would give many of their thoughts, ah! some of their most energetic actions, to the terrors and sufferings of Bulgaria.'

Could the same be said to-day of any statement by any statesman 'rattling through the silent streets' of Boston or

New York or Philadelphia or Washington? And yet, the terrors against which Mr. Gladstone protested were terrors in a country in which we had no direct interest, to which we had sent no missionaries, in which we had not attempted to build up an English civilization. The terrors which, as Lord Bryce says, rivaled the adventures of Tamburlaine, and have cost at least two million lives (for most of the fugitives will die this winter), are terrors inflicted upon a people organized into civilized and decent life by America herself, and of whom the Christians of America might say, as Cromwell said of the slaughters of the Waldensian Valleys, that they came as near to his heart as if his own nearest and dearest had been concerned.

One American battleship might have 'compendiously blown the Turks into the Bosporus,' or a threat of it might have stayed the plague of slaughter and outrage. The influence of America, with her amazing power in finance and determination, might have arrested the whole movement. The threat was not applied; the influence was not exerted; Robert College is again in Turkish territory; and a Turkish horde, more animated with fanaticism and fury against the European compact, is now to be allowed by treaty to storm over into Europe again, and make the Balkans once more a plague-spot which will arrest all hope of the immediate peace of the world.

## V

'The Turk,' said a representative of Greece to-day in London, 'never changes. . . . Where Turkish feet tread, the grass never grows. . . . Turkey in Europe is not an empire; it is a disease.' These are not efforts at epigram. They are examples of the philosophy transmitted throughout the East; and they are literally true. The Turkish invasion has welled back throughout the centuries; and gradually, one after the other, Hungary, Rumania, Serbia, Greece, and Bulgaria have been freed from Turkish sway. In every case, nations of peasants or of brigands have fashioned themselves into civilized people; and in every case the Turk, when he has not departed, has been treated with as much religious and social toleration as the Germans in Bohemia, or the Poles in Germany, or the Rumanians in the Austro-Hungarian Empire.

Many people assert that there is no difference between the one and the other, and that they are all barbarians, each delighting in promiscuous massacre of its enemies. The statement is absurd. Most armies burn, outrage, and slaughter the land they invade; and the Greeks have been no exception to the rule. But the whole system and keynote of the Turkish method is to live on the taxation of Greeks and Armenians; and when these appear to be getting too strong, as they rapidly get rich, — having all the trade in their hands, — to wipe out a portion of the people by systematic massacre. You have not, therefore, to choose between allegations made by one against the other. You have to choose between two normal and recognized systems of government. In Palestine, before the war, the Turk was hated by the Mohammedan Arab at least as much as by the Christian or the Jew.

When I was in Constantinople before the war, the Turkish Governor, who was subsequently deposed by the young Turks, maintained a pleasant system of government, against which even the European ambassadors issued a protest. If he wanted a pretty girl, he sent and took her for his harem. If he wanted money, a rich Armenian merchant would receive a note saying that

his contribution to finance was, say, £10,000, and if that money was not forthcoming by to-morrow, the amount would be raised to £20,000. He generally paid at the first demand. If the methods were criticized the critic would some day disappear, and his body be discovered later in the Bosporus. Such was the accepted method of Turkish rulership, in a city which was not Turkish at all, but had an overwhelming majority of non-Turkish residents.

The only semblance of rule of this dying empire was provided by the enlistment of foreign administrators, many of them renegades from their own faith and nation.

When I was journeying through Macedonia, after the insurrection had been suppressed with every accompaniment of outrage, violence, torture, and murder, the Governor was an Arab, Hilmi Pasha, who, I am confident, was endeavoring to arrest the orgy, which was inflamed from behind his back by Abdul Hamid, the Red Sultan.

The new Turks were largely Jews, or of Jewish origin. We were passed from one governor's house to another, and royally entertained, in Eastern fashion, by men who were mostly Albanians. The Red Sultan himself, who conducted the Armenian massacre, was half Armenian; and it was the new Turks who adopted the policy of systematic annihilation of the Christian population, in order that in future they should be bothered no more by European protests on the subject of their illtreatment. In doing this, they have, of course, committed suicide as a trading and commercial power; and, except for a scattered Turkish peasant population, the whole land will fall into decay. But this is a rich prize for one of the competing peoples of Europe, if self-government is abandoned, and the question of its future is thrown, like a torch, into a powder magazine, so far as leagues of nations or supreme councils are concerned.

And now in Europe a rich province awaits some conqueror — that Thrace from which all the Christians have fled, including Adrianople, with its deserted shops and empty houses, and reaching down to Gallipoli and the Sea of Marmora, and even to the command of the Great City itself, the prize of all the world. What stable conditions can be established under such circumstances? Thrace in itself, empty now except for the Turk, has lost all the material which made it a civilized state. It is a menace, because behind it is the Turkish army, and behind that all Anatolia, and the more developed pressure from that country by those Turks who have been left there, with all their commerce and trade willfully destroyed. The temptation is keen for men who have no other means of support to enter the armies, and for those armies to attempt to reconquer the European lands they lost only a short while ago.

The boundary is as clean as the cut of a knife. Coming down by the Orient Express from Bulgaria, you pass through a region which, before its liberation, consisted largely of waste and marshes, and which has now become a kind of garden-land of peasant cultivation, looking like a variegated chessboard of fruit and flowers and corn, because to-day 'each man can eat of his own labor and be satisfied; and none can make him afraid.' Directly you are over the border, you find squalor and filth, untilled land, uncared-for forest, a rich soil, but half-developed because no one would work when he knew that the fruits of his labor would go to the local governor, or into that cesspool of ineptitude and villainy which represented the Court of the Red Sultan in the capital city.

But it is difficult to imagine that Europe will tolerate the continuance of

such desolation, while the Greeks and Armenians, and all Christian peoples who live under Turkish rule, are now scattered literally by the million in uncertain centres of security; with most of them piled on Greece, which has been so scandalously let down by British diplomacy, and which has no money at all to provide food and shelter and a new start in life for the refugees.

The situation is desperate, and it is Britain which is largely responsible for it. We could have compelled the Greeks to keep to the limitations laid down by the Treaty of Sèvres; and, in combination with our allies, France and Italy, have ensured that that treaty should not be broken. We made no attempt at this firm action, but encouraged the Greeks to give way to wild expectation, by the provision of oratory instead of war-supplies; by announcements made by Mr. Lloyd George — quite untrue — that the Greeks had won every battle; and by the suggestion that they should not stop until they entered triumphantly Angora itself. We were left to clear up the mess alone; our allies, finding that we had refused all advice on the subject, refused to fight on the Asiatic shores of the Straits. As Franklin-Bouillon himself warned me, France was convinced that we intended to turn Constantinople into another Gibraltar.

We boast now that we have saved the Christian peoples, whereas we have saved none of them, and the whole American civilization in Anatolia has been utterly destroyed. We have declared in conference that we will support the return of the Turks to Europe; only the judgment of a great general, who refused to present an ultimatum to the Turkish commander, saved us from actual warfare with Turkey, without the support of a single other nation.

This mad diplomacy has brought Mr. Lloyd George and his Government tottering to the ground, when it seemed as if they were secure forever. He claims that he has assured the freedom of the Straits. The expression is meaningless; the Bosporus, a swiftly flowing salt river, so deep that ships cannot anchor in it, runs clean through the heart of Constantinople, and, to whatever power controls it, 'the gates are theirs to open, and the gates are theirs to close.' There has never been anything but freedom for commerce and all peaceful shipping, and that freedom would continue whatever power or league was responsible for the control of the city. But if freedom means the opening of it to vessels of war, the Turks could prevent it in a moment; for one torpedo discharged from the broken-down buildings along its shores could sink the largest battleship in the world to the bottom of the sea.

'We are apparently to fight,' said a cynical soldier to me, 'in order that Russia may be allowed free access for its submarines in the Mediterranean — an enthusiastic programme for another European war.'

There is no way of getting out of this hopeless mess but by a conference of all the nations, or of the League of Nations. It is profoundly to be hoped that America will take a strong lead when any decisions come to be made; for America almost alone is disinterested so far as Constantinople is concerned. In the 'wealthy homelands of Thrace and Anatolia,' meanwhile, the Turk is back again; happy in being restored to power in Europe after four attempts have been made to eject him, and after he has slaughtered perhaps two million lives. He believes again that he can always trust to the foolishness of those who had declared that they would protect his subject peoples, because in the end each would seek his own material interests, regardless of the claim of the ideal.

# THE EUROPEAN CHAOS

BY GUGLIELMO FERRERO

## I

From month to month the condition of Europe continues to grow worse. The effects of a monstrous war and an unhappy peace make themselves felt with increasing force. Confusion multiplies. Nations are wrangling with each other, and are crushed under the burden of their debts. Distrust spreads apace. Capital is being wasted, or concealed. Governments are losing what little authority they still possess, and are headed toward bankruptcy. Misery, unemployment, and the sullen discontent of the populace are growing. Peace is preserved only by general prostration. We are not even assured that famine, that ancient scourge of humanity, long exiled to the remote places of the Orient, may not lift its head again in Central and Southern Europe.

Out of this disorder a new order will some day be born. But as yet we do not know how or when. The reconstruction of Europe, of which we hear so much, has not even begun. We are still in the process of disintegration. We have not yet reached the point where we can even discuss measures and methods for converting chaos into order. We must content ourselves for the time being with examining that chaos, in the hope that we may analyze its elements, and prepare ourselves to understand its coming phases. Therefore, I propose to point out the three principal causes of European chaos — causes that we must not lose sight of, if we aspire to understand what is now occurring, and what is still to occur, in Europe. These three causes are: the instability of Eastern Europe resulting from the Peace treaties, international indebtedness, and the growing tension between Germany and France.

## II

No one imagines that Eastern Europe will retain permanently the form imposed upon it by the treaties. Daily alarms sound from that part of the world, sending a shudder through all Europe. Why? What is the danger that glares at us from that threatening quarter of our continent? It is the precarious situation of Poland, Czechoslovakia, and Rumania, between Germany and Russia. Are these countries to be friends, or enemies? Is it to be peace, or war? No man knows. And whenever their fear of Germany and Russia subsides for a moment, Poland and Czechoslovakia let their latent hatred for each other flare up.

Poland, moreover, has seized territories that Germany and Russia, whether rightly or wrongly, still believe justly belong to them. Czechoslovakia nourishes an inextinguishable distrust of Germany, which for centuries oppressed the Slav population of Bohemia. What wonder if the Germans in turn regard their new neighbor with an evil eye! Rumania has invited a standing quarrel with Russia, by seizing Bessarabia. The Little Entente, there-

fore, must always be prepared to repel attack from two directions — from Russia and from Germany. And meanwhile Hungary lurks at their gates, eagerly awaiting an opportunity to avenge herself for the loss of the territories which, she is persuaded, were unjustly torn from her.

In a word, the new frontiers that the Allies have drawn in Eastern Europe, crisscrossing the ruins of the Muscovite and Austro-Hungarian Empires, are not recognized by Germany, by Russia, or by Hungary; precisely as, after 1870, the annexation of Alsace-Lorraine was not recognized by France. Consequently, the new order established in Eastern Europe by the Peace treaties of 1919 is based on rights recognized only by the victors. That means, in other words, that it does not rest on right, but solely on force.

How, then, does it survive? It survives because, for the time being, Hungary, Russia, and Germany are enchained. Hungary alone is powerless to overthrow the Peace treaties; Russia is powerless because her sword, already blunted by the Tsar, has been broken by the Bolsheviki — the only service (but that no small one) that they have rendered the Entente. Germany is powerless because she is exhausted by the war, disarmed by the treaty, and threatened at her most vital point by the great armies of France and Belgium.

But the chains that bind Hungary, Russia, and Germany to-day will not prove eternal. If these three nations are to-day powerless, how long will that condition, so fortunate for the Entente, continue? This is the pith of the problem. It is folly to dally with delusions. The victorious powers may be able, perhaps, to give the world peace for the moment; but they will not be able to sustain by force the governments which they have created, or to which they have given wider territories, in Eastern Europe.

England and Italy have already reduced their armies to the minimum indispensable for defense. France will soon be forced to follow suit. She is already pawning her last garments, so to speak, to pay for the huge army that now does service as the policeman of the Entente and the guardian of the treaties; and for this she is repaid by the hatred of the world. She will ultimately weary of this ungrateful and ruinous task. What then? What will happen when Poland, Czechoslovakia, and Rumania are thrown upon their own resources? Especially if the Muscovite Samson begins to grow his locks again?

What is incubating in Eastern Europe, no man can predict. At present we see nothing ahead but incurable instability in that region. The victorious powers are themselves responsible for this instability, of which they are now the victims. They deluded themselves with the foolish fancy that they could remodel Eastern Europe all alone, against the will of Russia and Germany. Their task was one that required the aid of either Germany or Russia; and presumably of Germany, because Western Europe has indignantly turned her back on Russia since the Bolshevist Revolution.

One capital blunder in the Peace Treaty was the failure of its makers to understand that the Bolshevist Revolution, the greatest victory that Germany won during the war, made it imperative for the victorious powers, if they were to avoid plunging Europe into chaos, to impose mild conditions upon Germany; because, although Germany was conquered, she was not reduced, and could not be reduced, to a condition where she might not revenge herself for too harsh a peace. I am saying now only what I said and wrote in 1919. But who, at that time, in Italy, in France,

or in England, thought I was right? The moment you mentioned Germany, the truculent frown of a Brennus darkened the countenance of the victors.

What we needed then was the smile of an Alexander I, of a Talleyrand, of a Metternich; because, just as Europe could not be saved in 1815 except with the aid and consent of France, so, in 1919, she was predestined to ruin without the aid and consent of Germany. I appreciate the facts. In 1919 it took superhuman wisdom for men still bleeding from their wounds to smile upon so hated and so cruel an enemy. The resentment that dictated the Peace treaties was human, but that does not make its results less tragic. The blunders committed in the intoxication of victory, when men sought to reconstruct Eastern Europe against both Germany and Russia, are errors that will long haunt us, and that cannot be repaired until we have paid a heavy price for them in suffering and sorrow.

So there is nothing to do but wait for time and events to heal the consequences of this immeasurable mistake.

## III

Europe's second plague is the burden of international and national indebtedness which victors and vanquished alike have inherited from the war. Europe is imprisoned in an intricate network of credits and debits, the puckering strings of which are held by the hands of America, across the Atlantic — America, the creditor of all. Confronting the United States, which owes no one, but has claims against all the world, stand Russia, Germany, Austria, Hungary, and Bulgaria, as exclusively debtor nations; and England, France, Italy, Belgium, Rumania, Serbia, and Portugal, as both creditor and debtor nations, intermediate between America and the conquered powers.

What is the attitude of America, this universal creditor? She insists that her debts must be paid. To this those nations that are crushed under a burden of debt and possess no credit reply that they cannot pay. The intermediate nations, which are both creditors and debtors, are inclined to take a double attitude: to insist that what is owed them be paid in full, but to default on the debts they owe others. Where shall we find, in this confusion of tongues, a language that all understand?

The American theory, that all debts, old and new, war debts and reparation debts, should be paid in full, is self-consistent and logical. A nation that makes a monetary promise and does not keep it commits a hostile act, because it arbitrarily defrauds the creditor government. How can we have mutual confidence and coöperation among nations, when some governments threaten others that they will erase the accounts these hold against them, with a mere stroke of the hand? A bond is a bond, and not a scrap of paper!

But, while it is true that debts must be paid, it is equally true that these debts cannot be paid in their present form. Russia can do no more than recognize her old indebtedness and her war debts on paper; Germany cannot repair the damages that she wrought, to the extent and within the period for which she obligated herself in the peace treaty. France and England cannot pay what they owe America — and so on, to the end. This is not so much an arithmetical impossibility, as a moral and political impossibility. No government will ever be able to extract from its taxpayers the sums required to fulfill its obligations. Germany and Italy prove this.

A person who knew Germany before the war, and who visits that country now, discovers at once that she is seri-

ously impoverished. Impoverished — not pauperized! please understand me there. But if she were to fulfill her treaty obligations, she would be pauperized in the full meaning of the word. Some argue that Germany should have a government strong enough to exact from the middle and lower classes, for thirty or forty years to come, and without giving them anything in return, the enormous sums necessary to rebuild what her armies have destroyed in France and elsewhere. As if Germany, where the monarchy has fallen, where the government is now chosen by universal suffrage and is itself flesh and blood of the middle and lower classes, could be expected to strip those classes to the bone! This is asking the voters themselves to put in power a government that would reduce them to despair; to expect the German people to imitate those ascetic hermits of ancient times, who flagellated and tortured their flesh! Dreams and chimeras!

Italy has not been so seriously impoverished by the war as Germany and Austria. But why? Because she was not forced to pay the whole cost of the war out of her own wealth. She was able to secure assistance from abroad. Those twenty billions of francs in gold, which Italy owes France, England, and America, measure the difference between her present state and the poverty of Germany and Austria. But, if we have to pay back those sums, we shall reduce ourselves to the same level as that of Austria to-day; and our nation, too, will become a walking skeleton. The Hapsburgs managed, during the war, to wear their Empire down to skin and bone, but they fell precisely for that reason. No government can repeat that cruel operation in times of peace. A cabinet that tried to do so would not survive three days.

There is but a single way out of this difficulty. Not *tabulæ novæ*, as the ancients said, not a general cancellation of debts, but a general reduction of all debts — Russian, German, Austrian, Rumanian, Bulgarian, French, Italian, and so on.

It is necessary for the creditors to reduce their claims as much as possible; and for the debtors to exert themselves to the utmost to pay their debts upon this reduced basis. America, who will sacrifice most by this arrangement, should be compensated by political advantages.

Is such an act of generous wisdom possible? I do not know. But it seems to me obvious that, unless this remedy is agreed upon, we cannot escape a moral cataclysm of Europe, far worse even than our present debacle. The universal bankruptcy that threatens most governments to-day would leave behind a harvest of hatred and incurable distrust. Every nation would consider itself the victim, regardless of whether it were a despoiled creditor or an insolvent debtor. The justice to which the creditor nations would appeal, in denouncing the fraud from which they had suffered, would be repudiated by the debtors as monstrous — unrighteous! In any case, the peoples of the earth will never agree on such an act of generous wisdom, until each nation has put its own house in order.

How can we expect one government to forgive the debts of another so long as the debtor country continues to lavish money at home with the reckless hand that every government in Europe is using at present? And when shall we see the reforms of domestic finance that every country must carry out before it can begin to discuss its international indebtedness?

No hint of such reforms is in sight at present. So here, too, we are facing questions, the date of whose solution no one can predict. We can merely sit and wait.

## IV

This question of debits and credits is particularly serious in the case of France and Germany, because it is associated with one of the most critical issues in European politics — the relations between the two greatest military powers in the world. Let us get a precise idea of the situation. I think that I was one of the first to point out that Germany will never pay more than a small part of the indemnity imposed upon her by the Versailles Treaty. I said in 1919, and I have repeated many times since, that Germany would not fulfill her obligations, because no government would ever exist in that country strong enough to extract from the lower and middle classes the huge sums required. Justice is powerless to deprive Germany of the immunity she has secured by the very vastness of the ruin she has wrought. But though I realized that this was the truth, I recognized that my opinion was a conjecture, and that a conjecture does not bind the reason until it is confirmed by facts. So I was not in the least surprised because others refused to believe what seemed to me self-evident.

And that has been the outcome. While a majority of the people of England and Italy are now convinced that Germany cannot pay, there are many in France who, either rightly or wrongly, are persuaded that she can. Any person who has spent even a brief period in France, and has discussed these subjects with people there, knows that this is the case. Almost any Frenchman will give you a brief, but fairly accurate, enumeration of Germany's resources as they were before the war; he will argue that Germany could pay even more than is demanded of her; and he will conclude from this that Germany is defaulting upon her obligations because the Allies are not doing what they ought to do to force her to fulfill them. This is the general opinion in France to-day.

This opinion also is a mere conjecture, of course. I believe it a disproved conjecture, but I am not surprised that many people still cling to it. Not all heads are made alike. Human interests diverge more than human minds. Therefore, how can a government that derives its authority from public opinion, and that is invested by one of the most solemn treaties in history with a gigantic credit, renounce even part of that credit simply because English and Italian newspapers are persuaded that it is uncollectible, while its own citizens believe just the contrary? Right here is the noose that threatens to strangle Europe.

When several powers are bound by a treaty, they can observe it to the letter, or modify it by unanimous consent, or fulfill it. There is no other possibility. Italy and England, however, are eagerly searching for a fourth possibility that does not exist.

These two countries delude themselves with the idea that they can, by diplomatic pressure and shrewd international practices, compel France, against her will, to consent to revise the treaty. But diplomatic measures are not enough in this case. The only recourse is war. If treaties of peace are partially impossible of execution, and it is desired to revise them instead of denouncing them, the revision must be by unanimous consent, because an enforced revision is an outright act of war. So the task at hand is to convert France — not only her government, but the rank and file of her citizens, who actuate and guide that government. Unless this is done, conferences and conventions, diplomatic mines and countermines, newspaper campaigns, and books like those of Keynes, amount to nothing. We are headed toward

chaos. Wars and revolutions menace Europe like angels of wrath.

But, the reader inquires, what shall we do? Enforce a treaty that is unenforceable? Square a circle? In truth, I do not know what an honest and informed adviser can suggest to our governments, in this most terrible crisis that Europe has confronted for centuries. The inextricable embarrassments in which every nation that placed its signature to the Peace treaties finds itself to-day are so tragically hopeless that it seems to me one of the greatest blessings conceivable just now to be a private man. And when I think of the presumption and frivolous recklessness with which governments and newspapers, rhetoricians and diplomats, have led their people into this second ruin following the war, I am tempted to believe that our statesmen well merit their fate, until I recall that the innocent suffer worse than the guilty. *Plectuntur Achivi* proves only too true again.

So in this case, also, we must wait, and trust to the healing hand of time, aided by human wisdom, if any trace of that is still left in the world.

# THE DRUG HABIT IN FINANCE

BY H. H. POWERS

## I

Austria is the land of millionaires. I have heard my own country so designated, but it is an exaggeration. I have never become a millionaire in my own country, and my observation is that millionaires are the exception in our population. But in Austria even I am a millionaire. It cost me fifty-six dollars and eighty-two cents. A week earlier I could have secured the patent of plutocratic nobility for forty-eight dollars; but I came a little late.

I remember, however, to have heard that there is not so much in being a millionaire as men think. Reminders that riches have wings are also boresomely familiar. I can now better appreciate the truth of these sayings. I hired a porter to take our hand bags (there were nine of us) across to the hotel, and he charged me three thousand crowns. I gave him thirty-five hundred, for millionaires must be generous. Our dinner cost fifty-nine thousand crowns, and we gave a tip of six thousand. We hired a couple of automobiles for the afternoon for four hundred and eighty thousand and tip. Brewster's millions would have caused him no embarrassment in Austria.

Here, as elsewhere, wealth seems to induce carelessness. There is a general indifference to small change — that is, anything less than thousands. Quotations, too, are most uncertain. Coming up from Italy, we could buy our tickets only to the Austrian frontier. There remained a distance of fifty-two miles, for which we had to pay our fare in the train and with

Italian money. The price was forty-four thousand and odd crowns. I asked the rate of exchange in Italian currency, and the conductor, a novice who was being initiated into the mysteries by an old hand, said the rate was five hundred and fifty. That relieved me greatly, for forty-four thousand divided by five hundred and fifty gives a very modest quotient. I was getting out my money with alacrity, when the old conductor came along and sternly rebuked the novice for cheating me. He told him to give me six hundred and eighty, which he assured me was the true bank-rate of the day. So I received in exchange for my sixty-five Italian francs (about $3.25) nine first-class tickets and a balance of one hundred and forty-six crowns.

I thought it very good of the old conductor thus to protect my interests and give me the full rate of exchange. I marveled, too, at his honesty, in these distressful times; for I had not found it characteristic of his kind, even in better days. When I came to pay for our dinner, I still had only Italian money, and I presented it, with the firm demand that I be allowed the full rate of exchange, six hundred and eighty. The cashier ignored my demand and quietly handed me seven hundred and fifty. Then I knew both conductors had robbed me, and only the cashier had been really honest. To protect myself from further extortion, I exchanged the rest of my money at a bank. They gave me eight hundred, which I later found was a most leonine rate.

But it does not greatly matter. My baggage porter's thirty-five hundred crowns cost the nine of us two and a half cents apiece. For this sum he carried our baggage to a hotel across the square, waited half an hour, and then carried it to another, four blocks away. Our first-class tickets for the beforementioned fifty-two-mile ride cost us thirty-eight cents apiece. Our dinner in the best hotel in Innsbruck, the capital of the Tyrol, cost us, including a liberal tip, an even fifty cents per head. On another occasion, I rode a hundred and fifteen miles in a fine car and a fast train for fifty-one cents. You can live comfortably in the plainer hotels of Innsbruck for a dollar a day. I am told that in out-of-the-way places you can live for twenty cents. And the cost, though ever increasing in crowns, is falling in terms of the world's more stable currencies.

How do they do it?

First of all, it must be remembered that a very large part of the population of this and other European countries is comparatively independent of price-relations. Their contact with nature is direct, and uncomplicated by exchange. The peasant is raising on his land much the same crops as of old; is living on what he raises; and is exchanging the rest with others similarly situated, and for articles produced under similar conditions. It matters little to him that prices cannot keep pace with the headlong depreciation of the crown, and that the price of his product is ridiculous as measured by foreign exchange. He is concerned with domestic exchange. He is apathetic toward the whole matter of price-adjustment, and contributes to the general sluggishness of the process. Of course, the moment he has to buy an imported article, he is stung, but his remedy is the simple one of curtailing this limited class of his purchases.

More serious is the embargo laid upon the saving of money. Savings hoarded in the form of money (paper, of course, for gold and silver are gone and forgotten), or deposited in the savings bank, rapidly become worthless. But the peasant, never much addicted to these modern forms of saving, easily accommodates himself. His thrift, if it

survives, learns to forego these conveniences, and he embodies his savings in the less convenient but more enduring forms of concrete wealth. Economic life tends to revert to more primitive forms. Exchange inclines toward barter, and local wares displace the products of foreign factories. All told, these basic elements of the population suffer little from inflation. They may even profit by the hardships that it inflicts upon another class.

That class includes all persons whose income is predetermined in terms of money. It includes the holders of bonds, the beneficiaries of life insurance, of pensions and annuities, the depositors in banks and savings institutions, and a multitude of others whose dependence is upon claims expressed in terms of money. The moral character of these claims we need not here stop to discuss. They are, no doubt, very various. Some of the claimants are loafers and parasites. Others, like orphans and widows, are inevitable dependents, to whom no society can deny its obligation and remain civilized. Still others are superannuates from long careers of industry and thrift.

Closely allied to the foregoing class of absolute dependents is a large and more productive class of relative dependents, chiefly the receivers of fixed salaries. Salaries can be changed, but not easily or often. An annual revision is about the most that can be expected. What is that, in a country where the merchant closes his shop early every day in order to mark up his goods for the next morning? It is scarcely a year since you could buy a dollar for five hundred crowns. To-day it requires twenty thousand. Think you that teachers' or postmasters' salaries have been marked up in proportion?

It is these holders of money claims whom Austria has sacrificed. She found herself at the close of the war totally unable to raise the funds for the maintenance of Government. This was due primarily to the impoverishment of the nation, the destruction of its capital, the paralysis of its industries, and the reduction of the national income. But it was due also to the fact that Government was weak, that it was proletarian in origin and sympathy, and that it had little power to impose unwelcome measures upon a newly enfranchised and restive electorate. The people neither would nor could pay the cost of maintaining the traditional functions of government. Yet these functions had to be continued, as the alternative to chaos. Where was the money to come from?

There was but one possible answer. It must come from those dependent on money incomes. Not that they could better spare it, or that it could be more justly taken from them, but simply because their savings could be got hold of. If the Government had taken the peasant's cows or sheep, or, what is the same thing, if it had levied upon him a tax proportioned to its needs, there would have been an agrarian revolution. A direct tax upon industry or other forms of wealth would have been equally disastrous. There was a single category of wealth that was accessible and defenseless. Government had but to press the button, so to speak, and the wealth represented by these myriads of money claims flowed silently into its coffers. The flow could be made as slow or as rapid as desired. The device had but one defect. The flow must inevitably cease when the reservoir was empty.

The flow has been rapid, indeed. Four years have sufficed to empty the reservoir. For four years the Government has lived on the accumulations of past thrift, on the loot of those who have trusted to its monetary good faith. The receiver of an income of ten

thousand crowns could, before the war, support his family in decency and comfort in the average Austrian city. Today that year's income is worth fifty cents. Fortunes invested against money claims have thus been confiscated, while salaries, despite frequent revision, have been scaled down to the starvation point. We talk of the starvation wage of our ministers and teachers at home, not without reason; but, after all, is not the term used metaphorically? Do our teachers and ministers ever really hunger from inability to get plain food? They do in Austria. The Government, necessary guardian of the sanctity of the monetary unit, has looted its wards, those who had trusted their all to its monetary good faith. It was all so easy and simple. No assessments, no proscribed list, were necessary. The printing press determined automatically the incidence of taxation, and collected the taxes. There was no tax-dodging, no resistance, scarcely even a protest. The suffering was enormous, but the agent was impersonal, intangible, and insensible to the pain inflicted.

This headlong descent to Avernus is not without its incidental advantages. A new distribution of wealth is clearly being effected. Just so certainly as it is disastrous to hoard wealth in the form of money, just so certainly it is advantageous to hoard it in the form of concrete property. Buy a building, a farm, a chattel, anything that is durable and of permanent value, and you escape the terrible levy. If, in addition, you can buy on credit and give your note in part payment, you can pay it a year hence with the price of a dinner. Similarly, if not quite so obviously, it pays to build, to create durable wealth. Labor, always slow-footed in the race, is cheap. Home-produced materials also are cheap, reflecting the price of labor. There is a hectic building-boom in Austria — building largely anticipatory of uncertain future demand, and in marked contrast with the bankruptcy of the nation.

Many of those who foresaw this and took advantage of it, buying, building, and borrowing, have made fortunes. The rise of Hugo Stinnes has had its myriads of lesser counterparts. It required but foresight and nerve to make them partners with the Government in the great looting process. There is nothing illegal, nothing even immoral in their activities, as judged by long-recognized standards. They have but done what we perhaps regret that we did not have the foresight to do. But, guilty or guiltless, they have furnished the other millstone, and bondholder, pensioner, and salaried worker have been ground between the publican and the profiteer.

## II

The situation, however desperate for the present, has in it the potentiality of a redoubtable economic future. The new deal is placing the cards in the hands of stronger players, men of quick perception, aggressive temperament, and moderate scruple. The Central European peoples (for Germany and the rest are all in the same boat) are unloading their dead weight — weight that they were under obligation to carry, no doubt, but weight, and largely dead weight, none the less. The little bondholder and the pensioner were not, in general, creative economic forces. They drew their income and consumed it. The new holders are investors and entrepreneurs, men whose passion it is to accumulate, to organize, to create. As in the case of the French Revolution, the sacrifice is appalling, but the purging of the clogged system portends ultimate vigor.

The change, too, promises an ultimate impetus to the accumulation of

capital when once again the wheels of industry are in motion. The capitalistic temper of the new holders of productive wealth will find its opportunity in the tremendous pressure which the new order puts upon those whose temper is not capitalistic at all. This holds especially of the wage-earning class, a class whose power of accumulation is limited even more by its psychology than by its resources. No possible increase of wages for this class would result in any considerable accumulation of capital on their part. Capital is recruited, — must always be recruited, — not from that which is paid to them, but from that which is withheld from them.

The process of inflation which has gone steadily on in Austria, in Germany, and generally throughout Central Europe, has acted as a gigantic squeeze to extract from labor, as from the passive investor, the utmost that it can yield. It is fashionable now to report that these peoples are living high while the victims of their aggression are tightening their belts. A recent traveler in Germany reports that he found the people 'sleek and podgy,' and expresses the opinion that all their talk of poverty is a studied part, dictated to them from Berlin.

Doubtless the parvenu is in evidence in Germany; but a few inquiries as to wages and living costs would throw more light upon actual conditions than observations from a speeding automobile. Take the case of an engineer who supports a family on two thousand marks a month, the equivalent of from three to six dollars. Fortunately he does not need to buy dollars, and his purchase of domestic products is favored by retarded price-adjustments. But black bread, still to be had only on a bread card, costs nineteen marks per pound loaf. To tap a pair of shoes costs two hundred and twenty-five marks. Have any of you had the experience of keeping a family of growing children supplied with shoes?

Germany is economizing, rest quite assured of that. The brilliant café life of which we hear so much is a tinsel show. I am convinced from personal observation that the German who spends more than thirty cents on a café dinner is the rare exception. The guest in a first-class hotel sits down to a paper-covered table, and unfolds the plainest of paper napkins. His continental breakfast, once abundant, has dwindled to a mere symbol. Milk is measured to him in thimblefuls; he gets a teaspoonful of sugar, and bread and butter in proportion. Lunch and dinner are wholesome and sufficient, but amazingly simple and plain. I have heard constantly that you can get anything you want to eat in Germany if you are willing to pay for it. I presume you can, — a Lucullus would manage to get nightingales' tongues anywhere, — but I should not know where to go for it. It certainly is not thrust upon you. The same is true of clothing. The German is not in rags, — at least not on the main thoroughfares, — but our working girls would disdain the clothing which German middle-class women are wearing. In a three days' stay in one of the largest German cities, I did not see one expensively dressed man or woman.

No, these people are economizing, not to pay reparations, not because they wish to, but because the great machine which they have started squeezes the life out of them. The cultural reactions of all this give ground for serious apprehension, and perhaps some of the economic reactions as well; but, for a time at least, the division between capital and labor is being revised, enormously to the advantage of the former. A large part of the capitalist's gain goes to the foreigner, in the

shape of lower export-prices; but this is the price the German is paying for his world-market, probably the best investment he can now make.

But while there are these elements of compensation, appreciable in the present and looming large in the future, the essential fact of the present is exhaustion and misery. These governments are humoring their people in their determination not to pay through taxation the legitimate cost of government. They are dissipating the accumulations of generations of thrift. They are laying up wrath unto the day of wrath — a day not far distant.

The most remarkable thing about it all is that this misery-inflicting process is relatively painless at the moment of application. Wages are never reduced, but always raised; and while this is the certain guaranty of diminished purchasing power, each increment of the process is agreeable. The merchant never has to mark down his goods, but always up; and, although the selling price may not cover cost of replacement, the margin of apparent profit is most gratifying. The process is immediately soothing, if ultimately ruinous. It is the drug habit in industry.

Compare this with the situation in England, France, and Italy. They have had their brief fling and have sternly resolved to indulge no further. England has brought her pound sterling nearly back to par, having added a full dollar to its value in the last two years. She refuses to scale her debts, or to sacrifice her money claimants. She is faced, therefore, with the dread alternative of reducing wages and prices, — an immensely unwelcome and distressing step, — or raising her prices in the foreigner's currency to a point where he cannot buy. The one means exhausting industrial war and the other blank ruin, for England lives almost entirely by selling to the foreigner the products of her workshops. In a word, England is trying to stop the drug habit, and the symptoms of drug-poisoning manifest themselves with painful acuteness. Strikes and unemployment, usurious liquidation of war-time debts, and capital diminished by unemployment doles — this is her unhappy lot. It is impossible not to recognize this policy as sound and the guaranty of ultimate health. But meanwhile Germany is at work, while Britain is idle, and Germany threatens to capture the world-markets upon which the existence of Britain depends. Unwilling and unwitting, Germany, subsidizing her industry by the loot of her thrift, is serving the world at a losing figure, while Britain, equally unconscious and unintending, is posing ever more impossible conditions for the coveted privilege. For the moment the way of the transgressor seems the less hard.

Between these two divergent paths there are some strange stragglers. On one of my journeys into Austria, our compartment was somewhat more than occupied by two elderly Belgian ladies. They seemed to have all their belongings with them. Seats, racks, floor, and aisle were crowded with their effects, among which I detected kitchen utensils and other travel novelties. Little by little they revealed their situation. They were in receipt of small fixed incomes, which before the war had been sufficient to keep them in comfort. But the exigencies of the war had reduced the purchasing power of the Belgian franc by three fifths. There the sturdy people called a halt. A return to par was impossible, but the franc was stabilized at its diminished value, and prices eventually adjusted themselves to the new standard.

Prices of goods, yes, but not prices of coupons. Our two little bondholders received no more francs than before.

Three fifths of their income had been confiscated, and they were on the verge of starvation. Casting about for a way of escape, their eyes fell upon Austria, where, with the continuance of inflation, prices were still behind in the race. Here their cheapened francs would exchange for enough of the still cheaper crowns to enable them to live.

There are tens of thousands of these strange refugees in Germany and Austria. In Italian Cortina, most famous of resorts in the eastern Alps, I found the hotels empty; while in Innsbruck, a few miles across the border, they were crammed to the roof. These people, some of them necessitous, others merely thrifty, had come from all the countries of Western Europe, even from Germany, because living was cheap. The looting of their own class was here in progress, and their strength in foreign exchange enabled them to share in the loot. They ate the country bare, like a swarm of locusts, but neither they nor their hosts understood the mischief they wrought. Of old, an influx of visitors or of foreign buyers meant prosperity. Why not now? Yet the uneasy consciousness that it did not bring profit was deepening. The foreign buyer is already restricted. He can no longer rush across the border, and buy up whole stocks with each new fall of the mark. The embroidered shirt-waists that the ladies of our party bought were confiscated at the border. Hotel rates are increased to the foreigner, avowedly to offset the disparity of exchange. Even the expulsion of the foreign resident is being urged. Think of it: a nation that lives largely by manufacturing for foreign markets reduced to the necessity of forbidding the export of her commodities!

But, whatever the advantages of printing-press taxation, it has this limitation — that it cannot continue. Drafts upon the reservoir must stop when the reservoir is empty. When the ten-thousand-crown income is drawn upon until its value of two thousand dollars is reduced to fifty cents, obviously it can yield but little more, whatever the device. The end announces itself in the form of certain concrete obstacles which, in the case of the Central Powers, have already appeared.

For one thing, a point is finally reached where the notes will not pay the cost of their own printing. Bank notes cost money. Before the war, Bank of England five-pound and ten-pound notes cost twelve cents apiece. The one hundred and forty-six crowns that my conductor gave me consisted of six or seven bills, with a total value of about one cent. From my knowledge of engraving and printing, I should not be willing to manufacture them for that amount.

Further, the process of confiscation turns impartially upon governmental and upon private incomes. You cannot mark up the price of postage stamps overnight. The five-cent postage to which Germany is entitled on foreign letters now yields less than a cent, though the nominal value has been increased twentyfold. Countries with state-owned railways are especially hard hit. You can ride all night in a German sleeping-car for thirty-seven cents, and can have a whole compartment for seventy-five. Ordinary fares are in proportion. Austrian fares are much lower. Huge postal and railway deficits are inevitable. Even in Italy, where depreciation is relatively moderate and is largely covered by rate increases, the state railways show a deficit of nine hundred million francs a year. Additional issues to cover these deficits automatically create new and larger deficits in their turn.

There comes a time, at last, when the notes are refused. Somebody starts it, demanding payment in kind or in

foreign currency, and the thing goes like a prairie fire. What people cannot pass, people do not want. This is already foreshadowed in the now universal practice of quoting the capital of new companies in Swiss francs, the only currency in Europe that has kept its gold parity. The new bank recently projected in Vienna to avert the threatened Austrian collapse thus quotes its capital. A monetary union between Austria and Italy is now in prospect, probably involving the substitution of Italian francs for the worthless crowns.

## III

All this may not seem so very momentous; but there is another possibility, the gravity of which all will recognize, and from which it is doubtful if any of these countries can escape unaided. Among those most affected by repudiation, and perhaps the first to initiate it, would be the great class of government employees. What would happen if the Austrian government employees refused to serve longer if paid in crowns? That is said to have happened in Russia. It is possible elsewhere. It happens automatically if the crowns cease to circulate. It was a dread possibility in Austria this summer.

What would happen if government employees went on strike? What happened when the Boston police went on strike? How many minutes was it before hoodlums were smashing plate-glass windows and filling gunny sacks with stolen goods? It would take about as many minutes to turn starved and shivering Vienna into a hell. And out of the turmoil would emerge a despotism with unknown political affiliations, and only the certainty that it would embroil all Europe. The menace of such a collapse in Austria fills Europe with consternation. Even bankrupt France, herself some billions behind in this year's accounts, advanced fifty-five millions a few weeks since to avert the catastrophe, her Prime Minister declaring that the collapse of Austria was a danger that outweighed all financial considerations, and one that France could not contemplate.

Europe is bankrupt. Not one of the great nations of Continental Europe can pay its debts. Not one can pay the current interest on its debts. A good half cannot pay their running expenses.

Incidentally, we are interested. Europe owes us eleven billions and cannot pay. What are we going to do about it? We expostulate and argue. We urge that the note was given 'for value received,' that the terms of the note are unequivocal. Yes, but Europe cannot pay. What are we going to do about it? We cannot foreclose. If we did, we could levy only on white elephants. We cannot crowd, for a sullen Europe would not pay if she could. We cannot take the property, for that would be merely to assume its burdens.

Europe cannot pay. What are we going to do about it? What do sensible men do with bankrupts? Abuse them? Imprison them? Enslave them? Do they set themselves as taskmasters over them, forcing them to work off a debt that willing effort cannot pay? Thus to collect our debt would cost a dollar for every dime received, and make us the skinflint among nations.

And, after all, does it not reconcile us to the inevitable sacrifice, to recall that bankruptcy was incurred in defense of a cause which, by our own ultimate action, we recognized as ours? And may it not further reconcile us to our inevitable clemency, to recall that our debtors are of those who are treading manfully the toilsome path of financial honor, and refusing to lessen their burdens by confiscation of that which they hold in trust?

# SHALL AMERICA SUPPORT THE NEW WORLD COURT?

BY MANLEY O. HUDSON

THE task of the peacemakers assembled at Lausanne to draft a treaty with Turkey has been facilitated in many ways by the progress made in international organization since the last great peace with the Turk in 1878. The protection of religious minorities and the 'freedom of the Straits' are not new problems, and the failures of attempts to deal with them in the past have been due in some degree to the absence of any international tribunal for handling the difficulties bound to arise in connection with any solution. When the Treaty of Berlin wrested the Balkan territories from the Sultan, elaborate provisions were made for religious freedom; but 'putting the Turk out of Europe' soon came to mean for more than one religious group the substitution of one oppressor for another. Similarly, through recurring crises the problem of the Straits has remained 'a knot which for many long years men and nations have endeavored to untie by all the arts of diplomacy, all the devices of political combinations, and all the violence of wars.' With a competent agency to assist in applying the legislation effected, new provisions for protecting the Christians and a new scheme for 'freedom of the Straits' may have better prospect of success.

No such body was available when the ill-fated Treaty of Sèvres was signed on August 10, 1920, and it was then impossible to do more than make very general provision for meeting future difficulties. But the 'public law and system of Europe,' in the 'advantages' of which the Sublime Porte was admitted to 'participate' with such gusto in 1856, have at last begun to be ordered and organized as a part of the public law and political system of the world; and, in spite of the disillusioning record of failures, other peoples, if not the Turk himself, may hope for some of the promised 'advantages' in connection with the forthcoming settlement. Fortunately, the Conference of Lausanne has at hand the Permanent Court of International Justice, the mere fact of whose existence can hardly fail to influence the drafting of the new treaty.

### *The Struggle for a Court*

The Hague Conference of 1899 succeeded in establishing the Permanent Court of Arbitration; but though it has been successfully used in eighteen cases this is in reality a panel and not a court. As Mr. Choate pointed out in 1907, the Permanent Court of Arbitration is 'a court only in name — a framework for the selection of referees for each particular case.' A determined effort was made at the second Hague Conference in 1907 to establish an additional Court of Arbitral Justice. Secretary Root had instructed the American delegates to endeavor 'to bring about a development of the Hague tribunal into a permanent tribunal composed of judges who are judicial officers and nothing else, who are paid adequate salaries, who have no other occupation, and who will devote their entire time to the trial and decision of international causes

by judicial methods and under a sense of judicial responsibility.' The American delegates had the coöperation of the British and German delegates, but the Conference could not agree on any plan for selecting the judges. A scheme for a new court was drawn up, however, and Secretary Knox later sought to have it adopted; but no final results had been achieved when in 1914 the outbreak of the war necessitated a new beginning.

At the end of the war the pressure for peace did not admit of taking the time necessary for constructing a new scheme for a court. So the Covenant of the League of Nations contains only a provision that the Council shall formulate plans and submit them to the members of the League for adoption. The Council at once invited a number of distinguished jurists to draft a plan. On December 13, 1920, the project drawn up by this Committee of Jurists was unanimously approved, with modifications, by representatives of forty-eight states sitting in the Assembly. A special treaty was drafted, a 'protocol of signature'; the plan for the court was annexed to it as a 'statute'; and the protocol was opened to the signatures of all members of the League and of all states (including the United States) named in the annex to the Covenant as possible 'original members of the League.' This protocol is an independent treaty, wholly distinct from the Covenant of the League; and as such it has now been signed by forty-six states, of which thirty-five have completed their formal ratifications.

### *Election of the Judges*

The Committee of Jurists fortunately succeeded in getting over the stumblingblock of 1907 with reference to the election of the judges, by adopting a suggestion which was made by Mr. Root. Every proposal of a scheme for electing the judges in the past had led to a contest between the states which insisted upon the recognition of their own hegemony as Great Powers, and the more numerous states which insisted upon the principle of equality of states.

When the Committee of Jurists met in 1920, two bodies were at hand, the constitution of which is based upon a successful compromise between state equality and the predominance of the Great Powers. In the Assembly of the League of Nations, each of the small states represented has one vote; in the Council the four permanent members are 'Principal Powers' and the six non-permanent members may also include some of the Great Powers. So Mr. Root proposed and the Committee of Jurists agreed that these bodies be utilized as a machinery for electing the judges. The two electoral houses are to act independently, and a majority vote in each is necessary for an election. The existence of the Assembly and the Council thus made possible the adoption of a plan for choosing the judges which has proved acceptable to great and small powers alike.

The voting in the Assembly and the Council is restricted in the first instance to a list of persons nominated by the various national groups composing the Permanent Court of Arbitration. Each of these groups may nominate four persons, not more than two of them to be of the group's own nationality. The electors are then directed to bear in mind that the whole Court should 'represent the main forms of civilization and the principal legal systems of the world.' At the first election, in September 1921, the list of nominees included eighty-nine names. As eleven judges and four deputy judges were elected, several ballots were required; but the complicated machinery worked.

*Organization of the Court*

Of the first members of the Permanent Court of International Justice, two are from North America, one from South America, two from Asia, and ten from Europe. All of them have had wide experience as lawyers; eight have been professors of law, and seven are members of the Permanent Court of Arbitration.

Among the most eminent of the judges are Viscount Finlay, formerly the Lord Chancellor of England, and our own Professor John Bassett Moore, whose *Digest of International Law* is perhaps more widely used to-day than any other publication in the field of international law.

The President of the Court, Judge Loder, was formerly a Judge of the Supreme Court of Holland; the Vice-President, Judge Weiss, is an eminent French authority on the law of continental Europe.

Judge de Bustamante, of Cuba, and Judge Barbosa, of Brazil, have long been widely known throughout the Americas.

The first session of the new Court, which began on January 30, 1922, was devoted to completing its organization. A number of formal matters had to be decided, such as whether the judges should wear wigs and robes, and what precedence should be given to judges at state functions.

Sessions of the Court are to be held at least once a year, on June 15, whether there are any cases on its docket or not. The fact that such annual sessions are scheduled should have an important influence in the chancellories of the world; just as the early meetings of the Supreme Court of the United States were important events in the life of the young Republic, though no contested case was heard until its sixth meeting.

*Cases before the Court*

In the present state of international politics it seems most improbable that the new Court will be permitted to be idle. Its rules of court were hardly published before three matters arose for its attention. On May 12, 1922, the Council of the League requested that the Court give advisory opinions on two questions:—

> (1) Was the workers' delegate for The Netherlands at the third session of the International Labor Conference nominated in accordance with the provisions of paragraph 3 of Article 389 of the Treaty of Versailles?
>
> (2) Does the competence of the International Labor Organization extend to international regulation of the conditions of labor of persons employed in agriculture?

The consideration of these questions was begun when the Court met on June 15, 1922, for its first regular session; and before the session was adjourned the Council asked for an advisory opinion on a third question:—

> (3) Does examination of proposals for the organization and development of methods of agricultural production, and of other questions of a like character, fall within the competence of the International Labor Organization?

In putting the first question, the Council had acted at the request of the International Labor Conference itself; in putting the second and third questions, the Council acted at the request of the French Government. All three of the questions arose out of controversies with reference to the use of the machinery for international labor legislation set up by the treaties of peace; and their sterilized form gives scant indication of the contests from which they issue.

Without analyzing the affirmative answers given to the first two questions and the negative answer given to the third, it may be said that the opinions handed down by the Court in July and August have set at rest heated controversies which had menaced the whole future of international coöperation with respect to labor legislation. It is true that the opinion on the second question, as to which a determined contest had been waged between divergent groups in France, was not received without unfortunate recrimination in *Le Temps;* and the most powerful trade-union in Holland was greatly disappointed by the opinion on the first question. But it now seems improbable that any of the three questions will occasion further difficulty, and the coöperation of the fifty-four members of the International Labor Organization may continue in harmony.

The Court may soon have an opportunity to exercise a different kind of jurisdiction. Instead of giving opinions which are, in form, advice to the Council, it may be called upon finally to decide a dispute between contesting states. Great Britain and France now have a controversy over the nationality laws of Tunis and Morocco. It is claimed by the British that France has violated certain treaty obligations in compelling British subjects in Tunis and Morocco to do military service as French citizens. After unsuccessful attempts to secure a reference to arbitration, the matter was laid before the Council of the League; and on October 4, 1922, the Council requested the Court to give an opinion 'whether the dispute is or is not by international law solely a matter of domestic jurisdiction,' the parties having agreed that, if the Court decides that the matter is not solely of domestic jurisdiction, the whole dispute will be referred to arbitration or to judicial settlement. The jurisdiction of the Court may also be invoked in a dispute between the Allied Powers and Germany, which the Conference of Ambassadors is reported to have decided to have referred to the Court; this involves the question whether under existing treaty law the Kiel Canal must be kept open to the passage of warships of all nations.

A world court is thus in being! The prophecy of the American delegation to the second Hague Conference — 'a little time, a little patience, and the great work is accomplished' — is at last fulfilled. But the fulfillment comes only after the world has paid a price for the delay!

### *Extent of the Court's Jurisdiction*

The new Court is not, as one critic has said, the private court of the League of Nations. Its use has never been restricted to members of the League. By a decision of the Council of the League, taken on May 17, 1922, as authorized by a provision in the statute of the Court, it has been opened to all the world, so that any state may now appear before it as a party. Hungary appeared before the Court even before her admission to membership in the League.

In most cases each party to a dispute must consent before the Court can deal with the dispute. The Great Powers particularly were unwilling to dispense with the special consent to be given in each case. And the United States had taken the same position at both of the Hague Conferences. But an optional clause in the treaty establishing the Court has now been ratified by fourteen states, giving the Court jurisdiction of every dispute between these states in which is involved any question of international law, of the interpretation of a treaty, or of a breach of an international obligation. In addition to this,

the Court has a large amount of 'compulsory jurisdiction' which has been conferred upon it by other treaties. The treaties for the protection of minorities between the Allied Powers and Poland, Czechoslovakia, Rumania, Jugoslavia, and Greece conferred an extensive jurisdiction on the Court, to be exercised without the necessity of consent at the time. Similarly the minority provisions of the treaty of peace with Austria, Bulgaria, and Hungary are to be interpreted by the Court. The sixteen labor conventions adopted by the recent International Labor Conferences, the Aerial Navigation Convention, the Mandates recently drawn up, and the Barcelona Conventions on International Waterways and Freedom of Transit, are to be interpreted by the Court as disputes arise. The treaty of October 10, 1922, between Great Britain and Iraq contains a similar provision. On the whole, therefore, the Court may act in a great many cases without a special agreement to give it jurisdiction.

### *Law To Be Applied*

When its jurisdiction in a case is established, the Court must find the law to be applied in reaching a decision. The statute of the Court directs that it apply international conventions, international custom as evidence of a general practice accepted by law, judicial decisions, the teachings of the most highly qualified publicists, and the general principles of law recognized by civilized nations. As if for good measure, the power to decide *ex æquo et bono*, if the parties agree, is expressly added. This has been thought to mean that the Court has power to arbitrate in addition to its power to adjudicate, with reference to a dispute before it; but the language probably involves no more than a recognition of the propriety of considering what is 'reasonable,' or what is 'just and good,' in cases where the established law is clearly inadequate. For it would seem a mistake to contrast too sharply the processes of arbitration and adjudication. Arbitrations have long proceeded along juridical lines. The recent arbitration agreement between the United States and Norway was not exceptional in providing that the arbitral tribunal should decide 'in accordance with the principles of law and equity.' Whether a court is arbitrating or adjudicating, it will endeavor to find the law that is applicable. Yet the case seldom arises in which that law can be found full-blown and ready-made. An effort to balance competing interests must always be made, and that is a juridical process when followed by either an arbitral or a judicial tribunal. The law to be applied by any court is not, to use a phrase of Mr. Justice Holmes, 'a brooding omnipresence in the sky.'

It is not to be concluded, however, that the new Permanent Court of International Justice is merely a duplication of the old Permanent Court of Arbitration. Both now exist, and there is no intention that the former should entirely supersede the latter. The panel of 129 persons composing the Permanent Court of Arbitration is still needed for cases in which disputant states will desire to arbitrate before judges chosen *ad hoc*. Such a desire may be entertained, because some of the judges of the new Court may be *persona non grata* to a particular state, or more probably because the new Court is thought to be too busy or too large to handle a particular case. The Permanent Court of Arbitration is needed, also, for the nomination of the list of candidates from which the judges of the new Court may be chosen. But the Permanent Court of International Justice constitutes a signal advance

over what it was possible to achieve at The Hague in 1899. It is in reality 'permanent'; it is in reality a 'court'; and with judges elected for terms of nine years it should come to have in time a continuous line of decisions and a consistent body of jurisprudence which may furnish a sound basis for the renovation of international law.

*Sanctions for the Court's Decisions*

Once a decision has been given, how is it to be enforced? What 'sanctions' are behind it? The statute of the Court is silent on this point, and the Court's situation is not unlike that of the United States Supreme Court in this respect. But for the fifty-two members of the League of Nations, a special obligation does exist. For they have agreed in Article XIII of the Covenant to 'carry out in full good faith any award that may be rendered' and not to 'resort to war against a member of the League which complies therewith,' leaving it to the Council to 'propose what steps should be taken to give effect' to an award which is not complied with; and Article XVI prescribes certain consequences if any member resorts to war in disregard of this undertaking. These provisions are generally taken to apply to decisions of the Court, though they do not apply in any way to states not members of the League. But the principal 'sanctions' for the Court's decisions, for all states, must be derived from the moral strength of the Court, and the moral force of the world's opinion behind it.

It is important, therefore, both by reason of the voluntary nature of its jurisdiction and by reason of the moral nature of its authority, that the Court shall have a united world supporting it. Successful functioning for a few years will give it great prestige, and the determination of a few important cases like that involving the nationality laws of Tunis and Morocco will dramatize its serviceability. But every possible encouragement is needed, first for resort to the Court by disputant states, and then for compliance with its decisions. On the machinery of justice, at any rate, it would seem that the world should be able to unite.

*The Rôle of the United States*

What, then, is the rôle of the United States in this achievement? Is our position with the fifty-two states that are making it a success, or with Abyssinia, Ecuador, Germany, Mexico, Russia, and Turkey that stand outside of it. Apart from Mr. Root's and Dr. Scott's contributions to the work of the Committee of Jurists and Judge Moore's acceptance of a seat on the Court itself, the United States has taken no part in establishing the new Court. Our Government has yielded the position of leadership in the movement which it held under the presidencies of McKinley, Roosevelt, Taft, and Wilson. But that water is over the dam. With the organization of the Court completed, the question now is, what part shall America play in supporting and maintaining it?

At the present time, our situation is this: the United States may have access to the Court on terms of equality with any other state. We may refer to it a dispute in which we are involved, if the other party consents; or we may consent when the other party seeks to refer it. We therefore reap the benefit of having a ready tribunal for our own as well as for other nations' disputes. Yet we pay no part of the Court's expenses. The rent of its headquarters in the Peace Palace at The Hague, even the salary of Judge Moore, is paid entirely by the League of Nations. We have a voice in the preliminary stage

of the election of the judges. In the nomination of the persons whose names are to be on the list from which the Assembly and the Council elect, the American group in the Permanent Court of Arbitration has the same privilege as other national groups; though in 1921, Messrs. Gray, Moore, Root, and Straus, who form the American group, declined to accept the invitation to nominate. But in the final stage of the election, in the voting in the Assembly and the Council, America has no voice, since we are not represented in either body.

How would this situation be changed, if the United States subscribed to the treaty establishing the Court? The conditions under which we might invoke the Court's jurisdiction would probably remain the same; for it seems unlikely that we should adopt the optional clause agreeing that the Court might take compulsory jurisdiction, without special agreement, over any dispute which may arise with a state which also adopts the optional clause. The United States has never shown a willingness to go so far. The situation with reference to the Court's expenses would certainly be changed, for, though the treaty would not obligate us to pay any part of the Court's expenses, we should doubtless insist on a separate agreement fixing our quota and determining how it should be paid. Greater participation in the election of the judges would not follow unless it were expressly stipulated for. So that the formal act of accepting the treaty would not greatly change the present situation, except in enabling America to bear her share of the burden of maintaining the Court, and to use her influence to increase its strength and prestige.

Why, then, do we withhold our action? It is not because of any opposition to the idea, even in the days of strictest isolation. The major political parties have repeatedly voiced their acceptance of the idea. In 1916 the Republican national platform was very downright in stating: 'We believe in the pacific settlement of international disputes and favor the establishment of a world court for that purpose.' And Senator Lodge has been recently re-elected on a platform in which the Republicans of Massachusetts declare: 'We stand for a Permanent Court of International Justice.' Nor is it because of any dissatisfaction in America with the scheme adopted; the comment has been all but unanimously favorable. And the selection of Judge Moore to sit on the Court has been greeted with approval by lawyers and laymen throughout the country.

### *Conditions of American Support*

American action is delayed only by the conditions stated by the Secretary of State on July 13, 1922. After calling attention to the fact that the United States now has no part in the voting in the election of the judges, Secretary Hughes declared that he saw 'no prospect for any treaty or convention by which we should share in the maintenance of the Court until some provision is made by which, without membership in the League, this Government will be able to have an appropriate voice in the election of the judges.' It is clear that acceptance of the Court statute does not in any way involve membership in the League. The Court is a quite independent part of the League machinery, set up by a treaty wholly distinct from the League Covenant. The United States can become a signatory to this treaty without assuming any of the obligations of League membership, and without any commitment to co-operation with the League machinery as it functions under the Covenant.

However, Secretary Hughes's condition that the United States must have a voice, not simply in nominating judges as at present, but also in the final voting, must be met. Since the voting is entrusted to two League bodies, the Assembly and the Council, arrangement must be made for American participation when they act, not under provisions of the Covenant, but as electoral bodies named in the separate, distinct treaty setting up the Court.

How can this arrangement be made? It is unthinkable that the electoral functions should be taken from the Assembly and the Council, for that would mean a return to the deadlock of 1907. The sleeping dogs of state equality and Great Power hegemony must be allowed to lie. The statute could, however, be amended to provide that states in the situation of the United States may participate in the electoral bodies. But no method of amendment is provided by the statute itself, and no power to amend it has been conferred on the Assembly or the Council. So that the thirty-five states which have ratified, if not the forty-six states which have signed, the treaty to which the Court statute is annexed, would have to act. In many of these states, parliamentary collaboration would be necessary. This is not only difficult and dilatory but might also open up issues now set at rest. If possible, this course should be avoided.

If the United States should sign and ratify the separate treaty establishing the Court, with a reservation that the United States shall enjoy all the privileges enjoyed by any other state, and particularly the privilege of voting in the Assembly and the Council when those bodies act as the electoral bodies empowered by the statute of the Court to make the final choice of the judges, it would seem probable that all other states would readily acquiesce, and as a result of such acquiescence the American conditions would be fully satisfied. We should not attempt to ignore the existence of such bodies as the Assembly and the Council, which has made it possible to have the Court; but we should limit our contact with them to the one function of electing the judges, in which they act wholly apart from their other activities. For good measure, it could be spelled out that the United States becomes in no way bound by, or a party to, any article of the Covenant of the League of Nations.

The conditions set by Secretary Hughes are not difficult to meet, therefore, if there be the will to meet them. And it is gratifying to have his statement, on October 30, 1922, that he thinks 'suitable arrangements can be made for the participation by this Government in the election of judges of the International Court which has been set up, so that this Government may give its formal support to that Court as an independent tribunal of international justice.' It is most important that such arrangements should be completed while the Court is in its infancy, and while American support may have its full influence.

International justice is not to be achieved in any generation for all time to come; for it involves a continuous process which can never be accomplished with a single stroke. But one does not need to indulge any illusions as to the importance of courts in the political life of the world to think that machinery is necessary and must be at hand. With the Permanent Court of Arbitration and the Permanent Court of International Justice, both established and functioning, justice according to law has come within the nations' reach. But machinery alone will not suffice. Behind it must be a faith in the peaceful processes it is created to serve, and a will that it shall succeed.

# THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

## THE AMENITIES OF GRIPPE

JOB never had the grippe. Job suffered from boils and such real adversities, and adversity chasteneth. But the grippe is a kind of perversity. It is like some modern novels and plays I could name: it leaves you with an intolerable situation. Nor is there any illustrious fellowship in grippe. You cannot glow with the thrill that you might experience, could you say to yourself that Chaucer, or Burton, or some other worthy, might just as well have been writing about you. How glorious in comparison are other diseases. Once, you remember, you suffered acutely for a while; but, though the doctor called your malady by strange modern names, you knew all along that you were 'ful coleryk of complecciouη,' and you took positive delight in your vicarious identity with immortality. Then followed, too, a vigorous convalescence, which meant that you were really well but that 'under doctor's orders' you left behind the cares of this world and went off to the Islands of the Blessed, where you played thirty-six holes of golf a day, and at dinner invited a return, not without hope, of the

> greet superfluytee
> Of youre rede colera, pardee.

Even pneumonia brings its blessing. You do not remember as unmixed evil — as sheer, accursed, totally depraved perversity — that sweet anguish when your grosser nature was purged by the torturing disease and you listened transfigured to the music of the spheres. The poets must have been thinking about you again — or someone very like you.

But you cannot anatomize grippe. It has not even the minor attraction of a 'sharp quotidian ague.' It has not even any convalescence. You find that, like Polonius, you have 'most weak hams'; but it is small comfort to think that your only associate in all literature is a doddering old fool, and that your kinship to him is based on a weak understanding.

How much better to die of a consumption! You might have association with the immortal dead; you might look in a mirror and say, like Byron (substituting of course your own name for his): 'Then the ladies would all say, "See poor Snodgrass — how beautiful he looks a-dying!"'

But I would fain dwell upon the amenities of grippe. For it has its humors, too, though they don't suggest those of Galen and his immortal progeny. I would not linger at unseemly length upon the minor joy you feel at the prospect of indefinite absence from work, without diminution of pay; but to me it is a sweet comfort, far above the stern solace of Job. Such freedom hardly amounts to humor, it is true, till you realize bitterly how incapable you are of enjoying it. It can scarcely be exaggerated into an amenity.

But my reading does provide real amenities. I read George Macdonald when I have grippe. You must have infinite leisure to enjoy George Macdonald. If you are suffering from 'normalcy,' you resent the intrusion of plush upholstery and Victorian sentimentality; you are too busy to wade through the theological discussions

and the pedantic digressions; you feel obliged, if you must read fiction, not to waste your time on anything so commonplace and genuine. But if you have the grippe, time ceases to exist. The world of the subway and the quick-lunch counter, of the movie and the novel with a new device, fades into the limbo of your kaleidoscopic and misspent youth.

Enter, then, George Macdonald. You not only read, but sometimes reread, his solid Scottish disputations; you recognize, while yet a long way off, the contents of the lengthy and decorous speeches of Ian Macruady, and nevertheless go solemnly and profitably on; you discover in Mr. Walton's virtuous company that he is about to experience a sermon — in fact, he thinks out loud in detail for your special benefit; and then, on turning the page at the end of the chapter, you come upon a whole chapter called 'The Sermon I Preached.' Undismayed, you read it, and read some more; and at the end of the book, you are only faintly aware of what you have endured, while there stands vivid in your mind a picture of real human beings in conflict with real, everyday situations — characters who emerge, as you hoped they would, somewhat better as a result of their conflicts. Macdonald is a true Victorian. He does n't ask you to work up a set of characters and then leave them abruptly in the grippe of an intolerable situation. Life must go on, somewhither. He takes you solemnly on to the end of the situation. And if you are fortunate enough to have the grippe, and so time and patience to go with him, you have done yourself a good turn. And that of course deserves another volume.

An amenity familiar to all consists of the little gifts of dainties from your friends. You have no sense of smell, so you 're sure to eat them all, with a fine catholicity of taste. Sometimes, however, they are pranked out with a poesy or an inscription which lends them special virtue. One such I remember from a friend with the mumps, who, while he accused me of enjoying 'slender normal things,' complained in pretty verses that he had developed 'Cleveland's lyric throat.' Recently a learned friend sent me a bowl of jelly, and with it these words: —

HOC. GELATUM. EX. VINO. TARAXACENSI. DOMESTICO. TIBI. DAT. VICINUS. SPERATQUE. TE. IAM. CONVALESCERE

He had the goodness to tell me that 'Taraxacensi' means 'of the dandelion.' But this gift was hardly an amenity: it was almost an event.

## MORE LITERARY REAL-ESTATE

'Now, anybody can describe a room . . . to make a reader feel a room's presence, its infinite, intimate charm, is a different thing, given supremely to just a few,' says a recent Contributor; and she goes on to name the authors she would like to have furnish a room or plan a garden for her. I, too, would trust several novelists and poets for interior decoration and landscape-gardening, and in the main my choice chimes with hers. Tennyson for my trees and lawns, but Morris for my

> Little garden close,
> Set thick with lily and red rose.

There are other poets in plenty to help — poets and gardens belong to each other. But I too should distrust Tennyson in furniture. He was too much Queen Victoria's friend for that. I should choose Henry James to go with me on my furniture quest; his friendly shade would surely know to what auction-room the Spoils of Poynton have been borne by the ruthless vans of Time and Change. And I should ask

Anne Douglas Sedgwick to help me arrange those delicately gleaming surfaces into a harmony of exquisitely interlaced tones and forms. Not Galsworthy — no, never the man who could ruin that lovely glimmering white room by putting crimson roses in a jade-green bowl. Narcissus it should have been, or, to echo the firelight, pale flame-colored azaleas. If it must be roses for the fragrance, let them have yellow, curling petals, disclosing a tinge of translucent coral.

For furnishing and landscaping there are literary lights in plenty. But who is there to do the really fundamental work of planning and designing the house? Not, this time, a fairy palace, or a castle in Spain, but a house for generation after generation to make a home of, to live in and to love? What novelist could have been an architect? Hardy, we know, was trained for that profession, but it shows chiefly, I think, in his descriptions of natural objects, as when he notes the Moorish-arch effect of the rear view of a cow. His houses, somehow, have never won my heart. I prefer Kipling's Habitation Enforced, and I feel the mystic spell of John Buchan's Full Circle. But for an architect to deal with, a man who would understand a family's most intimate needs, and at the same time a man with a sound knowledge of design and plan, combined with impeccable taste, give me Anthony Trollope.

'What, poor old plodding Mid-Victorian Anthony, with his sloppy English and his sordid views of his art — rely on his taste?' Yes, Mid-Victorian Anthony, who, in the midst of his era, kept his head free from all the architectural falsities of his time, and his eye clear for the best of earlier days. It is not everything old that meets his approval. Witness Courcy Castle, 'built in the days of William III, which, though they were grand days for the construction of the constitution, were not very grand for architecture of a more material description.'

So, too, in regard to the Tudor houses — which are what he loves best — he is keenly critical. He does no sentimentalizing over the gauds and trappings, the elaborate carvings, the showy half-timber work that catch the untrained eye. His heart went out to the good tawny stone of Barsetshire, wrought into graceful gabled houses, with well-placed chimneys and simple square-topped mullioned windows, arranged in that irregular yet balanced rhythm which is the admiration and despair of modern designers. He saw and felt these fundamental matters of mass and proportion and material as only the few of any time, and especially of his, have seen and felt them. And he makes them clear to us. Other writers might make us feel the charm of the Great House at Allington, or of Ullathorne Court. He adds to that power such exactness of description that a draughtsman could draw the front elevation of the Great House, and all the elevations and the plan of Ullathorne. Indeed, one of our own ablest architects, Mr. Ernest Flagg, himself a man of keen eye for the fundamentals, says in a recent book that the plan of one of his houses is based on Ullathorne.

Another reason for choosing Trollope to plan my house is his flair for the creature comforts. He would not foist on me the romantic picturesqueness that is so hard to live with. The carpets would not rise along the gusty floors. The windows would fit, the chimneys would draw, the rooms would be spacious without being vast. The bookroom would be quiet, the breakfast-room would face east, the drawing-room would open on the garden, with long windows like the ones in the Small House that opened to the light hand of Lily Dale.

And the dining-room — what a dining-room that lover of good dinners would plan! Meet for Matching Priory, 'the most comfortable country-house in England.' Yes, I could trust Trollope with my dining-room.

But the kitchen — no Englishman, and no Victorian, man or woman, would I trust to plan a livable kitchen. Trollope would have some comprehension of the case, for he loved to have his soup hot, and his potatoes served before the mutton grew chill, and could be brought to see the consequent desirability of placing the kitchen somewhere near the dining-room. But, faced with the present-day paucity of servants and plethora of equipment, he would be the first to see the need of expert advice. And I should have the expert's name on the tip of my tongue. It would be the creator of that long sunny kitchen, with its shining range, boiler, and sink, its geraniums and easy-chair, where Understood Betsey learned to make apple sauce.

## RZYSPLYMPSKI!

We read with glee the lay of the Mournful Maverick, and quoted it extensively to our friends as a sample of the pure joyousness of the English language. To-night, for the first time, we have met its match and proved that English is not the only language full of interesting possibilities.

It was in an artist's studio, and the landscape was filled with riotous and lovely shapes and colors. My friend wore a flaming blouse and sat in an old mahogany Windsor chair, over the back of which was thrown a scarf of electric blue. As she chatted she daubed spasmodically at a group of chrysanthemums in a vase of uncertain but lovely color.

Somewhere from the depths of genius she suddenly brought forth a word, — unknown to all of us, — a gruesome gargoyle of a word: 'Rzysplympski.' It might very well have been a new beverage, for it had the fizz and gurgle of delectable liquids. It could easily have been the war cry of fierce Italian Fascisti — a sort of twentieth-century 'Excelsior.' In fact it even had the possibilities of rich deep fur trimming used on cloaks in *Vogue* or *Vanity Fair*. We tried it in all of these connections, and many more, and had a beautiful time wandering through the labyrinths of language. The word could be used admirably to express approval, and indeed it was quite useful when one was called upon to admire works of art which he could not understand. One could exclaim with charming effect, 'Is n't that rzysplympski!' and as no one knew what it meant everybody was forced to agree with him, and wonder at his command of language. Even better, however, did it give force to anathema. Surely the architectural atrocity known as Temple Something-or-other was absolutely rzysplympski! After such sweeping condemnation as that, there was literally nothing left to be said. The evening's experiments were altogether a great success, and we had, taken all in all, a truly rzysplympski sort of time.

But when the truth came out it was found that in a certain kindergarten there was a little Hungarian child, and an equally small Croatian. Minnie had come to school wearing a gorgeous 'near mink' fur of her mother's, which was adorned with many small supposedly mink heads. Sadie gazed at it with longing and wonder, and then, in a voice hushed with awe, said: 'Ain't it *sweet*, all them little cow's heads!'

And Minnie's last name was 'Rzysplympski!'

# THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

On December 2, 1921, was sold at auction to the editor of the *Morning Post*, London, a 'batch of books' which contained the diary of Joseph Farington. Like the famous diarists, Pepys and Evelyn, from whom Farington is surely the direct literary descendant, 'he knew almost every eminent man and woman of his time' — Napoleon, Josephine, Wellington, Nelson, Boswell, Lord Orford, the King, Wordsworth. We print a prefatory note and selections from six volumes, made by the editor of the diary, **James Greig** of the staff of the *Morning Post*. 'On the Technique of Being Deaf' is the personal record of one who succeeded in turning deafness into an asset. **Earnest Elmo Calkins** is a member of the advertising firm of Calkins and Holden of New York City. Some of the thoughts in this paper were first delivered to the Alumni Association of the Nitchie School for Lip Reading. The author writes, 'There were about 115 *deafened* folks present, and they "heard" me, if they did hear me, by reading my lips, or with the aid of various devices — cornuted, auricular, or electrical. From such auditors (or spectators) my reception was naturally warm.' **Henry Tracy Kneeland,** who is both discoverer and editor of the letters of Lafcadio Hearn to his brother, graduated last year from Trinity College, Hartford.

* * *

Surely it was a thousand years ago that Congress appropriated $200,000 for the raising of the Maine! It is of these 'ancient days of the Spanish War' that **John Davis Long** tells in his diary, wherein one hears the talk of McKinley, of Sherman, then an old man, of Lodge and Penrose — young Senators then, and Roosevelt, an impetuous Assistant-Secretary of the Navy. **Lawrence Shaw Mayo,** who edits the diary, has already done notable biographical work in a life of John Wentworth and a life of Lord Jeffrey Amherst. **Laurence Binyon** is the well-known English poet who for some thirty years has been publishing poetry and critical essays. From Chikala, Nyasaland, Africa, the land of lions and lesser beasts of the field, **Hans Coudenhove,** hunter, naturalist, and philosopher, sends us his paper for this month's *Atlantic*. **Elizabeth A. Drew** took first-class honors in the schools of English language and literature, Oxford, has been lecturer in English literature at Cambridge, and during the latter part of the war was head of the Women's Staff of the Department of Education, for the British Army of the Rhine. A tale of the 'younger generation' in China has come to us from **Pearl S. Buck,** of the University of Nanking, China. **Adele Lathrop** sends us this month her first contribution to the *Atlantic*.

* * *

**Robert Hunter** is a sociologist of wide reputation, one-time resident of Hull House and other settlements, and the author of *Poverty*, *Labor in Politics*, and other volumes. He is a lecturer in economics and English at the University of California. Readers of the *Atlantic* will remember 'Matches' by **Viola Paradise,** which appeared in November 1920. She sends us this month 'Only a Conversation,' from Dresden, Germany. **Charlotte E. Wilder's** first contribution to the *Atlantic* appears this month. She is on the staff of the *Youth's Companion*. *Atlantic* readers who have made 'The Wonderful Pilgrimage to Amarnath' with **L. Adams Beck,** Englishman and Oriental scholar, or who have learned 'How great is the glory of Kwannon,' will make a sympathetic part of his audience this month for the 'Ghost-Plays of Japan.'

* * *

**Charles F. G. Masterman** has had a long career in English public life, being several times member of Parliament, Undersecretary of the State Home Department, and Financial Secretary to the Treasury. He is author of *The Heart of the Empire*,

*In Peril of Change*, and *The Condition of England*. **Guglielmo Ferrero** is chiefly familiar to Americans as the greatest historian of modern Italy, the author of *Young Europe, The Greatness and Decline of Rome, The European War;* but a French critic speaks of him as 'traveler, orator, philosopher, in one of his books almost a novelist . . . an extraordinary incarnation of the fascinating charm of the Latin genius which owes its modern definition to him.' To the knowledge of an economist and sociologist, **H. H. Powers** adds a wide acquaintance with European affairs. Formerly professor of economics and sociology in Smith College, he later associated himself in the same field with Leland Stanford Junior University, and Cornell. He resigned from the work of teaching in 1902 and devoted himself for several years to the Bureau of University Travel. At the present time he is best known as a lecturer and publicist. **Manley O. Hudson,** who is professor of law at Harvard, attended the Peace Conference as a member of the commission on ports, waterways, and railways, and of the commission on new states and the protection of minorities. He was legal adviser to the International Labor Conference at Washington in 1919, and at Genoa in 1920. He is a member of the legal section of the secretariat of the League of Nations.

* * *

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

May I present a new angle on that justly famous poem you recently published, 'Leave Me Lay'? In Booth Tarkington's *Gentle Julia*, on page 174, young Florence is estimating her value to her large and seemingly unappreciative family. 'I bet if I died, they would n't even have a funeral,' she says cheerfully. 'They'd prob'ly just leave me lay!'

Of course the author of your poem did not go so far as this, but he did his bit, and a third stanza might have used this phrase of Florence's as happily as did the other two.

Cordially,
MABEL LONGLEY PADELFORD.

* * *

We doubt whether any novelist's property man has placed the moon in its proper setting. Indeed, a heinous instance of an impossible moon occurred in *Jane Eyre*, and the *Atlantic*, too, pleads guilty!

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

In the June *Atlantic* (p. 760), in Miss Furman's charming sketches of the 'Quare Women,' she says: 'All gathered on the porch while the soft darkness came on, and a bright *crescent moon rose* slowly over the mountain.'

And yet nobody ever saw a crescent moon rise in the evening. Nearly every month we see the crescent moon in the evening sky, but it is always the western sky and the moon is near its setting.

To see a crescent moon rise one must get up early in the morning, and see the waning crescent, or decrescent moon. I have long wondered why publishers did not have a 'moon censor' to see that writers make their moons behave like the real moon. While Juliet speaks of 'the inconstant moon, that nightly changes,' its habits are really very regular from month to month, and should be very familiar.

It should certainly furnish the novelist all the variety he (or she) needs, without making it do the impossible things credited to it. I happen to recall a story in which the lovers are watching the new moon one evening, and the next are gazing on the full moon rising at midnight!

P. H. H.

Wanted: a Moon Censor!

* * *

Letters from the heart of Africa have a peculiar glamour. Here is one to the editor from Hans Coudenhove, the author of 'Nyasaland Sketches' in the current *Atlantic*.

*Chikala, Zomba*
NYASALAND.

DEAR MR. EDITOR, —

No doubt my mode of existence on Mtonia mountain, which, by the way, I have long exchanged against a much wilder part of the country, must appear strange and uncongenial in the social maelstrom in which you live. And yet I should not wonder if, some day, when the fancy took you, you dropped your pen, or your whole typewriting machine, into your wastepaper basket, and went out somewhere into the wilds and beat all records, as is the fashion of your wonderful countrymen! An American mining engineer kills more lions in a month than Gérard, 'le tueur de lions,' during his whole existence; a fashionable New York preacher shoots more antelopes and zebras, in a short holiday, than a whole family of lions would kill in a year!

I could multiply the instances, but you are no doubt familiar with them yourself.

Yours very sincerely,
HANS COUDENHOVE.

Here is a reply of the unsentimental realist to Edward Yeomans's regrets in the November *Atlantic* that Youth has to live in the city.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

In the current number of the *Atlantic* a Chicago business man shows us, with no little art, Prometheus bound to the wheel in the persons of two young things working in minor capacities in big commercial undertakings in a great city. The conclusion is that these young people should not be in great cities, nor working for big commercial organizations, nor employed in minor positions. He feels that they are somehow missing their birthright: that their proper setting is the Maine woods or the farm, that they are wasting their irreplaceable youth with pens and cash registers when they should be chopping down trees or milking cows or playing tennis. He is quite naturally sorry for them — something is wrong with a world that makes such things visible. Are the youths about whom he is so concerned sorry for themselves? Let him offer them the positions he thinks more suited to their age and musculatures and listen to the response he gets.

They are *not* sorry for themselves because: —

(1) They are young, and it is good to be alive.
(2) They are in the great city which represents opportunity.
(3) They are working for great corporations and may rise high.
(4) They are economically independent.
(5) Adventure, potentially, lurks around every street corner.
(6) They are not subject to that too intimate scenting called gossip.
(7) They are their own bosses after closing time, with numberless movies, dance halls, libraries and lectures, cafeterias and automats waiting to receive them without personal comment or criticism.
(8) They may be lonesome, but tomorrow they may find a new friend.
(9) They are bossed, but not by their families.
(10) They are poor, but all around them is wealth, visible, tangible, — theirs if they make good, — and all around them are their contemporaries doing just the same thing.

Yours sincerely,
DR. R. H. RALISON.

* * *

Mr. Bernard MacGillian of Chicago writes us in detailed refutation of a recent *Atlantic* article, entitled 'Irish Backgrounds.' We have not, unfortunately, the space to publish Mr. MacGillian's long letter, but it is only fair to our readers to cite his principal points: —

1. Mr. Bretherton writes of 'the Labor and Independent candidates capturing nearly four fifths of the contested seats.' What are the facts? The number of Labor and Independent candidates elected was 30.

2. Joseph M. Plunkett is referred to as 'having been shot for treason — he went to Germany to get help for the Easter rising, in 1916,' when as a matter of fact he never went to Germany for that or any other purpose.

3. Mr. Bretherton asserts that, had the Catholic Irish accepted Partition and the King in 1914, they could have had as complete self-government as they now enjoy. The facts are that the Act of 1914 restoring the Irish Parliament withheld all powers of taxation from the Irish government to be set up, and reserved for Imperial control the judiciary, the police, the army, land purchase, and so forth.

4. When the proposal to exclude Ulster, or a part of Ulster, from the operation of the Home Rule measure was put forward, it was not the 'Catholic Irish,' but instead the Ulster Orangemen, who objected to it.

5. When Lloyd George proposed as a 'war emergency measure' the immediate grant of self-government to twenty-six Irish counties, including three in Ulster, it was not the 'Catholic Irish' who rejected it. No, it was Mr. A. Bonar Law, the present British Premier, who stated in his place in the House of Commons that he could not give his assent to the settlement.

6. We are told of the sufferings of 'Protestant Loyalists.' But in view of the facts that 24,000 Catholics have been driven from their homes in Belfast; that some 2000 of these homes have been burned and looted; that 446 Catholics have been killed and 1790 seriously wounded in the Belfast pogroms, while not a solitary individual has been brought to justice for these outrages, is it surprising that in a few isolated instances 'Protestant Loyalists' have been attacked?

BERNARD MACGILLIAN.

Another critic of 'Irish Backgrounds' takes exceptions to Mr. Bretherton's ethnology.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Mr. Bretherton's reading of Irish politics may stand for what it is, an honest attempt by a strong partisan to describe that which he sees. But his racial stratification of the Irish people is altogether too neatly complete, and his history too violently foreshortened, to accord with the

facts. The legendary Milesians, Danaans, Firbolgs, and Formorians, may have existed and acted as tradition will have them to have done. And their original relations may equally well have been as they are portrayed. But it is many a long day since their caste-barriers disappeared. Even if these had not been broken down by the 'blue' Danes, from the time of Strongbow onward there has been a never-ceasing commixture, both of breed and class, throughout the greater part of the country. Here and there, it is true, there might be an isolated islet of invaders, keeping themselves relatively to themselves, — as did the 'Beany Bags' of Wicklow till quite lately, — but each wave of invasion drove the dispossessed before it. Normans, Edwardians, Elizabethans, Cromwellians, Williamites, in turn, were beaten down into the 'lowest stratum,' or took refuge in the rougher parts of the West. Thus the 'Firbolgs' of to-day, when submitted to anthropometrical tests, reveal the stigmata of a dozen races, and when transplanted to Australia or America are unrecognizable within two or three generations. Some of the finest specimens of humanity I know are 'unmixed' products of small, blackish, prognathous 'Firbolgs' after a few years of freedom and good feeding. Even at home there is little unity of type. Not one of the leaders of Sinn Fein, enumerated by Mr. Bretherton as being 'Firbolg' by descent, betrays a trace of that strain, either in conformation or name.

H. Halliday Sparling.

* * *

'What can we do about heredity?' is what one reader asks in an interesting letter from which we can print only a paragraph or two.

Dear Atlantic, —

The article by Vernon Kellogg in your November issue, entitled 'The New Heredity,' is of great interest to everyone. Mr. Kellogg gives very lucidly the modern concepts of heredity and environment and he deplores the fact that these are practically disregarded in actual human matings; but, at the end of it all, may I be permitted to ask, What are we to do about it?

What in actual fact are the calamities which are threatened us, and what the benefits hoped for, in case we continue in haphazard fashion, or, reforming, heed the writing on the wall?

Is the whole animal kingdom, and the vegetable as well, threatened in the same way? There is a tendency in nature to produce an excess of individuals always, and particularly of the lower forms. All that the selective breeder has to do is simply to reverse this law.

This has been going on for æons, and, strangely enough, evolution has been uninterrupted.

What has man been able to accomplish in animals by selective breeding? An improvement physically, but how much has he improved the intelligence of the carefully bred animals? The veriest mongrel cur of the gutters is often the brightest, and many a high-bred animal is mentally unstable. Truly, attention may not have been directed towards improving the intelligence, but there is no shred of evidence that it can be done.

It is an opinion widely held, though not susceptible of proof, that the human race has achieved its peak of intellectual development and may even now be on the decline.

The sum of human knowledge increases enormously from year to year, but there is no reason to think that the intellectual powers may be increased by breeding beyond the narrowest of limits. The law of filial regression prevents.

Nature, left to herself, works out the best results in the long run. Man, intervening in his impatience, makes a mess of things.

In the personal opinion of the writer prohibition is a modern instance of this sort. The American nation was approaching the goal where, by education of the public conscience, the problem of drunkenness would solve itself. The well-endowed majority (probably), not satisfied with being good itself, sought to make virtue universal by legislation. The result is that the well-endowed are surreptitiously breaking their own law made for the benefit of others.

Lawrence W. Strong.

* * *

Recent Indian papers of ours have stirred memories of the East in the hearts and minds of old travelers. We quote from a pleasant letter.

One day an Indian preacher, whom I delight to think of, was trying to preach to a crowd of Mohammedan villagers. An old hostile maulvi stepped up and said, 'If you think you are wise enough to preach to us, answer me one question.' He intended to have that a knock-out blow. 'If you think you are able to instruct us, tell me this. God made the world, did n't He. Well, what did He do with the pieces that were left? You know there must have been some scraps.' Without hesitating, the preacher stretched out his arm, pointing directly to something in front of him. The crowd turned to look. 'There are the pieces,' he cried dramatically, indicating the horizon of Himalayas which shone in their snows dazzlingly after a winter rain. The crowd looked and fell silent. 'That's so!' conceded the awe-struck maulvi. And they heard him reverently to the end, never doubting his wisdom.

# THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

*FEBRUARY, 1923*

## THE FARMER AND THE FACTORY HAND

BY ARTHUR POUND

### I

SHORTLY after the first paper on the Iron Man had appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly* for October, 1921, the University of Illinois invited me to address the State Teachers' Conference at Champaign. After the talk, Mr. Carl Colvin, one of Dean Davenport's disciples and a member of the staff that is modernizing the rural education of Illinois, said something like this: —

The industrial problem appeals to you as the fundamental problem of American life. It is n't. Agriculture comes first. Why don't you give some thought to farming? The farmers are restless and dissatisfied. Deflation has emphasized the fact that they take great risks without compensating rewards. Industrial labor is resisting deflation more successfully because of superior organizations; so it seems to the farmers that they work longer hours than city folk, without getting in return equal purchasing power. In much of Europe, economic distress has revealed a basic struggle between the peasant-producers of foodstuffs and the consumers of those foodstuffs, who are chiefly townspeople industrially employed. That is coming to be our economic and political alignment also. Another agrarian movement is at hand. What you have to say about the social and industrial problems of urban communities will not have much weight with farmers until you give evidence of understanding rural problems; and to dispose city folk sympathetically toward the aspirations of the countryside ought to be considered as much a part of your task as the reverse operation.

That seemed sound advice. It impressed me even more after I had run through the bibliography and dipped into the bale of pamphlets which Mr. Colvin sent later. To say that I understood these documents would be stretching the truth; but at least they proved that the rural point of view demanded consideration.

As a first step in my rural education, I bought a farm, with all its appurtenances — beasts of burden and of sustenance, crops, trees (fruit and shade), implements (mostly rusty and weather-beaten), and stacks of lumber cut and sawed some ten years before to provide covering for the aforesaid implements or their predecessors. It is not a large farm, but its advantages include electric light, excellent water-supply, and choice views of two mountain ranges. Among the many disadvantages may be listed the absence of a single hog-tight, or even 'hoss'-tight, fence on the entire seventy-five acres. Our farm, in short, is not one to justify its proprietor

in putting on any airs. By no mischance, however, can it be damned as a country estate: all summer our front yard has been full of waving corn.

To do some of the more obvious things that the former proprietor had fully intended to do during forty years of occupancy, we found it necessary to hire local labor. We felt constrained, for instance, to erect that long-projected shed, because the lumber cut for that purpose ten years ago showed signs of dry rot along the edges, due to improper stacking. Then we assembled the implements that were parked all over the place. The wood lot disgorged a huge land-roller; also a top buggy, ousted from its former shelter five years ago by a Ford. It is surprising how much punishment the honest works of man will stand; both vehicles will serve after light repairs. From all corners of the steading we brought in harrows, cultivators, seeders, ploughs, and other articles too numerous to mention (as they say in the auction bills).

There seems to be nothing we need that is n't here, if we have enough time to hunt it out. But these and other activities chargeable to 'redding up' and adjusting the dwelling of a childless couple to the domestic needs of my large family, required so much outside help, that up to date we have raised nothing on our farm except the wages of the neighborhood. However, we are all set for a clean start with a running jump next spring. We know, at last, what we have and where to find it.

The men we hire are mostly neighbors. They come from farms of their own, when work is slack and they can be absent without loss. They stay at home when they please, and come when they please. On this free-and-easy basis they averaged more than thirty hours a week through September and October, and forty in November. They are active, responsible fellows, who can be trusted to keep their own time without cheating; the sort of men who appreciate not being watched, and don't figure in the extra minutes short of a full half-hour. Their common sense and all-round handiness at work are a joy to behold. They make what tools they have serve, if possible; and if the lack is hopeless they walk down the road and borrow. One of them brought along a stump-puller and with it moved the outbuildings. They dig ditches, lay concrete foundations, and carpenter, with equal skill and persistent good-humor. The painter must take an occasional half-day off to thresh, or to cut his winter's wood. All-round men, they are ready to tackle anything. They plan, improvise, and pull together. I never see them loafing, on the one hand, or speeded up to a fury of production, on the other. But when they plan to finish a job on a certain day, somehow, before they trudge away home in the dusk, the job is done. Observing them, I am not at all afraid of the American farmer 'going peasant,' as Dr. Butterfield suggests.

How can such men, with farms of their own to handle, have so many hours of free time to sell each week? I pondered the question silently for some time. Their places were not unduly neglected; each seemed to be doing his duty toward his acres, stock, and buildings. Never did they seem to be dog-tired from driving themselves too hard. The evidence in the case did not fit in with my preconceived notion of the overworked farmer. For some years I had been reading complaints about the farmer's sixteen-hour day as contrasted with the shopworker's eight-hour or nine-hour day. Russian peasants, so the papers said, forced the Soviet Government to permit free trade because they refused to raise foodstuffs for eight-hour workers while they themselves labored from dawn to

dusk. The two Illinois Carls — Colvin and Vrooman — both believed that farmers worked harder and received less, in buying power, than townspeople. All this testimony convinced me that the life of a working farmer was one long labor-pull. But here were working farmers with many hours of free time to sell in the intervals between their independent farming operations.

Driving over the hills to an auction sale one rainy afternoon, with Hank, I put the case to him. Hank is thirty-three years old, and the worthy descendant of one of the oldest and most respected families in these parts. He married early, has two sturdy boys coming along, and a wife who makes the best butter in the neighborhood. Born and raised on a farm on Helderberg Mountain, he worked out for several years for wages, went in debt to get eighty acres of his own, and has since reduced his debt to the point where he could sell out for $4500 clear. Obviously a man worth listening to on the subject of farmers' hours.

'Hank,' I asked, 'how many hours do farmers work in the course of a year? Of course, I know that in busy times you put in long days, taking advantage of practically all the daylight. But, winter and summer, rush season and quiet, how many hours do you work on your own place?'

Hank grew thoughtful. He is slow of speech, methodical in all things.

'Depends on how much land a man has, and what kind of a wife, and how much stock, and so forth. You can't lay down a rule that holds for all alike. But mine 's about an average lay-out, and I put in — just figure it up for yourself — say two weeks at fourteen hours a day, and two more at twelve. Then two months at ten hours a day. That accounts for the three busy seasons — planting, haying, and harvest, and some over. Allow two months at eight hours, and two more at six. That 's more than seven months gone, and winter left. Gosh! a fellow don't really put in more than four hours a day in winter, chorin' round, not if he really works at it. Course, with nothing much to do and plenty of time to do it in, we laze around and linger on the job a good deal. Sundays the year round would rate about the same — four hours each. Then, to play safe, better 'low a hundred hours for bucking winter firewood, and a hundred for repairing tools and buildings and odds and ends. What do you make it?'

I made the calculation. 'Not much over 2500 hours a year. That averages just a little over seven hours a day the year round. The city man, who works eight hours a day the year round, all but Sundays, comes close to matching you; and the fellow who does nine hours a day for five and a half days gets in about one hundred hours more per year. You 're just about even with the eight-hour man, and a little better off than the nine-hour man.'

'That 's about it,' agreed Hank. 'Leastways, that 's what I 've always said, whenever anyone mentioned going to town to work.'

'Then tell me, what is there to all this talk of overworked farmers?'

'There 's this,' said Hank. 'Farmers don't figure the way you do. A farmer reckons he 's working all the time he 's on the place, except when he 's eating and sleeping. When he talks about working fourteen hours a day, he means he 's up and around sixteen. Sometimes he actually works that long; but mostly he means that he 's started a long, dull day with chores, and finished it the same. He never allows for the time between jobs, when he just sets around waiting for the time to pass. As a boy, I 've seen my father and a neighbor spend all day swapping horses, and go home grunting like they

was tired — that 's habit. After a man 's been tied to a place for years, just having to stay there seems like work. Of course, plenty of farm work is hard and back-breaking; and just when a man needs help, chances are he can't get it, because everyone else is bidding for anyone that 's foot-loose. But as far as actual working time goes, you ain't far off.

'Us fellows working for you, for instance. Right now, if we was n't doing that, we 'd be round home puttering over this, that, and the other thing, taking plenty time to it. And it would seem like even harder work than we 're doing now, because we 'd be working alone, with no one to talk to. So, instead of loafing over those jobs now, we bull 'em through and hit off toward your place. It 's ready money, and tax-time coming on; that 's one reason we 're so willing. But none of us are so bad off we 'd skimp our home work just for ready money; fact is, we 've got the time to spare. Any farmer in these parts who is n't loaded up with too much poor land and too much debt, and who takes trouble to plan his work, can have time to sell, certain seasons.'

Hereabouts, the employing farmers are not overworked. I am not so sure about their hired men. Wherever employing farmers gather together, one hears tall tales of what hired men used to do, and of how little the present generation of hired men accomplishes. I take little stock in such contrasts. Most of the hired men I see move faster than their employers. Some farmers, who take plenty of time off for themselves, drive their landless helpers without conscience. So, to get the hired man's view of town and country work, I spoke to Tyler about it. Tyler has been working for one of the Whitben boys five years. He is a fixture in the village, and the worst thing that can be said about him is said by his wife. 'Tyler,' Mrs. T. says frankly, 'is the kind of man what needs a boss.'

'Well,' said Tyler, 'I 've worked in both places, city and country. Comes to about the same in the end. Here, maybe, you 're on the job more hours; but there you waste an hour getting to the job and back home again. I call trolley-riding just as hard work as chorin' round. I 'm sure I worked just as hard in town as here, and I ain't got no easy boss neither. There 's long days and short days, and there 's more to this job than you think there is; but I tell you, a man that knows his business on a farm ain't being hustled out of his mind by nobody. I 'd rather do ten or twelve hours here than eight or nine hours in one of them factories, for the same money. It stands to reason.'

These observations apply to but one small section of a vast country; but I suspect that rigid analysis of the habits of work and the labor-time of the American farmer would bring in enough similar evidence to discredit, once for all, the current notion that farmers work longer and harder than city folk. At any rate, there is not enough discrepancy to justify rural resentment against current efforts to ameliorate the social and industrial conditions in the towns — a resentment sedulously fed by those persons and interests who care as little to ameliorate industrial conditions as they care, at bottom, to better the farmer's lot.

## II

There are sound reasons for rural discontent, no doubt; but in this matter of working time I think the investigator has taken a false lead, and is running to earth, not the fox, but the anise-seed bag. On the whole, the rural grudge against industry will not stand the test by time. Neither will it stand the test by wages.

This is a grave question, not readily solvable by appeal to statistics; but at least we can use common sense. Few farmers keep accounts accurately enough to measure total income in terms of dollars. They rarely credit production with a sum equal to house-rent, produce consumed on the place, or that traded for other goods to be consumed. They are in the habit of balancing cash receipts for the year against the industrial employee's wage for the year, and then of pitying themselves because the figures run against them. But if to the cash were added house-rent, home-grown food, and all additions to inventory, the result would be quite otherwise, in many cases. It is astonishing how much gear accumulates around a farm in a year, by small additions which never get into the records. Then there are the bit-by-bit improvements that add to the value of the farm, either for sale or for future production. Our Hank found, on making an inventory of his place for a projected sale, that he had a clear thousand dollars' worth more of crops and tools than he had casually assumed.

Actually, in real wages, the farmer probably fares better than he fancies he does; and if he does not do as well as top-notch railway employees putting in steady hours, he certainly earns more in real wages in a year than workers in trades subject to frequent lay-offs, such as coal-mining. Of course there is always the possibility of complete crop-failure — a spectre that can never be laid by the specializing, one-crop farmer. Up our way few specialize, thereby reducing the danger.

Nevertheless, even if the farmer's position is as good as or better than the industrial employee's, it is not good enough. In all justice, it ought to be a good deal better, for the farmer takes the risk and the directing responsibility of his enterprise, while the town-worker does not. When, as is usually the case, the farmer is capitalist and manager as well as worker, he certainly deserves to receive something more than wages in return for his initiative, investment, and risk-taking. In addition to wages, he deserves interest and reasonable profits. But he does not always get them. Even in ordinary times he has difficulty in collecting those rewards; through the past two years they have been clear out of reach.

Western farmers, by all accounts, are hard hit; no wonder, considering the size of their farms, the volume of their operations, and their concentration upon one or two money crops. This sort of farming increases economic vulnerability in hard times and seasons, though it brings in profits during good times and seasons. Be it noted, however, that farming on that grand scale entails antisocial consequences. First, there is a constant temptation to 'mine' land. Second, it makes for a larger percentage of hired hands and renters in the community, whereas the ideal farming community, from the social standpoint, consists of active owners and their families. Third, the migratory laborer becomes at once an economic necessity and a social problem — thousands of landless men following the harvest under conditions encouraging to discontent and crime. Fourth, the big farm is necessarily isolated, a fact which works particular hardship on women and children. Neighbors are remote, schools far apart; it is difficult to set up and keep going those cultural and neighborly activities that ought to be a large part of country living.

For these reasons the huge farm ought to pass, and will pass under economic pressure as population becomes more dense. Thus the economic pressure now weighing down owners and operators of large acreages west of the

Mississippi is, from one point of view, socially desirable in that it encourages the splitting of large farms into smaller ones, and eases the way for more men to become proprietors of small holdings which they can work themselves. Extending extraordinary financial aid to farmers, over and above their reasonable proportion of free capital and on a basis of personal and business credit less exacting than that required of other entrepreneurs, simply subsidizes a system of agriculture economically and socially weak, in so far as it perpetuates the results of acute land-hunger of a bygone day of sparse population and virgin areas. But of course the breaking-up of overgrown agricultural holdings should be a slow process, proceeding in tempo with the growth of population. It will do so, never fear; legislation at most delays, never eliminates, the effects of economic law in the primary relation of men to land. What we now see in the West is an extreme case, naturally creating a demand for a prompt cure-all. There is no cure-all. The utmost that the farmers have the right to ask, with a view to the ultimate welfare of society, is that credit be available to them as freely as credit is offered to other business men of equal responsibility. The farmers are right in declaring that the strongest feature of their assets is that very stability which is considered a weakness by bankers who prefer more liquid assets as security. Farming is not a touch-and-go business; neither is banking nor government; the three ought to be able to get together. But financial aid ought never to be extended to farmers simply because they are farmers; that is not only uneconomic but also antisocial.

In this connection, the farmer's quarrel is not with the industrial employee, but with the trader, and to some extent with the banker who finances the trader — key representatives of the established economic-juridical system. Discounting the present 'sound and fury' about money, banking, and the Federal Reserve system, which will pass in due time, the fundamental reason why middlemen cut so deep into the rewards of farm toil, investment, and management is not that the middlemen possess superior intelligence or resources, but rather that the farmers are sluggish in coöperating for common economic defense. By reason of this sluggishness the greater interest, in point of numbers, wealth, and social importance, yields to its lesser but more mobile and expert adversary. When and where farmers can be brought to work together for their common interests as effectively as the middleman, or the trading organization, works for his or its individual interest, traders will not be overpaid as at present.

It is folly to deny, as so many radical farmers are denying, that competition offers absolutely indispensable facilities; but it is possible that the charges for the services of the middleman can be greatly reduced without breaking down those services. That is the true function of the coöperative enterprise in the near future: not to oust private initiative, but to restrain it by putting it to the test of a new sort of competition — business for common service.

Not only is the farmer's just quarrel not with the industrial employee, but actually the needs of the two great bodies of producers are practically the same. Both need organization for mutual protection, and both need counsel and aid in utilizing leisure time to find delight in life. The reason why the farmer, as I see him, thinks he is being overworked is largely that he has so little incentive to get through his work briskly. The automobile has helped him as much in that respect as in its more practical aspects; to 'get out

and around' for social purposes means as much to rural civilization as does the rushing of foodstuffs to market. Radio service is bound to be another boon, sure soon or late to be appreciated by most of the country folk. But these mechanisms, while potent in breaking down isolation, will not suffice in themselves. What the country needs most of all is a revival of the social spirit, a smashing of individualist hard shells, more neighborliness.

In our village, which the learned Dr. Gras would call a perfect type of the nonnucleated village, — its mile-long street contains the homes and most of the barns of our one hundred and sixty souls, — there is a general store. The men hang round the store, evenings, and talk. Back of the store is a dance-hall, which used to resound to the fiddle and the bow at least once a week; now it is opened scarcely twice a year. Our people still gossip, you see, but they have lost the knack of making merry. The women of the village, observing the comfort their men find in conversation at the store, — the tinder of their feminism fired perhaps by the flint of loneliness, — talk of renting the dance-hall for a clubroom, installing books, magazines, and a phonograph, and turning the now barren room into a social centre for the village and the surrounding country. They have been talking, these splendid, hardworking women, for two years. Sometime they will do the deed. We don't do things in a hurry, out our way.

When the social centre is born, our social will and our community consciousness will have made one modest step forward. Other rural communities have gone far on the way to the new neighborliness. Let this revival of the social spirit sweep the nation, and more will be done to promote rural satisfaction than Congress can offer with all manner of legal tinkering and financial thimble-rigging. For the first requirement of the countryside is coöperation; and those who come to play may remain to do business with one another.

After all, the worst answer that events could make to these angry queries from the countryside would be some sort of 'economic justice,' which would make the American farmer more independent than he is at present. He has ever been too independent for his own good, and the nation's good. His present weakness lies in that insularity of temper and opinion which makes it so difficult for him to function well in groups. The farmer needs to recognize that interdependence is the hall mark of democracy. It would be equally sad if 'economic justice for the farmer' should come to mean, as it easily might, ease in a vacuum of security for the landowner, while hired hands or tenants raised the crops.

Since the keystone of the national arch is agriculture, none can question the propriety of making rural life reasonably secure, interesting, and happy. To make themselves economically secure, the farmers must combine to contest vigorously with the middlemen for the control of the market; or, if that is too much to expect immediately, at least they must work for a veto over the market's most extravagant and expensive whimsies. To make country life more interesting, they must cultivate their minds as well as their acres, and must use the new aids to pleasure as thought-provokers rather than time-killers.

These are stiff tasks; but the third is easier: to break down rural loneliness, all the farm-folk need do is give neighborliness — once so potent and always a latent force of immense vigor — another and a better chance. At none of these points are the interests of town-worker and countryman opposed.

# THE BOY WHO BEGAN WITH THREE CENTS

## CHAPTERS FROM THE BIOGRAPHY OF AN AMERICAN PUBLISHER

BY EDWARD W. BOK

### I

It was a thrilling time in the eighteen-sixties for an American boy. The country was at war; life was punctuated with the news of battles; newspapers were filled with the decisions of Lincoln, the whereabouts of Lee, and the doings of Grant. Soldiers were being drilled in the armories, and marched to the railroad stations to go to the front. Groups of men stood on the street-corners talking over the latest war-news. Women were sewing for the soldiers. War-meetings were crowded to the doors. Sea-raiders were busy.

It was a very important question for the people of a harbor city, such as Portland, Maine, whether its mercantile shipping could venture out with a reasonable degree of safety. And when a sea-raider became active on its coast, and exchanged his craft for a better one directly at the mouth of Portland harbor, is it any wonder that the minds of Portland boys were set on fire with the doings of the 'rebel pirates'? It was thrilling enough to read about pirates, but to have them at one's own door, so to speak — what could be more thrilling to an alert-minded boy! Fancy, then, the completeness of the picture, when a pirate, who had done a thriving business along the New England coast, exchanged his vessel for a better one almost at the very docks of Portland, was actually intercepted trying to steal out of the harbor with no wind, and, rather than risk capture, blew up his ship! And then, having the piratical crew actually picked out of the water, brought to shore, and marched in a solid phalanx through the streets to the city jail! Could anything be more satisfying to a boy than to run along beside the band of pirates, — securely shackled of course, — shaking his fists at them and shouting, 'Pirates! Rebels!'

It was in this thrilling atmosphere, full of romantic adventure, that an eager-faced, alert-minded boy of twelve played and scampered through the streets of the chief port-city of Maine. He was all over its streets: his little legs carried him into every nook and corner; and in summer, when of the city itself there was not enough to satisfy him, he lived on its water-front, and principally in the water. He swam like the dog that was always with him; he paddled on logs when no rowboat was available; he splashed the water over more timid boys. He could swim every stroke that a boy could know; he could float on his back; he could dive; he could tread water like the dog at his side. He knew and loved the water, and the water was kindly to him, in that it never gave him a 'cramp' or tainted his affection for it with an accident. And so the water and he began a friendship which was to grow with the

years, and last through a lifetime: such a wonderful friendship for a boy to have, and a life-saver for the man in after years!

Naturally, the Fourths of July were very busy days in those war-times; and to be busy in a boy's way on the Fourth means that he must have pennies, which, in turn, can buy the explosives which Americans still feel, in certain parts of our country, belong to a fitting celebration of American Independence.

Now, the Fourth of July is a very long day in a boy's calendar, for it begins early, and ends as late as he can make it last. And it follows logically that a few pennies are not likely to last any too long over such a day. It was in this predicament that this twelve-year-old Portland boy found himself on the Fourth of 1862, when, at five o'clock, he banged into his mother's home, his mind full of evening plans, and asked for 'a little change.' He had evidently forgotten that his mother had already given him some change in the morning; but mothers are very likely not to have lapses of memory on such a point, and she reminded her son of the fact.

'If you want money to spend,' she suggested, 'why not go and earn it?'

The boy's topaz eyes looked fixedly at his mother's face, reflected to him as she brushed her hair before the mirror. 'Earn money?' That was a new idea.

And then and there, at the age of twelve, the first dawning consciousness of the business career of Cyrus Hermann Kotzschmar Curtis broke upon him. The mother went on brushing her hair, and the boy went on thinking. Finally, he reached expression.

'If I earn some money, can I keep it all for myself, and spend it on what I want?' he asked.

'You may,' replied the mother.

The boy sauntered out, his little mind full of thoughts; and on his way to the front door he jingled in his pocket the three cents remaining of his morning's allowance.

As he reached the street, he met a boy-friend who looked glum.

'What's up?' asked Cyrus.

'Stuck,' replied the boy as he looked at the three copies of the *Courier* that he had under his arm.

Whereupon the idea of the first newspaper purchase came to the future publisher.

'Give you three cents for 'em,' he offered.

The papers were handed over, the bargain complete, and young Curtis went out to 'cash in.' But it took him four hours to sell his three papers.

Nine o'clock at night is somewhat late to begin celebrating the Fourth; his boy friends had all gone home; and so Cyrus went to his home, with his nine cents capital in his pocket.

Next day he spent these nine cents for that evening's *Courier*, sold his stock, and on the second day found his capital increased to eighteen cents. But he did not find it easy going. The other newsboys on the streets had their fixed routes, or individual 'blocks,' and when the new recruit started to sell he found himself hooted and chased at every turn; in fact, he was sometimes beaten up. And, being undersized, the little boy was no match for the other boys, and he found it necessary, at every point, to give way. The new merchant could find no place on the streets to sell his wares. He had trouble even in buying them. When he went to the *Courier's* newsboys' room, where they bought their papers every afternoon, the boys treated the new invader into their territory roughly.

He endured this for a few days, and then, one afternoon, as he was playing at the water-front looking across to Fort Preble, an idea occurred to him. He went to see the manager of the newspaper, and laid his plan before him.

The soldiers at Fort Preble were naturally keen to get the latest war-news; no newspaper service went out to the Fort; he would go, if the manager would let him have all the newspapers he could carry to the Fort, and would give him credit until he could go out and sell them. He explained that it would be a new market for the *Courier*, and extend its circulation by just so many copies. The manager hesitated, then agreed to trust the boy for one day's papers.

'That's all I want,' was the reply.

The newsboys, in those days, would go into a room and assemble before a large wire-screen; and as their names were called they would receive their papers. The boy who gave the largest order was called first. Little Cyrus explained to the manager that, if he took the usual course, on account of his size and the opposition of the boys to him as a newcomer, they would beat him up and take his papers away from him. He asked permission to receive his papers behind the screen, so that he could run out the back way. Owing to his large order, his name was called first; and as he was given his papers behind the screen, a howl of protest went up from the boys, and a crowd rushed out to catch him as he came out of the door, and appropriate his papers.

But going out the back way, and racing toward the water-front, instead of to the heart of the city, were unexpected moves. Cyrus got away, and running as fast as his little legs would carry him, and the huge bundle of papers would let him, he made for the sailboat ferry, and went over to Fort Preble with his stock in trade. Of course, the soldiers eagerly bought the papers. Not only that, but they gladly and voluntarily paid five cents instead of three cents per copy for the special service rendered, and within a few moments the little newsboy's stock was completely sold out.

He went home happy. His first step of initiative had succeeded. He naturally could not know at that age that he had revealed in this act the principle underlying the success of his entire future career. What the newsboy at twelve had done — the perfectly simple and obvious thing, though no other boy had thought of it — the future publisher was to do in all his subsequent undertakings.

To-day, there are, conservatively speaking, forty to fifty thousand newsboys on the streets of the United States and all over the world, selling the publications of the little boy who scampered over to Fort Preble.

And yet there are folks who say there is no romance in business.

## II

It was not long before the Fort Preble exploit of the young street merchant became known, and one of the persons to hear of it was the business manager of the Portland *Press*. Such a boy, he argued, was too good to remain on a rival paper; and so he offered Cyrus Curtis his first weekly wage of two dollars, if he would serve two established routes, selling as many papers on his own hook as he chose.

The boy liked the idea of a steady income, and he accepted the offer. But the *Press* was a morning paper, and this meant that the boy would have to get up each morning, summer and winter, at a quarter before four o'clock, serve his routes, sell his own papers, get back to his breakfast at seven o'clock, and go to school at nine.

'That's why I never grew,' he now says: 'I never had enough sleep, and I was always on my feet. Fancy getting home from a party at eleven or twelve o'clock, and then getting up at a quarter to four! And it was cold in Portland in winter.'

But the boy did it, and did it for four summers and four longer winters!

After he had been with the *Press* a while, the business manager of the other paper, the Portland *Argus*, soon sought him, and Cyrus once more changed employers — 'because he offered me more,' was his reason. He was selling the *Argus* when he ran into the office on that fateful day in American history, and a boy yelled out to him: 'Your President has been shot!'

The little boy had been known among his boy-friends as a most ardent little Republican; but, in spite of his grief at the thought of Lincoln's assassination, he realized that there would be an extra demand for newspapers. And, in fact, an extra stock sold out almost as quickly as he could hand out the papers.

Selling the papers made by another was, of course, a very necessary and convenient stepping-stone to the newsboy, and for a time he argued that he could do nothing else. He never looked at the papers under his arm, however, but the thought would come to him of the exhilaration of actually owning the paper that one sold. This idea was always with him, and one day he confided his daring plan of starting a paper of his own to his chum, Walter Goold. Walter, somehow, fitted into the idea in Cyrus's head, because, even in those days, he reasoned that there must be two persons to get out a paper: one to make it, and the other to sell it.

So it came about that the two boys agreed to go into partnership. They were to start a boy's paper, to be called *Young America*. It was to be a weekly, to sell for two cents a copy. A printer was found who made a contract to print four hundred copies for five dollars.

And so it came to pass that on April 5, 1865, the first issue of Cyrus Curtis's first paper broke upon the public. Unfortunately, however, it was not an expectant public. And as the public did n't expect it, it had not been looking for it; and when it looked at the first issue it did not seem anxious to buy it. This was somewhat of a surprise to the boys. In fact, it was more than a surprise to Walter who, seeing that their first issue did not sell, began to wonder where the five dollars were to come from to pay the printer.

His partner did not spend so much time in wondering about the first issue as he did in planning for the second issue. But wonder with Walter grew into worry, and as the boy was going to school and had his lessons to learn his intense worry about the huge debt which hung over his head and that of his partner soon showed in his failure to know his lessons. This failure was soon noticed by his parents, who very promptly notified Cyrus that the partnership, so far as Walter was concerned, would have to be instantly dissolved. So, before he could get out his second number, Cyrus found himself 'left cold' as sole proprietor of a paper, with five dollars of debt on his shoulders.

Now, Cyrus did not like the idea of the five-dollar debt any more than Walter did. And he liked even less the idea of this same five-dollar debt recurring weekly. But, unlike Walter, he did not run away from the problem. He decided to think it out. He had faith enough in his venture; but how to get the paper out without having to pay the printer that five-dollar bill every week certainly was a question. With true Yankee thrift, he had saved most of his profits from his newspaper-selling, and he decided that, with this capital, the propitious moment had come to go into business for himself and set up his own printing plant.

With the boy, as with the man, a plan once decided upon must be carried out at once. So he drew on his savings, paid the printer his five dollars, and took the first train the next morning

for Boston, 'to inspect presses.' He has often taken press-inspection journeys since, but none that could equal this trip. It was a momentous occasion for the embryo publisher.

To a maker of hand-presses went Cyrus when he arrived in Boston, only to find that presses cost more than he had reckoned. Finally, he saw a small hand-press under the counter.

'What is that?' he asked.

'Oh, that's an old model we don't make or sell any more,' was the answer.

'Let me see it,' said the boy. And after looking it over he asked, 'How much?'

'Well, I'll let you have that for two dollars and a half,' said the merchant.

'Here's the money,' replied Cyrus; and he bought his first press. He would be able to print only one page of his paper at a time, he figured out; but that in a way, he reckoned, would be an advantage, in that he would not have to buy so much type. He could buy just enough to set up one page, print that, distribute the type, set the second page, print that, and so print the four pages of which his paper consisted. The type he also bought. This cost him about fifteen dollars. And so, with type and press, he went home, to begin business as a publisher on his own account. He had now some twenty dollars invested in his equipment, and he realized that he would have to work hard to cover his capital and get some profit.

He did.

I cannot write of this little boy's venture with the purchase of his first press for two dollars and a half, without turning over the leaves of this same boy's life a few years ahead, and considering his last purchase of a press for his newspaper plant: a single press measuring one hundred and thirty-five feet long and costing over three hundred thousand dollars, with the additional picture of the combined printing plants now owned by this boy, with a value of over eight million dollars!

One day a man asked Cyrus how much he charged for advertisements. The boy had not reached that problem in his business; but he was not going to disclose this fact to a prospective advertiser! 'Ten cents a square,' was his reply, showing what he meant by a square — about eight to ten lines.

'I'll take a column,' replied the advertiser; and never has Cyrus Curtis received a column advertisement for any of his publications which seemed larger or longer or more profitable than that first column for *Young America.*

Gradually, the boy publisher sold his little paper to his friends, or to anyone who would buy a copy; but even then he saw that his printing plant was not busy all the time. So he decided to add a job-printing business, and printed some cards announcing this important fact; and after that, no friend was missed in a solicitation to print his or her visiting card for ten cents a pack of a hundred cards.

This departure brought him the very important job of printing some dancing orders for a dancing master, which order eventually grew so large as to involve a debt of six dollars to the young printer. Much to his surprise, he could not collect it. He sent bill after bill, with no response. He spoke to his father about the heavy indebtedness of this customer. His father laughed, and ventured the information that the man was known all over Portland as a 'dead beat,' who never paid his bills.

Nothing daunted, the boy was determined to wipe off this large indebtedness from his books, and he called at the house of the dancing master.

'I would like to collect my printing bill for six dollars,' the boy told the man when he came to the door.

In answer, the man kicked the boy down the steps, and slammed the door behind him.

The next day, the young printer was again at the dancing master's house, this time at five o'clock in the morning. Wild-eyed, the man came down half-dressed, and, seeing the boy before him, roundly cursed him for his untimely visit. But something in the look in the boy's eyes told the man that the following morning would probably find him there again; and, with a mental picture of his early sleep disturbed on successive mornings, he pulled out a roll of bills, gave the boy six dollars, and once more kicked him down the front steps.

'But I got my money,' he told his father.

## III

One day, when little Cyrus went to the water-front for the playtime which he always allowed himself, his busy eyes nearly popped out of his head when he saw a United States monitor at anchor in the bay. John Ericsson's great invention was then thrilling the country, and this was the first monitor the boy had ever seen. He raced to the dock, to which he saw that a boatload of people from the monitor was coming, only to find that visitors to the monitor were not permitted except upon payment of twenty-five cents.

The boy walked along the shore, eagerly looking at the monitor and wondering how he could get on board and see it. His inevitable companion, a neighbor's dog, — 'which was almost mine,' he would say, 'because he was always with me,'— followed at his heels.

Even in his youngest boyhood — he was twelve at this time — the resourcefulness of his active little mind never failed him, and it came to his rescue at this moment. He *must* see the monitor: he *must* go on board: it was an opportunity that perhaps never again would present itself. And with the strong desire in the boy's soul the mind gave him the idea and the solution.

He raced along the water-front to a near-by shipyard, where a number of logs to be used for spars were 'seasoning' in the water. Appropriating one of the longest and widest, a log some thirty feet long and wide enough to stand up on, Cyrus helped himself also to a stick, and, straddling the log, with his dog behind him, the boy began to paddle toward the monitor. 'Of course, I did n't know how I would get on the monitor,' he acknowledged, 'even if I got to it; but I would get closer to it anyhow than if I stayed on shore.'

With this thought, he paddled. All went well, until the dog, full of life and interest in the escapade, and scampering up and down the log, attempted at one point to rush past the boy, and pushed so hard that he pushed him into the water, the dog slipping in after him. The boy was, of course, as perfectly at home in the water as on the shore, and quickly clambered up on the log. 'But I was so darned mad at the dog,' was the young adventurer's comment, 'that I let him make attempt after attempt to get on the log. Then I finally took compassion on him, and pulled him up.'

The incident had happened near the monitor and, all unconscious of the fact, the boy and his dog became the centre of attraction, while Ericsson's great invention took a secondary place in the scene. The captain of the monitor ordered a boat to the rescue; and the boy and the dog, both drenching wet but perfectly happy, were taken aboard the boat to the monitor, exactly where the boy wanted to be. He was taken down to the engine-room, where his clothes were dried; then he was treated to an inspection tour all over the monitor, and sent back to shore with a boatload of visitors!

Thus Cyrus H. K. Curtis paddled on the face of Portland harbor on his first yacht, only to return, not so many years later, as time goes, and enter the

same harbor on his own private yacht — one of the largest and perhaps the finest equipped of all pleasure-boats in the United States!

But this time it was built for him in a shipyard, and not appropriated!

## IV

For three years the young publisher-printer kept at his business, giving as much of his time to it as he could; for he retained his early-morning newspaper route, and, except in summer-time, went to school every day. He finally worked up the circulation of his little paper to four hundred copies a week, which, at two cents a copy, gave him a weekly income of eight dollars, besides what he derived from his few advertisements, the profits from his job-printing work, and his newspaper routes. In all, he so prospered that in 1866 he had the large sum of two hundred dollars invested in his little plant. A proud publisher!

But truly 'pride goeth before destruction.' For, just as the Fourth of July of 1862 played an important part in the life of young Cyrus by awakening him to his earning capacity, so the Fourth of July, four years later, was to bring him to another turning-point.

In the late afternoon of that day, the fire-bells of Portland rang, and, with other boys, Cyrus ran to the fire. It was fully two miles away from his home, and when he got to the fire it had gained headway. He heard people say that the entire block where the fire started was doomed. The boy stayed as long as he could and still get home for supper, and returned to find his mother packing up. He told her that there was no possibility of the fire's reaching their home. The mother argued, with Yankee shrewdness, that foresight was always better than hindsight; and after a light supper she started again to pack. The father was away for the night, in a neighboring city, and so the boy was told by his mother that he would be her sole reliance in saving what they could. He had a sister, five years younger; and what an eleven-year-old girl could do she did.

The fire had been steadily devouring block after block, and the boy began to see that his mother was perhaps right in at least taking precautions. Every truck and moving vehicle in the neighborhood was already commissioned by the neighbors, and the only moving facilities that the family could command were the boy's little express wagon. This he filled to the top with the articles that it was most desirable to save; and, unaccustomed to such a load, the wagon broke down. So the three could only carry to a place of safety all that their arms would hold.

It is a deplorable fact that there are always people ready to take advantage of the helpless in time of stress. It proved so with the Curtis family. The mother had put all the most valuable belongings of the family in a sideboard, hoping to find some means of moving this one piece of furniture. While she was exploring the neighborhood for such means, she saw two men steal into the house and come out carrying the sideboard, the contents of which they had overheard the mother describe. The source of the initiative invariably present in the career of the son is found here in the mother. She saw instantly that the most valuable of the family's possessions were in danger; but even amid all the nervous excitement of the moment, in the absence of anyone to counsel her, she quietly made up her mind to turn what looked like a family loss to her advantage. The sideboard was an old-fashioned heavy one, and the men had difficulty in carrying it. The mother walked slowly behind them at a safe distance; and when they

had carried it over two miles from her house, to a point of assured safety, exactly where she had tried in vain to get someone to truck it, she accosted the men, claimed the property, and sent them running for their lives!

At midnight the fire had reached the Curtis home and laid it in ashes, and within a few hours had traveled another mile and a half, more than fulfilling the mother's instinct and reducing the best part of the city of Portland to ruins.

The mother with her son and daughter had found a temporary home beyond the fire-zone; but there was no sleep for the active boy at such a time, and he remained up all night. In the early morning hours he ventured near his one-time home to see if anything was left of it, only to find his father standing at the foot of the street, disconsolately gazing in the direction of the spot where a few hours before he had left his family and home.

Not only was the home burned down, but the boy's precious printing plant was entirely wiped out, with no insurance. He now faced life in all its grim actuality. He was sixteen, and had just finished his first year in high school. He decided that he must now leave school and devote all his time to earning a livelihood. The days of his boyhood were over!

This was all the education that the boy Cyrus was to get, and on his acquired knowledge, be it what it was, he was destined to make his career.

## V

Young Curtis, at sixteen, now faced a full-time business career. He gave up his newspaper route in the early morning, because the newspaper offices were burned out and papers were few. He accepted a position as errand-boy in the dry-goods store of Leach, Bartlett and Parker, at three dollars per week, his first job being to carry a huge bundle almost as large as himself, on a blistering July day, clear to the other end of the city. His newspaper work had accustomed him to heavy bundles, his legs were sturdy, his spirit was strong, and he persevered, until his faithfulness in his errand-work promoted him to a place as salesman behind the counter, measuring out piece cotton goods by the yard. His popularity among the young people of the city helped him here — it was not an uncommon sight to see a flock of girls at the 'cotton-counter,' as it was called, being waited upon by the energetic and popular young salesman. He was an attractive-looking boy, overflowing with a sense of humor. His quick brown eyes always sparkled. He was rapid in his movements, and filled his position behind the counter so acceptably that his salary was increased until he reached the high point of eight dollars per week.

His tastes in reading led along business lines, and he devoured any business stories that came his way. A weekly paper fell into his hands, containing a story by Richard B. Kimball, then in the heyday of his writing career. Young Curtis was particularly impressed with this story. Without having an exact knowledge of business methods, of course, he felt somehow that Kimball reflected business as it might actually be in the world of affairs. He looked him up, and found that he had written several books, nearly all stories of a business nature. He bought them all, and read them over and over. The reading of Kimball's books made an impression on the mind of the young lad that was to remain, and to influence him all through his life. It proved later to be the foundation-stone upon which he was to build the most successful weekly magazine for men ever published in the United States. 'I want business stories like

Kimball's,' he said when he bought the *Saturday Evening Post*. 'I know business men will read them.' And thus a boy's reading of one man's honest work brought forth a result little dreamed of by the author.

One evening young Curtis strolled into the reading-room of the United States Hotel — then one of Portland's leading hotels — and saw, lying on one of the tables, a copy of one of the many colored lithographed pictures which George W. Childs was then having circulated broadcast throughout the country, showing the new *Public Ledger* building in Philadelphia. It was the first building ever erected in the United States entirely devoted to a newspaper plant and its offices, and the young Portland boy looked at it with undisguised admiration. It seemed to picture to him the greatness that a newspaper might achieve.

Subsequently he read articles descriptive of the building, and one day, being in New York City on business, he said to himself: 'Now is my chance to run over to Philadelphia and see the *Ledger* building.' He did so, and boarded a horse-car that would take him down Chestnut Street. He remained on the back platform of the car, talking to the conductor. It was his first visit to Philadelphia, and he wanted to find out all he could about what he saw. The conductor was obliging, and the young stranger was much impressed with his courtesy. He left the car a block before his destination, and walked down Chestnut Street; and although he looked sharply where the conductor told him he would find the *Ledger* building, he failed to find it. He reached Third Street, and then asked a policeman who told him, 'Why, you passed it. It is three blocks back. Here, however, is the old *Ledger* building, where the paper used to be.' And the officer pointed to the building on the corner where was then published the *Public Record*. 'Would you like to go in and see that?' he asked; and, much to young Curtis's surprise, the policeman left his beat, took him into the building, and showed him the plant. 'No Boston policeman would do that,' thought the visitor; and his impression of Philadelphia was most favorable.

He now walked back to Sixth Street, and as he approached the corner he saw a realization of the picture he had seen: the lithograph having shown the broadside view of the building on Sixth Street. He stood on the opposite corner, viewing the building with the fullest satisfaction, feeling that his trip from New York was amply repaid.

This was in 1873.

Exactly forty years thereafter, the twenty-three-year-old young man who stood, with such rapt admiration, looking at the achievement attributed to George W. Childs, was destined to become the owner of the building, the newspaper which it housed, and all the machinery in it!

'Had you any dream or aspiration, that day when you saw the building for the first time, of ever owning it or the *Ledger?*' I asked Mr. Curtis once.

'Not in the remotest degree. I never thought of such a thing.'

And yet, on the site of that very building and of the entire square which compasses it, he has begun the erection of what will be once again the finest and greatest newspaper plant in the United States, involving an expenditure of over ten millions of dollars!

No romance in business?

(*In March, Mr. Bok's second informal sketch of Mr. Curtis will reveal how a woman's laugh resulted in the* Ladies' Home Journal, *and how a 'singed cat' became the* Saturday Evening Post.)

# A LEAGUE OF NATIONS OR A LEAGUE OF GOVERNMENTS?

BY L. P. JACKS

## I

If a survey be taken of the various schemes for a league of nations, including the scheme actually embodied in the existing Covenant, three assumptions will be found uniformly present. By most propagandists they are treated as self-evident.

The first assumption is that the necessary instruments through which the nations must establish their League are their existing political governments. It is as *politically* organized units that the nations enter the League, whose joint action then becomes *political* action, analogous to that of each of the units. In other words the governments, or their representatives, are the efficient agents to establish the League in the first instance, and to work it in the second. The possibility of acting through any other medium, for example the Church, is not contemplated, and in these days would probably be dismissed as absurd, though it would have seemed wholly reasonable in the fourteenth century. On what other terms, indeed, is the League possible? Can we conceive of our own, or of any nation, entering the League, and operating within it, except by the act of its political government, signed, sealed, and delivered by the political chiefs for the time being? Should we not feel a shock of surprise if the proposal were made to entrust the business to the Archbishop of Canterbury rather than to the Prime Minister? There would have been no surprise at this in the fourteenth century, when the Church was an acknowledged bond of union among mankind.

The second assumption is that the various contracting governments are all equally competent to carry out the obligations to which, under the terms of the League, they bind themselves or their subjects. When, for example, the stipulation is laid down that the governments (or the 'States') shall agree to restrain their subjects from taking such or such internationally offensive action, it is invariably taken for granted that the governments in question have sufficient control over their subjects to ensure their submission to the stipulated restraint. No account is taken of the wide differences that exist among governments in this respect, some of them clearly having no power, or very little, to guarantee the compliance of their subjects with any conditions that happen to prove unpopular. All the schemes for a league of nations so far put forward resemble one another at this point — that is to say, they charge the contracting states with obligations in respect of their own subjects which only a powerful and firmly established government could carry out, and which would obviously be worthless if undertaken by a weak one. Ignoring the fact that certain governments can hardly be said to 'govern' at all, being mere temporary committees for the transac-

tion of national business, existing on sufferance, and holding their position by a highly precarious tenure — ignoring all this, the assumption is made that all governments are competent, and equally competent, to compel their own subjects to keep promises made on their behalf.

One cannot refrain from astonishment at the uncritical assurance of otherwise careful publicists in regard to this matter, and at the light-hearted manner in which weak and subservient forms of government, half their power expended in clinging to power, with the fear of the polls constantly before them, and the knowledge that a single unpopular measure would involve them in downfall, are pictured in these paper schemes as fully able to pledge their nationals to the surrender of their special privileges in the way of trade, and of their promising ambitions in the way of conquest. After reading a catalogue of the responsibilities each 'State' is required to assume for the control of its own subjects, — of the ports they are to keep open, of the facilities they are to afford, of the free transit they are to give to persons and goods, of the debts they are to discharge, of the information they are to make public, of the general good-will they are to display to their foreign competitors, — after reading all this, and much more to the same purport, one is tempted to ask where in the modern world are the 'States' to be found, which can lay these commands on their citizens with the faintest prospect that they will be obeyed? The answer is that they exist only in the imagination of the writer. They are mere abstractions — phantasms whose last embodiment on earth was in the days of Xerxes and Nebuchadnezzar.

The third assumption, which is implied in the other two, goes wider and deeper. Assuming that all nations enter the League in the person, so to speak, of their governments, and that all these are equally competent to carry out their contracts under the League, it naturally follows that the business or function of the League is, itself, government. It is a political machine made out of political material and with a political object — that, namely, of *governing* the world, or the largest possible portion of it, in a different and presumably better manner than that in which it has been governed heretofore. Were the question raised, 'What benefits will the world enjoy under a League of Nations?' would it not be enough to answer, 'It will be better *governed*,' all other benefits, which would doubtless be many, being dependent upon and derivative from this? In place of the discordant relationships between nations now existing, the League will substitute harmonious government under international law. What other object, we are tempted to ask, could the League conceivably have? Let the suggestion be made, for example, that the nations might league themselves for the promotion of knowledge, or for the service of God, and our surprise would be hardly less than if it were proposed to substitute the Archbishop of Canterbury for the Prime Minister as our plenipotentiary at the next Conference. Yet the idea of a league of nations for the promotion of knowledge would have commended itself very forcibly to the mind of Plato, and a league for the international service of God was actually outlined by Dante in the *De Monarchia*. Even Mr. Woodrow Wilson, prior to his fateful journey to Paris, thought that the nations might be leagued for the service of *humanity*, much to the comfort of the defeated Germans, who did not then know that they were to be excluded. All such conceptions, however, have a very slender hold on the modern mind.

If we think of the League at all, we can hardly help thinking of it as *of* government, *by* government, and *for* government. The idea of government is dominant throughout.

Such are the three assumptions, each obviously implying the other two. That none of them should be accepted without criticism has already been suggested. In what follows attention will be mainly confined to the first, but with this safeguard — that nothing here said be construed as spoken against the essential idea of the League of Nations, which shines as a lodestar in the dark night of our present troubles, and will shine all the clearer when certain mists have fallen from our eyes.

## II

When we turn in thought from the self-renunciations and heroic endeavors of the war to the cupidities and political intrigues which followed it, we are instantly aware of a painful discrepancy. On the first level we are in contact with nations' souls; on the second, with their vulgar minds. It is as if the moral dimensions of nations had suddenly shrunk. Horrible as the war was in many of its aspects, the memory of it leaves a less 'unpleasant taste in the mouth' than the memory of the 'peace.' There was something glorious in the one; there was nothing glorious in the other. If the first was full of dead men's bones, the second overflowed with them.

Is it too much to say that, if a league of nations is ever to come into being, the foundations of it must be laid on the high level of self-renunciation and heroic endeavor which characterized the war, and not on the low level of cupidity and political intrigue which characterized the 'peace'? Is it not obvious that a league of nations which was nothing more than a league of governments such as those that made the 'peace' would inevitably crumble, like a wall built with untempered mortar?

For the last four centuries the combative nationalism of Western civilization has been leading the world deeper and deeper into a sea of troubles, where the great ships of state now manœuvre precariously, amid cross-currents, hidden shoals, sudden tempests, and impenetrable fogs. To extricate the fortunes of mankind from conditions so unstable will prove no easy task, for they are interwoven with the structure of the modern world — part, almost, of its substance. In trusting the arts of diplomacy, we are trusting a broken reed. To them, indeed, we are debtors for many a wonderful escape from the peril of the moment; but in their total action through the years their arts increase the tension of the world, and tie the very knots which the sword has subsequently to cut. On that level there is little to be hoped for, and much to be feared. Short of united action on the higher level of self-renunciation and heroic endeavor, of which the nations showed themselves capable in making the war, and their governments incapable in making the peace, nothing will be found adequate to the deliverance of civilization from the present entanglements. Means must be devised to bring the nations together on that ground. The forces exist; the problem is to unite them. Its solution will prove immensely difficult. *Talked* into existence the League of Nations will never be; it must be *wrought* into existence by invincible courage and long-enduring travail. In underestimating the difficulty, we postpone the fulfillment.

A league of nations is one thing. A league of governments is another. Until we have learned to distinguish them, there will be no league of nations.

We may have the name, but not the reality.

A league of nations, to be worth the name, must be a league of national *souls*. A mere combination of political machinery, effected by joining up the official governments of all nations, would obviously be a useless contrivance. Unless a unitary soul inspired its workings, it would not work at all.

The assumption is commonly made that a representative government is a kind of quintessence of the nation it represents. Whence it follows, of course, that a league of these quintessences would be a league of nations. To form a league of nations, you begin, so to speak, by boiling them down into so many elected parliaments — making each of them, in turn, 'safe for democracy.' Then, by a further process of distillation, you extract the essence of these parliaments into cabinets; and the last refinement yields responsible prime ministers and foreign secretaries. You have now obtained the very spirit or soul of each nation, and all that remains is to assemble these quintessences in the persons of the prime ministers and foreign secretaries aforesaid, and set them working together under compact. The result is a league of nations.

All which seems self-evident enough. But the word 'representation' is full of traps for the unwary; and most unquestionably we fall into one of them when we argue in this way. Souls, and national souls most of all, are extremely difficult things to 'represent.' Official machinery can never represent them, not even when the official machinery employed for the purpose bears the august name of government: the reason being that the nature of the soul and the nature of the machine are antithetic. There is a notion abroad that, if a people puts in enough votes at one end of the democratic machine, its soul will come out at the other. That system has its uses, no doubt; but as a process for the extraction of national souls it should never be thought of. Many national souls have been lost in that way. None have been found.

That a freely elected government represents *something* significant cannot be disputed. But of what government now 'in power' can we confidently say that it represents the *soul* of the people behind it? Would anyone dare to affirm that the signatures that stand at the foot of the Treaty of Versailles are signatures of nations' souls? Or even of their minds? Or even of their wills? Or even of their hearts? Or even of their common sense? Again, when the British Prime Minister and the French Prime Minister negotiate in Paris, Genoa, or where else, does anybody believe that the soul of Britain is negotiating with the soul of France? And yet what compact between these nations is likely to *stand*, unless it is a compact of their souls?

I am speaking of the present. But what of the past? Here, too, history affords not many examples of nations whose governments expressed their souls. We seem to come near it in Athens under Pericles, in England under Elizabeth and Cromwell, in the Northern States under Abraham Lincoln — though even here some allowance must be made for the transfiguring influence of time. On the whole the evidence seems to justify the conclusion that the breach between the souls of the nations and their governments was no wider under a narrow franchise than it is now under a broad one.

In this respect democracy has worked to opposite results. On the one hand, it has made government more representative of those superficial interests which can be statistically computed, and so brought into the arena of debate. On the other hand, it has made govern-

ment less representative of that deeper national life, that soul of nations, which does not lend itself to parliamentary eloquence, but needs a poet like Dante, a musician like Bach, a painter like Turner, a prophet like Carlyle, to interpret and express it. That governments ever 'represented' much of these things, except at rare moments of history, is more than I would venture to say. But when did they represent less of them than now? Raising the question in that way, we can hardly fail to be conscious of a widening, and not of a narrowing, in the breach between the souls of nations and their governments.

That astonishing document, the Treaty of Versailles, becomes intelligible enough when we think of it as achieved by a group of governments which had lost touch with the souls of the nations on whose behalf they professed to act — lost touch, that is, with the deeper qualities of national character revealed in art, in literature, in domestic life, in moral idealism, in religion, and even in sport.

What absurd errors a student of human nature would fall into, who should profess to read the souls of the nations implicated from the contribution made by the government of each to that vindictive instrument! How unjust he would be to every one of them! That *something* was there represented, which truly belongs to each of them, no man can doubt. But, as God lives, it was not the soul! In which respect the Treaty of Versailles compares unfavorably with earlier performances of the same class — the Treaty of Vienna, for example. When the Duke of Wellington and Lord Castlereagh showed themselves averse to crippling France, and proclaimed the wisdom of making friends with the conquered foe, these two hard fighters, the one a full-blooded autocrat and the other no convert to democracy, were expressing more of the soul of England, as it then was and still is, than found its way into the Treaty of Versailles. Or again, what would a Bostonian say if some traveling Englishman were to assert that the soul of Boston is adequately 'represented' by its municipal government?

Is not the breach widening? Is it not becoming increasingly difficult to establish any kind of correlation between the human characteristics of a people and its political characteristics, as represented by the acts of its official rulers? And if that is so, must we not pause before accepting the common view that a league of governments is necessarily a league of nations? May it not be that the ground of unity between nation and nation, and the growing point of any league between them, is not *government* at all, but something else?

## III

These doubts are not to be removed by invoking the name of democracy. Leagues of democracies are no easier to maintain than Holy Alliances of kings and emperors. If the truth may be told, they are far more difficult, partly because the voting masses are more wayward and capricious even than kings and emperors, more subject to violent revulsions from love to hate and from hate to love; but also for another reason, which has not received the attention it deserves.

It is true that the soul of a democracy will always respond more readily to the appeal of the highest principles than to any other. But the exigencies of party politics, as interpreted by the leaders of that industry in all countries, and by the newspaper press they control, seldom permit the appeal to be made. And, indeed, from their own point of view the leaders and the newspapers are right. The machinery they

are responsible for working is ill adapted to the high pressure of great principles, and would inevitably be wrecked if the steam were turned on from that quarter. Had the pent-up idealism of England been suddenly released at the election of 1918, by the rash appeal of some statesman reckless of his own political life and indifferent to the fate of his colleagues, there would have been a debacle at party headquarters, and our whole parliamentary system would have reeled to its foundation. So the business must be conducted in terms, not of 'what is ideally desirable,' but of 'what is practically possible,' which means, in plainer language, that appeal is made, not to the nation's soul, but to its vulgar mind. Such are the conditions in which the arts of electioneering — those sinister by-products of democracy — achieve their triumphs. Their constituency is the vulgar mind, which has virtues of its own — mostly of the middling order — but is a poor substitute for the soul.

What more need be said to explain why governments so created are notoriously quarrelsome in their mutual relations, and why the leagues they set up among themselves show a tendency to dissolve? Never are nations more exasperating to one another than when they deal and bargain and negotiate on the level of their vulgar minds. Never do they show up to less advantage in each other's eyes. Never do they mistrust each other so profoundly. Never are repulsions so active and affinities so hard to find. Never are the conditions further off out of which a league of nations could arise.

Is it to be supposed that a group of governments, each knowing what it does of the electioneering habits of its neighbors, as well as of its own, — of their precarious tenure of office, of their dependence on the suffrage of the vulgar mind, of the national megalomanias that support them, of the national cupidities they dare not defy, — is it to be supposed that these governments, meeting face to face round a table, at Genoa or elsewhere, will at once form a brotherly coalition, evolve a common purpose, and proceed to work for the common good? Can we expect them, from the nature of the case, to have a high opinion of each other's single-mindedness? And without *that*, how can they get to work? How can they do other than break up with nothing done?

And what of the unofficial public at home? Does the plain Englishman, who has taken a little trouble to acquaint himself with the course of French politics, or of American politics, really desire (member of the League of Nations though he be) to see the fortunes of his country tied up in one bundle with those of other countries controlled by forces such as these? Or, per contra, would the plain Frenchman and the plain American, contemplating the spectacle of the British General Election in 1918, forthwith say to themselves, or to one another, 'Here is a government elected under Heaven to coöperate with my own government in achieving the unity of mankind'? Thus we begin to see that a league of nations is one thing, a league of governments another.

A league of governments might be adequate for the purpose, were it possible so to arrange things that the combining units should always represent the best qualities in the nations behind them — their generosity, their chivalry, their unselfishness, their willingness to serve mankind; for it is obviously on the side of these qualities only that nations will ever unite in work for the common good. But even in countries where democracy has most firmly established itself, the representation attained is an amorphous mixture of

good and bad, of selfish and unselfish, in which, when governments deal with one another on the ground of foreign policy, the selfish shows a marked tendency to predominate, thereby exasperating their mutual relationships.

Cases also occur where the *worst* qualities of nations are precisely those which their governments represent and display to one another on this field, their diplomacy becoming a continual provocation and offense. A notable instance was that of the German Government before the war — a government not purely democratic, but having a strong representative element. All the qualities of the German soul to which the world stands most deeply indebted were unrepresented by the German Government of the moment, while those which made Germany obnoxious to mankind were represented with prodigious efficiency. It was an extreme instance of what may be called 'disproportional representation.' Instances less extreme can be found elsewhere.

## IV

Under the political civilization that has been evolved in the Western world, a type of government has come into being which may be said to have two faces, the one combative and warlike, the other noncombative and pacific.

As trustee for the nation's power, possessions, territory, and former conquests, as guardian of its military traditions, as protector of its sovereign rights against infringement by other nations similarly organized, each of these Western governments, whether democratic or otherwise, stands for combative nationalism. In this capacity it walks abroad among its foreign neighbors, with armies and navies at its back, sometimes hiding them as much as possible, sometimes displaying them with considerable truculence.

To its own subjects it turns the other face, or, shall we say, the inner side. They see it, not as a fighting institution, but as a repressor of domestic strife, substituting civil procedure for the lawless and violent clash of conflicting aims. They see it occupied with interests that are not combative, promoting education, fostering the arts and sciences, legislating for the public health, mediating in conflicts between labor and capital, and attending, as best it can, to economic prosperity. Normally, the citizens are unaware of any connection between this side of the government and the other, though they know, of course, that the other exists. Now and then, however, they discover the unpleasant fact that all these pacific goods are liable to sudden conscription for the combative purpose.

It may be noted in passing that this phenomenon of the double face is to be found only where civilization has taken a distinctly political or nationalistic turn. When civilization rests on a cultural basis, as it does, or once did, in certain Eastern countries, the double face does not exist. The civilization of China, for example, based on a system of education, had no combative side until contact with Western nations taught it to acquire one. Now, may we not say that America's aversion to 'entangling alliances' betokens her desire for a *noncombative* nationalism — a desire imperfectly fulfilled?

If a league of nations — a true *league*, and not a mere cockpit of narrower dimensions — is ever to arise, how else can it come about than through contact of the peoples on their pacific or noncombative sides? Were it possible for the various governments to meet and confer together, not as representing combative nationalism, but as representing creative humanism, with their inner sides turned outward, so to speak, would not the antinomy

between a league of nations and a league of governments at once begin to disappear? Or, phrasing the matter somewhat differently, if these governments would only dismiss the idea, to which they are now wedded, that what they have to do is to make a league *among themselves*, and take it to heart, instead, that what they have to do is to make a league of *the peoples behind them*, should we not at least come in sight of the goal? Unfortunately, the habits of governments, in dealing with one another on the field of foreign policy, have fallen into ruts so deep, and acquired a momentum so prodigious, that they are not in the least likely to be turned aside by suggestions of this kind. It was easy enough for Mr. Woodrow Wilson to speak the language of humanism — so long as he stood outside the machine. But he found a difference after he came to Paris.

It is the profound misfortune of our political civilization, that nations have developed no organ through which they can address each other, as nations, in terms of the human interests they have in common. They speak with one another through the Foreign Office — which has the War Office next door. They negotiate on the field where their interests have least in common, and their relationships have become most dangerous. Of no nation can it be said that its soul is to be found in its own particular brand of combative nationalism, or that statesmen who address each other with armed hosts behind them are the true representatives of that soul. Is it not a fact that the good-will of each nation toward the others somehow gets spoiled, sterilized, or even poisoned, by having to pass through that medium before it can reach its object? One cannot help wishing it were otherwise. It is an abominable limitation.

## V

The best fruits of political civilization are to be found in the systems of law and order which each government has established in its own territory. In this respect the records of some, notably the Roman and the British, stand exceptionally high, though not uniformly so — witness the history of Ireland for the last three hundred years. But, while remembering what governments have done in keeping the peace at home, we must not forget what they have done in breaking the peace abroad — a department of their activities in which the achievements of some of them have been quite remarkable. The wars of the past, with their terrible sequels of lawlessness and disorder, have been mainly their doing. Against their good record for keeping order in the parts of mankind must be set off their bad record for creating disorder in the whole of mankind.

That the balance comes out in their favor is by no means clear. Looking at the facts in this comprehensive manner, may we not say that governments have been, and still continue to be, the chief authors of confusion in the world at large? How much of the disorder now prevalent in Europe, the economic and the moral disorder as well as the political, can be traced directly to the action of governments in their relationships with one another, and to their hostile interferences with each other's business! With such a record standing to their account, a wise man will demand the production of better proof than is forthcoming up to now, before accepting the credentials of existing governments as the appointed peacemakers of the world.

It is said that ex-burglars make good policemen, and ex-poachers good preservers of game. We can well believe it. In the same way, one may suppose, ex-

brewers would make good prohibitionists, ex-slave-owners good antislavery men, ex-bookmakers good suppressors of gambling, ex-pagans good promoters of Christianity, ex-sinners good champions of the moral law. Reasoning from analogy, the conclusion would be that ex-governments represented by ex-prime ministers make good preservers of the peace. All turns on the 'ex.' The burglars, the poachers, the brewers, the slave-owners, the bookmakers, the pagans, the sinners, the governments, and the prime ministers, must all prove their conversion, before we can safely dispatch them on their respective errands. Short of that, what do you propose? *League* them, do you say? But to what purpose? Will the poachers preserve your pheasants by poaching in a band? Will the brewers turn their beer into a nonintoxicant by pouring it into a single vat? Will the sinners establish virtue by pooling their sins? Will the pagans promote Christianity by appointing a common dance round the Golden Calf? Will the bitter fountains of nationalism become the sweet waters of humanism by connecting the taps? A league of ex-prime ministers, if you will; but a league of prime ministers — no!

Were the choice given me, in the present chaos of Europe, between two leagues, or 'conferences,' one composed of ministers in power (prime or otherwise), and the other of ministers who have been dismissed from office during the past seven years, with no prospect of returning to it, my vote would be given, without a moment's hesitation, for the more unconstitutional form of procedure. And this, not because the ministers out of power are better men than those in (though on the whole I am disposed to think they are), but because the former, having no power of their own to be anxious about, would be relieved from one of the gravest disabilities which beset their successors as heralds of peace. If the affairs of the world are to be managed by a league of governments, or of prime ministers, they should be governments which have fallen to rise no more, of prime ministers who have done forever with their prime ministrations. Even the Kaiser, as a *fallen* Kaiser, might have something to contribute to the cause of European peace. But these things, of course, are idle dreams.

None the less, they serve to show us where the analogy fails which has so often been drawn between the suppression of private violence in a single state and the suppression of national wars between a group of states. The history of law and order in the single state is the history of the struggle between two elements — one law-abiding, the other lawless — in which the first has gradually gained control over the second, the good citizens imposing their will on the bad ones, or winning them over to the adoption of their ways. Thus, the suppression of dueling was not achieved by the duelists themselves, but by pacific persons who had never fought a duel and to whom dueling was abhorrent.

But when we turn to the international parallel, we at once observe the significant fact that the counterpart to this law-abiding element, these good citizens, these pacific persons, is not to be found among the states. The states whose joint action is invoked to suppress combative nationalism are themselves the offenders, all tainted with the offense, and some steeped in it — the great European states, which are to play the part of chief policemen, being also the chief criminals, the most hardened and inveterate in the ways of that combative nationalism they are here called upon to suppress.

In this there is no analogy to the process by which the law-abiding elements of society deal with dueling or

with burglary. A truer image would be that of a group of burglars, enriched by the spoils of their former raids, and each still in possession of a formidable equipment for the picking of locks and the blowing-up of safes, forming a compact to retire from the business and prevent newcomers from entering it. Or, more literally, a group of conquerors agreeing among themselves to rest content with their conquests, to leave each other undisturbed in the enjoyment of them, and at the same time to restrain the younger brethren from imitating the bad example of their own record. This is a new thing under the sun, and nothing heretofore accomplished in the way of substituting civil procedure for private feud affords the least ground for anticipating its success.

Combative nationalism, which has filled the world with turmoil for so many ages, will die as the nations outgrow it one by one. To suppress it by a league of combative nationalisms is not possible. What the movement for a league of nations has so far accomplished is, simply, to announce its coming death — a great achievement, for it brings us appreciably nearer to the moment when the evil thing will most assuredly die. But it will die through the working of other causes, and by other means than those which the Covenant of the League lays down for its suppression.

It is easy to construct imaginary entities bearing the names of the Great Powers — 'America,' 'England,' 'France,' and the rest; to picture them as cured of their combative nationalism, and then to draw up schemes on paper (or in fancy) in which these powers are represented as acting together in the renunciation of their former practices, and in preventing their imitation by others. But if we turn to the Covenant of the League, and examine the elaborate machinery therein set up for restraining the war-making habits of states, the inference is irresistible that somewhere in the world there is a number of possible but highly dangerous offenders for whom these restraints are needed, quarrelsome elements calling for higher power to hold them in check.

But who are these possible offenders, and who are the most dangerous of them? They are precisely those Great Powers, whose joint action, in their imaginary character of repentant nationalisms, we were invoking a moment ago to stamp out the offense. Can we wonder any longer that, since the creation of the League, the Great Powers, which made themselves its dominating members, have shown not the least disposition to submit disputes *among themselves* (which have been serious in the meantime) to its jurisdiction? What else could be expected when the chief offenders are themselves judges of the cause? By leaguing the nations in this form, we do not create a *higher* power, which will hold their combative nationalism in check. We merely produce a mechanical (and perhaps dangerous) mixture of the powers that already exist. The beer is not turned into water by being poured into a common vat.

The League of Nations, in the form given to it by the Treaty of Versailles, may be defined as a scheme for giving the governments greater collective control over the peoples. But the true aim of the League, as we conceive it here, should be the precise opposite of this, namely, to give the peoples greater collective control over their governments. For the development of combative nationalism has brought the world to this strange and unexpected issue — that the elements or powers in the world at this moment most ungoverned and lawless in their relations with one another, most provocative of disorder

in their mutual reactions, and therefore most in need of government, are the *governments themselves.*

It is true that, if we take the democratic nations, one by one, we find in each of them means through which the government can be kept in order by its own constituents; though it must be confessed that even these are far less effective than the theory of democracy would lead us to suppose. But when these different governments act, or pretend to act, in concert, under the form of a league, there is no collective check to restrain them, the partial check of each nation over its own government being, obviously, ineffective for the purpose.

By some means or other, this order of things must be inverted if a league of *nations* is to come into being. Enough for the present, if the point has been made clear that no process of leaguing together such governments as now exist will deliver mankind from their propensity to quarrel with one another, or do more than reduce the dimensions of the cockpit in which they quarrel. Even if we suppose them entering into the most solemn compact 'not to do it again,' no power exists on earth that can keep them faithful to their promise one hour longer than the most treacherous among them is disposed to observe it.

One day it will dawn upon minds politically obsessed that a league of governments is by no means the only form in which the idea of a league of nations can express itself.

# THE TIMID SEX

BY ROBERT M. GAY

One night, a while ago, I had to address thirty or forty business men. When the hour arrived, three men sat in the front row, and the rest loitered diffidently in a lobby at the back of the room. At last, one of the three in the front row turned round and shouted: 'Come on, you fellers: let's go!' And the twenty-seven or thirty-seven others began to come in, sliding sideways into the first seat they came to. They all wanted to sit in the back row, or, failing that, in the row nearest the back row.

They were intelligent men, and they could hardly all have been bashful. They had no reason to be scared. They could not possibly have been as scared as I was. For some reason, however, a seat was a haven of refuge for them, into which they slid as soon as they could. I do not think they reasoned it out. I do not think they consciously said to themselves: 'I am of a naturally retiring and timid disposition: I will therefore hide myself so far as I am able from the public eye; here is a seat more or less behind a post or a fat man; I will sit in it.' No. I look upon their peculiar choice of a seat as so instinctive as almost to deserve the name of 'reflex action.' I think I understand it, too; because I also have sat in the last row, or, deprived of that refuge, behind a post or a fat man.

Of course, this curious habit is not wholly to be ascribed to timidity. Timidity is there, almost always; but other subconscious motives play their part. There is, for example, deep-seated in every manly breast a determination not to be, or at least not to appear to be, interested in anything that any teacher, lecturer, or preacher may say; and it is merely masculine to register this obscure impulse in any way short of audible groans. A woman will tell you that men are poor listeners because they want to do all the talking themselves; but such an unjust suspicion must be ascribed to the satirical view that one sex naturally holds of the other. However this may be, it is certainly true that women are courageous church-goers, concert-goers, lecture-goers, without whose encouragement most of the public talkers of the world would have to go out of business.

Now, no woman minds at all walking the length of a room and sitting in the front row, even when the room is full of people. In fact, she rather likes it. If she sees a seat in the front row, she goes for it; and her ears do not get red, either. For her, walking to that seat is a purely practical matter. Why should her ears get red? Watch her as she sails down the aisle at a lecture or in church, cool as a cucumber; and then watch her husband as he slinks after her. He has clearly been trying to slide into the back row, and has made several little bolts in that direction; but she properly ignores him. She never gives in to his manly timidity, for she hopes, sooner or later, to train him to overcome it.

At the theatre, or even at a concert, he is not averse to sitting in the front row, because he has a ticket. This gives him courage. He will even politely precede his wife down the aisle, if he can conspicuously display a seat-check as an advertisement that he is not callously trying to obtrude himself upon the public gaze. But at a wedding-breakfast, a reception, or an afternoon tea, if he is so unfortunate as to have to attend one, he shows a quite remarkable expertness in fading into recesses and corners, or, if none offer, in gravitating into the company of his fellows. In a mixed company he behaves like pepper or sawdust sprinkled on water. However much he may circulate for a time, he will eventually drift together and cohere. In board and faculty meetings, where he is under no obligation to be sociable and may therefore be entirely natural, he exhibits this peculiar molecular attraction most clearly of all. He sits on one side, and the ladies all have to sit on the other.

This delicate organization of the male, his instinctive craving for self-effacement, while it makes him a poor self-starter, makes him work well in groups; and at a football game or a political convention, if he is systematically stimulated, he may overcome his inhibitions and untangle his complexes even to the extent of making a great noise. Women have never really understood football games and political conventions, or perceived very clearly why, in order to win a game or nominate a candidate, it is essential to make a great noise. They have not even fully comprehended the esoteric significance of the axiom (discovered, I believe, by a man) that 'if we don't all hang together, we shall all hang separately.' No woman ever really believed that, and most women would rather hang separately than adopt it as a rule of conduct. They attain their ends by more insidious means; and it is, therefore, not surprising if they privately look upon the making of a great noise without any adequate reason as a rather boyish and sentimental performance. Their faces on these occasions suggest, at any rate, that they find the sudden lunacy of their husbands, fathers, brothers, and lovers a

more interesting phenomenon than the game itself, or the order of business. 'Can it be possible,' they seem to be asking themselves, 'that these men, now demanding the instant death of somebody, are the same timid creatures who sit meekly through three hours of after-dinner speaking, or even through a long-winded sermon, lecture, opera, or symphony concert, merely because they are afraid to get up and leave?' Yes, dear ladies, we must reply; they are the same. They would sit through anything rather than make themselves conspicuous by getting up singly and leaving. As for rising in a body and marching out, such an idea never enters their gentle heads. To do this they would have to have a bandmaster or cheer-leader. Lacking one, each waits for the other fellow, and the other fellow waits for him.

As I understand it, women sit on only because they want to. They somehow convince themselves more easily than men can do that they enjoy concerts, sermons, lectures, and operas. Or, it may be, of course, that they really do enjoy them — who shall say? That they would get up and leave, singly or in a body, if they wanted to, seems highly probable. No foolish timidity would deter them.

A friend of mine, who has had some hair-raising adventures on the lecture platform, once agreed to deliver a course of lectures to an audience of school-teachers; and, after his first appearance, was naturally anxious to learn whether his efforts had given satisfaction. Nothing in the manner of his audience seemed to reveal their sentiments on this question; so he ventured to ask a lady, whom he knew sufficiently well, what she thought.

'Oh, yes,' said she; 'you did very well. Nobody left.'

'But,' asked my friend, '*would* they leave?'

'To be sure,' replied she. 'So-and-So began a lecture here last month with six hundred and ended with fifty.'

'And are they likely to do that to me?' he gasped.

'Of course, if they don't get what they want,' she answered, smiling sweetly. 'We're busy women, and can't afford to waste an hour listening to something that does n't profit us.'

My friend tells me that his second lecture dwells vividly in his memory.

A man approached by my friend with the same question would have slapped him on the back and said, 'Fine! Fine!' and this without the slightest reference to the truth. For a man would feel only one timid impulse — to avoid any discussion of the lecture, to which he would probably not have listened. He might privately have decided to stay at home next time, but he would still exclaim heartily, 'Fine! Fine!' It would never enter his mind to warn the lecturer to do his best. His feeling would be that, if anyone is so peculiarly constituted as to agree to deliver one lecture, let alone a course of them, that person's fate is on that person's head.

One afternoon, years ago, by some surprising combination of circumstances, I found myself not only present at a meeting of a woman's club, but seated in the front row of the audience, alongside the president. The platform was occupied by a professional reader, who, the president confided to me in an aside, was 'really rather awful.' But the president, I soon discovered, was responsible for the reader's presence, and was, therefore, determined to make the reading a success. This she proceeded to do by means so far beyond the conception, much more the execution, of a man, that I watched her out of the corner of my eye with humble admiration. No woman ever expressed so much with her back as that president did. Her very shoulder-blades were

eloquent. The plume on her hat was a semaphore signaling applause. She threw over her shoulders right and left glances that said, as plainly as if she had spoken, 'Excellent! Touching! Affecting! Superb!' And at every pause in the programme she lifted her hands high above her head and clapped them enthusiastically, that all the world might see. And all the world, seeing, of course applauded too, convinced that they were witnessing a remarkable performance — as they were, but not on the platform.

Now I am as well convinced that almost any woman having an equal incentive could have done likewise, as I am that no man except a professional actor could have done it under any circumstances. I was looking over a *Teacher's Handbook* to-day, in which I came upon a sentence that ran as follows: 'It may be unwise at first to ask a pupil to come forward and face the class when telling a story; but the instructor should work toward this ideal, beginning with a girl of the braver type.'

But I seem to remember from my own schooldays that almost any girl was of a braver type than almost any boy, if by brave is meant unaffected by the limelight, the glare of publicity. Here and there was a girl who shrank, of course; just as here and there was a boy who did not; but it is at least open to question whether any girl ever shrank as obliteratingly as most boys, or any boy ever willingly stood up and faced a mixed class as composedly as most girls. When, moreover, a boy did shrink, he knew that all his sex sympathized; and when, without any masculine hesitation, he did stand up, he knew that all his sex looked upon him with surprise, derision, or disgust. Standing up before a class and speaking a piece or telling a story was, he knew, the kind of thing girls did well, with a matter-of-fact calm and a perfect control over arms and legs. For a boy to do it without boring into the floor with his toe, smirking at the window, twirling a button, and rumpling his hair, was for him to proclaim himself to his sex as peculiar, if not downright girlish. If his piece was one that he could roar or bellow, with an occasional sawing of the air with his hand, he might escape the jeers of the unskillful; but anything less robust made him feel foolish.

The little girls, on the other hand, had no such compunctious visitings of nature. They rose brightly, went forward quickly, curtsied, smoothed down their skirts, took a deep breath, opened their mouths wide, and began. We little boys in our seats snickered and winked at one another behind our hands or desk-covers, or, if a favorable opportunity offered, made faces at the little girl reciting; but she went right on till she was through, and then she curtsied again, and tripped happily back to her seat. What the other little girls thought of her, they never told me, but she apparently did not care. She saw no reason why she should care.

In order to be sure that I had not imagined these things, I discussed them recently with a young woman of acute observation. Having herself taught mixed classes of various ages, and even of adults, she agreed with me that the males always sat in the back row if possible, and that they assumed a kind of protective coloration by looking as bored or as illiterate as they could.

'But,' said she, 'if you want a complete vindication of your theories, simply observe the respective manners of a woman addressing five men, and of a man addressing five women.'

'Why five?' I asked.

'Because it is much harder to address five people of the opposite sex than five hundred. Five women are five women, but five hundred women are only a general impression.'

'Yes, there is something in that.'

'You will find that the woman, if only she is becomingly gowned, is enjoying herself; while the man, whatever his appearance, is suffering.'

'Then you think that clothes make a difference?'

'Of course. If the woman is all dressed up, she is all the more at her ease; but if the man is all dressed up, he is all the more miserable. Have n't you ever noticed, also, that a man is never happy if he suspects that his clothes attract attention, while a woman is never really so happy as when she knows hers do?'

'Now that you mention it,' said I, 'I have had some such suspicion. But I have always supposed that the well-dressed woman avoided being conspicuous.'

'To be sure, she does; but not being conspicuous is by no means the same thing as not being looked at. Consider brides — and then consider grooms.'

'I have considered them several times, as well as maids of honor and best men, and bridesmaids and ushers. I seemed to perceive that the brides and maids of honor and bridesmaids wished to be looked at, while the grooms and the best men and the ushers hoped that they would not be looked at.'

'And you were not mistaken. They did. And consider a man with a new hat, and then consider a woman. The man looks as if he wished you to think the hat was last year's; but the woman would be very angry if she thought you thought hers was.'

'Now you are getting near home,' said I. 'I always have a feeling that I look half-witted in a new hat.'

I am glad to be able to shoulder the responsibility for such subversive sentiments upon somebody else, and to remove to less precarious ground.

Something over twenty years ago, Mr. A. B. Walkley published a little essay on 'Timidity: Its Varieties.' It can be read in the volume, *Frames of Mind*, which is full of good things. In it he mentions as *timides* Shakespeare, Hamlet, Milton, Tennyson, Fitzgerald, Thackeray, Richardson, Cicero, Sarcey, Paillet, Rousseau, Sir Willoughby Patterne, Carlyle, Descartes, Spinoza, Kant, Renan, Taine, Mérimée, Swift, Vergil, Horace, Constant, Michelet, and Amiel. Now it may be only one more of Mr. Walkley's little jokes, but he mentions not a single lady. And he gives the impression of being very serious, even scientific. He classifies the effects of timidity as threefold: an awkwardness of the movements, a bemuddling of the mind, and a stupor or paralysis of the whole being; in short, an inhibition of function; and, apparently, when he pictured to himself a creature in that condition, he saw a man. The symptoms of timidity, he records, are agoraphobia, blue funk, stage fright, yearning for sympathy, telling lies ('not deliberately, but out of sheer mental confusion'), self-analysis, boastfulness, bookworminess, bearishness, coldness, and hardness. Can we for an instant accept this as a description of a woman? We cannot.

Of men who were not timid he names only three — Fielding, Sheridan, and Johnson. ('I have no great timidity in my own disposition,' said Johnson to Wyndham, 'and am no encourager of it in others.') Three bold men against twenty-five *timides*, in one short essay! I am reminded of my three men who sat in the front row, and the twenty-seven or more who did not. Can it be possible that the three were just as timid as the rest, but that their timidity expressed itself as boastfulness or a morbid yearning for sympathy? Who shall say? I noticed, however, that when I addressed the group a second time, a week later, the courageous three had changed their seats.

# THREE POEMS

## BY ROBERT LOUIS BURGESS

### SUNDAY IN THE GARDEN

An upright man has dug this soil,
  Who would not let this eggplant die;
Who pressed on Chaos with his toil —
  That upright man, thank God, am I!

He would not let frost nip his beans;
  He kept those onions watered well,
Although he said: 'I think Life means
  Through me a useless tale to tell.'

And so to-day, in Sunday best,
  He counts his peppers in a line,
And gives his toil-lamed back a rest —
  And that lame back, thank God, is mine!

### MATURITY

How good it is to grow less young
  And be not yet one hour too old;
With steadied mind and sobered tongue
  To say calm things youth left untold.

Old oak newborn in Chaucer's time,
  Add now a year-ring to your bole,
Commemorating my good prime
  Made sweeter by your oriole.

And after I have lived my span,
  As linnets, singing, leave your boughs,
Say this with rustling leaves: 'One man
  Found life sweet after youth's carouse.'

### THE REFEREE

It soothes me to perceive that I have come
To no decisions at all —
Poor automatic cymbal on a drum!
I clang as the sticks fall!

And all my grand decisions, I now see,
Were uncontrolled events,
Imposed upon me by the Referee
And registered by sense.

Yet to say this would still be to imply
That somewhat I had fought,
That Some One watched me with umpiring eye —
A thing beyond my thought.

For I perceive with mellowness to-day
That *I* am that Some One,
Watching swift little animals that play
In me a while, then run.

## ANCIENT GRIEF

BY H. E. ALLEN

### I

When the motor-bus drove into Sea-Burnham, only a solitary stranger emerged from the small group of passengers. The time was past when it carried a jostling load of 'wisitors,' gay in sporting attire. It would soon make its last run, and the district would sink into its winter isolation. Already the bus arrived almost in darkness. 'How the days be a-drawin' in!' was the greeting exchanged by the local passengers as they climbed down. Many of them were bronzed laborers, returning from their 'after-harvest frolic.'

The solitary alien hesitated when he alighted — looked ahead at the sand-dunes from which the sea roared out, and behind, down the little street of brick old and new, which soon ran into the dim marshes. He attracted some

attention, for he was obviously a double alien: he was not only a 'wisitor,' but a transatlantic one, such as was rarely seen in this corner of the coast. A few loiterers, when they saw him, in spite of intentions of courtesy, stiffened almost to stopping, but his inquiries were soon answered by the briskly efficient bus-driver, his arrangements made, and the curious were able to stare their fill at his back, as he started alone down the street.

'Two mile down the causewa', as straight as iver yo' kin go,' had been his directions.

John Williams, a young American who had dabbled in literature during the year since he had left college, had followed an impulse and come to spend some weeks in the old home of his grandmother, who had brought him up. It was not from her that the impulse had come: when he left America, he asked if she wished him to visit her old home and look up any friends or relations. She sat in her armchair, with her books and papers about her, handsome and serene, perfectly tended and richly dressed. She did not care to linger over the thought of her birthplace.

'I hardly think it would be worth your while to go there: there 's nothing to see. I 've no family left that I know of, and, if I did have, you 'd hardly know what to make of them, they 'd be so different from you. I left so many years ago — nearly fifty years.'

She spoke — for her — a little shortly, as if fretted at being rudely brought to adjust herself to a harsh contrast of life. She took up her newspaper with some decision.

John sat on quietly at her side. He smiled affectionately to himself. 'Dear old granny,' he thought; 'there's never an ounce of sentiment in her, and she never can bear to be switched from one thing to another. She's not a bit of a snob, but she accepts the moment so thoroughly that she's practically forgotten what she once was. She shrinks from change so much — how did she ever leave England? Grandfather, I suppose. But what a good thing they did pull out! Still, I can't imagine her ever being really different. She must have been what they call "a pearl" of a servant.'

He made a wry face, with a stealthy look at his grandmother's absorbed countenance, and withdrew his thoughts to the more exhilarating prospect of his grandparents' early days in America, when his grandfather's Welsh eloquence as a Methodist preacher, and his grandmother's efficiency and dignity at the head of the household, had continually bettered their circumstances. As a widow, she had been the partner in the success of her son; and her tender care of his own childhood had almost made him forget his mother. In only one respect had she failed of being the perfect grandmother: John had never been able to draw from her sentiment or reminiscence. She had apparently lived each period of her life to itself, and dropped it for the next. 'She's always been so normal and simple,' thought her grandson, regarding her face as she sat reading; 'she's never been touched by sophistication; life has never given her complicated problems; it's given her hard ones, but she's always been strong.'

When he reached England, he found himself, after a time, yielding to what would have been his impulse in her place: he decided to go to see her old home for her, though he might never confess his expedition. That was how, on an autumn night, he found himself on the causeway leading across the marshes to her village.

The sound of the sea came to him from behind, blurred till it might have been the whirr of the looms in his

father's mills. It was a dim night, when the twilight was long; there was no wind, though it was evident that often the wind blew to a gale across these marshes, from the dunes on the horizon, for all the occasional trees slanted significantly away from the coast. To-night the sea signified its nearness in another fashion: low-lying mist, white as foam, traveled swiftly over the levels as the light faded from the sky, and the dim gray tops of the slanting trees on the marshes and the round-topped willows along the road stood strangely out of lakes made of the purest white cloud-stuff of noonday.

'What a distinctive country,' said John to himself, as he walked quickly forward with eager curiosity. 'Primitive as can be!'

When he drew up at the inn of his destination, he seemed at first to have reëntered the England that he had already learned. A rich border of flowers gleamed in the darkness, as the light streamed out from the open door, and a neat street stretched ahead, irregularly built and now cheerfully lighted. But the squat little woman of swarthy skin and jetty hair, who brought him into his sitting-room, did not recall the usual English type; her broad speech delighted him with its faint reminder of his grandmother, who had retained just enough of her native speech for a pleasant flavor. Perhaps one of his grandmother's girlhood friends, he said to himself, with a touch of surprise that it should be so. She could not have shown more kind zeal for his comfort if she had known herself to be such.

'I'll now make haste and ease yo',' she said, hurrying about her arrangements with the quick short movements of age. As she did so, she began the conversation with the weather, after the habit of country people: 'It's a rare lovela night to look at, sah. No fear of it's jammin' onto us with a tempest. Do yo' hev this kind o' night in America, sah?'

Then John discovered the personal reason for the warmth of his welcome: his landlady had the same reason for interest in him that he had for interest in her. In a few moments she had brought out her pictures of her sons in America, and he found out that every family in the village had its representatives there, who all lived as neighbors.

'There ben't much here for boys but the fishin', and the herrin's be werra onsartin, so they go where they can get on.'

He was puzzled, but glad, that his family had not shown the clannishness in emigration common to their parish, and he saw with delight an instant understanding springing up between himself and his landlady as a result of the American connections which touched her so nearly.

'Onything yo' kin tell me about America I'd gladla hear, sah. My heart be there.' So she spoke, with a pathetic radiance of expression, as she showed him to his bedroom. 'The housen be warm here,' she assured him. 'You'll lie lovela under the thatch, though I 've heerd there be none in America.'

John did not wonder that he was comfortable, when he saw next day the immense gray pelt-like marsh-thatching that had covered him. Altogether, he was pleased with his situation. The inn was set where 'the street' began, on the edge of the marsh that ran all the way across to the dunes; and on the horizon the sun sometimes lighted up their pale sand, and steamers made dirty patches on the sky. The dark groups of grazing cattle shifted from hour to hour across the levels. On a day of mild sunlight, a soft bloom seemed to lie over the marshes — green, bronze, rose, and amber; and on the brightest days the whole landscape

looked bleached by the white light, and even the landmarks seemed to dissolve — the striped pillar of the lighthouse, the half-dozen windmills with wings like great Maltese crosses, the equal number of gray tall church-towers. A great sweep of country took substance or lost it together, as the light changed, but more often than not, the whole horizon was a dense blue. There was in particular one very symbol of the changes of the atmosphere that John used to watch from his favorite seat in the garden and saw through a break in the bright cottage gardens opposite the church of the next parish. Its tower was lovelier than all its sisters, tapering with perfect elegance, and its gray flint — glassy enough when seen at close range — seemed at a distance to become saturated with the light: on clear mornings it was angelically white; under rain clouds it became one with them; in the noonday sun it was silvery gray. John wondered if his grandmother, who lived without sentiment but who often loved beauty, ever remembered this exquisite landscape of her youth.

## II

He wondered a great deal about that mysterious cavern of her memory as the days went on, and his landlady, hovering about him with the warm attentions of a starved maternity, began to pour forth the history of the parish, since she found that in no other way could she please him so well. A stream of wayfarers went by the door, or came into the taproom, and very often they suggested anecdotes: there were old laborers, bow-legged and leaning on staves, wearing corduroy trousers and, above, cotton 'slops' — blue, brown, yellow, or white; farmers, wearing checked knickerbockers and pale leggings, came in dogcarts; darkly dressed women with perambulators, bronzed youths on bicycles, brown sailors on foot, with rings in their ears, wearing blue 'guernsas.' He saw many squat brunette types like his landlady — remnants, he was told, of a primitive race cut off by the fens; and he saw also many tall fair ones, descendants of the Norse invaders who had landed on this coast. The rise and fall of the speech of all of them went to the same haunting tune. What strange revulsion would his twice-born grandmother suffer if she should hear it? Did it sometimes come back to her in dreams, or were her dreams and her waking one and indivisible, as her daily life?

Some half-comprehended impulse made him avoid telling his landlady why he was here: he had the uncomfortable sensation of being an eavesdropper; but a half-sentimental though insistent instinct did not let him open the door and disclose himself. After all, it was his grandmother, acting on deep-seated impulses of her own, who had let the barriers rise between her new life and her old. 'The old dear,' he said to himself of his landlady, 'may even be my cousin. How it would embarrass her to find it out!'

The possibility made him shy, but it did not make him ashamed. He watched the life about him, and found it almost heroic to know gardens and fires, hens, cats, and cows, as did the old countrywoman. 'Forecast be as good as wark,' she said to him sagely; and he saw that she had it, by aid of the accumulated wisdom of generations living close to the material world. It was a good stock to come from, and such life was rich, provided the personal relations were fortunate.

That year 'harvest' was the latest within living memory, and John was in time to see the last of it on some farms. Several nights he watched the men working aloft, silhouetted against the evening sky; but at last everywhere the

corn was garnered into the shapely, pale-thatched stacks, which gleamed golden in the distance. The memorable night when, the last farmer paid off, John sat down to a stew made of a 'harvest rabbit,' he was sluggish after a day spent in the wind watching the final operations, when the poor rabbits were driven to their death in the centre of the last field. His landlady anxiously knelt before the fire.

'My sweetheart smile at me,' she said, when it broke into flame. 'Now it be a-torchin' up.' She rose, with a poke at the kitten biting her ankle. 'That kitten do make me sawage. Git yo' along and cock about your rabbit's tail. They be gittin' up for fine cats. Spring kittens be the best. Winter ones'll hev a rum time t' year.'

The wind was howling outside, out of all proportion to the season.

'Oh, it be melancholy,' she went on, standing looking at the fire,' it's a good job the corn be all in at last. The last time there was such a bad harvest was when I was a gel — almost fifta year ago. That time o' day things was livela at the Hall, and the squire said as how they'd drink and dance for all the weeks they'd lost. I've heerd say as how in that one year he lost as much as he'd ben a-losin' in five. And it was that year what was the fallin' of the Raverend.'

The last words seemed almost to slip from her as she stood looking into the fire. Images came to John of the square Hall of dim old brick, now let, and of the tree-embowered vicarage next the plantation, whence he had seen an old man issue forth. He was still heavy with the keen air of the day, and this was the hour to indulge himself in some of the gossip which he was permitting himself on this expedition out of the world.

'Come and sit down by the fire when the table's cleared,' he said to the dark little woman, 'and tell me a story of the old times.'

How strange, he thought, to listen after all to reminiscences that might have been his grandmother's. Perhaps he would tell her of these evenings when he went home, and she would smile at him — a little absently, as at something she did n't understand, though she was none the less glad that he had had his pleasure.

'Thank yo', sah. Yes, I'll be glad to set a little time.'

She expeditiously carried out the old blue dishes half crackled over with long use. Then she came back and sat down. One kitten came and nestled at her feet, on the soft black yarn of the hearthrug; she lifted the other to her lap, and stroked it from time to time as she talked. 'He take all the nussin' yo' kin give him,' she remarked before she began her tale. The little black kitten looked well placed in the lap of the dark little woman.

## III

''T was this way, sah,' she began, in her sonorous tones. 'The Squire and his brothers and his sons was all high-livers, and mana's the shootin parta at the Hall what's ended with not a man fit to hold a gun. The ladas they all left 'em — not a wife ud stick there; but the poor old lada she had to stop, bein' as she had no daughter, and was half bedrid. No dacent gel ud go to sarvice there, with sich rum goin's on, and they got a tottie little gel to wait on the old lada, what had n't no mother nor father, and the cousin what brought her up was like to pinch both her bella and her back. Ah, sah, that time o' day there was sumpin' to pay in this parish, when the gentlemen was a-ridin' free about, and the Hall was all lighted up mana a night so as yo' could see it across the mesh like a great ship at sea.

There was a lot o' nonsense a-goin' about consarnin' all the doin's; but the warst piece of wark there was n't mana what knew. I tell yo', sah, because yo' live in America.'

Here she rubbed a finger for a moment on the back of the kitten sleeping in her lap, and it wakened enough to begin to purr loudly. 'It don't take much to tune them up,' she said with a smile, somewhat sadly.

'What happened to the vicar?' asked John curiously. 'Did he try to preach to the Squire?'

'That he did, sah,' she answered, to the purring of the cat. 'The old one give it up, but when the new one come, — him that's here now, though the Squire and all his are dead and gone, — he begun to try, too. He regenerated from a good way South: they say he come of gentra extra high. Never was there a nicer young man than he was when he come, or a freer with kindness to a poor parson; and he preached free and easa like, like a chapel man, and he got up the choir fine. But the Lord curses them as try to do too much, and he tried too hard to tarn the Squire, who was set to evil from his barth, so it seemed. They made a laugh o' him over there when he kep' on tryin'; but it wasna a clean laugh — the whiska was too strong in 'em. The Raverend give up at last, but he kep' on comin' to wisit the poor old lada, and then the Squire had a presentiment his chance had come. He soon see the Raverend had a likin' to the little sarvent — she had grown up a rare fine gel, and allus done well by her missus — and she lived close to her almost like a blood relation.

'Would yo' believe it, sah, the Squire begun to oncourage the young parson a-wisitin' his mother, jes' so's he could make his downfall. The parson was little more than a boy, and he was wonderful fond o' walkin' out in the evenin'; and the Squire noticed this, and he sent out the gel on errands at nightfall, so's the parson ud meet her and bring her home. So it went on, and in the end that summer the gel was in a muddle, and the old lada was well-nigh crazed. In gen'ral' — here she looked up at her listener with a gentle directness — 'in gen'ral the gels in the parish what get in a muddle they marry directla. The boys be reada enow; they be a bit quick with their wark, but that's because they've no mind to try a pig in a poke, as the gentra do. But when a girl's got in with a gentleman, what's the savin' of her?'

John said nothing, and she went on.

'They say as this thing well-nigh brought the old lada back to life for a time. She talked to the Raverend, but she'd no need to be sawage: he'd a mind to 'a' married the gel, onla the old lada was a bit too stiff in her idees for that. She got the gel alone and told her the weddin' would ruin the Raverend; and the gel was a rare proud un, and she stiffened and said no to him; and next thing, quick as could be, afore anyone could look round, she married a young man what had axed her afore, and the old lada give 'em some mona, and they went out foreign. My mother went in and took care of the old lada, and heerd the hull stora; but the old lada died in a year. As long as she lived, the parson come to see her regular; he seemed to hanker after comin' — poor young man, he looked peaked them times; but after she died he was warse, for he kep' on goin', and he begun to drink with the Squire and the rest; and after a time he was little better or they. He'd come home drunk of a night, and throw his mona about so's no one dared light the fire in the mornin' till they'd seen whether the paper was mixed up with notes. Oh, I've seen him when he looked greasified and fair disagreeable with whiska, and

he had looked so pretty-like. The girl his sweetheart could n't ha' looked nicer, though she was allus stronger and straighter lookin' — a clear-eyed gel she was.'

She paused, dislodged the kitten, and made up the fire. John sat silent, knowing that she would settle again and continue.

'Things were n't so strictified as now they be,' she went on; 'but still, after a time, sumpin' come to the ears of the bishop, and he sent someun down, and he give strict orders. They say, too, as how the doctor told the young man as how his frame was never of much account, and he'd soon make away with it thataway. He's a queer man, the Raverend: some things he will and some things he won't. 'Pears like he did n't want to leave the parish, and he give up the bottle; and here he's been ever sence. He took to readin' his sarmons, — but then most parsons do that, — and he pays no regard to the choir. The charch be set pleasant agin the mesh and it's a pretta walk out from the street in your Sunda clothes, and that help him out for his congregation. His health's not up to much, and his housekeeper tell me he be sometimes that peevish she's a mind to quit; but he's a rare soft heart for them as be in trouble, and he's of a high fam'la. His wisitors be werra few, but now and agin he take up with a stranger for a little time.'

She looked reflectively for a moment at her lodger, who sat looking seriously into the fire. Then she rose. 'The fire be a-gettin' on, and so be the time. I'll say good night, and a good rest.'

She made up the fire, took the kittens, and went out, leaving John to watch the flame burn through the new coals, wish for the vital, purring little cats, and muse over the tragic tale he had just heard.

## IV

Perhaps it was the interest of the evening's tale still working that drew him the next morning to the churchyard: ever since he had been here, he had meant some day to read the names on the tombstones as a contribution to his study of the parish. Perhaps — though he was ashamed to admit it — it was subconscious curiosity as to the old parson that led him to make this expedition at an hour when he had often seen the old man come out for a walk.

When he had finished his survey, he sat down where the churchyard wall, once beautifully laid in a pattern of red brick and bluish flint, had broken down, and coarse flints from within had fallen out, and lay like a heap of knucklebones on the ground. He liked to look up at the fresh gloomy hardness of the flint tower, twice as old as the first homes of the Pilgrim Fathers, and at the fur-soft gray marsh-thatching on the roof. The summer was over, the larks had begun to trill again over the marsh, and the autumn wind was setting the windmills in the distance to moving slowly round. He sat marveling at the monotony of surnames found on the gravestones, and at the frequency of his grandmother's name. He felt a strange kinship to the whole village — even to the marsh. He did not find, however, what he believed to be the names of his great-grandparents, and he was pondering whether he should take steps to discover where they were laid. If they were here, in nameless graves, would it be undutiful to his forgetful grandmother to hunt up her parents?

As he was revolving this question, he turned and saw the old clergyman almost upon him. Suddenly ashamed of his curiosity, he rose, and stumbled into speech. 'The church, sir, has a fine situation.'

'Not so fine as that of the farthest you see in the distance,' answered the old man gently, as he quietly seated himself beside the young one, and pointed to the straight tall dim blue tower, visible miles distant down the coast, at the exact disappearing point of the gleaming water-dyke that began almost at their feet — as if the old dyke-diggers had aimed at that landmark, already ancient in their time.

'Over there,' went on the old man, 'the church is built on the cliff overlooking the sea, and the great height of the tower seems to indicate that it was used as a lighthouse. I've often wished that clear glass could be put in the windows on the sea-side of that church, so that the preacher could reënforce his sermons on the power of the Almighty by using the actual ocean as a symbol.'

He smiled almost genially, directing his blue eyes straight at the listener. The sun fell on his thin hair, and it was hard to tell where the yellow ended and the silver began. His long thin face had a touch of color, but his clothes hung loosely on his lank frame.

'But I suppose,' he went on, sadly, 'that it would have been hard on those in the congregation who had lost their relatives at sea.'

He looked for a moment silently over the sun-swept marsh, where the windmills were all majestically on the move. Thereupon, to John's intense surprise, he turned and invited him to dinner, and went away more quickly than he had come.

John was left on his heap of stones, feeling that his curiosity had been unduly rewarded, and not for anything would he have told his destination to his landlady when he departed to dinner the following night. Yet, since he owed to her the special interest of the occasion, he felt ungrateful not to satisfy the wistful, affectionate curiosity which her face showed, when she saw him step out of the gusty open door into the night.

'It be hardla fit for your pleasure, sah. It be a rum job to-night to sneck the door.'

But she had before now found her lodger's motives mysterious.

John had speculated as to the garden behind the high vicarage wall; but it was only a dim foreground of soughing branches that he saw, as he opened the door and passed up the path to the broad steps and square doorway. The neat wry-faced woman who opened to him quickly closed the door under the influence of the surging wind, and the weather, as usual, made the conversation. In that wild night, at least, the hall looked very cheerful, and so did the sitting-room, with massive furniture and bright fire, though John missed the usual cat of the countryside.

He sat down, and his host at once came in, shy and frail-looking, yet with some pleasure working through his features, as if a new young face, unconscious of all his concerns, was pleasant to him. John's heart smote him that he was not the unconscious stranger that he seemed. They passed into the dining-room, where the mixture of good old furnishings and tawdry new ones was striking. The meal was a wholesome specimen of the inevitable country fare.

It happened over the wine. John had noticed at once, with a guilty, conscious feeling, that his host drank nothing, though he was attentive to the wants of his guest. To pry into his host's secrets and then eat his dinner, was too much for sensitive John. He felt shabby, and as if he were an impostor, beside this charming gentleman. His grandmother was not likely to be of any personal interest to the vicar; yet he felt vaguely that it would be more honorable to disclose his family's connection with the parish. By the end of

the dinner, he was more at his ease with the frail, serious, sympathetically interested old man, and his general sense of underhandedness urged him to expiatory action of some sort.

'I ought to tell you,' he began slowly, when the wrinkled old housekeeper had cleared the table and they sat smoking, 'I ought to tell you that this is a sentimental pilgrimage for me. My grandmother was born here—in a cottage,' he added firmly.

The disclosure seemed not to ruffle the vicar in the least.

'How interesting!' he answered in his clear pleasant voice. 'What was her name?'

'Ivy Nudd,' said John lightly, thinking for the thousandth time how strange was the chance that had given his unromantic grandmother such a romantic name. 'A pretty name, is n't it, but not so uncommon as I thought before I came here.'

But the old man did not answer. Instead, he hastily seized the wine-bottle, poured out a full red draught, and gulped it, his wide blue eyes blinking strangely.

John, in his knowledge of the history and habits of his host, sat uneasy in his chair, fearing he scarcely knew what, and finding himself suddenly hurled into a whirl of feeling as strong as the gale outside on the marsh. Silence fell, and he heard the wind howl loudly.

The old man poured himself a second glass, but to John's relief he merely sipped it, and when it was almost gone he began.

'I knew your grandmother,' he said, in a low voice that he tried to make steady. 'She was a very fine girl. I have never known a braver or a truer.'

Here his voice broke.

'She never let her friends here,' he went on after a little, 'know anything about her after she left. I am glad to see that she must have prospered. Is she living?' The last words came out as if they were almost too difficult to be spoken.

John, hardly allowing himself to see the drift of the discourse, forced himself to answer. 'Oh, yes, the finest and handsomest old lady you ever saw—and one of the happiest,' he added. 'But she's entirely unsentimental,' he went on. 'She brought me up, but I've never heard her mention her life over here.'

The old man's eyes did not leave his face: never had he seen the gaze of blue eyes so intense. Evidently the voice was as weak as the eyes were bold; but in a moment, by great effort, came another question: 'Did she have more than one child?'

The vicar seemed in his frail old age to bend over the table as if to pluck the young man's answer the instant it left his lips.

'Only one, my father. He was born just after they reached America,' answered John slowly; and felt himself suddenly floundering in deep subjects, not only affecting others but also poignant concerns of his own.

Foundations so deeply set that he had never been conscious of their existence now seemed to be dissolving. The old man fell back in his chair, and a quiver of life seemed to pass over his face as he gazed with disconcerting directness at the young man before him—searching out every feature. His color and expression became heightened, as if he had again made connection with youth.

So he sat, but only for a moment. It was as if he were afraid that the tide of feeling would rise too high and submerge him. He reached out his hand, but this time for the whiskey bottle. Then John, in fear, began to speak. Without explanation, trusting to the emotion of the moment to make the action seem natural, he forced himself to give his family history complete, from

the time his grandparents reached the New World. On and on he recounted it, and the old man listened, fascinated, his interest for the moment controlling his feeling. But his appearance was unearthly; the intensity on his face was out of all proportion to his age and strength.

For the moment John forgot the strange upsetting effects of all this on himself, and remembered only the two principals — now as they had been, now as they were in the present. In a sense he felt himself between two extinct fires; for in the old man emotion seemed to have burned out the body; in the old woman it seemed to have burned out the power of emotion itself. But with this new understanding, how could he read that deep heart? Images came back to him from moments when even he had seen his grandmother's dark eyes sparkling with feeling, or swimming with tears. Was it only long effort that had kept her strong heart steady? If events shook it now, would it break her strength and destroy her? It would be a sad thing to wreck her sound and happy old age; as sad as to wreck the happiness of a child.

The old man listened till it seemed as if he feared that he might become drunk with the tale. He rose abruptly and held out his hand.

'Your grandmother lived many years at the Hall here,' he said, with a special touch of dignity, doubtless attempting to bring back the conversation to the conventions, as he thought. 'She was an angel of mercy there, and I am glad that she has been rewarded in this life. Those were sad days for her, and you would do best not to remind her of any of us here. Don't break into her New-World peace with any talk of our parish. Therefore I send her no message, though I should like to. You will pardon me for turning you out, but it's past my bedtime. Good night.'

He held long the hand of tumultuous-hearted John, who was hardly held back by the thought of his grandmother's peace of mind from hurling himself on the old man's neck, and confessing to his full enlightenment.

'Good night,' said the old man, giving him a glance in which time itself seemed to have been dissolved. Here was a temperament which the young man could understand, and his intuition told him that here was a heart which cherished memory, and would nourish itself many an hour on the memory of this very moment. Yet the vicar at length turned his bent back, and was quickly gone, leaving the guest stabbed by regret, remorse, indecision, sorrow, shock at the revelations which he had received.

He stood in the shabby dining-room, straightening himself to go out, crystallizing enough spirit for the next step forward. The old housekeeper came in a moment, and he plunged willingly into the wild night, but not without a glance at the light in an upper window before he let himself out of the garden enclosure.

That night he did not sleep at all, and rarely did he hear the wind, so much more insistent was the movement of his own thoughts.

At first, the image of the old man was so affecting that he looked only to the morrow to make some move to declare himself. He did not expect to be summoned to the vicarage, for he felt that the vicar knew himself too weak to endure the emotion of another interview, since he was too strong to wish to allow himself the relief of free speech. But John at first, in the impetuosity of his youth, determined, himself, to storm the door.

Already he knew that he could not force the emotions to the surface all round — as would have been his first

instinct: he knew that he could not thrust his grandmother back into the agonizing emotions of her youth, even for the sake of bringing her what she had once so much desired. What was once her meat, would now be her poison, since time had brought her almost a new birth.

But the vicar? Had he no duty to him? Should he not tell him that he already knew the secret? Or might the shock of full disclosure be too great for him, also? Would he after all prefer his memories to actualities too agitating for his strength?

So John pondered, hour after hour; and he felt perceptibly older when the night was past. He had learned the potency of time, and he had for the first time realized that some issues are too deep and delicate for any touching by a third person, however interested. His tenderness over the whole affair overcame him, but evidently he could seek no immediate comfort in action.

The next morning he announced his immediate departure, and wired for return passage home. He had some relief in thinking that perhaps he could unburden himself to his father. As he made his arrangements, the sadness of his landlady depressed him: he felt guilty toward her, as the secret possessor of the dramatic dénouement of a tale which she had begun. As he caught her stealthy solicitous looks when he made a poor breakfast, he decided that she was fancying him caught in a sad love-affair.

'So I am,' he said to himself, 'though it's very old, and not my own — at least, not directly. What sentimentalists we all are!' He felt a little scornful of himself, as he thought of the tragic situation into which his irresponsible sentiment had brought him. Yet he was immensely glad that he had come, for, whether they were ever again in communication or not, he felt that the old man at the vicarage would live a fuller life for his coming. Before he went, he left his card there, with his permanent address.

When finally he drove off, he was as affected as his landlady, and his aspect was as heavy as hers. It was a moving occasion to her, since his destination was America, the home of her lost children; and the end of the journey was much in his mind also.

The time could not go quickly enough till he saw his grandmother again, and could satisfy himself anew that old grief could be forgotten, even in this life.

# THE DIARY OF JOSEPH FARINGTON. II

## A PICTURE OF THE ENGLAND OF GEORGE III

EDITED BY JAMES GREIG

[*Joseph Farington (1747–1821) was a landscape-painter of reputation in his own day, and a member of the Royal Academy. Pepys and Evelyn are not more intimately acquainted with the life of their time. Farington's comments on eighteenth-century America have a special flavor for twentieth-century Americans.*]

*January* 1, 1795. — Yenn [R.A.] said that, a few days after West delivered his last discourse, Yenn Happened to be at the Queens Palace. The King asked him if He was at the Academy on Wednesday the 10th. Yenn said He was. The King replied 'I suppose you had a good deal of Hack, Hack, Hack,' alluding to Wests pronunciation of the word Academy, which He pronounces *Hack*ademy. — The King further said West had given tickets to several persons abt. the Court. — The whole expressed the smile of the King at Wests pretending to turn Orator.

The Academy Club, I went to, — Hoppner told me that His Father & Mother were Germans: His Father was a Surgeon. Hoppner was recommended to the King as a Lad of Genius, and the King had him placed to board with Mr. Chamberlains family — Mr. Chamberlain who is now in the Kings library, and was one of the pages. — Hoppner was allowed 3 shillings a week pocket money. — He was acquainted with Mrs. Hoppner (the daughter of Mrs. Wright, the modeller in wax [1]) several years before they married. — Hoppner has been married upwards of 12 years. — On his marriage being known, He recd. a message from the King that his Majestys allowance wd. be withdrawn.

Hoppner was during several years subjected to great difficulties. — He had lodgings, and a two pair of stairs floor, in Cockspur Street. When He took a house in Charles street, St. James's Square, He painted three-quarter portraits for 8 guineas a head. In this time He contracted a heavy debt, & had relatives besides his wife & children to provide for. During some years, while in Charles Street, He did not get near £400 a year. — Lord Hampden has been a continued friend. — He had bad health, owing to a weakness of the bowels. He has been

[1] Hoppner, the story goes, made the acquaintance of Mr. Wright, a young American of great ability and good family, who, with his mother and three sisters, sought refuge in England at the outbreak of the Civil War. 'His mother was a clever woman, whose sound judgment and talents caused her often to be summoned to his Majesty's presence when desiring her counsel in affairs of moment.'

She was celebrated for modeling human faces in wax, and her house became a rendezvous for eminent men and women. Hoppner, greatly attracted by her ability, family, and friends, went to reside at her house, and married Phœbe, the youngest daughter, in 1781.

cured of this complaint by taking peppercorns, crushing them in his mouth and swallowing them. Doctor [Erasmus] Darwin recommended them originally, and Hoppner was advised to try that which had answered. Mrs. Hoppner assisted all in her power to relieve him in his difficulties. She herself made his clothes as well as those of the children.

*January* 23. — Boswell called on me. He returned from Auchinleck on Monday last — Auchinleck, near Kilmarnock, in the County of Ayr. — He told me Mr. [Edmund] Malone has been in Cheshire to see Miss Bover and has offered himself to her, but is not accepted. Lord Sunderlin has seen Miss Bover & is much pleased with her. His Lordship is married, but has no children. He is the elder Brother of Malone & has £6000 a year which will come to Malone if He is the survivor. [Malone died first.] Malone has £800 a year to spend. Boswell says, though Malone is obliging in his manners, He has never been a favorite of the Ladies; He is too soft in his manners. [Miss Bover was the daughter of John Bover, a Bourbon émigré, whose name originally was de Beauvoir.]

*February* 19. — Speaking of gaming, Lady Inchiquin said [that her uncle] Sir Joshua [Reynolds] had a strong passion for it, as He himself allowed; and He was convinced it was inherent in human nature. He said that the principle of it appeared in a variety of instances. — Offer a beggar as much per week to work moderately as He wd. confess He obtained by soliciting Alms, & He wd. refuse it. In one case certainty wd. preclude hope. — Sir Joshua, though He had a passion for gaming, kept it within bounds. — He once won 70 guineas at a sitting, which was the largest sum He ever gained. — If He went into a company where there was a Pharo table, or any game of chance, He generally left behind him whatever money He had abt. him.

Miss Pelham [probably a daughter of Henry Pelham, brother of Sir Thomas Pelham, fifth Baronet and first Duke of Newcastle] Lord Inchiquin mentioned as an extraordinary instance of suffering from the passion of gaming. She has lost £70,000, yet carries every guinea she can borrow to the gaming table, where she will weep & lose. — When she has lost what money she has abt. her, she will solicit a loan of a few guineas from any person near her, even from a stranger. Sometimes gentlemen will subscribe a few guineas & give to her on such occasions.

Lord Inchiquin told me He won at one sitting from Sir John Bland [of Kippax] £34,000. The last throw at Sir John's desire was for £12,000, £6,000 a side, which Sir John won, leaving Lord Inchiquin winner, on the whole, of £34,000. Sir John gave Bonds &c. for the money, but went to France, where He put an end to his life [in 1755].

*April* 13. — Boswell this day attended the Literary Club, and went from thence too ill to walk home. — He went out no more. —

[On May 19th Farington wrote]: —

Poor Boswell died this day — at his house in Titchfield Street.

[The *Dictionary of National Biography* says Great Portland Street. In later entries we read]: —

Boswell was not apprehensive of his approaching end and died without pain or effort. . . . Boswell has left his 4 younger children, one Boy and three girls, £100 a year each, an annuity on the family estate, which is abt. £1700 a year. By the will Boswell desires to be interred at Auchinleck, the seat of his ancestors. — It will cost £250 to carry the Body there. Boswells papers are

put into Mr. Malones posession. — No preparations for a regular work appear, — quantities of parts of newspapers are tied up together, probably intended for some purpose He had schemed. . . . Boswell recd. £1550 for his Quarto edition of the *Life of Johnson* from the Booksellers, which sum is to be made up £2000 on acct. of the Octavo edition. —

[On September 28. 1806, Farington made the following entry]: —

Dinner at Lord Thomonds. Poor Boswell was spoken of, and we concurred in opinion that his *Life of Dr. Johnson* affords perpetual source of amusement. Lady Thomond said that were she to be placed in state of confinement and limited to choice of four books, she would name the Bible, Shakespeares Work, and Boswells *Life of Johnson*, and [the fourth is not given]. She might say, 'She could have better spared a better man.' Notwithstanding his irregularity, he had a strong sense of religion.

Metcalfe [friend of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and one of his executors] and Boswell did not always go on pleasantly together. Metcalfe would call him 'Bozzy,' which the other would only willingly permit from Dr. Johnson, but Boswell in return called Metcalfe 'Mettie,' which was equally disgreeable for him. Sir Joshua Reynolds proposed Metcalfe to be a member of the Literary Club, at which Boswell expressed much dislike. One black ball excludes and Metcalfe was blackballed, which Her Ladyship is convinced was done by Boswell; but Metcalfe does not know it. Sir Joshua liked the company of Boswell, but he was disposed to stay late, and her Ladyship was often obliged to force him away. With all his pleasant qualities, Lady Thomond said she much doubts whether he had any strong feeling of regard for anybody. He was occasionally extremely useful in removing reserve, causing mirth in company, but he was only induced to exert himself when he had a desire to shine before somebody.

*November* 16. — The Whig Club, having given notice that the sense of the inhabitants of Westminster would be taken at a publick meeting to be this day held in Westminster Hall, at 10 oClock I went to the Shakespeare Gallery and was informed that Josiah Boydell and Nicol [the Scottish bookseller], who had undertaken with many other respectable inhabitants to act as special constables to prevent riots, were gone to Westminster Hall. — I immediately proceeded thither, & found many persons assembled in the Hall and in New Palace Yard. . . . The Hustings was raised immediately before the Kings Arms Tavern, in Palace Yard. At a window of the tavern appeared the Duke of Bedford, Fox, Lord Lauderdale, Lord Derby, Grey, Whitbread, Sturt, &c., &c. — We took our station immediately opposite the Hustings. — A little after 12, the Hustings being prepared, the Duke of Bedford &c. came upon it. Much hallooing & clapping on their appearance. The Duke was dressed in a Blue coat & Buff waistcoat with a round Hat. His Hair cropped and without powder. — Fox also cropped, & without powder, His Hair grisly grey.

Fox first came forward to speak, Sheridan on his right hand & Tierney on his left. The Duke of Bedford immediately behind him. — The Hustings was much crowded. Lord Hood was there, as was Lord Belgrave and many friends of [the] government. — After much acclamation Fox addressed the multitude, stating the loss of the liberties of the people, if the [Sedition] Bill passed, and calling upon them to come forward and support

a petition to the House of Commons against it.

While we were at Comyns [the picture restorer] a great noise in the street caused us to go to the Window, from whence we saw Fox in the middle of the Street, with Sheridan on one hand, and Tierney on the other. [Tierney, who fought a bloodless duel with Pitt on Putney Heath.] The Duke of Bedford & Grey close behind; rolling along, I may say, among a crowd of low people, & blackguards, who filled the street, and huzza'd manfully. — The whole scene was such as when a drunken fellow is supported along, in the midst of an encouraging mob.

*May* 5, 1796. — The conversation [at Payne Knight's on the 2nd] chiefly turned upon Poetry and Art. Fox spoke much, but in a doubting qualified manner, free from assertion. To Westall it appeared that a sense of Fox's superiority of talents prevented each person from speaking so fully as He probably wd. otherways have done, so that the conversation was rather amusing than close and instructive. Speaking of the works of Shakespeare, Fox gave the preference to *Lear*, as being the strongest proof of his extraordinary powers; for the Fable of Lear is childish & poor as a girl could write; yet it is so treated by Shakespeare that its weakness in this respect is never felt. — [R. Payne] Knight thought *Macbeth* superior to *Lear*, in its machinery & poetical excellence.

Westall observed that Mrs. Siddons expressed the following passage improperly: —

. . . I have given suck, and know
How tender 't is to love the babe that milks me;
I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have pluckt my nipple from its boneless gums.

Mrs. Siddons, 'I have given suck,' &c., in a tender, soft, manner, till she came to 'Have pluckt my nipple'; whereas in Westalls opinion the whole should have been expressed with indignation and spirit. N. Dance justified Mrs. Siddons by saying that, Her object being to work upon the feelings of Macbeth artfully, tenderness in that instance was proper; in this opinion He was seconded by [Sir Uvedale] Price; Knight doubted, but Fox repeated to Westall several times 'you are right.'

*July* 24. — Lord Lytleton [*sic*], the Statesman, was a very absent man, of formal manners, who never laughed. — In conversation He would frequently forget propriety in regard to the subject of it before the Company He happened to be in. — At Lady Herveys, one evening, when Lady Bute, & Her Daughter, afterwards Lady Macartney, were present, He began to relate a conversation which He that day had with Mr. Wildman, on the subject of Bees, & proceeded to describe the *generation* of Bees, with many particulars, which put the Ladies into some confusion. — At another time, Lord Orford met him at Lady Herveys, when with a tea cup in his hand, He advanced towards the table & returning back, talking solemnly and moving backwards, before He reached his chair, He crossed His long legs & sat down, not on His chair, but on the floor. The wig went one way and the tea cup another, while His Lordship, with unmoved gravity continuing his conversation, recovered himself. . . . 'The Diary of Gibbon gave me a better opinion of his heart,' said His Lordship, 'than I had before. It exhibits some weakness, but *vanity is not vice*. . . . I have a doubt of Johnsons reputation continuing so high as it is at present. — I do not like his *Ramblers*.' . . .

Lord Orford never was acquainted with Johnson; Sir Joshua Reynolds offered to bring them together, but Lord Orford had so strong a prejudice against Johnson's reported manners, that he would not agree to it.

*August* 20. — Trumbull[2] I met this morning. He is lately returned from the Continent. I asked him what He thought of the disposition of the French whose victories are so universal and extraordinary. 'Peace, said He, is the wish of the people, and of the Army.' They are induced to fight with such astonishing ardour because they are persuaded it is the only way to procure a peace soon. — Their Armies consist of abt. 600,000 men, half of whom are of the respectable Class of Citizens who languish to be at home with their families & friends. — I asked him if the government of France is not averse from peace from an apprehension of the Consequences of the return of the Armies. He replied, There is nothing to apprehend, The numerous garrisons &c will employ 300,000 men which will include the blackguards and dangerous part of the troops; the other half have homes to go to and a maintenance there. — He said it is true that the French in making up their Armies have not paid attention to uniformity of size in selecting their men, nor have regarded the clothing, — but their arms are good, and bright; and their discipline is admirable. — In the Towns which they take they become peaceable inhabitants while they stay.

I expressed the satisfaction I felt that there seemed to be a good understanding between England & America. He angrily replied He did not know how long it may continue, if the Commanders of English Vessles are permitted to insult the American Ships as they do. He was stopped on his passage & notwithstanding He shewed all the papers required by the regulations, yet His Ship was kept an Hour in Custody, & threatened to be carried in as a prize. — The Captain of the English Ship at last let her go, on Trumbull stating that when He landed He would make it a public affair.

*October* 28. — Frank Philips [of Manchester] was in America in February last for abt. 5 weeks. From New York to Baltimore the country is extremely flat, no distance to be seen, so it continues from the Sea Coast to more than 100 miles inland. — The roads are all Clay — felled trunks of trees are used in constructing them, — which often rise so much above the clay as to render the passage very rough. In very dry seasons, when the Clay is hard, travelling is very easy, but otherwise it requires 5 or 6 days to go from New York to Philadelphia not much more than 100 miles. The accommodation at Inns on the road is tolerably good, but very expensive, — Madeira is the wine chiefly drank it cost 6*s* a bottle, — you travel in a sort of carriage-waggon drawn by 4 horses. Philadelphia is well built. The brick red and of a very beautiful composition. The window caseings & abt. doors marble. The streets broad. The Houses 3 or 4 stories high. Morris is building a house that appears like a Palace. — There are few public buildings.

The Rivers are all muddy. Near the River morass — then brushwood.

Living is extremely expensive. Philips paid for a Lodging — a single room — at the rate of £85 a year. — Eating & every article on the same Scale. — on this consideration Harry Philips, who is resident there, has from his brothers £300 a yr. sterling allowed him to put him on a footing with them who reside at Manchester.

[2] John Trumbull, a distinguished artist and diplomat, A.D.C. to George Washington, and Secretary to Mr. John Jay, special American Ambassador at the Court of St. James. While a pupil of Benjamin West in 1780, he was arrested as a spy and imprisoned in Bridewell, where he remained seven months. He was liberated chiefly through the influence of Burke. While he was in prison, Gilbert Stuart painted a portrait of him, in which the prison bars are quite discernible. This portrait belongs to Mr. John Lane.

Ranks in Society are strongly marked. — Members of the Assembly, & the principal merchants, form a Class which hold themselves quite distinct; a succession of Classes below them, even to Classes of servants *White & black* is preserved with proud jealousy. At the meetings of the representative Assembly there are so many Speakers that business is carried on with difficulty. They are not contented to hear the question debated by those best qualified. Some quakers remarked to Philips that this was better managed in England. —

Washington is respected even by those who oppose his politicks. — He resides in a common sized House in Philadelphia. — To the English who are properly introduced to him by our Resident He is attentive: but takes no notice of adventurers. Dr. Priestly [English philosopher, scientist, and politician] was not attended to.

They had an opinion of his abilities, but thought him too much a Political character. — Some private societies noticed him, but the government not at all. Philips dined in Company with Hamilton Rowan, and, *not knowing him*, justified the 2 last Sedition Bills in England, and the good effect the trials of Horne Tooke &c had in shewing the people, that there were *seditious* characters in the Country, but even these were protected by the Laws when the charge against them was laid stronger than the evidence could support. — Rowan took no notice.

The Americans think themselves able to destroy our West India trade in case of war, as their mercht. ships being built after the French model, are excellent sailors, and could carry from 4 to 28 guns. The Southern Provinces, Virginia &c., which owe much money to England, were very adverse to the late agreement between the two Countries. — The Northern Provinces were for it. It was carried by 2 votes only. — Virginia returns 16 members.

*December* 15. — Buttals sale I went to. Gainsboroughs picture of a Boy in a Blue Vandyke dress sold for 35 guineas.

[On May 25, 1802, Farington wrote]: —

I painted till four o'clock, & then went to Nesbitts sale in Grafton-street, where I met Hoppner, who had purchased the Boy in Blue dress by Gainsborough which was Buthalls [*sic*], for 65 guineas. At Buthalls sale it was sold for 35 to Mr. Nesbitt. [This was the famous Blue Boy, which Mr. Huntington recently purchased from the Duke of Westminister, for £170,000, it is said.]

*February* 12, 1797. — Lord Inchiquins I dined at. No company. Burke, his Ldship said, is insolent, impatient of contradiction, — will hear no argument, — proud, carried away by passion on every occasion. The business of Mrs. Hastings sunk to His heart. He is admired by everybody, but has no friends. — He cannot be beloved on acct. of his impracticable temper. — Since He was 30 years of age Burke has never read, but casually. He was bigotted to His Son to an astonishing degree, the Son would contradict him without reply. — On a Birthday of the Son, Lord Inchiquin said to Burke 'May your Son have health, & be half what his Father is' — Burke flew into a passion & said 'He is now more than His Father can be.'

In His House Burke is quiet, if not contradicted in anything; but walks about it heedless of every concern — knowing nothing of Servants, expences, &c., &c. — He is very careless of his papers — would drop on the floor a paper though it contained treason, as He would do a newspaper cover. — Mrs. Burke watches over everything —

collects His scraps, arranges & dockets every paper. — 'My Dear Jane,' will Burke say, 'I want such a paper,' it is produced. — As conversation proceeds, He calls for others. She produces them. — He asks sometimes for one which she cannot remember. 'Yes, Yes, my dear Jane, — no contradiction, it must be found.' She examines.

*January* 6, 1799. — Bourgeois told me He knew Gainsborough extremely well. One day He called on him & saw a half-length portrait, and was struck with the haughty expression of the countenance, and observed it to Gainsborough, who expressed satisfaction at the remark, as it proved that He had hit the character. Gainsborough said it was a portrait of Mr. Pitt, who He said came the day before to sit for his picture, and on coming into the painting room sat down in the Sitters Chair, and taking out a book, began to read. — Gainsborough, struck with the hauteur and disrespectful manner of Mr. Pitt, treated him in this way. He took up his pallet & seeming to be trifling among his colours, began carelessly to hum, 'toll, loll de roll'; on hearing which Mr. Pitt recollected himself, *shut his book*, and sat in a proper manner. Gainsborough was very familiar and loose in his conversation to his intimate acquaintance and his sitters, such as neither Beechey or Hoppner can preserve. —

With all his apparent carelessness, Gainsborough knew mankind well & adapted himself to their humours, when He thought it worth while. He said to Bourgeois that He 'talked bawdy to the King, & morality to the Prince of Wales.' . . .

*February* 5. — Gainsborough had not strong health, and frequently complained [said the artist's elder daughter]. — He married at 19. His wife was a natural daugr. of Henry, Duke of Beaufort, who settled £200 a year upon Her, which was paid till the last half year; which remains unsettled, as she died on the 17th of December last, and it was not due till the 25th. [This clears away the mystery that hitherto surrounded her parentage.]

*December* 28. — West told me that, during the American War, a sort of Committee of American Loyalists sat at New York, who had such influence with the Ministry here that their advice was followed in everything. It consisted of Andrew Eliott, a Scotchman married & settled in America, Franklin, and Joseph Galloway — the latter of whom came to England and was acting adviser here. — After the defeat of Lord Cornwallis, a report was circulated here that the Royal Standard was raised in Philadelphia. — West was one day with the King when He came from Court to Dinner, & His Majesty mentioned the circumstances & asked West if He corresponded with any persons in America & had heard of it. West told his Majesty that a Quaker was lately arrived from Philadelphia and was with him the day before; and He asked the King when the Standard was raised. The King said the day mentioned was June 25th. — West observed that the Quaker left Philadelphia July 1st, and knew nothing of such a circumstance. The Queen was present at this conversation.

The next day West had occasion to go to the Queens Palace to transact some business for the Queen, which when He had done it, she asked him if He was engaged that morning. He said not. She then told him to go into Her Closet with Her, which He did & found the King sitting there. — The King began to talk abt. America. He asked West what would Washington do were America to be declared independant. West said He believed He would retire to a private situation. — The King said if He did He would

be the greatest man in the world. He asked West how He thought the Americans would act towards this country if they became independant. West said the war had made much ill blood, but that would subside, & the disposition of many of the Chiefs, Washington, Lawrence, Adams, Franklin, Jay, were favorable to this country, which would soon have a preference to any other European Nation. During this conversation the Queen was much affected, & shed tears.

The next day Lord Shelburne was appointed Minister. — Trumbull [who later became secretary to Jay, America's special Ambassador] was released from Tothill fields, Bridwell [where he had been imprisoned as a spy for eight months], & came to West while an American was with him, who went from thence to call on Galloway, who, hearing that Trumbull was out of Prison, expressed his astonishment, as this measure having been adopted without his knowing of it convinced him that *all was over* as to his influence.

From this period the Queen shewed West continued marks of regard; but after sometime the Cathcart family obtained situations abt. the Court. Lord Cathcart married in America a daughter of Andrew Elliot. After the Kings recovery West perceived more strongly an alteration in the Queen's manner to him, which, with other circumstances, made him think it prudent to speak to the King in such a way as to sound his Majestys mind, who expressed himself in such a way as convinced West of His Majestys attachment to him. . . . On Jay coming to England as [Special] Ambassador, the good disposition of the American government being shewn, the King one day acknowledged to West that His prediction was well founded. The Queen was present, but now flirted her fan.

*September* 25, 1801. — At 2 oclock I called on Miss Boswell at her lodgings, and had much conversation with her. She has resided in Edinburgh abt. 6 months, till when she had lived with Her eldest Brother at Auchinleck. . . . She spoke of Her Father with much feeling. She said He was in His family what He was to the world, a pleasant & good-humoured companion. — Occasionally He was subject to fits of low spirits, but they were transient & passed off in an Hour. He bore His last illness, an illness attended with great pain, with much patience. It lasted 6 weeks. Mr. Earle, the Surgeon, told them after His death, by way of consoling them, that had He lived, He must have lived, from the disorder which wd. have remained, unhappily. She said it was the opinion of some that, had He resided in the country, his life might have been prolonged; but of this she thought little, intimating that there is a time when each must in his turn go. Her Father, she said, had a great dislike to living in Edinburgh, and only did it in compliance with his Fathers will. — He gave the preference to London, as being a place where the mind is more expanded, and where it is not in the power of individuals, by their constant observation of each other, to make their neighbours subjects of conversation.

[During the Peace of Amiens many eminent Englishmen went to Paris, and among the impressions recorded by some of them, Farington's are not the least interesting, as the following extract will show. He speaks of Napoleon.]

*October* 7, 1802. — As all circumstances are remarkable about an extraordinary man, I noticed that He sometimes took Snuff, and would take off His Hat and wipe his forehead in a careless manner. . . . In a few minutes

Buonaparte entered the Palace [of the Tuileries], and stood at the bottom of 3 steps which were raised above him. The body of the Hall was filled with officers, &c., but round the person of Buonaparte, except on the *stair side*, there was a Circle. Here He stood abt. 3 yards from me abt. 10 minutes, reading a paper which had been delivered to him by an Officer to whom He put several questions. — Having dismissed this application, He advanced up the steps to the landing, when another Officer presented a paper, which He looked at and gave an answer.

During the first conversation He took off his Hat, and wiped his forehead & I noticed that all his actions were *unstudied* and quite easy & natural & calm. The second application being answered, He proceeded to the next flight of steps, and passed me so close that I could have touched him. His eye having glanced upon strangers, when He came opposite to me He looked me full in the face, which gave me an opportunity to observe the colour of his eyes, which are lighter, and more of blue grey, than I should have expected from his complexion or than as they appear when not seen near. I thought there was something rather feverish than piercing in the expression of his eyes; but his general aspect was milder than I had before thought it. A window was at my back, and the light full upon him, so that I had a perfect view of him. His person is below the middle size. I do not think more than 5 feet 6; I rather judge him to be less than that measure. Mr. [Benjamin] West thinks otherwise. He is not what can be called thin. He is sufficiently full in the Shoulders and body & thighs for his age & height.

Rogers [the poet] stood a little way from me, and had an equally good opportunity of seeing him, and observed that He looked us both full in the face. Rogers seemed to be disappointed in the look of his Countenance and said it was that of a little Italian: that He had no eye-brows, or eye-lash, to give strong expression, & that his eye was rather weak. . . . What struck me was, that there are points of *determination* in the formation of his head & in his features. It would be extravagant to say that there is that expressed abt. him which denotes that such a man must be superior to others in an eminent degree; but I certainly felt no disappointment on seeing him after all I had heard of his character, unless it was that his deportment was more easy and open than I had pictured to myself.

*March* 7, 1811. — Mrs. Coxe Senr [one of Farington's relatives] gave me much information respecting America. . . . There is much luxury in living among the higher people at Philadelphia, & much distinction in the ranks of Society; the principal Houses are mostly furnished in the French taste, in a very expensive manner. America, she said, is a cheap country to live in compared with England: One thousand a year would go as far as £3000 a year would do in England. A Turkey may be bought in Philadelphia for half a dollar (2*s* 3); Beef, mutton, for 6*d*. a pound. This proportion, however, does not bear out in my mind the above observation of the cheapness of living. Fruit is in abundance & very cheap.

The women in Philadelphia are universally handsome. Their complexions are not fair, but of a clear brownish colour. Their persons are well formed, and their manners are remarkably pleasing and agreeable. Both in person and manner they are much above the men, who have not the same pleasing address, & have in their speaking a peculiar and what may be called 'a yanky tone of voice.' It was observed by British Officers who were in America

during the War with England, that the Women were in all respects a century in improvement before the men.

She said there are, politically speaking, three descriptions of persons in America. An English Party, a French Party, & a neutral party. The French party, she sd., are by far the most active; and it is believed that the French minister has at his command a large sum which He applies to keep up this spirit. . . . Mrs. Coxe spoke of the newspaper called the *Aurora*, published in Philadelphia, which is made up entirely under French influence and circulated very generally. From this paper the people in the Country entertain very false notions of the state of England. — Mrs. Coxe said — 'In America a great change has taken place among the *Quakers;* they now very much disregard that characteristic simplicity of manners by which they were formerly distinguished.' — She said, 'There is little piety in America, less than in England.'

*May* 21, 1815. — In the course of conversation [at Sir George Beaumont's dinner-table, in which Wordsworth took part], Poetry was a topick. Sir George mentioned the high encomiums for Wordsworth's *Excursion* in the *Eclectic Review*. Wordsworth had seen it, and could not but be pleased with the statements expressed in it. The *Edinburgh Review* He never reads. He does not wish to have the opinions and *ribaldry* of *Jeffries*, the author of it, floating in His memory; for, however much He may disguise such matter, He would not have it buz in His thoughts when occupied on any subject when Poetry engages His mind. — Scott's poetry was spoken of; and the ready rate at which He writes. Taylor [author of *Monsieur Tonson*, and editor of the *Morning Post* about 1787] thought it of a mechanical nature, and Wordsworth illustrated this by saying it was like a Machine made to amuse children, which turns round seeming to unravel something, but to which there is no end. He said that in some of Scotts descriptions, where there is much action to be expressed, as in battles, &c., Scott has shewn energy. — Taylor thought that *Goldsmith* as a Poet stood too high; but Wordsworth did not assent to this opinion. Goldsmith did not attempt the higher flights of Poetry, but what He did was well. Taylor thought him as a *novel*-writer, in His descriptions of Character & life most excellent.

*June* 9. — Wordsworth expressed apprehension of great difficulties attending the attempt upon France now forming by the Allied powers. He said that although the mass of the people of France might be adverse to Buonaparte, yet the able men combined together, and supported by a considerable [number] of the military, wd. have power to use the nation generally for their purpose.

*August* 11. — Mrs. Wellesley Pole [wife of the Master of the Mint] told Lawrence that she had conversation in Paris last year with the late *Empress Josephine*, first wife of Buonaparte. Josephine spoke of Him with regard; said His disposition was naturally good, but that He had bad people about Him who urged Him to bad measures. She said He was naturally suspicious — jealous, & had much pertinacity. For many days together, while He was at the height of His power, when she had observed that His mind was brooding over some of His projects, she forbore from speaking to Him. Lawrence was told that Fouché sd. of Him that He was the cleverest fellow in the world, but He had two faults: '*Pride* and *Pertinacity*.' These failings caused Him, after He had once formed an opinion, or determined upon anything, to persist in it however much He might be advised against it.

# IRELAND REVISITED

BY NORA DWYER

## I

We were out four days before she emerged from the crowd of other passengers, that little woman in gray. Her deck chair was to my right, but between us sat a nun, on her way to England for a year of study. I had become acquainted with Sister Mary Josephine the first day out, and by this time we were old friends. Conversation with her was so enchanting that I was somewhat oblivious of the silent presence at her right. If I thought of it at all, it was only as a steamer-rug and a book; for it had shown no other signs of life.

On this particular day, the deck steward having served tea, Sister and I were conversing over our cups on the subject of Irish folk-lore, and I ventured to relate, in the words of Thomas Moore, the legend of Saint Kevin and Kathleen. I began, —

'By that lake, whose gloomy shore
Skylark never warbles o'er,
Where the cliff hangs high and steep,
Young Saint Kevin stole to sleep.

'"Here, at least," he calmly said,
"Woman ne'er shall find my bed —"'

At this point my memory failed me; and while I hesitated — trying to recall the next two lines — the steamer-rug showed signs of life, and a little woman in a heavy gray coat, appearing from underneath it, leaned forward and finished the verse for me: —

'Ah! the good Saint little knew
What that wily sex can do.'

And thus she came into my vision. Obviously she was Irish, for she had the pleasing accent of Dublin. Closing her book, she joined in our conversation. Her eyes were blue — Irish eyes, with melancholy instead of the merriment that belongs in them. She was young, though her hair was silver; and her very thin face gave her an ascetic appearance. One might call her plain, and she might pass anywhere unnoticed until she spoke. Then her soft-toned voice, her calm manner, and her intelligent conversation proclaimed her to be a woman of cultivation, and compelled attention.

While not identifying herself in any way, she seemed to be well acquainted with that group of young Irish poets who stand out so pathetically against the background of the Rebellion of 1916. She fascinated me, and added charm to the end of what had been a most charming day at sea.

I was reading the *Ocean News*, and called the attention of the little woman in gray to the wireless dispatch that told of Harry Boland's death. She remained silent, leaning back in her chair, while I deplored what seemed to me the futile revolt against the Treaty. It was the path of common sense — I said with some vehemence — for the people to follow the Free State leaders. And then I looked, expectantly, for a sympathetic response.

But the little woman gave no indica-

tion of interest in the matter. Had she been other than Irish, I should have concluded that the subject bored her, and changed it; but, as it was, it seemed downright mean for her to show no feeling. So I continued, asserting with even more vehemence that the children of the Irish, in America, would contribute no money to help a fratricidal war.

She sat mute, absolutely cold to my eloquence. Her silence seemed uncanny, and I was conscious of a sense of defeat, though loath to admit it.

I proceeded. 'What will happen,' I said, 'is this: the public opinion of the world will demand that England return to Ireland to restore order; and if she once exerts all her might — which, of course, as yet she has not done — she can exterminate the Irish.'

The little woman in gray raised herself, and looked at me quietly for a moment. Then her eyes went out to the horizon, as she said in a gentle tone, 'The soul of Ireland will never die!'

This seemed to me not only poetry, but fiction. It riled me. 'The soul of Ireland will never die!' I exclaimed. 'Perhaps not. I am quite sure that England will be satisfied that it shall live forever up among the saints, while she possesses the land in peace.'

Here the bugle sounded for lunch, and the little woman in gray put her arm in mine, as we walked inside. My awful prophecy had not strained the entente cordiale.

It was late in the afternoon, and we were taking our exercise together, when the coast of Ireland appeared out of the fog. Everyone who crosses the ocean knows the pleasant thrill of the first sight of land. The passengers stood in groups along the railing to watch it, and a courteous gentleman offered us his glasses. I wheeled round to hand them to the little woman in gray, and found her in the act of making the Sign of the Cross, her eyes raised to Heaven. Instinctively I turned to the shore, not wishing to intrude on what seemed a sacred moment for her. Nor did I think it extraordinary that she should stand there offering a silent prayer at the first sight of her native land after an absence of two years.

We resumed our walk; and as we went along I announced that, contrary to all warnings of friends at home and fellow passengers, I had decided to go to Ireland. My little gray friend was delighted to learn this, and we planned to be fellow travelers as far as the city of Cork.

It was eleven o'clock that night when the ship anchored at the entrance to the harbor, and they proceeded to disembark the passengers destined for Ireland, while the business of scrutinizing passports and checking us off began. The little woman in gray clung close to me; and finally it came our turn to be checked off. She came before me, and as they checked her name she passed out of the room very quickly, without waiting for the clerk to examine into her place of destination. He called her back; but she was gone, and an official who stood beside the clerk pointed to her address on the page; but it was my address he pointed to, for I noticed that there was none beside her name, and the clerk did not press the point.

It was after midnight before the tender started up the harbor. When we came to pass the customs at Queenstown, the little woman in gray sought out a particular official, who seemed to know her. He marked her luggage without examining it, and I overheard him say, 'Don't delay this lady.' My little friend was agitated while she asked me to go up to the hotel and engage a room for her, because she must remain to send a telegram to Cork. I engaged the rooms and ordered a light

supper, and it was not long before she turned up. It was now half-past two in the morning, and after we had had refreshments two very tired, sleepy little women said good night.

## II

'I must call on some friends immediately on reaching Cork,' said the little woman in gray, while we were riding up from Queenstown the next morning; 'and I should be eternally grateful if you would take my luggage along with you to the Metropole. I will follow later and join you for lunch.'

Of course, I was only too pleased to render so small a service to a fellow traveler. The train pulled into Cork, the guard opened the carriage-door, and my little friend alighted. I stopped to collect my belongings, and then followed her; but the elusive little creature had disappeared. I looked around me, dazed at the suddenness of her exit, but she was nowhere in sight; and after waiting a few minutes I gave her up. I called a jarvey; he piled the luggage on one side of his jaunting car, while I balanced it on the other, and we cantered off to the Metropole.

True to her word, the little woman in gray arrived in time for lunch. We had a table to ourselves in a cozy corner of the dining-room; and, as she sat opposite, I wondered what magic had transformed the melancholy woman I took her to be into the sprightly, almost jovial, person she now seemed. She was delightful company in this mood: someone I should have liked as a companion all along the way. After lunch it occurred to her that it would be interesting to visit the grave of the late Lord Mayor of Cork, Terence McSwiney; and on the way back she would call on his sister, Miss Mary McSwiney; but how to find her address she did not know.

I suggested that possibly they had street directories in Ireland, and that that was where I naturally looked for addresses. She laughed merrily while she told me that she was enjoying pretending to be an American tourist, but if she asked questions at the desk her speech would betray her at once. So, would I mind looking up the address, for no one could mistake me for anyone but a Yankee.

I saw no objection to her pretending to be an American tourist, if she enjoyed that sort of thing; so of course I should not mind looking up Miss McSwiney's address. Then it fell to my lot to make arrangements with the jarvey, and we started off to the cemetery.

As I was curious to know the real sentiments of the plain Irish people about the troubles of their country, I never missed an opportunity, if I could help it, of conversing with them; and so I began with our jarvey. The little woman in gray was silent all along the way, while I chatted with him. He talked freely, assuming that we were both Americans. He was bitter in his condemnation of De Valera. He said the majority of the people of Cork were for the Free State, but they could not speak out at present, for the Irregulars were in control of the city, and it would go hard with those who did not agree with them; but the Free State troops were expected soon, and the people would be greatly relieved.

Then we came to the cemetery, and found the Republican Plot, as it is called. The inscription on the grave was written in Gaelic, which my little friend translated with ease. There were a lot of other graves of young men who had perished in the fight, and we walked among them, reading the inscriptions. Then, before leaving, we knelt and recited the *De Profundis*.

On the way back, the little woman

in gray whispered that she did not want the jarvey to know where she was calling; she would alight at a certain street and find her own way to Miss McSwiney's house, where she would remain for tea.

It was nine o'clock in the evening, and I was alone in the lounge of the Metropole, reading, when my fellow traveler returned. She was attended by a young man whose name was well known to me, but whom I had never met. He writes poetry, and makes his home in America, though his real home is Ireland.

We sat around the fire, — for the night was chilly, — and had an interesting conversation about many things. I recalled afterward, while the little woman in gray was recounting some amusing incidents of our voyage, that he gave her a knowing look, as he remarked, 'You should have brought over some guns.' I did n't expect to find this gentle-mannered poet so bloodthirsty, and said so.

Then the subject turned on Irish politics, and the ethics of assassination. He thought the assassination of General Wilson was a great deed for Ireland, while I thought it was a great evil. Then he related things that had been done in Irish homes during the reign of terror instigated by General Wilson, to justify the vengeance that followed him. His voice was well modulated and his manners were gentle. It was difficult to imagine him condoning assassination.

I reminded the little woman in gray of her words that 'the soul of Ireland would never die,' and argued that when young Irish men and women countenanced murder, the soul of Ireland was surely dying.

When the poet finally took his leave, I had the impression that his object was not so much the freedom of Ireland as the destruction of the British Empire.

The little woman in gray was not sleepy, and we sat up for some time after the poet had gone. 'Well,' she said, with a deep sigh of satisfaction, 'it's been a great day for me. I have accomplished the work I came from America to accomplish, and I owe it to you to say that meeting you has been a godsend. It helped me to get through without difficulty.'

Then she revealed to me that she had been sent over on an important mission to De Valera. She did not say what that mission was. It was now successfully accomplished, and she no longer feared capture. It filled her with glee to recall how easily she had passed the officials, because, being in my company, she was taken for an American tourist.

I looked at her in amazement. The thought that this little woman had tricked me was humiliating; and, worse still, I had helped her to do some evil to Ireland! When I found my voice I rose and said good night. But before I closed the door behind me, she called out, 'Oh, by the way, did you happen to notice the number of that jarvey's car?'

I did remember his number, but had no intention of betraying him into the hands of the enemy; and I told her so.

When I was alone, many things came back to my mind and took on a new meaning. Her agitation when the coast of Ireland appeared out of the fog; and her prayer, which I felt sure was that she might pass in safety. Now I knew why it had fallen to my lot to make the arrangements at the hotels, to buy the railroad tickets for Cork, to give directions to the jarvey. This accounted for her silence on the road to the cemetery. And oh, the poor jarvey! How freely he had talked to the trusty Americans. Doubtless she

had recounted his conversation at the barracks, — which was the place from which she and the poet had come, — and they had asked her to get the jarvey's number. I determined to part with my little gray friend at once; and early the next morning I rapped on her door, but she had gone.

> Ah! the good Saint little knew
> What that wily sex can do.

Some time later, when I was in Dublin, I told this story to an American gentleman who was near to some member of the Provisional Government, and I learned from him that, very shortly after our ship arrived at Queenstown, there was great activity among the Irregular troops; for someone had brought money from America to pay for a large consignment of guns which the manufacturers would not release until they saw the money. Then I remembered the little group before the fireside that night at the Metropole in Cork, and the words of that gentle poet as he looked knowingly at the little woman in gray: 'You should have brought over some guns.'

## III

To fulfill a promise made many years ago, I set out after breakfast on a journey to the place where my mother was born and lived as a child. Crookhaven is the name of that place, and it is situated on the southwest coast of County Cork, looking east to Cape Clear, at the very tip of the peninsula that lies between Roaring Water Bay and Dunmanus Bay. To reach this remote spot the road from Cork lies through Skibbereen, and there the railroad ends. From that point a tram line runs to Scull, where one may hire a conveyance to complete the journey to Crookhaven.

It was about noon when we arrived at Skibbereen, and it would be an hour before the tram left for Scull. I looked about for a place to lunch, and as I sauntered along I noticed a group of stern-faced young men in civilian clothes standing by the bridge over which the train had just passed. I concluded that they belonged to the Irregular army, which wears no uniform, and supposed they were waiting to take the next train.

It was beginning to rain when the tram started for Scull; and by the time we were well on the road it came in blinding sheets of water against the windows, so that it was impossible to see the country. Scull lies at the foot of Mount Gabriel, where there is a lake, which has never been fathomed, — so the native people say, — and wherein lives the great serpent, condemned by St. Patrick to remain there until the Day of Judgment.

A young Irishman, the owner of a rickety Ford car, agreed to take me over to Crookhaven. By this time the rain had subsided somewhat, and I was able to observe the rugged country through which we drove. From the village of Goleen the road runs all the way by the sea; and standing out there, in a haze that gave it a phantom look, was the Fastnet Rock. At last we arrived at Crookhaven — the wildest, the loneliest, one of the loveliest, and certainly one of the poorest places I had ever seen.

I had seen all the loveliness of it before in vision. 'The purple mountains were all around us,' my mother said, 'except where we looked out to sea, just inside the Fastnet Rock.' It needed only 'the luggers lying in the haven' to complete the picture. They were not there; but in their place, under the shadow of the purple mountains, was anchored a British sloop of war. On the highest point of the promontory stood the ancient gray stone tower —

'No one living knows how many hundreds of years it has been standing there.' Around this ancient tower, they say, fairies keep nightly guard; for all this region is fairyland — *Tír-nan-Óg* — 'the land of perpetual youth.'

It was late in the afternoon, and another storm was brewing; so I concluded to remain here for the night. There is no hotel in this wild region, but I found shelter with a kindly family near-by, and passed the evening pleasantly by their glowing fireside. It was interesting to talk with them, and from them to learn the attitude of the simple people in this region toward the present struggle. There was no sympathy with De Valera's cause down here; their hope was in the Free State. For the late Lord Mayor of Cork, Terence McSwiney, this family had a great admiration; but they regretted the hunger strike, feeling that Ireland needed just such men as Terence McSwiney to live, instead of dying, for her.

About midnight, a terrific thunderstorm broke over Crookhaven. I stood by the window watching the lightning. As it lit up the sea, I caught glimpses of the Mizen Head, — the most extreme southern point of County Cork, — 'the last spot where the sea-bird can rest until it folds its wings and stands on the continent of America.' Then it came back to my mind that 'on the brink of the sea, at the Mizen Head, there is an old graveyard where lie the ashes of my people'; and when the lightning came again, I fancied I saw their spirits trooping along to welcome me home.

In the morning the sun was shining brightly, and I went forth on a little exploring expedition. I walked to the summit of the hill where stands the ancient tower. The illusion of the fairies was gone, and the mystery surrounding the date of this tower did not seem so difficult of solution. It is probably of Norman origin, and evidently was built as a beacon tower on that rocky coast.

In the clear light of the morning, the Fastnet Rock had lost its phantom look and seemed nearer. I was enjoying the scene in solitude, when an aged woman came toward me with a pleasant greeting. From her little thatched cottage at the foot of the hill, she had seen me coming up the road, and, as a stranger is a rare sight in these parts, she came out 'just to bid the time of day.' I knew that she was curious to know what brought me there, and I was very glad to tell her that I had come to see the place where my mother's family had lived long ago, before the Great Famine had scattered them over the world. She asked the family's name, and on hearing it her old face beamed with interest, while she told me that the memory of that family still lingered there, and she would lead me to the spot where stood what was left of the house once known as 'The Cape of Good Hope,' where strangers always found a welcome. So she led the way toward that side of the hill sloping down to the haven, and there the ruins stood.

I walked back with the old woman to the door of her thatched cottage, and accepted her invitation to step in. It was into the quaintest kitchen I went, where a peat fire was smouldering in a large fireplace, over which a black iron kettle swung. The old woman lived alone here, for all her children were in America. I talked with her about America, and told her that we regarded it as a great privilege to live so near the sea as she did; that in America grand seacoast places like hers were usually owned by great millionaires, and that picturesque little thatched cottages gave place to marble palaces.

This old woman, never having been out of her native spot in Ireland, had no knowledge of ugly smoking factories or tenement houses, and — having no means of contrast — she was all unconscious of the loveliness wherein she dwelt. When I was leaving her, she had a request to make: would I, when I arrived in America, call to see her children, and let them know she was well? Certainly, I should be delighted to do this for her. Where did they live? 'They live in a place called by the name of Dakota.'

On the way down the hilly road I came up to a little barefoot girl driving a flock of geese. She had lovely coloring and deep blue eyes. On seeing me, she stopped, and curtsying said, with a bright smile, 'The blessing of God on you!'

I know now that my reply should have been, 'The blessing of God and Mary and Patrick on *you*,' giving her two more blessings, so as not to be outdone in courtesy. But — heathen that I must have seemed — what I did say was, 'Hallo, little girl!'

The picture of that little girl will remain as a pleasant memory, but I shall always wish I had known better than to make that commonplace reply to the Christian salutation, made with simple dignity.

I helped her to marshal her geese along the beaten track, until we came to her father's farmhouse, and then she told me her name — Mary O'Driscoll. It was a name that once was powerful in the very place where she now walked barefoot; for the territory of the O'Driscolls comprised all the south-western district, from Courtmacsherry Bay to Bantry Bay, until Cromwell came. If little Mary looked across to Cape Clear through a strong glass, she could easily see the ruins of Castle Dunamore, or 'The Golden Fort,' in olden times a stronghold of the O'Driscolls; and the great chieftains of other days might well be proud of the beauty and native grace of their little kinswoman.

The young man of the rickety Ford car was waiting when I returned from my exploring expedition. He brought the news that there were no trains running from Skibbereen to Cork, because the day before, shortly after the train that brought me passed over it, the bridge had been blown up. That was the deed those stern-faced young men I saw at the railway station were contemplating. I had two weeks to 'do' the cathedral towns of England, and I found myself bottled up in the south-west of Ireland. The driver had a plan, however. He would take me to Bantry — where he was sure I could get a train to Cork; and we started off.

At Scull we took on an official of the Bank of Ireland. Our car was humming along when, suddenly, from behind a poor little farmhouse rushed a very young man, musket in hand, who ordered us to halt.

'What a ferocious-looking figure!' I remarked.

'Only a sentry,' said the bank official.

After a show of passes, we were permitted to proceed on the journey. At the next town this gentleman was leaving the car, and he wished me a pleasant journey. I thanked him, and expressed the hope that Ireland would soon see better days.

'Oh, this will end,' he said, 'when they stop sending money from America to finance it.'

Bantry was bristling with guns. Women and men were standing in groups in the streets, with anxious faces. There were no trains to Cork, and no telling when there would be. The cathedrals of England now began to look like castles in Spain; but as it was long past noon I turned for comfort

to a place where they serve lunch to wayfarers.

The proprietor, who was a friendly soul, showed a special interest in helping me. 'If it's adventure you're after,' he said, 'shure Bantry is the place to stay, for there'll be plenty of it here shortly.' If I did n't care to wait over to see the battle, he knew a reliable jarvey who would take me over to Glengariff.

Under the circumstances I felt that prudence was the better part of valor, and accepted his services. I knew that no one in Ireland would intentionally kill me; but boys who handle guns don't all shoot straight, and I really did want to see those English cathedrals before I died.

On the road to Glengariff we met several machines filled with men holding their guns ready for action, speeding toward Bantry, where the Irregulars were concentrating. I found Glengariff — 'the rough glen' — a place of great beauty, and I should have liked to remain there a long time, it was so alluring; and I could easily have forgotten all about the cathedrals of England. Oh, such a blessed peace was there! But after two lovely days I started off once more on my journey back to Cork.

It is on the drive to Kenmare that the surpassing loveliness of Glengariff is seen to perfection. The road runs around the side of a mountain for some miles; and when the top is reached the whole valley comes into view — ocean, mountain, glen, and river. We reached Kenmare in time for luncheon. At the hotel the Irregular troops were quartered. Young fellows who never before had been out of the little villages where they were born were living in luxury, demanding the best food, drink, and cigarettes.

The hotel is managed by women, and they had put carefully out of sight everything that was movable; for De Valera had said to his men: 'Ireland is yours for the taking,' which was interpreted by some of them to mean that they might take everything in sight. The barracks at Kenmare had been burned down the night before; for the Irregulars were preparing to evacuate the town, and it is their custom to burn their quarters behind them. While I was talking with an Irishwoman whose property had suffered from the depredations of the Irregular troops, she remarked, 'Shure the Black and Tans were gintlemen to them.'

From Kenmare I went by side-car to Killarney, where I arrived late in the afternoon. When I was comfortably settled, I went out for a stroll. In the principal square of the town a crowd of people was gathered; and a young man with a musket was moving among the groups, selecting certain men, who then moved out into the middle of the road to join a little band already gathered there. I went over to a group of women and inquired what was going on, and was told that over all the roads leading to Killarney ambushes were laid, and the young fellow with the musket was conscripting men to watch the roads through the night, for the Free State troops were almost at Killarney.

Sometimes a man selected would resist; whereupon the young fellow with the musket would drag him out roughly, and if he resisted further would strike him over the head with the butt end of his musket. Then again, when women saw the men of their family dragged out, they would join in the resistance, screaming and crying. I saw the young tyrant with the musket approach a rather elderly man, and without warning strike him blow after blow across the face. One of the women told me that this man was being

punished because he had driven Michael Collins in a motor-car.

I talked for a long time with this group of women, and they told me that the people of Killarney were all for the Free State, but they were afraid to speak out because 'those boys have guns.' They said that under English rule, in their day, they had never suffered the tyranny they were suffering now.

It was a curious thing to observe that, while the Free State troops were expected in Killarney at any moment, no one was taking to cover. On the contrary, the inhabitants — even women with babies in their arms — were all gathered in the public square waiting to see the battle. I got the impression that they were waiting hopefully for the Free State troops to come.

That night I was roused from my sleep by a loud knocking on the outer door of the hotel; and after the knocking had continued for some time a window in the story above went up, and a woman's voice called down, 'Who's there?' A weak-toned masculine voice answered, 'It's me.' Then the lights went up, and the woman went down to admit a stray little Republican lad, not more than eighteen, who came in from watching the roads, and demanded food and shelter.

After this, things were quiet for a spell, when again there was a loud knocking on the outer door. Once more the window went up, and the same woman called out, 'Who's there?' This time, a strong man's voice ordered her to 'Come down and open the door.' The woman seemed to obey very meekly. The lights went up, and she came down and unbolted the door. There were two men with guns standing there, and in loud tones they demanded to see the man who had just been admitted. Up the stairs they tramped, making a great deal of noise, and returned with the little Republican boy in their custody. It appeared that he had grown weary out watching the road, and left his post without leave.

I have always liked brass knockers, they are so quaint and ornamental; but they make enough noise to wake the dead.

At breakfast I talked with an elderly gentleman who is a barrister, and I asked him what he thought the outcome would be. He replied in a determined tone, 'The Treaty has been accepted, and the Government will function. There will be disturbances here and there for some time to come, but De Valera is beaten, and he knows it.'

Killarney was not a comfortable place to stay, and I was advised to go on to Milstreet, where there was a chance of getting a train for Cork. I engaged a side-car, and off I rode through the most wonderful scenery, over mountains and through valleys. I observed, as I went along, that every bridge, however small or however narrow the stream it spanned, had been blown up.

Sometimes we were obliged to ford streams; and on a long lonely ride at the side of a mountain an ambush was laid, — rocks piled up across the narrow road, — so that we were obliged to dismount, and the jarvey led his horse up over a steep incline, while I trod cautiously behind. On the summit of the hill there was a barricade of rocks, behind which, the jarvey said, men were watching with guns.

This jarvey was something of a philosopher, and he knew the history of Irish politics from the time of Wolfe Tone to the time of De Valera. He admitted the whole world was in a bad state, but it seemed to him at one time that things were about to mend, 'when two very sinister figures appeared on the pages of history' —

Woodrow Wilson and De Valera. He agreed that they might possibly be well-meaning men, but they 'had the fatal faults that schoolmasters all had. They were stubborn and tyrannical.' He had never had any respect for schoolmasters. I told him that in my everyday life I lived among people who were teachers; and when he was leaving me at Milstreet he asked if I would be kind enough to take a message back to the president of the great Harvard University from an Irish jarvey — 'Tell him from me that a schoolmaster never made a success of anything.'

At Milstreet there were no trains for Cork, but someone was going to take the parish priest and his curate in a motor-car to Macroom. My philosopher-jarvey busied himself on my behalf, and asked the parish priest if he would mind allowing an American lady to share a part of the expense of the motor-car. Then he assured me I would have a comfortable drive, for no one in Ireland would molest a priest. When we reached Macroom, where there was great excitement because the Irregulars fleeing from Cork were coming in there, we learned that the train for Cork, scheduled to leave at 6.30 P. M., was delayed.

It was a great relief when the train finally pulled into the station at eleven o'clock. As we approached the city, flames were rising from three different directions, the Irregulars having fired every barracks. The Free State troops had entered Cork three hours before, and everything was now normal. There had been no resistance, for De Valera's men had fled.

## IV

How to cross to England was the problem I now faced. Of course, it was easy crossing from Dublin; but there were no trains between Cork and Dublin. The boat for Fishguard was not leaving Cork for some days, and there was uncertainty even about that, for the entrance to the harbor was blocked, De Valera's men having ordered the captains and crews off two vessels lying in the River Lee; and then, after looting, they had taken the vessels to the entrance of the harbor, where they were sunk just across the path of navigation. My hopes of ever 'doing' those English cathedrals were fading.

The next morning, bright and early, I went to one of the shipping offices on the quay, and asked to see the head man. I was informed that he was a very busy man, and no one could see him except by appointment. I told the messenger that I understood perfectly how precious is the time of a busy man; but would he kindly take my card in to that busy man, and bring me word from himself whether or not he would see me. This he did, and very shortly the manager came out and invited me to step into his office.

I stated my case, and asked if there was any way in which I could get out of Ireland. This seemed to amuse him, and he agreed that Ireland was a good country to get out of. He said there was a way, but it was not being advertised. If I came back at three o'clock, all prepared to leave, he would let me know about it.

I turned up at the appointed time, and learned that the path of navigation was now open, and a boat which had been bringing troops from Dublin would start on the return trip late in the afternoon. It would carry troops as far as Queenstown; and if I was willing to take the risk they would allow me on that boat.

To get aboard, I went through a high gate at which a sentry was posted, to whom I showed my pass. There were two other women aboard, and some secret-service men; and every

foot of space on the decks, fore and aft, was occupied by Free State troops.

The first mate kindly invited me to go up on the bridge, so that I had a splendid view of the superb harbor of Cork. We passed the sunken ships, which had been pulled to one side, and shortly came outside the river. 'Now,' said the mate, 'we are out of danger.' He told me that what he had feared most was not so much the sniping from shore, but that the river might be full of mines.

In the harbor of Queenstown there were several British warships; and when the Free State troops disembarked they were lustily cheered by the crews of the warships. It was not long before we were in the open sea, on our way to Dublin, and that boat was so small that it bounded on the billows like a rocking-horse.

I was in Dublin when the news came that General Michael Collins had been slain in ambush. They brought the body back to Dublin by boat, and arrived after midnight.

Through the darkness of the early morning hours came a faint sound of wailing — the music of Irish pipes. Nearer and nearer it came, and the weird procession, escorting the body of the fallen hero, passed through Stephens Green to the Mortuary Chapel, directly under my window.

On the day after the funeral, in a little restaurant in College Green, I saw the woman in gray. I could not resist the temptation to let her know that, clever and elusive though she was, I had found her.

She greeted me most cordially, and said she was sailing for America the following Wednesday, but would like to meet me somewhere, for she wanted to know how I had fared since last we met.

I was leaving for England that night, and invited her to meet me for tea at the Shelburne at four; and she agreed to come. Now, at the Shelburne some members of the Provisional Government were quartered, and I wondered if she would really come there. At the appointed hour, a messenger brought a note from my little friend, saying that 'something entirely unforeseen had intervened,' which would prevent her keeping the appointment with me. The lounge of the Shelburne Hotel was hardly a safe place for the messenger of the Rebel leader.

# PUTTING THE NAVY TO THE TEST

## CHAPTERS FROM THE DIARY OF JOHN D. LONG

EDITED BY LAWRENCE SHAW MAYO

[When we look back upon the Spanish War and recall that uninterrupted series of victories on sea and on land, it is difficult to realize that, in the late winter and early spring of 1898, the prospect of a war presented disquieting possibilities. Secretary Long was not one to be made apprehensive easily, yet one aspect of the situation gave him not a little concern. Was this new navy, which had been constructed during the previous fifteen years, a practical navy? In time of peace it was decidedly ornamental; but what would become of these highly organized steel ships when put to the test of war? Would they drive the Spanish fleets off the seas, or would more than one share the fate of the Maine, and go to the bottom as the result of a single explosion? As Mr. Long afterward wrote, 'The New Navy of the United States was launched in the waters of uncertainty.' The days of certainty were fast approaching.

War did not come until April; but war was in the air from the moment the American people learned of the blowing-up of the Maine. On the twenty-fourth of February, Governor Long recorded in his diary the state of the public mind as it appeared to him.]

Everything is under suspense. Public sentiment is very intense. While it is to the great credit of the country that it is so deliberative and prudent, yet underneath there is an intense excitement. The slightest spark is liable to result in war with Spain. While we shall undoubtedly overrun Cuba with our troops, and prevail easily at sea in naval combat, the horrors and costs and miseries of war are incalculable; so much, too, especially in naval warfare, now depends upon chance and accident. Our great battleships are experiments which have never yet been tried, and in the friction of a fight have almost as much to fear from some disarrangement of their own delicate machinery, or some explosion of their own tremendous ammunition, as from the foe.

[The possibilities of international conflict oppressed Mr. Long day and night. Being a sensible man, he decided to take a day off, and consequently, on February 25, he appointed Mr. Roosevelt Acting-Secretary of the Navy and left the Department early. How the experiment succeeded is best told in his journal for that day and the next.]

These are trying times. In the evening Roosevelt, whom I had left as Acting-Secretary during the afternoon, came around. He is so enthusiastic and loyal that he is in certain respects invaluable; yet I lack confidence in his good judgment and discretion. He goes off very impulsively, and if I have a good night to-night I shall feel that I ought to be back in the Department rather than take a day's vacation.

[On the following day]:—

I had a splendid night last night, and return to the office both because I feel so much better and because I find that Roosevelt, in his precipitate way, has come very near causing more of an explosion than happened to the Maine. His wife is very ill, and his little boy is just recovering from a long and dangerous illness; so his natural nervousness is so much accentuated that I really think he is hardly fit to be entrusted with the responsibility of the Department at this critical time. He is full of suggestions, many of which are of great value to me, and his spirited and forceful habit is a good tonic for one who is disposed to be as conservative and careful as I am. He seems to be thoroughly loyal, but the very devil seemed to possess him yesterday afternoon.

Having the authority for that time of Acting-Secretary, he immediately began to launch peremptory orders: distributing ships, ordering ammunition, which there is no means to move, to places where there is no means to store it; sending for Captain Barker to come on about the guns of the Vesuvius, which is a matter that might have been perfectly arranged by correspondence; sending messages to Congress for immediate legislation; authorizing the enlistment of an unlimited number of seamen; and ordering guns from the Navy Yard at Washington to New York, with a view to arming auxiliary cruisers which are now in peaceful commercial pursuit. The only effect of this last order would be to take guns which are now carefully stored, ready for shipment any moment, and which could be shipped in ample time to be put on any vessel, and dump them in the open weather in the New York Navy Yard, where they would be only in the way and under no proper care.

He has gone at things like a bull in a china-shop, and with the best purposes in the world has really taken what, if he could have thought, he would not for a moment have taken; and that is the one course which is most discourteous to me, because it suggests that there had been a lack of attention which he was supplying. It shows how the best fellow in the world — and with splendid capacities — is worse than no use, if he lack a cool head and careful discretion.

[Irrelevant to the approaching conflict, but illuminating in their own way, are our occasional glimpses of life in the White House. In 1898 Sunday was still the Sabbath, and was observed accordingly.]

In the evening, went with Charley Allen and his wife to dine with the President and Mrs. McKinley at the White House, *en famille*. After dinner Mrs. Hiestand sang psalm-tunes at the piano, in a melancholy voice, and the rest of us grumbled a faint accompaniment.

[While the country awaited the decision of the naval court which had been appointed to inquire into the destruction of the Maine, the Administration received a conjectural explanation of the disaster. It probably approximated the truth as nearly as any we shall ever hear. Mr. Long heard it on the evening of the last day of February, when he was called to the White House.]

Judge Day and the President are in session over a message from Havana, giving some probable explanation of the explosion. I send for Commodore O'Neil, who is familiar with explosives, being the Chief of the Bureau of Ordnance. General Lee [the American Consul-General at Havana] is very

clearly of the opinion that the Spanish Government had no connection with, or participation in, the disaster. It is possible that some individual may have sunk a mine, which means a barrel or cask or two filled with gun-cotton, — of which only some hundred pounds would be necessary, — at a point where, in the course of her swinging, the hull of the Maine would hit it; and the explosion of this communicated with the magazine in which the saluting powder was kept, and blew that up. However, everything is still more or less a matter of speculation; but I believe war will be averted, for I am satisfied that the Spanish Government is not responsible for the disaster.

[Hoping for peace, Mr. Long nevertheless prepared for war. Congress appropriated $50,000,000 as an emergency fund for national defense, and the President placed more than half of this money at the disposal of the Secretary of the Navy.]

It is marvelous what a quieting effect this has had. To-day, Tuesday [March 8], it passed the House by an absolutely unanimous vote, with no division of parties; nothing but a universal acclaim in behalf of the maintenance of the national honor, although really the measure may be called a peace measure. Anticipating its passage, I have, for the last two or three days, been overwhelmingly busy in making every arrangement for the most effectual efficiency of our naval force. Have ordered work to run night and day in the completion of our guns and gun-carriages, and have given unlimited authority for the purchase and supply of powder and projectiles and other ammunition. Have arranged for the most abundant supply of coal, and have arranged for Commander Brownson to go at once to Europe, with a view to preliminary negotiations for ships and naval supplies.

Half a dozen people who scent the opportunity to sell these things in behalf of foreign owners have been in to see me, and taken my time and that of my bureau chiefs. The dealers are shrewd enough to circulate the rumor that Spain is buying ships and supplies, although on investigation this turns out to be rather unlikely, as her credit is poor and her bonds are worth only about fifty cents on the dollar, and she neither has nor seems able to obtain money. But everything, of course, has the stir of war. And yet, during the day advices from Madrid have been much more peaceful.

I cannot help thinking that this rather sublime exhibition of a nation rising in its might, not for the purpose of aggression, but in preparation for the national defense, and the appreciation of what it would be to come in conflict with such a power as ours, will have a mollifying influence on Spanish public sentiment. If that can be mollified, everything else is all right. The Queen, a good woman, mother, and ruler, is anxious for peace; a liberal Spanish Ministry is evidently desirous for peace and has made every concession that we have asked; and if we can only allay the excitement of the Spanish public, a quiet result is to be hoped for.

[It is interesting to note how Mr. Long prevented waste in the spending of the funds provided for the national defense.]

There is naturally an inclination to use the Emergency Appropriation of $50,000,000 for other than emergency purposes, and to improve the opportunity to increase the number of ships, supplies, etc., on the grounds of general expediency. To prevent this, issue an

order to all the bureaus, prohibiting any expenditure or incurring any liability except upon written statement and estimate, and approval of the President and myself.

[If one thinks that the life of a Secretary of the Navy, with an approaching war on his hands, is enviable, he will be speedily disillusioned by this Secretary's journal for March 15.]

Busy day; of the same tenor as several days past. Incessant activity, constant conversation, pressure from the reporters, interviews about auxiliary ships, building new ships, passage of the Personnel Bill, and more things than I can remember to mention. Since the war-scare began, my mail is three or four times as great as it was. It is filled with tenders of services, applications for places, suggestions of new inventions, and advices of all sorts — songs from patriotic poets, advice as to official administration and even personal conduct.

[Not until the last two weeks of March did Governor Long's expectations of a peaceful settlement begin to weaken. The cause of the change in his outlook during that fortnight appears under the date of April 2.]

It has been a period of incessant activity and pressure. The report of the Court of Inquiry on the Maine disaster has come in, to the effect that the explosion was from the outside and therefore willful and malicious. The report, however, is unable to fix the responsibility upon any person or persons. The result is intense feeling in Congress. It looks very much as if war might be precipitated without sufficient previous deliberation, and, perhaps, without exhausting all means of peaceable settlement. The President is under a weight which is almost more than man can bear, and for the last few days has shown a good deal of weariness and nervous strain.

[For McKinley's overwrought condition there was, indeed, sufficient reason. On March 27 he proposed to the Spanish Government that it declare an armistice with the Cuban insurgents, to continue until October 1, during which period peace might be negotiated through the good offices of the President of the United States. The reply of the Spanish Cabinet was received on the night of the 31st. It declined McKinley's proposal, but offered to leave the preparation of Cuban peace to the insular parliament, which was to meet early in May, and to agree to an armistice in the meantime, if asked for by the insurgents. Apparently McKinley's patience was exhausted by this 'disappointing reception' of his overture for an immediate peace, and he decided to turn the matter over to Congress forthwith. A long message, elucidating the situation and asking for power to intervene by force, if necessary, was sent to the Capitol on April 11. It is an interesting document, but quite as interesting is the light Mr. Long's journal throws upon its preparation.]

*Monday, April* 4, 1898. — This evening at 8 o'clock there is a Cabinet meeting at the White House. The President reads us his message on the Cuban situation. I suppose it is the best he can do; yet it seems to me the narrative which he makes the basis of his conclusion leads to a very different result from that which he reaches. He is in a very trying situation. He has been robbed of sleep, overworked; and I fancy that I can see that his mind does not work as clearly and directly and as self-reliantly as it otherwise would.

*Tuesday, April 5.* — Cabinet meeting, at which the President goes over the Cuban situation. We are waiting to have the clerks copy the message which he is to send to Congress to-morrow. Meanwhile, with war imminent, the Americans in Cuba are very anxious about their safety, and Consul-General Lee is anxious that no message which might lead to war should go in until there has been an opportunity for American citizens to leave the island. In this extremity it is always a matter of shying between Scylla and Charybdis. The country is so clamorous for action that the President cannot delay longer.

In the evening the President sends for me to meet him and Judge Day, the Attorney-General, and the Secretary of the Interior, with reference to telegrams received from our Minister to Spain, General Woodford, that suggest a possible new phase of the situation. I do not yet despair of getting through the business without war. There is a great division of opinion. Most of the letters I get are very earnestly in favor of peace.

*Wednesday, April 6.* — At half-past ten, go to the White House. The President just ready to send in his message, when word comes from General Lee, our Consul at Havana, that if the message goes in suggesting intervention, with the possibility of war, American lives will be in danger in Cuba, and asking that the transmission of the message may be delayed until Monday next. Senators and Representatives are sent for and the matter explained to them, and it is agreed that the delay must be had. By this time it is half-past one, and I lunch with the President. . . .

Congressman Lovering calls in the evening, and reports the intense excitement, which is hardly suppressed, among the members of the House and Senate, who, in their turn, are violently pressed by their constituents for some positive action. Just what action, nobody seems to know.

*Friday, April 8.* — An unusually quiet Cabinet meeting. The fact is, everything is practically settled, and we are all in a condition of waiting for Monday next, when the President's message is to go in.

*Monday, April 11.* — This morning we gathered informally at the President's, where he completes his message, preparing to send it to Congress. I have had a little feeling that its conclusion was somewhat indefinite, and hardly a *sequitur* from the argument which precedes it. Its transmission, however, transfers the excitement and tension from the Executive end of the government to the Legislative, and Congress must now deal with the subject.

[When he wrote that McKinley's conclusion was a *non sequitur*, Governor Long expressed an opinion that was shared by not a few of his fellow countrymen. The President traced the course of his negotiations with Spain, and showed encouraging progress. Then, at the very point where one would have expected him to say, 'Soon we may look for a satisfactory termination of the disturbances in Cuba without armed intervention on our part,' McKinley suddenly announced: 'The issue is now with the Congress. It is a solemn responsibility. I have exhausted every effort to relieve the intolerable condition of affairs which is at our doors. Prepared to execute every obligation imposed upon me by the Constitution and the law, I await your action.'

On the other hand, there were many people in the country, who, failing to make allowances for Spain's characteristic aversion to action of any kind, blamed the President for dallying so

long witn the Government at Madrid. To a Boston editor who represented this point of view, Mr. Long wrote a remarkable confidential letter, defending his chief's policy. It is dated April 15, 1898. If the President's message had been as logical and as direct, it is not impossible that war with Spain would have been avoided.]

I think the President has been very much misunderstood by the people to whom you refer, and, as I gather from the tone of your letter, by yourself. It seems to me that you can hardly have a better review of the situation than that which is contained in Senator Hoar's most thorough, calm, and statesman-like speech, delivered yesterday in the Senate. It seems to be forgotten that, if there is a patriotic, true man in the country, it is President McKinley; that if anybody is familiar with the situation through long and careful attention to it, and by diplomatic correspondence, it is he. And yet such is your haste, and that of others like you, sincere and patriotic as you are, that you seem to assume at once that he is all wrong, and that, if you only had the management of affairs, it would be a great deal better. Very pat, it seems to me, is the anecdote attributed this morning to President Harrison, who says that it reminds him of a pilot steering a ship through dangerous shoals, and every passenger shouting at him, insisting upon his following their direction rather than his own.

Do you realize that the President has succeeded in obtaining from Spain a concession upon every ground which he has asked; that Spain has yielded everything up to the present time except the last item of independence for Cuba; that she has released every American prisoner; recalled Weyler; recalled De Lome; changed her reconcentration order; agreed to furnish food, and ordered an armistice? It's easy to say that all this means nothing; but evidently in the eyes of every power in Europe, at whose request some steps have been taken, it means a great deal. You cannot expect her to get up and get out in five minutes; but if the history of the last six months means anything, it means constant steps toward her retirement. In this direction the President has gone with the most thorough decision, persistence, and fidelity. I honestly believe that, if the country and Congress had been content to leave the matter in his hands, independence would have come without a drop of bloodshed, as naturally as an apple falls from a tree.

It is true that he has endeavored to accomplish this without war. The unutterable evils incident to war, — the loss of life, disease, wounds, debts, increased pension-rolls, interruption of business, possible entanglement with foreign nations, easy victory over the enemy's battle-forces, but constant subjection to raids upon our coast and shipping by their cruisers and privateers, and the indefinite protraction of such conditions, — all these, while they are to be counted as nothing if the necessity exists, become very serious considerations if by any good management on the part of the President he could have avoided them, and yet have accomplished the result that would have been satisfactory to everybody. I wish you or the *Journal* could sustain him with your hearts and take this large view of the situation. Possibly events have now gone so far that nothing can be done but to have a fight.

It seems to me cruel to accuse the President of coolness in his treatment of the Maine. No man has felt the indignity more. But should we not think for a moment whether the time has come when he could recommend a declaration of war on that ground? Our own

court of inquiry reports its inability to point to any persons who are responsible. Our Consul-General Lee emphatically states that the Governor-General of Cuba had no participation in the act; and he had previously telegraphed to the President that there was no participation in the matter officially on the part of the Spanish authorities. My own judgment is not only that, as the court found, she was blown up from an exterior explosion, but that it was done by some malignant Spaniards without the authority of their Government, and that Spain is responsible because of a lack of due care and diligence in not safeguarding our vessel. But this is very different from an act of the Spanish Government itself in blowing up our ship.

As to the matter of recognition of independence, there never has been a time when the President could do that. Even Consul-General Lee has given his opinion that there should be no recognition of Cuban independence. We can't recognize independence on the part of a people who have no government, no capital, no civil organization, no place to which a representative of a foreign government could be sent. The President has, therefore, taken the next ground, which is the ground of intervention. He asked for the power to intervene with force, if that should be necessary. But he certainly ought to have time, meanwhile, before the final intervention with arms, — which everybody would justify, if necessary, — to see if the trend toward pacific settlement and final independence, which was going on and which foreign powers were evidently aiding, would not succeed.

[But Congress was not so patient as the Secretary of the Navy. By a joint resolution, passed on April 19, it recognized the independence of the people of Cuba and authorized the President to compel Spain to withdraw from the Island. As Spain could hardly accept this edict and preserve her self-respect, war followed within a day or two. In the short interim the Navy Department and the White House were busy places.]

*Wednesday, April* 20, 1898. — An unusually busy morning. A great number of Senators and Congressmen calling. Parties coming in to sell ships, and an incessant drive.

At 3 o'clock, go with Admiral Sicard and Commodore Crowninshield to confer with the President, who has also the Secretary of War and General Miles. It reminds me of what must have been a similar scene in the early days of our Civil War, when President Lincoln was surrounded by military advisers who were all at sixes and sevens. At present it seems as if the Army were ready for nothing at all. They suggest that they will not be ready to act in Cuba for a couple of months, owing to a lack of proper drill and preparation. Then, too, General Miles advises against their going at all until the Spanish fleet is disposed of, as, if it should succeed in crippling our own, our soldiers on the Island would be cut off from means of returning home. It is much easier to suggest how not to do it than how to do it. At any event, the burden is likely to fall upon the Navy. I am inclined to think that, if war actually comes, the country will demand that our soldiers make a landing and do something.

[On the following day, April 21, war really began.]

One of the busiest days of the season. Appoint Captain Sampson an Acting-Admiral. Telegraph him to move at once to blockade Cuba, which of course is the beginning of the war.

Postmaster-General Gary resigns on account of ill health.

Am with the President and other officers of the Cabinet, determining on the opening movements of the scene.

My Naval War Board, consisting of Roosevelt, Crowninshield, Sicard, Barker, and Clover, meet to discuss the formulation of preliminary orders.

So busy that I get my lunch at the lunch-counter in the basement of the Department.

Half-past four, the President walks with me for an hour through the streets. Says it is the longest walk he has taken since he has been in Washington, and he feels better for it. He opens his heart to me, with reference to the struggle through which he has been and the anxiety it has involved.

[A week or so before hostilities commenced, the Secretary of the Navy had had a taste of the kind of pressure he was likely to experience repeatedly when war should become an actuality.]

This morning Congressman Brumm calls with a delegation of Pennsylvanians, to urge the use of anthracite, instead of bituminous, coal on board ships. It is interesting to note how every section of the country, although all are patriotic, has an eye on the main chance. Anthracite coal is found only in Pennsylvania. It would be impossible to provide our ships, when they were away from our own coast, with anthracite, because it could not be procured; while bituminous coal, which is found everywhere, is always accessible.

[Later in April there were other — many other — visitors with axes to grind. Three or four examples will suffice to evoke the reader's sympathy — and to increase his respect — for Secretary Long.]

Am under heavy pressure from all sides, to assign vessels for the protection of different localities. Senator Frye, who has been a blazing Jingo, shouting for war, comes in with an appeal that a vessel be sent down to protect points along the coast which he represents. Senator Chandler, another Jingo, wants to have Portsmouth specially protected. People are learning that war is serious business.

[The last day of the month happened to be particularly trying in this respect.]

Office thronged with callers all forenoon; mostly Senators and Members, in behalf of candidates for acting appointments in the service. Vice-President Hobart comes in to tease me about an appointment; Senator Hanna to tease me about the purchase of a vessel belonging to his brother. It is a good vessel, and worthy of purchase — and yet I wish he could see the wisdom of not meddling with such matters while he is a Senator of the United States.

[In the meantime interesting changes in the personnel of the Administration took place, or were foreshadowed.]

*Monday, April 25.* — Rainy day. Special meeting of the Cabinet, with reference to the message of the President, recommending resolutions declaring the existence of war, in order to fix international status, etc.

Secretary Sherman resigns to-day. His age has rendered him too infirm for the discharge of his duties. It is rather a sad termination of one of the most useful careers of American statesmen. No man has deserved more of his country. He has been of little use in the Cabinet; now and then a flash of his old strength, but generally quiet, retiring, and silent. Judge Day, who has been

his First Assistant, and who has been doing the duties of the office, will succeed him.

My Assistant-Secretary, Roosevelt, has determined upon resigning, in order to go into the army and take part in the war. He has been of great use; a man of unbounded energy and force, and thoroughly honest — which is the main thing. He has lost his head to this unutterable folly of deserting the post where he is of the most service and running off to ride a horse, and, probably, brush mosquitoes from his neck on the Florida sands. And yet how absurd all this will sound, if by some turn of fortune he should accomplish some great thing and strike a very high mark!

[At some later date Mr. Long wrote at the bottom of this page]: —

P.S.—Roosevelt was right, and we, his friends, were all wrong. His going into the army led straight to the Presidency.

[The Secretary of the Navy once described the activity of those April days as a 'great mixture of patriotism and push,' and the continuous rush of work at the Department was beginning to wear upon him, when extraordinarily glad tidings reached Washington.]

*Monday, May 2.* — News comes of an attack by the Asiatic squadron upon Manila, capital of the Philippine Islands, the annihilation of the Spanish fleet, and the practical surrender of the city. This victory inspires great enthusiasm. It is true it is achieved by a vastly superior force; but the Spaniards showed pluck and fight; and as our fleet was obliged to take the enemy's under the shelter of their fort, it was a gallant and splendid success. Everybody is rejoicing, and the President is gratified. We have as yet no official report, but look eagerly forward to it, in the hope that it will confirm the good news.

[Day after day passed, but the official report from Dewey came not. Meanwhile the suspense and excitement at Washington were tremendous, and officials sometimes got a little on each other's nerves.]

*Thursday, May 5.* — Showers; April weather. Usual run of business. In the afternoon somebody comes on from New York, representing the Naval Militia, and has a discussion with Roosevelt, in my room, as to an amendment to be added to the Auxiliary Naval Bill.

Illustrates one of Roosevelt's lacks. He shouts at the top of his voice, and wanders all over creation. The harangue fails to meet the exact point. His forte is his push. He lacks the serenity of discussion.

*Friday, May 6.* — Cabinet meeting this morning. To make the record of the Navy complete, I present a letter which I have written to the Secretary of War, stating that the Navy is ready to convoy any force of forty or fifty thousand men to Cuba, and urging the War Department to take active steps. Secretary Alger, Secretary of War, takes some offense, very naturally. He intimates that the War Department will take care of itself, without any interference from the Navy. I meet this with good nature, and simply suggest that my purpose is to show the readiness of the Navy, as I do not wish the impression to go abroad that there is any delay on our part.

Alger is a very generous and sanguine man. He has been the most active of all members of the Cabinet for war. For two months he has been saying that he would have his army ready in ten days — whereas, in fact, not a volunteer has

left his state, and in my judgment there has been a striking lack of preparation and promptness. I have n't the slightest doubt that, if the Army would put fifty thousand men across upon Cuban soil, we could have Havana and the Island of Cuba at once.

Quiet evening at home.

The new First Assistant-Secretary of State, Mr. Moore, who is admirably adapted to his duties and by all means the most accomplished man that has yet been connected with that Department, comes around about ten o'clock, to confer with regard to the release of the steamer Lafayette.

[Finally, on Saturday, May 7, word came from Dewey. Probably nothing Mr. Long ever wrote is more illustrative of his character than the reflections which appear in his journal for that day. To appreciate them fully, one should remember that after Manila Bay Secretary Long, as head of the Navy, was second to Dewey alone in national popularity.]

First thing this morning are two telegrams from Commodore Dewey, confirming the story of his overwhelming victory at Manila: the utter destruction of all the enemy's vessels, eleven in number, and the suppression of the forts. He has the city at his command. The country is wild with enthusiasm over this victory. The President, of course, is delighted. We are actively engaged in preparing reënforcements of men, munitions of war, and supplies, for the Asiatic squadron.

In all such great events the praise or the blame, as the case may be, is very unequally distributed. This is a glorious achievement, redounding specially to his credit. No man could have done better, or deserved more. Had the enterprise failed, it would have been his ruin.

Yet, in either case, the responsibility runs out to an infinite number of others. Nobody now thinks of my four immediate predecessors, who have brought the Navy up to the condition it now is. Nobody thinks of the patience and thoroughness with which our ships have been equipped and armed, and our ordnance brought to the highest state of efficiency by officers here at home, men whose names will never be mentioned. Little thought even is given to the officers and men who, by their gallantry and skill, have won the immediate victory.

# COMTESSE DU JONES

BY MR. AND MRS. HALDEMAN-JULIUS

## I

Born and raised on the farm, Bessie Jones loved everything on it, from the brown cochin bantam hen, just large enough for an elf's mount, to the thick-necked, glossy-black stallion, who snuggled his velvety nose so softly against her cheek — a cheek tanned by constant exposure to Kansas sun, but still firm and rounded. Dave and the twins, Edwin and Earnest (big, strapping boys now), Margaret, Bob, Doris, William T., Barby, and little George — this lively brood and the active years of endless duties had left their inevitable traces: Bessie looked all of her forty-two years, but her pleasant face seemed to declare that of slight importance. Her life, if full to overflowing, was not complex. Again with child, she clucked her cheery round among her children and their pets, her stock and her fowls, as contentedly as one of her numerous hens, pleasantly conscious of her capabilities, and basking in the genial atmosphere of her husband's approval.

Absorbed in his hardware and implement store, Phil Jones was content to leave the farm to his wife. What spare time he had was occupied in fulfilling his obligations as president of Fallon's Chamber of Commerce, Worshipful Master of the Masons, member of the Board of Education, and Chancellor-Commander of the Knights of Pythias.

He was used to Bessie, and could not have conceived of himself as married to anyone else. She was a part of him, just as their children were. He especially liked her homey, housewifely temperament, in a day of women given over to bridge and foolish clubs and unnecessary dabbling in business. He understood perfectly that, successful as her farm was, Bessie never conceived of it as an enterprise. To her, the farm and the household were one. She raised her hogs, that she might provide her large family with delicious spiced hams, and handled cows, that her children might have all they wished of clotted cream, cheeses, and unsalted butter, which she churned daily. The skimmed milk helped to feed the hogs. And it was for them that she raised her corn; the oats were for her horses, and the kaffir and rye fed the chickens that came to her table, crisply fried or boiled with noodles. She fattened a few steers and sheep, that they might have fresh beef and mutton, and into her cellar went piles of home-raised potatoes, and apples gathered by the children for pies and roasting in the long winter evenings by the hearth-fire. In her cupboards were rows of finely flavored jellies from fruit in her own orchard. Even the walnuts, hickories, and pecans, which the children's eager hands picked, were from the trees Bessie herself had planted. Merely to think of her was to conjure to one's mind delicious plenty — flocks of snowy ducks and huge gray geese, bronze turkeys, pearl guineas, and cooing pigeons.

Under her hand, the farm yielded a

rich comfort. She was a bit odd, thought the town, — bearing so many children with such obvious pride and delight; taking such satisfaction in fulfilling all of the farm life's insistent demands, — but she was so friendly and good-tempered, so warmly hospitable, that it was impossible not to respond to her. Besides, brought up, as she had been, so near Fallon, and educated in its schools, she knew everyone in the little county seat and surrounding country, and was taken quite simply where a stranger would have had to run the gauntlet of comment.

She and Janet Graham, Vice-President of the First State Bank, where Phil and Bessie did their business, had been friends ever since Janet could remember; and as Robert Graham, Janet's husband, was a 'gentleman farmer,' Janet frequently consulted Bessie on problems of agriculture and animal husbandry.

Robert had gone in heavily for poultry, but, occupied as he was with his new novel, it happened frequently that for two or three days at a time he would forget the hens' existence, and would leave such details as the care of five hundred chickens to his versatile Janet; so she was not particularly surprised when, one evening at dinner, Robert declared that he was at too critical a point in his story to give any attention to a large straw-packed hamper containing two hundred Rhode Island Red eggs, which had been deposited at the bank that afternoon.

'But Robert,' protested Janet reasonably, 'both your incubators are full, and you have n't a hen that wants to set. What am I to do with them?'

'Anything you like — just so I don't have to be bothered. Why don't you 'phone Bessie Jones, and see if she 'll lend you some hens?'

Janet, too much of a farmer herself to ask such a favor casually, went over to the Joneses' to discuss the matter. She found Bessie, clean and sweet in her simple, freshly laundered frock of pink gingham and white organdy, lovely in the first fullness of her approaching maternity, sitting on the wide steps of her back porch, surrounded by flower-filled vases and little children, her lap full of sweet peas and nasturtiums, which she was arranging in the bowl that five-year-old Barby held up for her, happily intent upon her pretty task. Silence flooded the quiet, well-ordered barnyard, a peace broken only by occasional night noises, the suppressed twittering of little chicks, and the laughter of the older children and their friends. In Bessie's blue eyes were reflected the peace and the beauty she found in her home.

'Why, sure,' she smiled, when Janet had made known her errand. 'Sure, I 'll let you have all I got.' And gently disengaging a couple of furry kittens and a flop-eared puppy from among the flowers in her lap, she led Janet, with the children eddying around them, to the chicken-house, where the two women began with practised hands to stroke the hens they found on nests, ascertaining quickly, by the degree of broodiness, which could be depended upon for setting, even if moved from their own nests.

'How many do you want?'

'Honestly, Bessie, I 'm ashamed to say.'

'Aw! Don't be foolish. I know how Robert is.'

'Bessie, you 're a dear. There really ought to be fourteen. I don't like to put more than fifteen of those Rhode Island eggs under one hen. What do you think about it? I 'll bring over laying hens to replace them.'

'You 'll do no such thing. Use 'em till you 're through with 'em. Just put leg-bands on 'em and keep 'em till next fall, if you like. I 'll tell you what,' she

added, 'you put your eggs in the nests to-night, Janet, and I 'll bring over the hens to-morrow. You ought to let your eggs lie quiet twenty-four hours anyway, you know. And I 'll like the ride in the cool of the evening.'

To Robert, looking from his study-window the next day, she made a quaint picture, driving up his gravel road in a fine old phaeton, surrounded by half a dozen dogs, with five or six small boys hanging on behind and Barby firmly astride the horse in the shafts, the whole cortège flapping and cackling.

'Bessie,' he laughed, 'you have as many followers as the lady of whom I have just been reading. What do you think of the Pompadour, Bessie?' he added impishly.

'Who?' Bessie's tone was blank.

'Bessie Jones, you surely don't mean you have never heard of her? What is the world coming to when intelligent women like you, mothers of the rising generation, know so little and care so little for the famous women who 've made history? Bessie, I am going to lend you this book. And when you 've read it, I want your opinion.'

Bessie's glance at the sombre brown volume was not enthusiastic. 'I don't have much time to read,' she ventured; 'and when I do, I like something real excitin'. There 's a book in the front room downstairs that I started the other day, when I was waitin' for Janet to go with me to the Parent-Teachers meetin'. It seemed real good. I don't mind takin' that.'

'One of the books downstairs, was it?' exclaimed Robert derisively. 'Bessie, those are only my policemen. I keep them there to ward off people from my real library upstairs — from books like this. You are too superior a woman to want trash. You deserve one of the best. And as for exciting — well!'

Too shrewd to be entirely taken in by Robert's apparent flattery, yet touched and made curious by it, Bessie held out her capable-looking hand.

'Well, it won't hurt me to try it, I suppose,' she conceded.

## II

Little did she suspect how memorable this quiet moment was to be. Later, when she looked back, she saw that it marked the entrance into a new world. Yet how narrowly had she missed her great adventure! The brown book with its black trimmings looked so dull; the title of the introduction, with the queer hieroglyphical name, 'Choisy-le-Roi,' was so unintelligible. But her pride had been touched by Robert's half-comprehended condescension of manner, and the fine texture of the paper and the clear print told her the quality of the book, warned her that it should not tarry long in a house where half a dozen canaries fluttered about uncaged, kittens chose their own lounging places unmolested, and curious puppies ran snuffling noses over strange objects, which little fingers were as eager to investigate. She had been foolish to bring such a treasure home, and she was n't interested in it anyway. Thus Bessie to herself. Well, she had said she would read it, so she would. Then it would be off her mind. Sheer will-power held her at first; but later the brown boards became the great bronze gates of the grounds of Madame de Pompadour's palace; and through them Bessie passed from her farm into the subtle, romantic world of the marquise — into her very life.

Bessie read on with the peculiar absorption of the person who, reading but seldom, becomes genuinely interested. Louis the Fifteenth, heretofore less than a name, no more definitely placed in her mind than one of the Pharaohs, France, even time itself —

for what had the eighteenth century ever meant to Bessie Jones? — all became real.

As she came to the end, her mind was crowded with thoughts of the Marquise de Pompadour's beauty and dignity, the horror of Damien's death, — could a time that had produced such a woman countenance such tortures? — a curious wonder at the tale she had read, a tale that stirred her the deeper because it was true.

The next day Bessie went about in a strange dreaminess, the world of the night before more vivid than the actual one about her. If only she could see how this Madame de Pompadour looked. And even the miserable du Barry, so slightingly alluded to by the marquise's chronicler! And the King! Of course, since they had been real, there must be pictures of them, so she would ask Robert; her heart beat with excitement at the thought. But she would wait until her work was done. As it was her day to clean the brooder-house, broom and oil-can in hand and mite-killer at her side, she went through her usual task with habitual thoroughness. But her mind was busy with the marquise's defense of Latude's charges; for suddenly it had become of importance to Bessie that she keep her faith in her new-found friend — a friend whose kindliness was fragrant as the perfume of Bessie's own flowers.

It did n't occur to her as strange that she, brought up in a Presbyterian atmosphere, taught to accept the Ten Commandments literally, should find it so simple to delight in a life where all were broken with a smile. Something deeply human in Bessie had been touched by all that was so deeply human in the marquise; and with the Pompadour's own capacity for friendship Bessie offered hers.

Robert accepted the returned book that evening.

'And what will you have now, Bessie?' he asked, too absorbed in his own thoughts to be further amused.

But her answer, 'I 'd like to read du Barry,' brought the old teasing look into his eyes.

'What! You surely have n't finished this one!'

Bessie laughed. 'I sure did, Robert Graham. You were right, too. It was as excitin' as anything I ever did hear of. It was most time to get up when I quit. The roosters were a-crowin' a'ready. Phil says he has n't known me to do such a thing since we been married. I 'm going to take the next one slower. What 's the matter with me, Janet?' she demanded, suddenly flustered. 'Look at the way Robert 's starin' at me — '

'Bessie Jones!' murmured Robert solemnly, 'I should think you would want to read of du Barry! Observe, Janet, she has the same blue eyes, the same ash-blonde hair, — and I 'll venture it 's long too, Bessie, — and, as I live! the same dark eyebrows and eyelashes. Bessie, did you ever feel you had lived before?'

Bessie's eyes flashed. 'Well, if I did, I 'll bet I was never the common thing this book says she was.'

'Wait until you really know her, Bessie,' remonstrated Robert, sternly. 'You 'll find her far, far kinder than the marquise. She was n't at all unlike you — loved dogs and children. And she was warm-hearted and magnanimous. Read what the Goncourts have to say of her generosity to Marie Antoinette, who, you 'll find, had been so steadily unkind to her, in her earlier days. She had n't much of a mind, the comtesse, but she had a great heart. In her journal she will tell you, in her own way, everything about herself, just as the Pompadour did in hers. You must read the journal first, by all means.'

And Bessie read — this time slowly,

absorbing every detail, every picture. Had she been the friend addressed, she could not have taken it more personally, been more completely held. It was as if each day she received a letter from 'Jeanne' — for so Bessie thought of the Comtesse du Barry. And Bessie knew at once, by intuition, that this Jeanne was far more of her own kind than the brilliant, discriminating Pompadour. Without loving the marquise less, Bessie lived and breathed with the comtesse, her own pure mind, by some strange alchemy, accepting her friend's amours but purging them of all grossness. Unthinkable, of course, such actions for herself or the people of Fallon! Yet she justified easily the standards of the French court. 'They were so honest and simple about it,' she thought. She even went so far as to wonder what Fallon would think of her if it knew how lenient she was.

Each day found her more deeply absorbed in the romance and beauty and luxury of the period. Its charm enveloped her like a fairy mist, through which she saw her farm and her children in enchanting colors, drawing them into the picture. A snow-white peacock and one resplendent in iridescence, each with his mate, appeared as if by magic, and to Phil's startled inquiry Bessie answered tranquilly: 'I sold those two registered heifers and bought them. They look so pretty on the place. And besides,' she added, practically, 'they 'll more than pay for themselves with their little ones.'

To their large assortment of collies and bird dogs was added a stately wolfhound, and in the smooth pasture that stretched between the house and the public road Bessie began excavations for a lily pond.

Phil was astonished. 'How much is it going to cost you?' he exclaimed.

'Not a penny,' Bessie answered, trying to evade the bobbing head of little Georgie as he clung about her neck. 'I am letting anyone take the dirt for the hauling of it, and there are three wagons being loaded out there now.'

'But why not make a regular stock pond out of it?'

'We already have one in the big pasture. We don't need this, you see. It 's just to look pretty. I want it to be like one they might have had at Choisy-le-Roi or at Luciennes — and be all white with lilies.' Her voice trailed dreamily, and the children, clustering with intent eyes about her, caught eagerly the reflection of her vision. 'I guess,' she added sensibly, with one of her typically sudden descents to fact, 'I 'll stock the pond in the big pasture with fish. We might as well raise our own.'

Phil laughed heartily. 'Good heavens, Bessie, what next? You have filled the air and the land, now you 're going to populate the water! Well, go to it. I 'm for you.'

And the lily pond was only a forerunner. With the aid of her children and a blueprint sent down at her request from the State Agricultural College, she evolved a stately formal garden, and at its end, against a background of young lilacs and hollyhocks, nestling among madonna and tiger lilies, iris, phlox, and Japanese anemones, there glimmered an entrancing fairy pool. True, it would be many a day before the garden would come into its fullness, and meanwhile the pool had to be emptied by hand, and water carried in tubs from the pump; but Bessie and her children saw it always in its ultimate perfection.

There came, too, a tennis court; and in the rose-garden a little rustic throne doubly dear to Bessie because Dave (a trifle condescendingly) and the twins had made it. Forthwith her skillful fingers fashioned from tissue paper and tarlatan, cheesecloth and Christmas

tinsel, little costumes for her own and Janet's children; and Bessie and her retinue began to play at fêtes. Janet and Robert were amazed at the completeness and accuracy with which these revels were adapted and reproduced from du Barry's.

So real had 'Jeanne' now become to Bessie, that there was often in her heart an ache to see, to touch her. She strained against the long interval that had elapsed between their lives, feeling in this love for one so beautiful, so wistful, so tragically tossed to and from the depths, a lilt unlike anything that her comfortable, deep entity with Phil, or her brooding tenderness for her children, had to offer. Du Barry's friends were Bessie's; so too her enemies.

She named her fowls for these various personages. There was the Comtesse de Berne, a hateful old hen that tried to peck every time Bessie came to look at the eggs. She had always to lift her by the comb and the back of the neck, as you would a kitten. And the smooth, silky Persian cat, so charming and so two-faced, was the Maréchale de Mirepoix; while the old lame pothound, who had proved herself such a good watchdog, was Chon. The proud turkey-cock, who ruled over the whole flock, was Choiseul, of course, though Bessie spent many an hour, while her hands were busy at humdrum tasks, trying to determine what attitude to take toward this minister, whose appointment the Pompadour had considered her greatest feat of statesmanship and whom du Barry had found so difficult and inimical. The gentle white turkey-hen was the duke's gracious wife; but for his sister, Duchesse de Grammont, Bessie reserved the parrot, so cross and treacherous to all but her one or two favorites. There was much discussion as to who should have the honor of being the Duc d'Aiguillon, and for a time this nomination was left open, until, a majestic swan arriving, the children conferred the dukedom upon him by acclamation. One after another, the entire court of Louis XV came to life in Bessie's barnyard. Day by day, the children listened to the fascinating tales that their mother retold in her own language, and learned to know these famous folk.

And Bessie, poring over the Goncourts' life of the comtesse, came upon her expense accounts and was bespelled by them. For there were itemized all du Barry's frocks — frocks such as only she and fairy princesses ever wore. There Bessie discovered satin foundations embroidered with knots of rose-colored spangles, gold folds forming waves, bouquets of spangles enameled with rubies, robes of blonde lace over foundations of silver, chicory-colored borders of puffs with bouquets in the openings, innumerable knots of jasmine, jeweled robes edged with silver.

Bessie would find her breath coming quickly at the vision of such loveliness. She felt no envy, only a rich delight, as when she rejoiced in a starlit sky. And, indeed, were not du Barry's costumes woven of clouds and of starlight? They were not of this world, surely — not, at any rate, of the earth of which Fallon and Fallon's clothes were a part. Wonderful, unbelievably beautiful as they were, Bessie knew them as well as her own modest dresses. Not one preserved by the historians escaped her. Not a hat, not a slipper or parasol, not a cloak or a négligé. And her vases and snuffboxes, pincases and goblets, basins for flowers, her fruit dishes, the furnishings of her bedroom and salon, on throughout the whole of Luciennes, to the berries on the armchairs — Bessie could remember all.

Robert and Janet were astounded at the amount that had been absorbed by the 'Comtesse.' At first, Robert had given Bessie the title purely in jest,

declaring that, as she spent so much time with du Barry and the folk of Louis's court, she must have a rank in keeping; but Bessie took it simply, and the children caught it up with delight, so that, slipping more and more constantly into use, it soon became her recognized appellation, affording the Grahams infinite amusement at some of the incongruities involved.

'Countess,' Maggie would call, 'the apple butter 's boilin' over.'

'Hi, Barby! Where 's the Countess?' Dave would yell from the barn.

'I dunno.'

'Well, you better find her — quick. That new cow she got last week 's havin' a calf down here.'

Or it might be, 'Say, Henriette' (for so Maggie had become in token of her mother's affectionate acknowledgment of her capabilities), 'the Dook dee Richelloo 's a-trompin' on Princess Adelaide's goslings. Ask the Countess where she wants me to put 'em.'

## III

And through it all, with her own children and other people's, dogs and cats, puppies and kittens, canaries and love birds, the ubiquitous Duchesse de Grammont, colts and calves, chickens and pigs, perpetually flocking about her, Bessie moved through the long summer, happy because in her heart was now a song, a rainbow, a fairy bubble of illusion. Fact and romance moved in her fructifying soul, side by side, without conflict.

A phrase about the Marquise de Pompadour sometimes floated through her head — 'After having been more than the Queen, she exercised greater sway than the King.' 'That 's me!' she would think. 'I 'm like a queen here, sure enough; and no king ever had such loving subjects nor more power over 'em.'

Lured backward by du Barry's references to the Grand Monarque and Madame de Maintenon, Bessie lived through the reign of Louis the Fourteenth, whom, thanks to Robert's kindly teaching, she now (as did her children) spoke of carefully as Louis Quatorze; through the period of Madame de Châteauroux; then turned once more to her first love, the Marquise de Pompadour, and again, with the adored du Barry as a starting-point, dove into the life of Marie Antoinette.

'I like her,' she explained to Robert, 'because she died like a queen ought to; and I like that wonderful Madame Roland. I like folks to have spunk.'

'But, my dear Comtesse, that was just what your friend lacked.'

'And don't it make your heart break to think how she wanted to live and could n't?' was Bessie's irrelevant answer, the easy tear filling her blue eyes at the abrupt remembrance of du Barry's futile resistance. 'She was just like a lost child, at the end, with the whole world turning against her — for nothing. I guess I 'd have acted just the same.' And a wave of indignation dried the tears.

'O Bessie,' laughed Robert, 'what a perfect reader you are! Do you know, if it were n't for people like you there would be no use writing books.'

'Now quit your kidding, Robert Graham,' was her brisk rejoinder.

She was reliving, one afternoon, du Barry's later days at Luciennes, when a lively ringing of the telephone jangled its way into her consciousness.

'It 's Mr. Graham, and he wants you, Countess,' announced Henriette from the house.

Bessie made her leisurely way, majestic as she now was with child, and accompanied as usual by a numerous retinue, into her dining-room.

'Yourself, is it, Comtesse?' came Robert's fine voice over the wire. 'I should like to bring to supper a

descendant of the Duc de Brissac — he would hold that title, himself, Bessie, if France were still a monarchy.'

Bessie's brain whirled. 'Robert Graham! You surely ain't talkin' sense!'

'I surely am. Pierre de Brissac is his name, and he was born in France. I used to know him when we were children; but he 's Anglicized it now to Peter Breeze. Phil 'll like him, too.'

For once the little Joneses saw their mother flustered. Company was no event at the Comtesse's table; but never had she dreamed of entertaining a de Brissac — a descendant of Jeanne du Barry's last lover! On went Bessie's finest linen, her prettiest company china; and into their Sunday clothes went all the children. The house was swiftly swept and dusted, shades were pulled to just the right height, curtains shaken out, imaginary flies swatted; the house was made a bower of flowers, and her most delicious supper was prepared. Her little court moved to her command, quickly, deftly.

And finally she saw them coming — all in Phil's big car: Robert and Janet and Phil, and — the Duc de Brissac. Shyness overwhelmed Bessie; her fingers grew cold, her throat ached with the excitement and tension of the moment. And yet she would have found it almost impossible to put into words what she expected. Just so might a child have felt, had she known that within the moment she was actually to see and to touch the hand of the fairy prince who had awakened the Sleeping Beauty. The remote, the marvelous were incredibly to emerge from the very midst of the familiar and the commonplace; her two worlds — the vivid one of her mind and the routine one of her flesh — were to blend for a never-to-be-forgotten hour. To touch the hand of this stranger, to talk with him, to have him at her table, would be to touch, to talk with, to entertain du Barry, Louis, and all his court. Small wonder that before this miracle Bessie faltered, eager, but deeply abashed.

Phil's laconic, 'Meet my wife and kids, Mr. Breeze,' gave her a distinct shock. For the first time she dared really to look at her guest; and even as she began to regain her usual poise her heart sank. Why, he was just — just an ordinary person, without even that differentiating quality that made Robert Graham stand out as distinct from all Fallon. Breeze was 'well-dressed,' to be sure; his large, horn-rimmed glasses had a sophisticated air, and his pleasant face, if a bit smug, was keen enough. But his whole manner, a trifle too obviously genial, seemed proudly and boomingly to proclaim him a professional mixer. Bessie could feel Phil silently applauding him.

'Pleased to meet you,' she said coolly, distaste unconsciously creeping into her voice.

Robert came to her rescue. 'To Bessie,' he explained, 'you should introduce Pierre by his rightful title, Phil. Comtesse du Jones, let me present Monsieur le Duc de Brissac. Mrs. Jones is deeply interested in French history of the period of your illustrious forbear, Pierre.'

Breeze took refuge behind a rumbling, would-be contagious laugh. 'See here, folks,' he protested good-naturedly, 'you can't hold a fellow responsible for his ancestors, now can you? You would n't do that, Mrs. Jones, now would you? Nor you, Mrs. Graham? Even if our family did use to live in France, we 're a hundred per cent American now.'

'Now you 're talkin',' exclaimed Phil; and Robert agreed easily with, 'Of course. You see, Bessie, how much civilization accomplishes. Peter Breeze is here organizing for the Kiwanis. As a result of the Madame de Pompadours

and the Diderots and Molières, as a result of revolutions and assassinations, of du Barrys and Duc de Brissacs, we get Peter here, the Kiwanis clubs, good sound Fallon standards — is n't that right, Pierre?'

'You 've hit it that time, old man. Times change. And we got to have progress. And about to-night,' Breeze diverged deftly; 'tell me again who is president of the First National Bank.'

Phil eagerly supplied the name.

'And what 'd you say was the name of the merchant that runs that big dry-goods store on the west side? You got to get your leading citizens in it, you know. By Jiminy! but this town certainly does need a Kiwanis club. Something to put a little pep into it. There ain't a "welcome" sign anywhere as you come driving in. And those iron rails around the courthouse — say, folks,' — his tone became confidentially earnest, — 'they really ought to come out — d 'you know that? This town 's for progress and autos, what? If people have got to come in with horses, let 'em hitch 'em somewheres off the square.'

He launched eagerly into further suggestions for improving Fallon.

After Bessie had taken up the supper and they were all seated at the table, she observed him silently, noting every detail. The hot evening in early September was none too kind to Breeze. Sweat trickled down his glossy cheeks, wilting his stiff collar. In an effort to make the Joneses feel that he was of their own kind, he displayed the most careless of manners, shoveling in the excellent food with gusto as he talked.

Robert was right, thought Bessie. The world had indeed gone backward. Instead of Madame du Barry, so beautiful that her worst slanderers were stricken into silence before her, so gracious and brave in adversity that the good nuns of her prison adored her; instead of the Duc de Brissac, giving new dignity to his beloved by the depth and restraint of his passion, here was this Kiwanis organizer, and herself, awkward and countrified, trying to pretend that a rambling, old, badly built house and a prosaic farm were a château and Luciennes. Slowly her disillusion penetrated still deeper.

Conscious of what he had done, and already full of compunction, Robert did not go with the others.

'I 'm like you, Bessie,' he explained; 'I have very little taste for Kiwanis and Rotary clubs.'

The perfume from the vine-covered porch enveloped them; and standing there in the twilight, watching the departing car, disappointment chastened Bessie's sweet face and gave it an illusive wistfulness. It seemed to Robert, for a moment, that he had a glimpse of how Bessie might have looked, had she lived in that other time and in that other environment for which she longed. Under the tan, hidden away in this mother of many children, there was the possibility of a rarely charming woman. Yet, for years, — until he had lent her that Pompadour book, — he had differentiated her from their other neighbors only by the size of her family and the superiority of her poultry.

'Come,' she said, turning to Robert; 'I want to show you our new little colt; and you know I have ten hens and my big two-hundred-and-fifty-egg incubator hatching. The chicks began coming out this morning. I like to bring off a brood in September. It 'll be the last one this year, and I 've just had real good luck. You must see them.'

As they went down the cellar stairs, the squeals of puppies were blurred by the manifold cheeping of the two-hundred-odd fluffy bits of life.

'Like flowers, ain't they?' murmured Bessie, lifting them on her hands as lightly as the blossoms they seemed to

her. There was a warm silence as her children entered with her into the delicate ecstasy of the moment.

'I 'm thinkin',' she said with a smile, 'that we 'll have something a heap nicer than this in a few hours. If it was a girl, I was a-goin' to call her Marie Antoinette — just to show there was no hard feelin'. But now, somehow, since this evenin' — somehow,' she broke out desperately, 'somehow I 'm wonderin' if du Barry and all the rest of 'em might n't seem as differ'nt from what I 've been thinkin' as this Mr. Breeze turned out. Seems as if I 've been actin' kinda foolish like with all this pretendin' and livin' in a dream.'

'Why, Comtesse,' returned Robert gently, 'Pierre is like you and myself: he has simply yielded to the perpetual leveling, — cavaliers turning Roundheads, — that 's all. It 's a process and we call it — progress.

'I feel terribly guilty, Bessie,' he went on, 'but — I have another world, if you want it.'

'Another?'

'Hundreds of them. Suppose we let the next one be Mrs. Thrale's. How congenial you two should be! And you will love her friends — Sam Johnson, Boswell, the Italian fiddler, and —'

'Do you know any of their descendants?' Bessie asked suspiciously.

But Robert noticed with satisfaction that she seemed less shaken. His tone carried conviction. 'I guarantee you, Bessie, that this time there will not be a single descendant.'

## EXILED

BY HAROLD VINAL

I WILL remember to the very last
The look of ships upon a quiet sea,
Each windy sail, each spar and slender mast
Must linger ever in my memory.
I will remember hills and harbor ways
And bright lagoons, though I long to forget,
Enchanted islands, green as chrysoprase,
And lonely nights of rose and violet.

Men who have known such splendid things as these,
Can never quite forget what they have learned;
Their thoughts must always be of secret seas,
Or of dim places where the moonlight burned.
Always the sound of wind moans in their ears
Or rush of waters under ghostly piers.

# MRS. MEYNELL: A STUDY

BY ANNE KIMBALL TUELL

## I

With the death of Mrs. Meynell there has passed a spirit of absolute importance. Hers is a voice to which we have listened for forty years with a habit of respect unmarred by scruple. It was heard, a fine, firm note, in the English journalism of the eighteen-eighties — a note already individual, not of a cult, with something of the solitude which she has felt to be the likely sign of genius, small or large. It was greeted with bold recognition by the great editor who seldom erred on the side of praise, W. E. Henley; it was revered with touching and beautiful devotion by the two veterans of letters, Coventry Patmore and George Meredith; till in the flush of her early fame Mrs. Meynell was acclaimed, even by the ruefully laughing protest of Max Beerbohm, the literary queen of the nineties.

Those were the days of glad discovery. Honor has moved sometimes since to a quieter measure. Some reaction there has been from an extravagance of claim which Mrs. Meynell would never have made for herself; some charge here and there of a dallying preciosity by writers ludicrously ignorant of the pressure under which Mrs. Meynell's little masterpieces have usually been produced. But criticism has never seriously disputed her fine and private eminence. One point of stability has remained, while younger names have shone out and grown dim, while little systems have had their day and ceased to be: here, in the slim volumes of Mrs. Meynell, is prose not of a fashion but of quality, and poetry which needs no commentary to be known for poetry.

Our deference has been accorded above all to her sureness. This has been no gift uncertain of its way and end. This is no mere registry of temperament. Each small work of prose or verse has been the product of an alert vitality, in charge, aware of itself, whether the record of acute perception in the world of fair things under the sun or of thought in the chambers of an exquisite imagery. Where another has liked to perceive a cloud or a mist, she has willed to descry always a certain shape. She has been known therefore as a maker of fine distinctions.

From the very fineness of her stroke comes the 'obscurity' sometimes felt by the easy-going reader of her prose. She has called George Meredith master, and we see why. We understand too Meredith's unqualified honor for her early essay. Here is, to be sure, no Meredithian stenography, but an 'instancy' of approach alien to our normally slack vocabularies. The kinship with Charles Lamb is plain enough in the knack for the lucky word and the will to work for it. The kinship is plain besides with the literary ancestry of Lamb and the phrases 'choicely good' of the seventeenth century. Here are no recondite obliquities. But as we

turn the modern pages we remember ever more genially the good Sir Thomas Browne, 'differencing himself more nearly and drawing into a lesser circle.' Even more nicely differenced are the phrases of Mrs. Meynell.

Hence her importance in the abundant flowering of the literary essay in the eighteen-nineties. For the *mot juste*, which Max Beerbohm has called the 'Holy Grail of the nineties,' was as infrequently achieved as any grail, albeit most energetically sought. Here, as always, Mrs. Meynell was of her age and yet curiously separate within it. She was, as she has said, unaware of the religion of the word which had its ritual in the London about her. She had read for her edification no page of Flaubert, was conscious indeed of no literary influence upon her prose except, as Americans will be glad to hear, the influence of Lowell. She lived, careless of the movement of which she was so influential a part, with the single interest alone — to write 'modern prose' in a way to be found by herself, free of hereditary conventions.

Thus we understand the forever 'unexpected' quality in her language. For the original phrase — foolishly so-called — is, as one sadly reflects, only the right one. And till her death Mrs. Meynell remained, as many will be bold to assert, easily superior amid her generation in one thing — in her truth to the sheer word. Many are called to literary honesty, but few are chosen to the verbal sincerity of genius. We go our literary ways, 'seeking inventions fine.' We handle our dormant vocabularies, hoping for some strange combination which shall raise that mass of faded metaphor to a better resurrection. Mrs. Meynell has recalled us always to the difficult way; she has applied with consistency her creed — that the most finely exact word of thought, the most accurately responsive word of sense, is the only word which can forever make all things new. 'The style is in the very conception of a word, in its antenatal history. Else is it neither choice nor authentic.'

Of fine shades in language therefore she has become the appropriate recorder. Nor need she consider such interpretation beneath the scope of high criticism, finding in language a master-creation, revelation of our incremental human process. Born 'an international child,' early free of foreign cities, she has been exempt from the curse of Babel, hearing every man with readiness in his own tongue. Language has been to her not a barrier but an enfranchisement. She has been sensitive to the paradox of linguistic counterchange, the value of the verbal turn most choicely relished by the foreigner. She has been sensitive to courteous idiom, in some special tongue, 'freighted with such feeling as the very language keeps in store,' has caught a buoyant snatch of essential Italian or the sunny word of France. She has heeded, none better, the dual ancestry of our English, the splendor of foreign encounters within our sentence, holding by preference to 'the remoteness of Latinity.' With comprehension too she has remembered the limitation of the homely and the inexpressive — the 'shelter' of dialect, the gallantry of children not to be baffled in the adventure of speech. With tenderness she has pitied the 'narrow house' of the inarticulate, its lack of 'the ultimate syllable,' and of the ultimate experience therefore: 'For doubtless right language enlarges the soul as no other power can do.'

She has liked best with her own right language to name the 'spirit of place.' It challenges us all and then eludes like a melody returned into the air. But to her who has had 'the love of altering speech, of frontiers in the

blood,' it has allowed discovery, drifting in bell tunes from campanili tops, shining on clear horizons.

Abstemious even in beauty, Mrs. Meynell has preferred the lesser aspects of place which refuse excess — the sun that rises on the plain of Suffolk, 'nearer the dew of his birth than the sun that leaps from the mountain-top.' She has cared little for English lawns reserved for beauty, preferring 'the ascetic lines of Italy,' the 'scenery moulded by the industry of man.' For the luxurious richness of the English park she has felt sometimes distaste: 'It is only in a landscape made for beauty that beauty is so ill achieved.' This is the paradoxical 'lesson of landscape.'

Mrs. Meynell's real lesson of landscape has been the lesson of the 'vigilant senses.' There is delight in line which loves the point of fine grass-blade or parallels of 'tethered rushes swept to a single attitude.' There is frank pleasure in the tactile, the joys of sensitive hands, the feel of flowers through the bare feet of children. But her special sense has been for the fine vitalities of the mobile world. For Mrs. Meynell has achieved a good paradox which she has not named: accepting for her own the narrow method of detail, she has delivered her readers into the liberty of light and air. There is the tremble of translucent aspens with which 'the very sun and breath of earth are entangled.' There is the always differing sky. And aloft is the holiday of the cloud, 'distributing the sun.' There are the 'winds of the world.'

Here the paradoxes are at hand: the rise of the horizon as we mount, the shadow lurking in the light. This last fancy has reached its most distinguished phrasing in her lines 'To Tintoretto,' who seized the head of art and made her face the sun: —

> And therefore face the shadows mystical,
> Sombre, translucent, vestiges of night,
> Yet glories of the day.

Here the paradox of the visible day has become a symbol.

## II

To her paradox we recur perforce in any comment upon Mrs. Meynell, although she has maintained with her generation a pleasant quarrel for its paradoxical excesses, its panting for the 'unexpected phrase.' It would not occur to anybody to deny our predilection. We have long been amorous of the shock in literary sensation, from the needle-prick of the Wilde epigram to the rude sting of the Shaw 'gadfly.' And the paradox as commonly conceived, the spark of contradiction, is no longer a secret. Thanks to the popularity of Mr. Chesterton, his method, though by no means his vision, has ceased to be a mystery.

But the revelation of the unexpected is always a primary, if unconscious, demand upon the faculty of genius. To transcend the commonplace, we are pretty well agreed, is to acclaim the miracle. And our glad salute for art achieved is always in some sense the spirit of delight rushing upon discovery. The act of creation is always in one way or another a new act. It carries a surprise like the surprise of sunshine — giver of illusion perhaps; 'sun without which everything would look just like what it is'; or, again, searcher of reality, quickening to the recognition of unregarded truth.

And the paradox explicit, the paradox of contradiction, is no vain thing, though we may make of it a jugglery or stretch it to the deadness of automatism. It is at its cheapest sign of a mental stirring, worthy at least in dexterity. In right health it is product of a mind alert to significant relations.

At best it is a master-word, shaped to apparent incongruity by the pressure of interior powers. It records a touch from the depths of the commonly impalpable obscure. For the truly questing spirit brushes as it passes the hidden infinitude of contradiction.

Mrs. Meynell indeed would never have wished her ridicule to be taken literally, for she has confessed the habit when she most derided, and has attacked in better paradoxes than most of us can make. Paradox, indeed, special, lightly resonant, has come to be acknowledged the essential quality of her work at its best.

The deeper paradox cleared to 'spiritual sense' is a recurrent theme in her reflective essays, best read with her poetry as gloss. 'Commentaries,' she has called them; but the word suggests too local a habitation for their content. They record a consciousness passive but listening for news below the obvious and the familiar, awaiting a vagrant but sure enlightenment. The mystery is recalled of the hours for sleep 'when the mind by some divine paradox has a deeper sense of light.' The rhythm of our interior life is remembered, the flux and flow of the 'tides of the mind,' the sense of presence dependent upon our experience of absence, the alternate visitation to even the most 'single' spirits of 'ecstasy and desolation.' She broods most reverently upon the wonder of maternity, the sacred union in solitude of mother and child, the continuity of personal life in generation. Late as early she is possessed by the mystery of time, realized alone in the sense of antiquity remembered from the interminable years of childhood.

## III

Childhood remains with her a mystery visited by revelation. Here is another witness, valid because unsentimental, to the inner sight of privileged children. Mrs. Meynell's kinship seems with the seventeenth century again, with Traherne, who celebrated in simplicity and in philosophy a childhood of unimaginable powers: 'My essence was capacity.' This was the beginning and end of his intimations. She remembers too with Wordsworth the exultation over beauty of the child's soul 'at its daybreak in the dark.' She derives 'from the ministration of a boy,' from Dante, poetry's highest reach of spiritual love. Childhood holds and transcends the complete experience of maturity. 'Therefore be satisfied,' she bids the early dead of modern battle: —

> Long life is in your treasury ere you fall,
> Yes, and first love, like Dante's, oh, a bride
> Forever mystical.
> Irrevocable good . . .
> Your childhood was; there Space, there Multitude,
> There dwelt Antiquity.

But the children of Mrs. Meynell's essays are not oppressed by the weight of their immortalities. Theirs is a reality of flesh, surprised by too careful an approach to scare them. She waits in patience upon the opening consciousness of these new spirits, without forcing, without impertinence. She waits, not to feel the future in the instant, some far culmination in the last of life for which the first has been fondly supposed to be made. She cares rather for childhood essential, for the characteristic, slow unfolding.

She watches the beginnings of the personal life, 'the hasty, huddled outcry of birth,' 'the first uncertain sketch of a smile, private, dry.' As the early years draw on, she has compassion for the unready mind in a too quick world, for the tumult and penitence of a gusty spirit not yet prepared for its own danger. She recaptures for our memory the intensity of sight within the

narrow range — the swarming details of the ground to which we moved so close, the endless events of the unimaginable hour, the keen impression of place or of face beloved, the recoil from grotesque. She respects with a delicacy which will not press or handle the distance of childhood from our alien lives revealed by the reticence of the growing boy or by some inscrutable childish answer. She defends the intelligence of the starting mind, its refusal of absurdity. Only the child of sentiment is never met in her pages. Her child, the true child, is never 'posed in some form of grace'; he stands on both feet, 'getting what grip he can of the earth.'

## IV

As a critic of life Mrs. Meynell has been, as one might expect, finely fastidious. She has turned from the touch of vulgarity with the recoil that marks the limitation of the daintier sense. She has written boldly, grown to confident taste from long habit of gracious living among gracious things. Natural then but sometimes unsparing has been her derision for our modern world with its incurable leaning toward things 'mentally inexpensive.'

She has been less happy when she has derided. Hers was neither the high gayety nor the indignant passion required for derision at its best. In such sallies her style is sometimes hurried or voluble, less sustained for all its timber. Enlightened gravity has been the right source of her unquenchable wit. A gentle spirit committed to satire may often force the note from unconscious reluctance. 'To be clever and sensitive, and to hurt the foolish and stolid! Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the world?'

She has had none the less a sure aim against the paradoxes of insincerity despised most heartily by whoso loves best 'the paradoxes of truth.' She has ridiculed a static theatre confirmed in slowness till its idea of advance becomes a perpetual retard. She has girded at our willed and premeditated laughter adopted as conventional morality. She has dissected with admirable spirit our addiction to pathos, our predestined sensibility. We live, it sometimes seems, in a 'world decivilized.'

For America, which she has loved with a romance humbling to the patriot, Mrs. Meynell has had a word of wholesome laughter. Stout champion of American culture, genial friend even of its 'liberal ignorances,' she has had sufficient perspective as a reviewer of American fiction to set in the light some unsuspected sins. She has not liked our 'best parlor emulations,' our hope to be valued for a certified address. She has not liked the parlors themselves in the farmhouses of our countryside, though she should have done us the justice to remember that they were never meant to be used. She has not liked in our country folk 'the energetic provincialism, the distressing household industry.' She has not liked our 'affections made vulgar by undemonstrativeness, kindness by reticence, religion by candor.' Here is paradox for us to eat.

Some of us find it too in her formula for American literary gift — exquisiteness. 'In ripeness and not in rawness consists the excellence of Americans.' The critic did not expect her dictum to be popular; she found us ambitious for a poetry gigantic and elementary — such a poetry as can never be ours, heirs as we are, not of some heroic age, but of the English centuries. To such ambition she ascribed our pride in Walt Whitman, pronounced with intrepidity 'the poet of mediocrity,' 'clamorous, not thunderous.' She wrote boldly, in a style

taut and steady, conscious of danger. She wrote and survived. But with healing praise she has summoned us to recognize our powers as she sees them, 'the conscious and delicate achievement of American letters.' More especially, she has known Emerson the poet. She has measured the fineness of Father Tabb, his 'immediacy,' his melody. She has loved best the catholic mind of Lowell, most congenial as most entirely man of letters.

Mrs. Meynell's discrimination is usually finest in her literary interpretations. Of other arts she has written variously as amateur by the sanction of a refined and intimate vision. But of letters she has spoken with authority, dealing justice with assurance. For the most part we accept that verdict with a deference granted to competence alone.

The most enlightened dogma may err, to be sure. Shortly before the resurrection of Traherne she wrote: 'We know that there does not lurk another Crashaw contemned, another Vaughan disregarded, another George Herbert misplaced.'

Even Olympian assertion takes a risk when it meddles with history; but the wise will not commonly dispute with Mrs. Meynell the paradoxes of her qualitative analysis. The self-effacement of the Ruskin study we respect, but respect still more the great interpretive sentence: that the student most grieved for that lamentable spirit must wish him to have been, 'not less, but more a man sacrificed.' We must enjoy, whether we like it or not, the superb castigation of Swinburne, 'who took the treasure of the language and put it in his pocket for the fatal purpose of sound, not of sense'; whose thoughts had 'their origin, their home, their authority, their mission, in two places, his own vocabulary and the passions of other men.' Here is finality, perhaps too frequent with Mrs. Meynell, suggestive of her admiration for Dr. Johnson. But we can all rejoice at our recovery of Tennyson, misunderstood in the possession 'at the same time of both a style and a manner,' the style of radiance freed from captivity at the chaste touch moist and cold, the purity of poetical criticism.

Mrs. Meynell's honor has been given with least scruple and reserve to Coventry Patmore. The criticism indeed of our Roman Catholic poets for one another has been of a cult, accepted by the initiate, but seeming to the laity ignorant of the mysteries over-consummate in praise. They have seen more in one another than we, greatly venerating too, could always find. The critics, however, have been poets of instructed sensibility, which may well give us lessons in reverence. 'Ask saints of heaven,' said Chaucer, 'for they can tell.' And the poets have as likely authority for poetry. Nowhere at least has the prose of Mrs. Meynell a surer distinction than in her respect for this 'poetry of pathos and delight.' Her language takes on a dignity gnomic and oracular, rising to a solemn tension in the candor of a high admiration.

## V

The prose of Mrs. Meynell is commonly perceptive, sensuous; her poetry is even beyond the use of lyric, inward, personal. From the fine-strung impressionism of her essay we might with logic expect an exquisite objectiveness of verse. Better than another, indeed, can Mrs. Meynell, when she wishes, fuse and temper the phrase for verse, the phrase of golden lustre lit with the truth of sunshine, or the phrase bare and searching like the wind of her *Rainy Summer*. But the registry of the senses, chosen by more than one modern school as its very stuff of poetry, is

to her its mere beginning, its proper but casual felicity. Her poetry issues at its best from what she calls the 'exalted senses,' from her apprehension for spiritual significance.

We pass with her on familiar ways, but we pass in the presence of prophetic beckonings, with a summons to the uplifted heart. Her poetry finds through things visible and lovely a transmission from august levels — not indeed a revelation, but an assurance of divine secrecy. The beauty of the visible world is the channel of spiritual grace — like her thrush before dawn, singing ignorant, passionless, but singing of ancient knowledge and ancient desire. The body, then, is the creature on which creation depends, for which creation functions, sought by a divine approach. Poetry of such sort, fervid, grave, tuned to outward perception, turns inward for its essential content.

Her art brooded young over the mystery of its own poetic consciousness. She liked to fancy a continuity in poetic generation, a communion of all the saints of poetry, in which as in eternity there is no distinction of time. She greeted in kinship the singers yet to come, whose melody lay still unstirred, implicit in field and hill. The girl hailed in her future her own sure election to poetic privilege, recognized with the sacrificial and exultant passion of a neophyte.

The spirit of poetry in its eternal renewal she has felt to be divinity. So wayward it may seem in its approach that a lonely poem in a barren season may be the dropping of a past harvest or harbinger of spring. But it is ever recurrent, potential, giver of immortal answers to the 'mortal guess.'

The very mystery of the self, the loneliness of human personality, is a wonder persistent to her poetry. She has imagined the isolation of our separated spirits, parted in a cleavage resisted vainly by mortal wistfulness. Here is a poetry of desire, stretching hands beyond the personal limit, rejoicing at each slight bridging of the gulf, the impalpable obscure between soul and soul. The running of the tides is her symbol for the reach and withdrawal of the human spirit, 'inhastening dear and desired,' to flood the shore and brim the inland pools, waning as surely with the ebb, without consent but of necessity, returning 'with lessening farewells' to the inaccessible distance.

The excellence of this intuitive poetry Coventry Patmore called, long ago, its feminine quality. Its excellence and its limitation! For by a Patmorian oracle the feminine principle reaches its full stature in poetry only when it is achieved in the soul of man. Just what this means we shall know only when the feminine principle *zieht uns hinan.* Perhaps it is but a riddling guise of the Miltonic suggestion that human nature in Eden completeness is not Adam and Eve, but Adam *plus* Eve, each partial, together a whole being. But for temporal criticism we may recognize without too vain analysis the feminine poet within her own psychology.

Her purity is the purity of woman, circumspect, conscious, but natural and 'unprofaned'; articulate, too, for all its reticence. Her serenity, when she has it, is the serenity of woman with her soul at quiet, moving in light and beauty, but still, guarded, 'shepherding' her thoughts like her own lady of delight. Her intuition too is of the woman, subtle, eager, unshrinking from the consequence of its own sensitiveness. From the depths of woman's pity, from woman's need to suffer in surrounding suffering, has come the poignancy of her verse, always sadder as years have deepened her ruth at human haplessness. With her advance into experience, therefore, her verse

uncovered more and more the paradox of unexpected grief, till the very sacrifices of natural tenderness appear gifts of tragic destiny upon which God has forever multiplied sorrow. Motherhood itself, to Mrs. Meynell life's best endowment, becomes, from this sad side of truth, a responsibility pitiful beyond our thought, till the very caresses of childhood are received with gratitude as 'unhoped, undeserved,' and the gift of birth is but the gift of death, since

> She who slays,
> Is she who bears, who bears.

The crucifixion of Christ, to her the extreme act of human suffering, is interpreted by a fresh and daring symbolism. The cry of the forsaken Christ is not the solitary lament of a mortal despair; it is the birth-cry of immortal understanding, the first recoil of dying man entering the knowledge of divinity, seeing for the first time and for the moment hesitating to accept 'God's infinite capacity for woe.' In such poems as this, relentless in the contemplation of sorrow, is the surest token of the feminine spirit, which, since it may not heal them, must bear the sins of the world. For when other Madonnas shall have been forgotten, Our Lady of Sorrows will remain, holding swords to her breast.

The early verse of Mrs. Meynell had indeed the native limitation of woman's poetry, the tremor of a too unquiet sensibility. It had still the fine flurry of the blood, the palpitation not indeed of essential weakness but of unfulfillment. Not always were the 'wild thoughts' shepherded. Always repressed but never entirely stilled was the straining of which Mrs. Meynell herself accuses woman, her eagerness for the point of rest among the chances of our mortal life. The imperfection of woman's spirit she defined and renounced in her poem of the war, 'A Father of Women,' wherein she calls upon the powers which attend on mortal thought, not indeed to unsex her, but to grant her reënforcement for unimaginable endurance. With self-knowledge she rejected the extreme pang of woman's sympathy, praying for a transfusion of the father's blood, strength for compassion, quiet for the rash will, and the tenderness which can 'pause and prevail.' The complete woman, she would say, who would sustain both the sharpness of life and 'the pierced heart of the poet,' must remember herself daughter of man.

But this feminine poetry had touched in fact its fulfillment, coming to rest in religion, its right and predestined theme. In the poetry of devotion she found, with no loss of her essential fineness, her needed liberation — the point of stable equilibrium reached and held. She found at her very best the simplicity that draws from peace, the simplicity that she holds to be 'ultimate poetry.' It is prophecy of a woman's poetry able to achieve at once a sufficient power and a sufficient tenderness. It may in some measure foretell a service to man like the sanctity of her Saint Catherine, valorous in pity, receiving the fainting head of man upon her breast — the breast not alone of the potential mother, but 'the breast where beat the heart of Christ.' Here, at least in some few verses, is a poetry 'erect in tears,' strong for redemption.

## VI

In religion Mrs. Meynell's poetry found fulfillment for the personal self, craving to escape its bondage, to merge its desire within another life. Man may not find union with man. The mystery of the secret soul must abide. But the incalculable mystery, union with God, is an easier matter. And for common man, untouched by poetry, but 'intent,

devout,' there is, by the message of the Roman Catholic poet, a union with God, forever offered, forever received, in the sacramental rite of the Church. In 'A General Communion' is answered with simplicity the protest of man's isolation. 'Struck apart' are the worshipers, prisoned soul from soul, but each offered in the gift of the sacrament union with Very God; each receiving in his lonely self the ministration of ineffable powers. This poetry of intuition becomes then, at its finest, — if one may risk the word in whose name critical crimes are most easily committed, — the poetry of mysticism.

Mrs. Meynell reached most surely her fulfillment in religious verse, since the paradox, the natural shape of her thought, is the most daring expression of the mystic consciousness. The human speech is broken when 'the deadly flesh begins to behold spiritual things.' Greatest mystics, as we know, have often been content to say nothing. Or if they will to speak that they do know and to bear witness to that they have seen, they struggle somewhat vainly, like true children of heaven's kingdom, for the unknown words of eternal life. They are articulate in symbols, the flame, the light, the voice, the pilgrimage — witness, perhaps, in their perpetual return to the oneness of their truth. But by and beyond the combination of symbols, there remains for religious expression the paradox, a more gallant utterance, since it seeks, unlike the evasive symbol, not alone to suggest but directly to affirm; honest in defeat, since it confesses failure by its essential contradiction.

The Christian consciousness has repeatedly chosen the paradox to express its inexpressible. Man has known himself to be 'in the assaulted stronghold of his will' a battle of warring principles called ineffectually the flesh and the spirit, the *Psychomachia* enduring through the ages, where he takes at once both sides, choosing apparently at the same time good and evil. Old and familiar is his protest at the paradox of his slavery: 'What I hate, that I do.' Recurrently the saint has striven to name the miracle of deliverance from self, the enfranchisement-in-bondage, the death-in-life, the joy-in-grief, the loss-in-gain, the strength made perfect in weakness, the revelation of wisdom unto babes when the things of naught are chosen to confound the things that are. He has known the paradox of prayer, the desire for the unpalatable good which the praying soul at the very moment of petition abhors. And no claimant for human beatitude has found to declare the oneness of all experience a better language than a sheaf of contradictions: —

> I am the doubter and the doubt,
> And I the hymn the Brahmin sings,

says Emerson for Brahma. And, answering the Greek hymn from behind the centuries, —

> I am a Door to thee who knockest at Me,
> I am a Way to thee a wayfarer, —

Mrs. Meynell confesses for the modern mystic a bolder creed: —

> Access, Approach
> Art Thou — Time, Way, and Wayfarer.

The paradox held a special relish for the English seventeenth century, to which Mrs. Meynell seems often curiously akin. An age profoundly religious for all its whims, it chose the paradox with deliberation and reverence. An age which waited with idolatry upon the singular and the clever, loving the paradox as the quintessence of wit, it held the religious paradox an offering acceptable unto God, the best act of 'holy facetiousness.'

There are few pleasanter suggestions of poetical friendliness than the record

of Cowley and Crashaw, exchanging the paradoxes of hope, —

> The entity of those that are not yet.

The natural maker of seventeenth-century religious paradox is Crashaw, himself 'undaunted' spirit of desire, turning ecstasy into epigram in lyric chant: —

> Welcome all wonders in one sight!
> Eternity shut in a span!
> Summer in Winter! Day in Night!
> Heaven in earth, and God in Man!
> Great little one, Whose all-embracing birth
> Lifts earth to Heaven, stoops Heaven to earth!

Crashaw left sufficient sanction for a core of paradox in our Roman Catholic poetry. Francis Thompson indeed, rather than Crashaw, is its representative. The poetry of Crashaw, rising from the altar of an exquisite spirit, is a flame indeed, but a flame for its own small altar. The Christian paradox of Thompson is of a richer and larger consciousness, potent with splendid imaginings, driven by the dynamic of a complex emotion. It speaks with authority in the divine riddles of 'Assunta Maria.' It echoes variously to the running of *The Hound of Heaven*. It strikes out once a primary simplicity, chanting the superb creed of the mystic assumption: —

> O world invisible, we view thee.
> O world intangible, we touch thee.
> O world unknowable, we know thee.
> Inapprehensible, we clutch thee.

The religious paradox of Mrs. Meynell, with whom we so closely associate the genius of Francis Thompson, is a smaller but more subtle thing. It carries none of the headlong gusto, the multitudinous melody; it is but the shaping force of a little lyric, still at the end like a bird with throbbing heart just alighted. It trails no cloud of splendor. It has the compression of the epigram, compact, reserved. Less emotional for all its intensity than the regal contradictions of Thompson, hers is a paradox of intellectual fibre, which gives strength and distinction to her intuitive flights.

Her religious poetry disputes with the challenge of unconditioned faith the cruelty of fact. To the inscrutable horrors of fortuitous disaster wrought by the 'immediate and unintelligible' act of some natural destroying force, she opposes the redemptive rush of human compassion, the 'mediate and intelligible hand' of a retrieving God. The extreme of asceticism is here, a clinging to an incalculable value in all renouncement, constraint to search the depths of spiritual poverty lest some priceless treasure be missed. There is a dread more than mediæval of life untormented, distrust of ease — not alone as a peril but as a denial; desire to entertain fear and pain as angelic guests and to wrestle with them in the dark, lest some necessary blessing be foregone. With a daring beyond orthodoxy she insists on the special privilege of sin committed, a possession ignoble, sorrow-weighted, none the less to be cherished as access to life or as first stage already of a rebirth in beauty. The outer bound of renunciation is reached in the question, 'Why wilt thou chide?' wherein is enshrined as spiritual treasure the very failure of spiritual achievement, wherein the darkness of the soul rejected by divine Love is held priceless beyond mortal joy. In such a world of spiritual values only, 'The Divine Prerogative' refused to the desire of man is but the privilege of sacrifice — the one unbearable sight, the spectacle not of injustice but of justice; 'the merited scourge.'

But the supreme paradox of the God-in-man, of the Word-made-flesh, is Mrs. Meynell's inevitable theme. Here at least she ceases to let down her 'melancholy lead' into the depth of

sorrow, but brings instead annunciation of grace. Orthodox in her acceptance of dogma, poet in her imagination for its significance, she is a philosopher too in her recognition of the infinities of secrecy withheld from mortal ken. So 'Christ in the Universe,' a poem of literal Christianity, reverent for the human visitation of 'an entrusted Word,' is nobly aware of mysteries beyond the knowledge of 'our wayside planet,' of revelations perhaps given otherwhere of 'a million alien gospels,' all essential to true knowledge, conceivable by us maybe in some eternity, —

> When in our turn we show to them a Man.

The doctrine of the Incarnation, this core of dogmatic Christianity, makes most natural poetry to the Roman Catholic, used as he is to the dramatic sacrament, schooled to believe in some sense the immediate transcendence of the material element. This at least is the sublime paradox which comes readily to our Roman Catholic poets — from the staid and gentle childishness of Southwell to the hieratic chantings of Thompson. To Mrs. Meynell's imagination, the figure of the Mass is ever present. In all nature, indeed, she sees made ready and offered the sacrament of the divine feast. To her the God driven by human ordinance from human altars is present wherever grows and comes to harvest the wheat and the grape, already in mystery the bread and wine, the 'lonely unconsecrated Host,' awaiting the privilege of sacrifice.

In 'The Unknown God' we have Mrs. Meynell at her highest. Here is one poem 'plain beyond oracles' and 'past all symbols' simple, where, in the life of a stranger at Communion, fed at the altar, the present Deity is recognized incarnate, realized, worshiped in the mind and faltering will, but the God confessed: —

> Christ in his unknown heart,
> His intellect unknown, this love, this art,
> This battle and this peace, this destiny,
> That I shall never know, look upon me.

In the sacramental reading of this poem is, indeed, if we may use the thought without irreverence, a transubstantiation of paradox, paradox become the literalness of simple truth.

The message of 'The Unknown God' may be the authentic, is at least the present message of Mrs. Meynell. To appraise our full debt to her latest verse we must await its final garnering. And we turn to-day with some wistfulness the exquisite pages of her early verse, even of her prose unchallenged in distinction. Both seem sometimes strangely remote, like many another fine thing, relic of choice hours in an England that is changing.

'Shall not the Thing,' wrote Mrs. Meynell once, 'as we compose ourselves to literature, assume more and more the honor, the hesitation, the reconciliation of the Word?'

Nothing appears at present less likely. A fastidious leisure seems just now the least probable asset of our uncertain future. But as we advance into years of difficulty and unlovely turbulence, we shall find at least one dogma essential, however diverse the language of its mysteries — the dogma of an Incarnation, of a divinity alive within the human mould, the perception of the Unknown God in the heart of common man. For one paradox immemorial and prophetic is necessary to us, if the paradox of hope forever resurgent and creative is to remain: *Verbum caro factum est.*

# JAPAN: A SEQUEL TO THE WASHINGTON CONFERENCE

BY HECTOR C. BYWATER

## I

SUFFICIENT time has now elapsed since the Washington Conference to enable us to gauge the effect of its leading decisions on the naval position of Japan; and a study of this subject is rendered the more opportune in consequence of recent developments in the Far East which seem likely to react upon the naval policies of other powers.

The initial fact that emerges from a survey of the situation to-day is the patent failure of the Conference to achieve its main purpose, namely, to check the further expansion of sea armaments in any and every shape or form. It has undoubtedly been successful in arresting the multiplication of capital ships, which are at once the most costly and — to the lay mind, at all events — the most aggressive instruments of sea power; but, through causes too notorious to need repetition, it imposed no veto on the building of other combatant types, save airplane carriers, and at least one signatory party has deemed it expedient to take full advantage of this omission. The result is that to-day, barely twelve months after the acceptance of the Limitation Treaty, a revival of shipbuilding competition seems inevitable if the balance of power as regulated by that treaty is to be maintained.

To state the case in a sentence: Japan, by diverting to the construction of cruisers and submarines no small part of the energy she formerly expended on capital ships, will soon be in possession of a fleet of 'auxiliary combatant' vessels superior in some respects to that of any other power. The ratios of international strength formulated by the authors of the treaty have thus been upset, unless we assume the capital ship alone to possess any fighting value — an assumption manifestly absurd. Indeed, the relative importance of auxiliary craft has increased very considerably as the result of limiting the number of heavy ships. Therefore, when we find that Japan during the last five years has built or ordered no less than 23 light cruisers, as against a collective total of 16 for Great Britain and the United States, it would be futile to pretend that the Washington agreement has either stabilized naval strength on anything like a comprehensive basis, or relieved the naval authorities of Britain and America of all anxiety as to the future.

So far is this from being the case that at the moment of writing the United States Navy Department is understood to have in preparation a large programme of auxiliary construction; and it seems only a question of time before the British Government will be compelled to take similar measures.

Japan, to do her justice, has been perfectly frank with regard to her post-Conference naval policy. Her intentions have been advertised to the world, even if their full significance has not been unduly stressed. She justifies her formidable programme of auxiliary

tonnage on two grounds: first, that it is necessary in order to save the national shipbuilding and kindred industries from the ruin that would have overtaken them had all naval construction come to a standstill; secondly, that the additional cruisers and submarines are really needed to compensate for the reduced strength of the battle fleet.

As regards the first argument, it is no doubt true that the sudden stoppage of all shipbuilding for the navy would have been a most serious blow, not merely to the trades directly concerned, but to the whole economic system of the country.

A few facts and figures bearing on this point will not be out of place. Under the impetus of conditions set up by the World War, the industries of Japan flourished amazingly for a few years, and shipbuilding, in particular, was developed to a remarkable extent. In 1914 the number of yards producing sea-going ships did not exceed six; by 1918 there were 57 such establishments in operation. The slump of 1920 drove more than half these newer yards out of business, and in August of last year only 26 remained.

At the close of the war, when orders for mercantile tonnage began to fall off and at length almost entirely ceased to come in, the shipyards were forced to depend for their existence largely on Admiralty contracts. From their point of view the big naval programme of 1920 was a veritable godsend. Irrespective of smaller vessels, it provided for the construction, within eight years, of a fleet of 16 capital ships, with an average displacement of approximately 42,000 tons, and of this number at least one half were to have been built in private yards. Under the Washington agreement no less than 14 of these vessels were cancelled, including six that were already building. When this decision became known in Japan, there was an outcry from the shipbuilders, who saw themselves faced with ruin, and even louder protests came from the shipyard workers, who form one of the best-organized branches of Japanese labor.

According to official statistics, there were in Japan nine large private yards that were generally engaged in warship construction, employing between them 96,000 hands, and four naval dockyards, employing some 61,000 hands. Consequently, the number of workers who were interested in the building of warships was 157,000, of whom, it was estimated, 50 per cent would be thrown out of employment through the cancelling of battleship orders alone. Had auxiliary ships been included in the limitation scheme, the percentage of men rendered workless would have been as high as 75.

Even as it was, organized labor became dangerously restive. Mass meetings of shipyard employees were held, and violent speeches made against the Government for having 'betrayed' the workers. Agitators who had previously complained most bitterly of the burden of armaments were now foremost in opposing a reduction of that burden.

It has been hinted in some quarters that this popular clamor against the suspension of warship construction was by no means distasteful to the Government, who saw in it an excellent excuse for continuing the development of the navy on as large a scale as was possible without transgressing the letter of the treaty. Be that as it may, generous concessions were granted with a promptitude that was rather surprising, in view of the tendency of officialdom in Japan to resist any form of dictation by the masses.

Less than a month after the Washington Conference dispersed, it was announced at Tokyo that an agreement had been come to between the

Government and the shipbuilders, whereby the latter would be provided with other work in lieu of the countermanded battleships, and the wholesale discharge of shipyard workers would thus be avoided. The scheme was to retain practically intact that part of the 1920 programme which related to auxiliary ships, and to advance the dates of laying down these vessels. For example, contracts for cruisers which it had originally been intended to begin in 1923, 1924, and 1925 respectively were to be antedated twelve months, so that the normal building programmes of 1922, 1923, and 1924 would in each case be increased to that extent. In other words, twice as many auxiliary ships were to be laid down each year as the original programme had legislated for. This plan embraced destroyers, submarines, and supply ships, in addition to cruisers.

In allotting the new contracts, special regard was had to the claims of the shipyards which would have benefited most under the pre-Conference battleship programme, orders for new light cruisers going to those state and private yards which had been promised, or were already at work upon, battleships and battle cruisers. The largest cruisers will therefore be constructed at the Imperial dockyards of Kure and Yokosuka, and the private establishments of Kawasaki and Mitsubishi, and smaller units of this type by the Sasebo arsenal and the Uraga Dock Company. At the same time, contracts for destroyers, submarines, and fleet-supply ships are being distributed among the yards named and also among other establishments which suffered through the recision of the pre-Conference programme. Furthermore, extra work has been provided for the state dockyards by assigning to them the dismantling of condemned ships.

By these measures the crisis in the shipbuilding industry has been largely overcome, all the principal yards throughout the country have a fair amount of work in hand, and it has been necessary to discharge only a comparatively small number of workers.

On the other hand, the cost of all this auxiliary tonnage will be heavy enough to wipe out a great part of the sum saved by scrapping the capital-ship programme, and the net saving effected in new naval construction will consequently be much less than the taxpayers had anticipated. There are not wanting those in Japan who censure the Government for adopting this policy of 'robbing Peter to pay Paul.' It would, they contend, have been better to encourage the shipyards to develop other branches of activity than naval construction, such as the manufacture of locomotives and other railroad and street-car material, iron and steelwork parts for bridges and structures, industrial power plants, automobiles, and the like, as has been done by European armament firms since the war.

As it is, the critics declare, the wealth of the nation is being dissipated on fighting ships which apparently have been ordered simply to keep the shipyards in operation, and not because they are absolutely essential for defense purposes.

Another and still graver objection urged against the Government's policy is that this sudden expansion of the auxiliary combatant fleet may evoke suspicion abroad as to Japan's bona fides in respect to disarmament, and lead other powers to strengthen their fleets in the same way, thus ushering in a new era of naval rivalry and mutual distrust. That these apprehensions are well-founded has already been made clear by the reported action of the American naval authorities in drawing up a new programme to counterbalance

Japan's growing strength in cruising ships and submarines.

Figures showing the actual reduction that has been effected in Japan's naval expenditure by the limitation scheme are not yet available, but the gross amount appears to be in the neighborhood of 100,000,000 yen.

In 1920, the navy budget amounted to 320,000,000 yen, or nearly twice as much as it had been three years previously; and subsequent additions, due to the passing of the 'eight-eight' programme, brought the gross amount to nearly 500,000,000 yen. In the following year, another big increase was made, and, but for the limitation scheme, naval expenditure during the current year would have been not far short of 750,000,000 yen.

According to Tokyo press reports, the naval estimates submitted in July last provided for an ordinary expenditure of 120,000,000 yen and for an extraordinary outlay of 198,000,000 yen, showing decreases of 15,000,000 and 60,000,000 yen respectively. On October 30, it was announced that the Finance Department had further reduced the navy estimates in the forthcoming budget by 30,000,000 yen, making a total reduction of over 100,000,000 yen, or approximately one seventh of the amount that would have been spent on fleet armaments this year had the 'eight-eight' programme remained in force.

This saving is accounted for almost entirely by the deletion of the capital ships and the abandonment of new docks and harbor works; only a very small percentage is due to reductions in personnel; and, as we have seen, the bill for auxiliary construction, so far from showing any cut, has been greatly increased. Some money will also be saved by giving up Port Arthur as a naval station and reducing the status of the Maizuru base.

As no precise figures of the cost of man-of-war construction are published in Japan, the expenditure that will be incurred by virtually doubling the auxiliary building programme over a term of several years can be only roughly estimated. It is known, however, that the light cruisers of the Kuma class, 5500 tons, have cost nearly five million dollars each; that the 7500-ton ships of the Yubari class are priced at about seven and a half million dollars, and the new 10,000-ton ships, four in number, at not less than ten million dollars each. First-class destroyers, of which many are building and 24 projected, probably cost one and a half million dollars per boat; the medium submarines (900 tons) about the same; and the new large type (1500 tons) three million dollars.

These prices are, if anything, underestimated, the cost of naval construction being abnormally high in Japan, despite the relative cheapness of labor. In any case, it is sufficiently obvious that a programme which embraces not less than 15 cruisers, ranging from 5500 to 10,000 tons, 40 destroyers, and 50 submarines, besides a great many supply and dépôt ships, will eventually cost an enormous sum of money.

## II

It is patent to everyone that Japan is at present building more combatant tonnage than any other power; but what is not so generally appreciated is the fact that she is actually building more tonnage of this description than all the other powers combined. Once more it must be emphasized that the so-called 'Disarmament Treaty,' while certainly bringing dreadnought construction almost to a halt, has not only done nothing to limit the building of other man-of-war types, but has actually increased the number of these vessels in the case

of Japan, and in all likelihood will eventually produce a corresponding expansion of the auxiliary ships of other navies.

It would occupy too much space to narrate in detail the various strategical reasons which the Japanese naval authorities have put forward, through the medium of the press, to justify the building of so many 'auxiliary combatant ships'; but their arguments may be summarized as follows. The battle fleet has been so reduced under the limitation agreement that it will no longer be capable of fulfilling its proper function, — namely, going out to seek and engage an enemy fleet on the high seas, — but must henceforth be kept in reserve as a last card, only to be played if and when the enemy's preponderance has been reduced or destroyed by tactics of attrition. Therefore, to compensate for the loss of direct offensive power formerly vested in the battle fleet, Japan requires for her safety an unusually strong force of minor weapons of attack. She particularly needs an ample supply of swift ocean-keeping cruisers, to guard her own communications and harass those of an enemy, and also to prey upon his commerce, with the ulterior purpose of diverting part of his strength from the immediate war-zone.

For the same reasons, it is essential to have a large fleet of ocean-going submarines, which could be used alternatively for coast defense, for near and distant mine-laying expeditions, and for raiding commerce. The twofold problem confronting the Japanese navy in war would be to maintain, as far as possible, the freedom of the ocean trade routes, and above all to guard communications with the Asiatic Continent, which would represent a vital and indispensable source of supply for foodstuffs and raw materials. In the absence of a really effective battle fleet, — effective, that is, in the sense of being able to engage the battle fleet of any potential enemy with reasonable prospects of success, — these strategic tasks can best be performed by cruisers and submarines.

As regards the loss of power resulting from the limitation of the battle fleet to ten ships, this, it is argued, is far more serious than might be inferred from superficial observation. Four of the ships are battle cruisers of a design which post-war progress has made obsolete, and which could not be placed in the line of battle without exposing them to grave risk of summary destruction. This brings the battle fleet proper down to six ships, none of which could possibly be replaced if lost or disabled.

Japan is, therefore, at a grave disadvantage as compared with Britain and the United States, since their infinitely greater resources would enable either of those powers to build new capital ships very rapidly in place of any that were lost in action.

Another important factor in the revised scheme of defense is the chain of outlying naval bases with which Japan has girdled herself during the past few years; and, apropos of this subject, there can be no harm now in disclosing certain facts of which the American public has, perhaps, hitherto remained in ignorance.

In the fall of 1920, the Japanese naval authorities, in coöperation with the General Staff, worked out a scheme for fortifying the principal islands that guard the approach to the coasts of Japan proper. This measure was intended to counteract the then impending development of Cavite and Guam as first-class bases for the American Pacific fleet.

In September 1920, a committee of experts, headed by Captain Mori, of the Navy Department, visited all the

islands in question, reporting that the points where strong fortifications and naval facilities were needed most urgently were the Bonin Islands, Amami-Oshima, and Yajima in the Loochoo group. This report having been approved by the Government, steps were immediately taken to carry the proposals into effect, and the work of fortification was put in hand early in 1921.

For reasons of finance it was intended to spread the appropriations over two, if not three, years, as in view of the slow progress being made with the American works at Cavite and Guam it was thought that the completion of the Japanese insular bases might safely be prolonged till the end of 1922. But in the spring of last year (1921), it became known at Tokyo that the United States Government was meditating an appeal to the powers to join in a conference for the reduction of naval armaments, and this news decided the Japanese authorities to speed up the completion of their island forts, with the object of putting themselves in a favorable position strategically before the conference was summoned.

Consequently, from May 1921, the work at the Bonins went on with feverish energy. A large fleet of steamers was chartered to convey thither the thousands of laborers and the vast quantities of material needed to complete the task. So great was the demand for cement, that a temporary shortage of this material ensued. Throughout the summer and autumn, building operations went on night and day, and during this period the Bonin Islands were under a military administration which maintained a strict surveillance over visiting foreign ships. The Japanese press was also forbidden to publish any mention of what was in progress at the islands.

By December, the last of the batteries had been constructed and armed with heavy long-range guns, the barracks, munitions dépôts, aerodrome, and radio station had been constructed, and every navigable approach had been rendered impregnable.

Meanwhile the Washington Conference had assembled, and Admiral Baron Kato, of the Japanese delegation, had taken the first opportunity to inform his American colleagues that Japan regarded the abandonment of the Philippine and Guam fortifications as the condition precedent to negotiations for the reduction of her shipbuilding programme. If the United States would agree to this, Japan, on her part, was prepared to suspend her own plans of fortifying her Pacific islands, and would at the same time coöperate most willingly in any practicable scheme for limiting her floating armaments.

Baron Kato did not add, however, that Japan, having been secretly engaged in fortifying her island bases for many months previously, had just completed the work, whereas scarcely any progress had been made in the development of the American stations at Cavite and Guam.

## III

Whether the American naval experts were cognizant of the facts is a moot point, but it seems scarcely credible that they would have acquiesced in the status quo proposal for Pacific bases, had they known that Japan was already in possession of a thoroughly equipped naval station at the Bonins. If they did know this, one is forced to conclude that their protests against the renunciation of the right to put the Western Islands in an adequate state of defense were overruled by the Washington Cabinet on political grounds.

In any case, Japan scored a signal triumph in securing the adoption of the status quo agreement with regard to Pacific fortifications. From her point of view, it was a strategical gain of the first magnitude, which more than compensated for the reduction of her battle fleet.

That the full significance of the clause has come to be appreciated by American naval students is clear from certain outspoken criticisms which have appeared recently. The Japanese Foreign Office, betraying a sense of humor for which few would have given it credit, issued the following communiqué on February 22 last: —

> The Treaty on the limitation of naval armaments signed at Washington on February 6, 1922, comes into force upon its ratification by all contracting powers. With regard, however, to certain fortifications and naval bases of the British Empire, the United States, and Japan, in the region of the Pacific Ocean, it is provided in Article XIX of the Treaty that the status quo at the time of its signature shall be maintained. In conformity with the spirit of this provision, the Japanese Government have decided forthwith to discontinue the work on the fortifications in the Bonin Islands and Amami-Oshima, and further to maintain the existing condition of fortifications and naval bases in Formosa and the Pescadores. The necessary measures for giving effect to this decision have already been taken.

Napoleon's dictum that 'war is an affair of positions' applies to the sea no less than to the land, and to a far greater degree than was the case a century ago. A fleet in those days was largely self-supporting, and could remain at sea for months at a time, independent of bases, because it had no fuel problem to contend with. But the conditions to-day are vastly different. The 'reach' of a modern battle fleet can be measured with almost mathematical precision, governed as it is by the number and situation of the *points d'appui* available. In time of war, no fleet dare venture to cruise for long in waters where ample facilities for refueling do not exist. If the ships of which it is composed have an average fuel-endurance of, say, 10,000 miles, that does not mean that they would be able to advance to a point 5000 miles from home and still be sure of getting back in safety. For the maximum cruising-radius of a ship is always reckoned in terms of economical speed, and bears no relation to the distance that could be steamed if the engines were running at full power. Thus, a battleship able to cover 10,000 miles at a constant speed of 12 knots might be unable to travel more than 3000 miles at her full speed of 21 knots — and in war-zone operations high-speed steaming is the rule rather than the exception. To cruise under a small head of steam in waters where enemy submarines might be encountered would be to risk destruction.

Now the only insular base in the Pacific where the American battle fleet could be sure of finding adequate supplies of fuel is Hawaii, and we are therefore justified in assuming that 2000 miles represents the utmost distance to which the fleet could venture to the west or south of Hawaii in time of war; and even this would leave a dangerously narrow margin of fuel for emergencies. But if America fights in the Pacific at all, she will fight for definite objects, among which will be the protection, or — what is far more likely — the recovery, of the Philippines, and to gain these objects she must be prepared to undertake active naval operations in the immediate zone of war, namely, the Far Western Pacific.

How this is to be done without local base facilities is a problem which

apparently defies solution. It is certain that in their present defenseless condition, now to be stereotyped by the treaty, both the Philippines and Guam would become Japanese in the first weeks of war.

This is fully realized and freely admitted by American strategists; but it is interesting, nevertheless, to have Japanese testimony on the point. In the *Dai Nihon*, of August 1921, a thoughtful monthly review published at Tokyo, the editor, Mr. Seijiro Kawashima, discussed the probable course of hostilities between his country and the United States, and affirmed that, should the outbreak of war find the main American naval force at Panama, San Francisco, or even at Hawaii, 'it will be open for Japan to take the Philippines, indeed Guam. . . . Should the worst happen, therefore, Japan would risk everything to destroy these two bases, and the ferocity with which she will fight may well be imagined.' Clearly, therefore, the islands in question must be ruled out of any objective examination of the task that would confront the United States Navy in a war with Japan.

## IV

It remains, then, to consider how far offensive operations in the Western Pacific would be feasible without bases. From Hawaii to the nearest Japanese coast is some 3400 miles, making 6800 miles for the round voyage, which would be well within the cruising capacity of modern battleships *at economical speed.*

But, as was emphasized above, ships steaming at low speed in an area frequented by hostile submarines would be in continual danger of attack. To be reasonably safe from submarines, they must not only steam at a high rate of speed, but make frequent alterations of course — a method of progression which involves an abnormally heavy consumption of fuel in traversing a given distance.

It is, therefore, extremely doubtful whether the fuel-endurance of the ships would suffice even for the outward journey of 3400 miles; and if the fleet found itself close to the enemy's coast with empty bunkers, and no friendly base at hand, it would be exposed to certain annihilation.

Consequently, on the surface of things, it looks as if the American navy would be physically incapable of undertaking major war-operations in the Western area of the Pacific; there is no visible means whereby the fatal handicap of nonexistent bases might be overcome. It is as if the United States, in pledging itself not to proceed with the fortification of its distant islands, had voluntarily surrendered, not merely the power to defend these possessions, but the power to defend its interests in the Far East generally, no matter how vital they are or may become in the future.

Japan, on the other hand, has gained a strategical predominance in her adjacent waters far exceeding that which she could ever have hoped to achieve had the competition in naval armaments pursued its normal course. For good or ill, the doors of the Far East have been slammed, barred, and bolted, and the keys placed in Japanese keeping.

The British Empire, it is true, might be in a position to dispute this supremacy, thanks to its actual and potential base-resources in the Pacific; but here again the factor of distance would come into play on the side of Japan, by making sustained offensive operations against her coast next to impossible, even for a greatly superior British fleet pivoted on Singapore, New Guinea, or Australian harbors.

If these premises are sound they

seem to warrant the conclusion that a naval war between the United States and Japan would speedily result in a stalemate, affording no opportunity for a decision by direct action from either side, since the opposing battle fleets would be unlikely to come within several thousand miles of each other. It is here, however, that the significance of the large programme of minor naval construction, upon which Japan is now engaged, may be manifest.

Since history contains no record of a war having been decided wholly, or even mainly, by the destruction of maritime trade, the greatest authorities have always excluded the *guerre de course* from the domain of grand strategy, relegating it to a subsidiary place in the general scheme of belligerent operations at sea. Nevertheless, there was one period of the World War when it seemed as if science had placed in Germany's hands the means of undermining what had come to be regarded as a fundamental principle of naval strategy. The submarine campaign came very near to breaking the resistance of the Allies, and did, in fact, produce that anomalous situation in which the power supreme at sea, whose warships held undisputed command of the ocean surface in nearly every part of the world, nevertheless found its marine communications menaced to a highly dangerous degree, and was able only by superhuman exertions to maintain the minimum amount of sea-borne traffic essential to the further conduct of the war.

At an earlier stage of the struggle, grave loss was caused to shipping by the few German cruisers which were at large when the war began. It took a good many months to dispose of these surface corsairs, and the task was accomplished only by diverting a numerous force of swift cruisers from other war-service, and sending them to scour every ocean area where the raiders were likely to be met with.

Comparatively large as was the fleet of cruising ships at the disposal of the Allies, it barely sufficed to meet this demand. Had fewer ships been available, the German commerce-destroyers would have enjoyed a much longer lease of life, and the embarrassment they caused must have been infinitely more serious.

Among naval men a firm conviction obtains that the next great war will inevitably witness the revival of submarine attack on merchant shipping, since they believe that parchment safeguards against this practice will soon collapse under the stress of war. Assuming then that the naval methods in vogue during the World War are likely to reappear in the event of a Pacific campaign, the advantages which Japan would derive from her powerful fleet of cruisers and submarines are obvious. They would enable her, while maintaining her battle fleet intact behind its impregnable barrier of insular and coastal defenses, to wage ruthless war against her enemy's trade and communications.

When the current building programme has been completed, she will possess at least twenty-five modern cruisers of great speed and wide radius of action, together with more than seventy submarines specially designed for prolonged voyaging, the majority of them being well able to cross and recross the Pacific Ocean without needing to replenish their fuel.

## V

What resources has the United States navy to deal with this immense fleet of potential commerce-destroyers? On the basis of recent war experience, it has been estimated that from four to six fast cruisers are required to circum-

vent the activities of one enemy surface raider; while some idea of the tremendous array of force necessary to cope with submarine attack on merchant shipping is conveyed by the fact that upward of 3000 patrol craft of every type were kept in service by Great Britain alone, though the Germans never had more than thirty U-boats at sea simultaneously.

At the present time, there are only ten modern cruisers built or building in the United States. Even if all these ships were released from duty with the fleet, in order to protect trade routes, what could they hope to achieve against twenty-five enemy raiders with speeds not inferior to their own?

The task would, of course, be hopeless from the start. Unless, therefore, the convoy system were adopted, — and this would be at once a difficult and a precarious business under the peculiar conditions governing warfare in the area we are considering,—American merchant shipping would, in all probability, be swept from the Pacific very soon after the outbreak of hostilities with Japan.

While there is not the least reason to suppose that this blow would force the United States into submission, the combined loss of trade and prestige resulting therefrom would be a serious matter. Nor would it be possible to retaliate with any marked effect; for the same dearth of cruisers that rendered the United States powerless to protect its overseas trade would debar it from molesting the communications of the enemy.

Moreover, provided that her connections with the Asiatic mainland were secure, Japan could afford to dispense for a time with other external sources of supply, and practically the whole of her cruisers and submarines, having but little patrol duty, would be free to engage in offensive operations.

Thus, the widely held idea that a war in the Pacific must speedily end in a deadlock, in which neither opponent could inflict any appreciable damage on the other, is seen to be fallacious. It would have been sound enough had the naval limitation agreement embraced all types of fighting craft; but the failure of the Conference to extend the ratio system to cruiser and submarine tonnage has completely altered the situation.

In view of the foregoing considerations, it would cause no surprise to learn that American naval authorities entertain profound misgivings with regard to future developments in the Far East. That their responsibilities have been immeasurably increased by the Limitation Treaty is self-evident. Indeed, it might be affirmed without fear of contradiction that the treaty, by depriving the United States of all power to intervene by force of arms, has placed her interests in the Far East completely at the mercy of a foreign state, upon whose good-will they must henceforth depend. The task of defending them against aggression would have been difficult enough, had the naval limitation scheme never been conceived. As things are, their defense — by warlike action, at any rate — has to all appearances become impossible.

# HO, LICTORS, CLEAR THE WAY!

## FASCISMO AND THE FASCISTI

BY L. J. S. WOOD

### I

Fascism and the Fascisti have so long and so completely dominated the life of the nation that it has been almost impossible to consider or discuss anything else. In the early days of October, however, another subject crept into the columns of the newspapers — the possibility of a return to war-bread, that unwholesome necessity of Italy's hard times, the taste of which is still in our mouths, the effect still in the insides of some of us. The war-bread discussion lasted but a few days; Fascism held its newspaper columns just as it held the offices or headquarters of all organizations throughout the country with which it disagreed. And now it holds the State. Yet it is only an event, striking and of vast importance, but an event in the life of the country; whereas, in his suggestion of the possibility of a return to war-bread, the Treasury Minister pointed to the beginning and ending and centre of that life. Italy's problem is not so much political or social as it is economic. Fascism, moreover, has recognized that fact.

Incidentally, one may recall, though not many realized it, that Italy's problem was economic in May 1915. By the people at large, certainly, the fact was not fully realized; it was sentiment, the indefinable impulse which carries away whole peoples at times, — sentiment of patriotism and of sympathy, — which urged them into war. But the economic side of the question was really of far greater moment. The war showed us, if we had not realized it clearly enough before, that in order to live at all Italy must import many necessaries, first among them coal and wheat. Neutral, she would not have been able to import a ton of either. The inevitable result would have been unemployment, starvation, revolution, and the end of all things. But that by the way.

The Fascisti are the after-war successors of the war-time Fascio of National Defense, which arose to combat anti-war and anti-Ally propaganda in Italy, and to keep the spirit of the people high. But a beginning of the Fascist movement, or at least of the Fascist idea, in Rome itself, can be traced to an incident which occurred some months before the war broke out. The present movement arose to fight extreme Socialism, threatening Communism; the movement of the spring of 1914 had the same object; in itself it was a tiny thing, but it was significant, prophetic.

At that time Italy was upset by a railway strike. There was real trouble for ten days. In the Ravenna district, little 'republics' proclaimed themselves; one of them took prisoner a gen-

eral who had gone out incautiously to see what was happening. In Rome all the big squares which might be used as meeting-places were occupied by troops; all approaches to the central Piazza Colonna and streets near the Post Office were barred. Shops were shut; there were things resembling barricades; cavalry charged with drawn swords into crowds. There were casualties — one fatal.

One afternoon a dozen young men issued from the National Liberal Club in Via Tritone with a flag, and started to walk through the city, telling the people it was time to put an end to it, to open their shops, to put the flag of Italy out from their windows. In ten minutes the twelve were a hundred, in half an hour, a thousand; when they had finished their tour round the city, they were anything from ten to twenty thousand, with a band and a hundred flags, and the soldiers standing wearily on duty cheering as they passed. The Chamber of Labor, which was sitting permanently, directing the strike, came out to have a look at things and having looked sent out word that the strike was over. It was over, all over, killed by the initiative of a dozen young men, backed by the good sense of the people. That was how Fascism began in Rome.

Fascism — the dozen young men of the afternoon walk down the Via Tritone — has now, some say over half a million, some say two million, officially enrolled members. It has a complete military organization and disciplinary regulations by which it can put an 'army' into the field at a given spot at a given moment. Rome has had an opportunity recently to realize the truth of this.

It is a syndical organization, too. It is impossible, again, to estimate how many members of Socialist and other workingmen's syndicates, and associations of all sorts, have now passed under the Fascisti flag. Months ago they were reckoned at 70,000; but since then opposition to Fascist penetration has grown less and less; transference of allegiance has followed frequently, almost as a matter of course. The Fascisti have, for instance, now definitely broken the iniquitous Socialist domination of the Italian ports.

Lastly, the Fascisti are a political organization; and it is in the political field that the difficulty of the situation has been outwardly apparent. They have but three dozen members in a Chamber of 538, and they claimed that under existing conditions that was absurd. They said, in fact, that it was they, — not the Liberals, Socialists, Democrats, Communists, Populars, or anyone else, — it was they, the Fascisti, who represented the country. They pointed out that if their contention was not accepted they were in a position to bring out an army to prove its justice. They pointed to numerous occasions, from important socio-political events to such things as the immediate relief of the sufferers from the Spezia explosion, when government action was needed, but was not seen, and the Fascisti did the work. Some of them went so far as to sum up present-day conditions: 'There is no State; we are the State, at any rate when there is anything for the State to do.' They said that a situation in which they, who really represented the country, had no official share or influence in its government, was abnormal, and while they were not until lately unanimous, and no one of their leaders, in fact, could define the remedy that ought to be adopted, something, they all said quite definitely, must be done: immediate elections; reform of the proportional representation provisions of the existing law, which makes the formation of a stable government impossible; adoption meanwhile of a preponderant

Fascist element in the government — something.

In the little Roman episode of the spring of 1914, the dozen young men appealed, not to a class or party, but to the people, to the good sense of the whole population. Recognition of that mass of public opinion is essential to an understanding of conditions here; recognition of it by would-be reformers in a hurry would have saved the country much loss and suffering of late, for here, as elsewhere, it is irresistible. 'Revolution in Italy' — that excellent newspaper heading — was flying all over the world at the end of 1919 and in 1920, the days of the seemingly overpowering ascent of the Socialist parabola, which culminated in the occupation of the factories and then wavered, stopped, fell, and has been falling ever since.

There were some here who knew that a moment must come when the good sense of the Italian people would be aroused, as in Rome on that afternoon in the spring of 1914, and its invisible but invincible strength would break the mad movement. When the Chamber of Deputies, with its 156 Socialists, was assembling, in November 1919, there were two atmospheres: that of excited, sometimes frightened whispering inside the Chamber, that of enthusiastic cheering in the streets outside, as the King drove down from the Quirinal. The first was interesting, but fictitious; the second instructive, actual.

Such as had listened to the Italian, the Roman, in the street, not in the Chamber, were not afraid of revolution when the 'frenzied drunkenness' of would-be Communism reached its culminating point months later. Undeniably that was a bad moment in the history of the country. Worse than the episodes of brutal crime was the realization that for the moment authority was powerless. To mobilize the forces of the State against the revolutionaries — the existence of a certain number of people revolutionarily inclined does not mean that there is a revolution — would have meant civil war. The alternative was to wait for the movement to die down. That was what Giolitti did, using meanwhile all the political arts of which he is a past master. The beginning of the end was the decision of the General Labor Federation against the extremist policy of the Communist leader-agitators. The Federation represents, and is in touch with, the workingman; he is in touch with the general mass of the Italian people; and it was, in the long run, the condemnation of the people that killed the Communist madness.

From that moment the Socialist parabola began to fall; now it is at a very low level. The party first rid itself of the frankly Communist element, then split into two fairly evenly divided parts — collaborationists and abstentionists: those who, while not forgetting their ideal, will use, will even coöperate with, the powers that be, in order to gain actual advantages for the proletariat; and those who will not touch what they call *borghesia* — capitalism — at any price. Pure theorists these; practicalists, the others. And it is the practicalist, the opportunist as his opponents call him, who is on the upgrade now.

Socialism in Italy has ruined itself momentarily by its excess. As an idea, a theory, a political doctrine expounded by a political party within the orbit of the Constitution, it had its established place, with its handful of deputies in Parliament. When, in a mad moment, Italian Socialism developed into a Communism foreign to the spirit and good sense of the nation, the latter rose and killed the intruder, and Communism

dragged down the parent Socialism in its fall. It may recover more quickly than would seem probable after such a remarkable disintegration; in any case it would be the greatest mistake in the world to regard it as dead. The Socialist idea will always live in Italy, and every living idea finds its political expression here.

## II

The actual instrument of its downfall was the emblem of authority of the Lictors of the old Roman Republic, the bundle of rods, the *Fasces*, — *Fascio* in the modern vernacular, — the group of a dozen young men of the spring of 1914, developing into the group of National Defense of war-time, and the party, with its triple organization and activity, by which Italy suddenly was confronted.

Its origin is well known, and was excellent. It was the expression of the reaction of the nation when Socialism overstepped due bounds. Locally, for two years, Communists and Fascisti fought, and the latter won. As their superiority became apparent, individual members of workingmen's organizations transferred their allegiance to the winning side; and this infiltration of irresponsible, sometimes unprincipled, elements did the movement much harm. There was little to choose between Fascist excesses and those which in the beginning they had set out to suppress. In the beginning, the authority of the State had been glad of their assistance; had, indeed, used them. As time went on, however, it saw itself impotent to check the local episodes of civil war between the two sides. When the preponderance of the Fascisti became absolute, and not only individuals but entire organizations transferred their allegiance, it came to be true to say that Fascism and the State were standing face to face.

The situation could not but be temporary. In the long run, it is the good sense of the whole people that will prevail; for that is stronger than any party movement, even if it be, as Signor Mussolini describes the Fascist movement, political, syndical, military, and religious at the same time. To gain popular support, Fascism must shed its excesses, revert to its excellent origins; then only will the last state of Italy be better than the first.

It seemed possible that, just as some blood spurted when — to use a homely simile — the Socialist boil burst, so in this instance there might be momentary trouble before Italy got back to normal. The Italian State might have produced a really big man to clear the situation by leading the nation, Fascism included, back to sanity — in the *mens sana in corpore sano* meaning of the word. Like so many other countries, Italy has many good men, but no one great man; thus the job of adjusting the situation fell on Fascism itself. And Fascism had its man — Signor Mussolini. With the remarkable demonstration at Naples, the situation began to develop. Signor Mussolini's speech gave ground for hope that a constitutional solution would be found.

He declared definitely for the Monarchy, thus clearing the air of doubts to which his suggestion a year ago, of the 'tendentially Republican' nature of Fascism, had given rise. He said that the aim of the Fascisti was 'to put into the "Liberal State," which has done its work, — a great work which we shall never forget, — all the forces of the new generation of Italians emerging from the country's war and victory.' These and other reassuring sentiments more than balanced the awkward-sounding references to 'force, which decides in the long run,' and the somewhat abrupt propounding of the alternative that 'Fascism will become

the State, either legally through Parliament or through insurrection.'

Before a gathering such as that at Naples, — 30,000 Fascisti assuredly conscious of their organized strength, — such phrases were regarded as inevitable. Signor Mussolini, however, who has the reputation of being a serious thinker, must have known that any policy of 'insurrection,' even if sufficiently powerful to attain its object for the moment, would be faced by, and if it was to make good would have to satisfy, the public opinion of the nation as a whole. Also, he must have realized that while it is easy to criticize a government it is by no means so easy to direct the complicated machinery of a modern state. Communism here in 1920 thought that by occupying factories and killing anyone who stood in the way it could run industry. It soon found out its mistake. On the other hand, there is no Italian, except a few Communists (some of whom, by the way, have joined the Fascist movement solely, of course, to get what they can out of any disturbance that may arise), who, when he sees the power and energy of young Italy setting itself to assist, invigorate, rejuvenate the State, will not applaud and help.

Eighteen months ago there was a notable procession through the streets of Rome, of thousands of young Italians. They called themselves Fascisti; really they were just young Italy. And the people cheered them wholeheartedly.

Later, there were gatherings of others, who also called themselves Fascisti; but they were sinister beings, in black shirts with death's-head devices, long hair flying in the wind ('to make myself more terrible,' as one explained), marching, singing, shouting, as if Italy were theirs and they were Italy. These the Italian did not cheer: he distrusted them as wholeheartedly as he liked the others. Yet many of them were the same. If that was Italian Fascism, those rough elements and nothing else, then, it seemed, Fascism must inevitably fall, in the long run. On the other hand, if Fascism could slough the unnatural parade, and return to what it was, — the vigorous youth of Italy at the service of the country, — then its reward would be the people's cheers, the consciousness in years to come of duty done. For it had it in its power to save the country by doing what the State, as at present managed, was powerless to do: it could check the country's economic downward drift.

So we get back to the Treasury Minister's suggestion of the possibility of a return to war-bread: it is on the economic side, above all, that the remedy has to be applied if it is to be efficacious.

## III

Events moved quickly after Naples. Fascism chose its course. It refused political alliances: it would govern the country unhampered. There must be a Mussolini Ministry. Official Italy wavered weakly, with a pretense of strength; the country's course was chosen for it by its King; he refused to sign the proclamation for the state of siege, invited Signor Mussolini to form a ministry and take over the government of the country. So Fascism, its leader at the King's call, its army marching in without bloodshed, took Rome, Italy. And now, looking back on the tumultuous days, Rome recognizes that the King was right.

Rome sees so much of politics that it is often ignorant of facts. It had not realized the strength and solidity of the Fascist movement until it saw that unending, grim, silent, armed, organized, disciplined procession — march is the better word — through the straight

length of the narrow Corso to the tomb of the Unknown Soldier, thence to the Quirinal, where for long hours the King stood at salute to the cheering homage of his volunteer, utterly illegal, army, fifty thousand strong, with rifles, revolvers, and machine guns; thence to the station, to entrain, as trains could be got ready, for home in every part of Italy. It was not until Rome saw the fifty thousand that it got an idea of the million or more adherents that it did not see.

Secondly, that afternoon Fascism seemed to have shed the unnatural parade which had been making Romans nervous. You might have met in the streets that morning an individual with hair flying, black shirt adorned with a death's-head device, two revolvers and a stabbing knife stuck into a crammed ammunition-belt; but you did not see him, or at least notice him, in the afternoon. And Rome has been so impressed by the phenomenon of the afternoon that it has almost forgotten its nervousness at the sight of the individual of the morning; it has, in fact, agreed quite cheerfully to follow its King, and give Signor Mussolini a free hand. Now that the insurrection — or the revolution; Fascisti have used both words — is over, one may say that the Prime Minister has the feeling of the Italian people generally with him, in his determination to reorganize the life of the country.

His detailed programme was announced in Parliament last November; an outline of it was given at the first full Council of Ministers, and it showed his thoughts running on the same lines with those of the Treasury Minister who suggested the possibility of a return to war-bread. That particular economic item was dropped almost as soon as suggested. The cost of bureaucratic supervision, added to the necessary replacement for live stock of the by-products which the people would have been consuming, would have balanced any gain accruing from diminished importation of grain. But Signor Mussolini was seen to be in agreement with the Minister who had made the suggestion in the view that it is the economic side of Italy's life that matters. The Government, he said, will govern.

Every prime minister of late has said that first, immediately on taking office; has promised that the authority of the State shall prevail; but not one of them has been able to keep his promise. Signor Mussolini, having overthrown extreme Socialism, being himself the leader of Fascism, and determined to extricate the Government from the web of bureaucracy, has made an opening for himself to succeed where his predecessors have failed. He will simplify government by abolishing such ministries and departments as are not doing paying work: that is a much-needed purification of administration, but it is economy first of all. He will hand over by degrees to private enterprise state undertakings, such as railways, posts, telegraphs, and telephones, which are being run at a loss (that on the railways amounts to a billion and a quarter lire per annum) — economy again. He will abolish the vexatious state regulations hampering emigration — economy again: the home country will have fewer unemployed mouths to fill, more remittances from its people earning foreign gold. He will restore confidence to capital, and give industry a chance, by doing away with the proposal of past administrations to have all bonds registered, instead of payable to bearer — economy again. And the lictors' rods and axe will hew into the unwholesome jungle of bureaucracy grown up since young Italy in the making took over ready-made systems of government, administration, judiciary, for which it

was not ripe; bureaucracy fostered by prime ministers for their personal political aims, and slowly choking the country. Purification again, but always economy.

There is a deficit of about six billion lire on the 1921–22 budget. It should have been less. It was estimated at about four billions, but the late government was not strong enough to resist pressure from every quarter of Parliament — particularly from those who had been preaching economy most vociferously — for subsidies for favored classes. The new Treasury Minister hopes to wipe off this deficit in two years. The deficit is about twenty-five per cent on a total expenditure of twenty-five billions. If we look back to the first days of United Italy, after the 1866 fighting, which gave the Venetian Province to the new kingdom, already in possession of the rest of the peninsula except the 'Patrimony of Saint Peter,' Rome and surroundings, we find the country faced with a fifty per cent deficit: receipts, 480,000,000 lire, expenditure 962,000,000. United Italy balanced its budget by 1875; and although another period of extravagant expenditure followed, resulting in a deficit of 120,000,000 as late as 1894, Sonnino, completing Quintino Sella's work, soon brought things straight again, and the 1913–14 budget balanced at about two and a half billions.

If United Italy, exhausted as it was, could wipe off fifty per cent, Completed Italy can wipe off twenty-five. Taxation, indeed, has about reached the economic limit; but there is a proportionately far greater possibility of diminishing expenditure. And here lies the great economic opening for the new movement, — young Italy, — headed, not by a hide-bound, clique-bound politician, but by a determined man. It is beginning to be realized also that Signor Giolitti's vindictive taxation of industry, while it brought in money at the moment, was not economically politic. It dried up the founts. Witness the unusual phenomenon in Italy of fifty thousand unemployed.

## IV

On the economic side, the figures appear less promising. In pre-war times there was an adverse trade-balance, as between imports and exports, of about a million lire, which was made up by the arrival in the country of foreign gold, that brought by visitors and that sent in emigrants' remittances. These cannot to-day fill the gap, which amounts to as much as fifty per cent: roughly, imports twenty millions, exports ten. Here Signor Mussolini cannot work a miracle; all he can do is give a lead. The country has got to go back four years, and begin again. Moreover, it has to make up for these past four years, during which it has been spending, not working, political passion has been running to excess, and there has been little or no real government.

Politically, during and ever since the Paris Conference, Italy has been a disgruntled country; the feeling has been general that she has not been fairly treated by her Allies and Associate. Subjectively, this state of mind has been largely responsible for excesses such as the Fiume enterprise — which, however, was backed by the inner feeling of the whole country, even if, objectively, the good sense of the vast majority saw its illegality and condemned it — and for the inertness of government and country, which made possible, first, the Socialist frenzy, which culminated in the occupation of the factories, and, secondly, the reaction expressed in Fascism, which, however, now has the opportunity, shedding its own excesses, to bring things back to normal. Old landmarks,

old standards, old ideas, the old economy have been swept away, and, although the same thing has been occurring in other countries as well, Italy has been peculiarly unable to accommodate herself to the new.

Italy has suffered especially in the world-upset following the war because she had not had time since her formation, little more than fifty years before, to complete the process of 'finding herself,' politically, financially, economically, when war broke out. Now she has the opportunity. The job is harder than it was before, but the necessity is seen. In that wide aspect, Fascism in its present development is at once a revolution and a blessing. Italy might have gone on drifting.

There is a tremendous lot to do here: more than in many other countries because of the leeway to be made up. There is a considerable amount of capital awaiting employment, but either held up on account of political uncertainty or put into unproductive enterprises. And all the old energy, especially labor power, which was Italy's fortune in the past, is still available. For it must never be forgotten that the rise and growth of Italian industry in the period preceding the war was made possible solely through the existence here of cheap and abundant labor. Through that alone Italy was enabled to import the coal and raw material required.

A result of the war, and of the absolute dependence of governments on labor during the war, has been the artificial raising of standards. Every thinking man agrees that in many departments there was room for a rise; justice demanded it; but the economic law cannot in the long run be evaded. The uneconomic rise hit Italy far harder than other countries. Italy has to import, and at a high exchange, material and some machinery to build ships, — if she does not get them built abroad, paying at the same disadvantageous rate, — as well as coal to run them; and an artificiality by which at one time an Italian was getting more wages, rate of exchange considered, than an English sailor, cannot hold. And no longer now does an Italian peasant girl come on the land in silk stockings and high-heeled shoes, removing them for her five or six hours' leisurely work, for which she received as much pay as a magistrate.

These are just instances. Such attempted internationalization of labor standards must give way, if people are to work and live, before the economic law; and there are signs here that the latter is beginning to prevail. Many uneconomic industries, founded for the war, must go; many, indeed, have gone already; nor, in the future, will subvention from a weak government be available. Sound industries, on the other hand, — textiles, for instance, and the best among the metals and engineering, — were already showing signs of recovery before the Fascist coup, and now will gain further confidence. And the same amount of work that is now put into agriculture, Italy's mainstay, guided and administered with up-to-date knowledge, methods, material, and appliances, can add fifty per cent to production, and a hundred per cent to financial results, if the many side avenues now neglected are explored and utilized.

## V

Fascism has brought about a fusion of classes: patricians and plebs were side by side in that amazing march. It has the noble, the great landowner, the farmer, the industrial, the trader, and the workingman in industry and on the land, as well as the huge professional so-called middle class, who were

being squeezed to death under the old administration and who are its patriotic backbone. And the subjective common spirit has engendered an objective desire to get to work for the country's and for each individual's good. Socialism is down, too; Communism is down and out; in a huge proportion of the workingmen, thus brought into touch with the employer, the spirit is now national, not party.

If Signor Mussolini has already got the good sense of the Italian people largely with him, it is because he seems to have discerned with a far-seeing eye what is wanted in the realm of actuality, and to be determined to go straight on to accomplish it. His system may seem dictatorial; but when we remember the inertness and weakness of late governments, when we note the signs already appearing of opposition on the part of political bureaucracy and intrigue, then his dictatorial symptoms are not surprising. He says that he is going to govern, and he has the means to do so.

It is an Augean task, and he himself may not be able to clean up the stable thoroughly; for in Italy no man stays in power very long. Giolitti's twelve years of parliamentary dictatorship were achieved solely by political intrigue — which is what we are now abolishing. Mussolini's merit, when his time comes, will be to have shown the way. How far he himself will have penetrated into and destroyed it will not matter if Young Italy will go on steadily. For if Fascism runs to excess, it will lose the support of the nation, without which it can do no good.

Signor Mussolini, then, is first of all going to govern. He must be able to do that to do anything at all. Then he is going to run the country on business lines. A foreign policy of dignified upholding of Italy's due place in the comity of nations — with the claim that, in mutual coöperation for mutual interests, Allies and Associate should not turn the poorer partner down — will look to it that the reorganization shall afford her a chance and if need be assistance to recover along the lines which her special characteristics, lack of material but abundance of human wealth, suggest. At home, replacement of political bureaucratic by business management. No more unproductive grandiose monuments — Palaces of Justice all show and inconvenience, Chambers of Deputies which cost twenty times the original estimate, public works of all sorts which, having elected a deputy, then become as millstones.

Expenditure must be productive. Signor Mussolini does not ask for foreign loans, but he will welcome foreign aid for Italy's development, giving at the same time adequate guaranties of stability of conditions and of tenure. That is a rock on which more than one proposal on the part of foreign enterprise has come to grief of late: business government can easily avoid the danger on which bureaucracy gets wrecked. Now that conditions look like being stable and straightforward, there are openings in connection with — to take one or two instances alone — railways, harbors, and above all the utilization of the abundant water-power, by which capital, provision and utilization of appliances, up-to-date methods, administrative experience from abroad, combined with Italian capital and manpower, unhindered by the old bureaucracy, may work miracles for the new Italy which Young Italy was envisaging when it 'marched on Rome' and through Rome, saluting its Unknown Soldier and its living King, in the fateful first days of November 1922.

# A NEW GENERATION IN BRITAIN

BY CYRIL FALLS

## I

HAS opinion in America realized that a new generation has grown to manhood and womanhood since the war? It is certain that we in England have not. It is four years since the Armistice, but we are still concerned, not merely with war's effects, — they, alas! will be only too apparent in another twenty years, — but with immediate post-war problems. All around us are reminders that tend to make it seem of yesterday. The newspapers are still announcing the sale of war stocks. 'Ex-officers wanting places' is still the heading of a melancholy column of their advertisements. The atmosphere remains, staler and less healthy, as of a room in which cigars have been smoked overnight, which induces a feeling of nausea when entered in the morning, but which is, after all, that of the night before. The sashes of the windows are stiff, and we have not the strength or energy to open them and let in fresh air. So we have to continue breathing the old.

We talk now, as we talked in 1919, of the war generation — of those who returned from the battle and reëntered civil life — as the young, with the new battle of peace in front of them. The conception is, of course, by no means altogether false. Many who saw service are still in the early twenties, while most, whatever their age, have a tough battle to face. But the volunteers of 1914 are, at youngest, nearly thirty, many almost middle-aged. Many and many of those of whom we say that their battle of peace is to be fought have already gone down in the struggle. Some are dead, others have no fight left in them. We think, to take a single example, of men who are now soldiers as having fought in the war. Those who saw infantry battalions recently on parade, about to proceed to the East, noted that seventy or eighty per cent of the men were without war medals, and that the majority of the subaltern officers were in the same case.

If we turn to sport, to those sports which interest the greatest number of people and at the same time demand the greatest strength, agility, and endurance, — football played under its two rules, — we see, one by one, those whose names were famous before the war disappearing. Again, when we speak of 'the discontent of the young,' or of 'the conflict between youth and age,' it is always the returned soldiers whom we have in mind. But, in fact, there is a new discontent and the likelihood of a new conflict, far bitterer than any there may have been between their elders and ex-soldiers, who, in face of intolerable sufferings, remain the best-tempered, the honestest, the staunchest, and the least-complaining class in the nation.

For there is a new generation, of persons now 'of age,' socially and politically, who took no part whatever in the war, with a vastly greater number who had a hand only in the concluding phases and so cannot realize the

significance of its strain. There are already men commanding others in industry, writing articles in the press to influence or instruct others, who had not left school when the war ended. There are women married, and the mothers of children, who were themselves children of twelve or fourteen when it began. But those of the post-war generation who are thus, so to speak, established in life, are still comparatively few in numbers. The point which I desire to emphasize, which has certainly not yet struck the popular imagination, is that there is a great band of young men and women, who were merely observers of the war, who are now adults and eagerly claiming the inheritance of their generation. And I desire to suggest that those who talk of the war generation as bitter, cynical, materialistic, and boorish are under the influence of the not surprising fallacy which I have been examining — that the war ended yesterday instead of four years ago, and that its soldiers are still 'the young'; and that they are confusing the voices of these men with those of their successors.

There is always a contrast between successive generations, and there are always the praisers of past time who lament the old and have naught but despair with which to greet the new. But, without the smallest study of the new race of young men and women in England, there is good ground for supposing that in its case the contrast would be far more violent than usual, and that it would be marked by characteristics still more regrettable in the eyes of its elders than those of previous generations. The last great series of wars which engaged most of the nations of Europe had remarkable effects upon the succeeding generation, above all in the country whose people had felt it most — France. Those effects can be traced in the work of the great writers who sprang up in a band so glorious after the First Empire. We see them in the poems of Hugo, a democrat, and in the novels of Balzac, a philosophical reactionary. Best of all, perhaps, are they expressed in the opening pages of *La Confession d'un Enfant du Siècle*, by Alfred de Musset, when he describes the sentiments of those feverish sons, who had seen their fathers perhaps three times in their lives, feverish themselves, broken with fatigue, but keyed to a pitch of tremendous nervous energy by the magnetic influence of the greatest personality the modern world has known. There, at least, is a difference now. The fathers of the last war brought back no burning memory of a Napoleon to inflame their sons. The upheaval, the social disturbance, of the late war takes the place that Napoleon took in the wars that bear his name.

To understand the results, we must try to form a picture of what the war was to boys and girls in their teens in England. For those of us who spent most of the period abroad, and saw life at home during short visits on leave only, this is not easy. We have to add to the evidence of these momentary glimpses that which we have read and the testimony of our womenkind, who were constant eyewitnesses.

One of the first aspects that strikes us is the difference — a difference far greater even than that of ordinary times — between the children of the 'classes' and those of the 'masses.' To distinguish these, the best dividing line is between those whose education is continued till they are eighteen, and, in a proportion of cases in normal times, till they are from three to five years older; and those whose education comes to an end at the age of fourteen. The latter represent about four fifths of the juvenile population.

It needs little imagination to see that, in a time such as that of the war, this

dividing line becomes a real barrier. The smaller section was shut off from many of the war's influences; the larger was out in midstream, to be touched, pushed, twisted, by every eddying curent.

The boys and girls at boarding-schools in the years of war were the better off from the point of view of their moral welfare, but certainly the worse from that of their pleasure in life. From most of the noxious moral diseases abroad they were protected; but they were also denied participation in the excitements, not all of them dangerous or ignoble. School between 1914 and 1918 must have represented a curious existence, for boys above all. One gathers that most of them look back upon their schooldays with less pleasure than their elders profess for that reminiscence. In that period, for instance, the cadet-corps ideal, which year by year had grown in strength, received a blow which put back its clock fifteen years. The *grind* of that eternal training, purposeless, never to have a value, as it seemed to those who endured it, playing at fighting while others fought, not only bored them, but left to their successors the tradition of that boredom, so that the cadet corps is now, in many schools, no longer 'the decent thing for a decent chap to be in' that it was before the war.

There was another feature in their life that induced boredom. All the masters at public schools who were physically fit and of military age were at the war. None of them, had they desired to stay behind, had they found tribunals to grant them exemption, could have kept in hand for a single hour a class of boys in the temper then abroad in England. Now almost all the best influence that comes to boys at school comes from young masters, enthusiastic, unwearied, near to themselves in mind. Their absence was one of the severest handicaps to the public-school boys of those years.

## II

As the boys reached military age and left school, they passed, for the most part, through officers' training corps into the army. A great proportion of them, who had been taught very inadequately how to live, proved that they knew at least how to die. The girls, who had been subjected to fewer handicaps, were eager also to embark on work connected with the war. That was not difficult. For those who lived in the neighborhood of London it was particularly easy. Government offices seem to have been created or expanded for the express purpose of employing hundreds of thousands, to save them from *désœuvrement*. That much of the work was urgent, or that it was admirably done, it would be foolish and unfair to deny. It was quite clear, on the other hand, that a vast amount of it could have been dispensed with, and that the proportion of staff and expenses to business carried out would have ruined any commercial firm in three months.

The author of that much-read novel, *This Freedom*, has touched the subject with his usual flair for the dramatic. The fate of the children who go to the bad has of course been grossly exaggerated by Mr. Hutchinson for the purposes of his story; but his picture of a girl of the upper-middle classes in a Government office, and her sentiments with regard to it, is excellent: —

> She loves it. Of course she does n't love the actual work. Who would? What she loves is the constant titillation of it. The titillation of getting down there of a morning and of the greetings and the meetings and the rapt resumptions of the past day's fun; the titillation of watching the clock for

lunch and of those lunches, here to-day, to-morrow there, and of the rush to get back not too late. The titillation of watching the clock for tea, and of tea, and then, most sharpest titillation of them all, watching the clock for — time! for — off! for out! away!

The positive evils of those vast state caravanserais of young women may have been exaggerated by novelists and journalists. None, at least, can pretend that they represented a good training for any department of life.

The state of the children of the 'masses' was far different. They entered the labor-market at fourteen, and lo! a wonder. It was at their feet. They were little kings. In the year 1918, a messenger-boy of fifteen could earn considerably more than his father, an artisan, had been able to gain four years earlier. The tyranny of these youths over their employers was one of the stock jokes of comic papers; but it had some foundation in fact, or it would not have been a good joke. One has heard of cases where boys changed their occupations ten times in a year, sometimes for a mild reprimand, sometimes for an extra half-crown a week, often for the sake of variety.

Meanwhile they saw the ugliest side of the war at home. It was always the ugliest side that was most apparent. To take a single example, who took much note of the soldier on leave who arrived at one London station and departed forthwith from another to his home? Yet that was the case with ninety-nine in a hundred. Our youth, in all probability, hardly ever saw him. But, as he returned from his work, he did see, outside Waterloo Station, the other who had fallen into the hands of drabs on his arrival, was now in a state of drunkenness, and would presently be robbed of the money he had brought home with him. He did not see in their homes the people who were living the lives befitting such a time, but he did see those who were flaunting their vulgarity in public places. He had no conception of the hardships that many families uncomplainingly endured, but he did catch glimpses of how the easily got wealth of those days came to others, and how it was expended. In a word, he, and not he only, but every casual observer, saw the worst.

As a consequence, many young people formed indifferent ideals and took indifferent models. Sacrifice was a word. They did not believe in it. The contrast between the fortunes of those who stayed at home and those who had gone to fight was too glaring. The dupes were in Flanders trenches, or Flanders graves; the smart fellows were in their automobiles, or journeying up and down from Brighton in the Pullman, so that their night's rest should not be disturbed by air-raids. At the worst, those of the class that works with its hands were drawing from four to seven pounds a week against the seven shillings of the infantryman. The soldier, if he had not acquired a 'soft job' — for the army had its *embusqués*, also — began to appear rather like what is called on the east of the Atlantic a 'mug' and on the west a 'boob.' Not for an instant do I pretend that such an attitude was universal. National enthusiasm and generosity remained, or national virtues would have been at very low ebb indeed.

## III

Has the atmosphere grown sweeter since? People would answer that question in different senses, but I imagine the weight of opinion would be for the negative. Three causes, political, economic, and moral, which have not the same roots but react one upon the other, have contributed to befoul it. The two first affect the young no more

than the rest of the community, but they affect them closely.

There can be little need to insist to American readers upon the discouragement that the spectacle of the Old World to-day breeds in the breast of the onlooker. To them it is so discouraging that many have made up their minds to keep away from it at all hazards. Whether they can do so is not here the question. We certainly cannot. For good or ill we are in it, of it: of this melodrama of successive crises, in this Hades of disappointed hopes. How can we be sane when all is mad? How can we hope when all is hopeless? Such, in effect, is the cry so often heard. That despair is groundless, but there is none to proclaim the fact. A minor ill is that no one interests himself in home politics. In fact, there are no home politics. Their suppression is a serious loss to idealism and thought generally. The clash of party, in the main a sign of health, has ceased. This, it may be argued, is unimportant. It is at least a factor in the growth of pessimism and cynicism.

The economic factor is, it need scarce be said, of infinitely greater menace. And, of course, its weight is largely on the shoulders of the poor. One does not expect young people to be at their best when they are hungry and without work. A high proportion of the boys who earned those wonderful wages during the war are to-day subsisting upon a state dole. If they started ill in the former period, they are unlikely to make improvement in the present.

With the children of the upper and middle classes the case is subtler. They are not in want, and it may be said that by comparison they have small cause to grumble. But a small irritant often produces as much grumbling as a great one. Many young men and women are at this moment thrown off their balance by the simple fact that the sovereign is now worth no more than ten shillings. Their homes are changed. They look back on the manner in which those homes were ordered, before the war, when they were children, and it seems to them that they have come out of Eden. There were no people in the world who led pleasanter lives than those English families which had an income of from a thousand pounds upward, before the war. There was certainly no existence in which young men and women, who were content without extravagant pleasures if they might have a certain tradition of comeliness, of happy social intercourse, could be more contented. Such a life was not a luxurious machine, but it was one built on graceful, easy lines, to run smoothly.

The drop in the value of money, the leap in taxation, have swept away thousands of such homes. It is not always even that they have changed masters. They have simply disappeared. We have an acute housing shortage in London, but you may go round certain residential squares and terraces, where the houses are big, old-fashioned, but very agreeable, and you will find two out of three of them empty. The people who lived in them before the war simply cannot afford to live in them now. Their children are growing up in homes very different from these, which they remember. They have lost more than large rooms, good service, well-cooked dinners, in honor of which one put on a dinner-jacket and a white shirt. There was something intangible, which was made up of all these, yet in itself surpassed and was apart from the sum of them. It was a sort of gold that gilded the mediocrity. That golden mediocrity was a feature of the life of a large class in England.

Not very serious, such a loss, when others have lost so much more? Well, it counts. But there are more concrete deprivations. The promises made by

fathers to children in such homes have become impossible of fulfillment. Perhaps it was one of the old universities, which is now barred; perhaps a year of travel; perhaps the cherished prospect of a particular career. Not seldom, instead of starting where their fathers left off, they have to begin far behind the point at which their fathers struck out into life. In default of the old, they find themselves thrown into cheaper pleasures, which are often far more florid and outwardly attractive, if less innocent. It is, for example, less expensive in London to-day to dine in restaurants and be a member of a night club than to give dinners and dances to one's friends in one's own house.

The third of the causes I have enumerated is the moral one. And this I regard as little short of a crime on the part of a section of the elders against the young. The war once at an end, the great effort over, there has been the most amazing blast of literary pessimism in this country. We are, whatever observers may think, an easy-going and diffident people. If enough loud-mouthed folk tell us that we have more cause for shame than for pride, we cease to deny it. It is out of mode to say that the aggression of Germany brought about the war, that we entered into it with high motives. Oh no, it was international finance that made the war. It is out of mode to say that our military leaders, if not great strategists, inherited those traditions of character, tenacity, and method which shone in a William of Orange, an Abercrombie, a Kitchener. Oh no, they were thick-headed and slow, they forgot nothing and learned nothing. It is out of mode to declare that our sacrifices were glorious. Oh no, we were driven to the slaughter by politicians and profiteers.

If a novelist to-day touches upon the war, it is ten chances to one that his 'hero' was dragged into it protestingly, or that he was illtreated in the army, or that he saw naught but stupidity there. The case of the normal man, who looked upon it as a disagreeable necessity, who went into it whole-heartedly, and returned, if he had the luck to return, with spirit unbroken, content that he had done his part to the best of his ability, is hardly ever put. Yet he is in the vast majority, and represents the real spirit of the country.

The men who are in the forefront of this pessimistic onslaught bear a deep responsibility toward the youth of the age, whose enthusiasm they dash, whose faiths they undermine, whose candor they turn to cynicism.

And so to-day we see a great mass of young people in a curious plight. They are worse educated than their fathers, but they are more sophisticated. They have little joy in life, but they are addicted to pleasure. They are contemptuous of the older ideals, but they have been unable to form new ones of their own. They assume very often an air of arrogance, which is no more than the bravado of unhappiness. Above all, they are in uncertainty, without definite goal. The past seems to them madness, the future a blank. The present is bad enough; but it is here, and there may be nothing better to take its place. So far as they speculate at all, they probably see society plunging deeper and deeper down the slope. Some have been won to the belief that to hasten its course, or to split it as the Communists desire, would be better than striving to check it or patch it up.

The tendency among a larger section, which has no thought for such matters, is to seek from the present all that it can be made to yield. The well-to-do, at least, can draw from it something thrilling, though for the poor there is scarcely even that hollow satisfaction. Of them it may indeed now be said that they have one mine of pleasure only.

If anyone in the world is forming their ideas and ministering to their excitement it is you in America. Their one escape from realities is to the fantastic world of 'the pictures.' The influence of these is extraordinary. Only when one hears young cockneys, who have never been more than a few miles from the street in which they were born, repeating Bowery slang which they have learned from the 'captions,' does one realize how great it is.

But, whether in the cinema or elsewhere, what is sought is excitement. Excitement demands high colors, high spices in life. There must be heroes of some sort, who live a life of vivid action, to replace a figure such as that of Marshal Foch in 1918. So the cult of professional players of games has increased enormously, and is now far above what it was before the war. They share the throne with the kings and queens of the cinema world. Excitement is stimulated by gambling; and so betting on races, which has spread very much in the nation at large, has a peculiar hold on youths. I do not know whether the police are less alert in the matter than they were, or if it is that the intelligence system of the opposition is too smart for them, but I do know that, if one walks down certain London streets in the afternoon, one sees a bookmaker calmly sitting on the steps of a house, a satchel slung over his shoulder and a betting book in his hand. And it is not boys only who are bitten by the craze. A friend of mine, walking recently down Bond Street, the very home of splendor and decorum, on the afternoon that a big handicap was being run, saw a little cloud of work-girls, some of them with hair in pigtails, rush out of one of the *maisons de modes* as soon as the first newsboy had yelled his 'Three o'clock winner!' down the street, and precipitate themselves upon the second arrival.

## IV

To minds in such a state work becomes monotonous. I believe that this restless excitement, as much as real laziness, accounts for the disinclination to work that has been so much deplored and has so much assisted the upward jump of prices. I believe that the same feverishness has been responsible for the slackening of sexual morality among the young which has so startled older people. It is at the root also of a certain petty dishonesty, noted with dismay, which is confined to the youth of no single class, nor, indeed, to youth alone.

We are told that a wave of immorality, in its widest sense, has passed over the youth of the country generally. Undoubtedly there was a sort of orgy just after the war. But so history tells us there has been after every great upheaval of that nature. The war ended; but the passions did not. Doctors tell us that when a man's foot is amputated the nerves at his ankle stretch out, seeking for those parts of themselves from which they have been severed. It is that action which causes so much subsequent pain. It is that blind chase of our passions which has caused our pain and unrest. It may be objected that in a healthy state energies would be transferred to the new problems presenting themselves. So, very largely, they were. The reorganization of effort, of industry, in this country was swift and remarkable. It was due to circumstances beyond our control, the hopeless state of the world's markets and exchanges, that so much of that energy was rendered unavailing. But it was inevitable that some of the excitement should run to waste. It was inevitable that there should be a swift reaction to pleasure, a sudden loosening of ties. People, and young people especially, rushed to form new excitements to replace those that were past.

The soldiers wanted to enjoy themselves after their miseries. The younger, whose state I have described, could not realize that their good days — for to the majority of them they were good days, make no doubt of that — had come to an end.

To-day there seem to be signs of a subsidence. One sees it in every direction. For example, the gaudy revues that filled our theatres appear to be no longer a paying proposition. The late trains run by the London Underground Railways, in the expectation that a large population desired to take its pleasures by night, have carried passengers by tens rather than by the hundreds anticipated, and are being, in some cases, taken off. That people do not work as they worked before the war is, unhappily, still the case. Here, even, we are told there is an improvement. The lessons of the past two years have been bitter. There are numbers of young people, who were slack two years ago, who are prepared now to work hard if they can find work.

If they can find it! That, all said and done, is the great stumblingblock to a return to the normal. While the present economic conditions endure we cannot hope for it. If they can be improved all else will be possible.

But — of this I am convinced — next to the economic recovery, the attainment whereof is only partially in our own hands, we need to be revivified by spiritual and moral guidance. And this, to be effective, must not consist of a mere panegyric of the abstract rights of man or of the abstract beauties of human nature. On idealism of this sort British youth has never thrived. We want a national idealism as well, because we are a nation, because our greatness and our use to the world has been bred in the womb of our national consciousness. We want, indeed, to learn how to be good citizens of the world; but we want also to learn how to be good citizens of the British Empire, and to take pride that we are such. We want an Edmund Burke rather than a Jean Jacques Rousseau. Burke desired that we should be good citizens of the world. His attitude to the demands of those colonies which are now the United States of America, his view of our Eastern responsibilities, are proof of that. But he taught us also that we are links in a chain, which was begun to be forged fifteen hundred years ago, which has passed down, century by century, through the strong hands of good and careful workmen. We cannot, if we would, escape from their toil. We cannot, if we should desire it, sever those hard-forged links. We should be fools to do so if we could. Upon what stanchion are we to fasten our new chain that will be as sound and strong as the endless length of the old?

I have said that we are afraid of being laughed at by our intellectuals if we express sentiments that are not part of their fashionable creed. I do not know that I am wholly exempt from that fear. Yet I venture to quote a poet whose name always excites their merriment, and to quote him in this connection because he was the spiritual descendant of Burke. Tennyson wrote to 'One who ran down the English' these lines, which remain the fittest answer to our pessimists of to-day, the fittest exhortation to them to help instead of hindering:—

> You make our faults too gross, and thence maintain
> Our darker future. May your fears be vain!
> At times the small black fly upon the pane
> May seem the black ox of the distant plain.

# CIVILIZATION AND OIL

BY LEO PASVOLSKY

It was a lucky thing for human civilization, as we know it to-day, that on August 28, 1859, oil was struck near Titusville in northwestern Pennsylvania. That first well yielded only from fifteen to forty barrels of oil a day, which is a literal drop in a bucket compared with the annual output — sixty years later and in the United States alone — of over four hundred million barrels. But it was from that modest enterprise that the oil industry of the world took its beginning. Had it not been for that, the whole stupendous development of human progress during the second half of the nineteenth century might never have come about. This development has been in terms of machinery. And machinery is impossible without lubricants — and of these the sole source that we know so far is oil, the technical name for which is petroleum.

All our means of transportation and communication, our trains, steamers, motor-cars, aeroplanes; all the machinery that has made possible large-scale production and the consequent untold saving of human effort and increase of the world's wealth; all the labor-saving devices in the home — all the things that have added so much to life's comfort and pleasure during the past few decades would not have come if it had not been for oil.

## I

The uses of oil to-day are vital and universal; but our available supply of this precious substance is limited.

The late Secretary of the Interior, Franklin K. Lane, said in one of his annual reports: —

> Petroleum is a priceless resource, for it can never be replaced. Trees can be grown again upon the soil from which they have been taken. But how can petroleum be produced? It has taken ages for nature to distill it in her subterranean laboratory. We do not even know her process. We may find a substitute for it, but have not yet. It is practically the one lubricant of the world to-day. Not a railroad wheel turns without its way being smoothed by it. We can make light and heat by hydroelectric power, but the great turbines move on bearings that are smothered in petroleum. From it we get the quick-exploding gas which is to the motor and the airship what air is to the human body. To industry, agriculture, and the pleasures of life, petroleum is now essential.

Or, as Mr. Joseph E. Pogue, one of the best American authorities on oil, puts it, in his excellent work on *The Economics of Petroleum:* 'The oil industry has assumed an obligation for supplying the vital needs of modern civilization; its best efforts will be required to live up to that responsibility.'

The first and the most important responsibility of the oil industry is to see to it that there is enough oil to meet the needs which our civilization has for its various products. Petroleum resources have now become the most important measure of a nation's strength. There was a time when territory was the principal object of competition among nations. Wars were fought for it. To-day the greatest, the most acute

competition among nations centres around oil. To-morrow — that is, in the course of the next decade or two — this struggle for oil will become still more acute. And the position of the United States in this pressing and vital competition is one of peculiar and increasing importance.

Ever since the first discovery of oil on American soil, the United States has occupied the central and dominant position in the oil industry: it is the greatest consumer of oil in the world. To-day the United States uses within its borders fully one half of the world's total output of oil. It is also the world's greatest producer of oil. During the six decades that oil has been in use, the United States has contributed sixty-one per cent of all the oil produced in the whole world.

But with this vast production, with an output that mounts above the colossal figure of over four hundred million barrels a year, the United States is fast reaching the end of its available oil resources. Estimates made by Mr. David White and other experts of the United States Geological Survey place the world's total available supply of oil left for future use at about sixty billion barrels. Of this amount, scarcely one seventh is found within the boundaries of the United States.

So rapid has been the increase of the use of oil in the United States, and so colossal the development of oil-production, that in the past few years the situation in this regard has begun to assume truly alarming proportions. During the decade from 1910 to 1920, a phenomenon of tremendous importance in connection with oil took place in the United States. The country's demand for oil and its products increased so fast that, in spite of a tremendous increase of production of oil, we have been compelled to witness a transition from oversupply to overdemand. At the beginning of the decade, the oil wells of the United States were adding to the country's reserve stocks of oil at the rate of fifteen million barrels a year; at the end of the decade, the demand for oil was drawing upon the reserve stocks at the rate of nearly twenty million barrels a year.

When Dr. George Otis Smith, Director of the United States Geological Survey, stated these facts in an address before a recent general meeting of the American Iron and Steel Institute, Mr. Charles M. Schwab, who was in the chair, said to him, —

'You have told me things I ought to know, and in words that I can understand.'

The need of understanding these fundamental facts about oil has now become vital for every citizen of the United States. For decades past the country supplied itself with what oil it needed, and contributed largely to the satisfaction of the whole world's need of oil. To-day it does not produce enough to supply its own needs.

Mr. E. Mackay Edgar, an English writer, recently described the situation as follows: —

> Just when Americans have become accustomed to use twenty times as much oil per head as is used in Great Britain; just when invention has indefinitely expanded the need for oil in industry; just when it has grown to be as common and as true a saying that 'Oil is king,' as it was twenty years ago that steel was king; just when the point was reached where oil controls money, instead of money controlling oil, the United States finds her chief source of domestic supply beginning to dry up, and a time approaching when, instead of ruling the oil market of the world, she will have to compete with other countries for her share in the crude product. . . . America is running through her stores of domestic oil, and is obliged to look abroad for future reserves.

If the United States is to maintain its present position as the greatest in-

dustrial nation in the world, and to continue the progress that is necessary to keep pace with the increase of population and the multiplication of its needs, it becomes imperative for the United States to assure for itself as large a share as possible in the oil resources of the world. These resources are distributed almost evenly between the Western and the Eastern hemispheres, with their principal centres in the United States, Mexico, Russia, and the Near East. In the Western Hemisphere, so far as is known, almost eighty-five per cent of the total oil-supply is found north of the Equator, that is, principally in the United States and Mexico.

Left with only its own oil resources, the United States would begin to experience a serious shortage of oil within the present decade. With virtual control of the other important oil-fields in the Western Hemisphere, such a contingency may not arise for, perhaps, fifty years. Shale oil may be developed in the meantime, as a substitute for the liquid product; but this would require a tremendous initial expense, and a much greater extraction cost in terms of human labor. While the United States has probably the greatest deposits of oil shale in the world, an adequate development of the process of extracting oil from shale would require the building-up of a mining industry in the country that would be at least as great as the present coal industry.

## II

There is no doubt, therefore, that the immediate problem in connection with oil is an increased efficiency in the extraction from the crude oil of its more valuable and necessary products. In other words, it becomes imperative to evaluate carefully the various economic uses of oil, in order that the more essential demands may be given due priority. Oil is used to produce light, to generate power, and to save power by reducing friction in the running of machinery. Which of these three uses of oil should be placed first?

In his address quoted above, Dr. Smith, who is one of the world's greatest authorities on geology in terms of national resources, said: —

> In our attention to the generation of power to meet the needs of industry and transportation, we give too little thought to the unique function of oil — that of saving power. Machinery without lubrication is unthinkable; adequate lubrication saves energy and makes it available for use, as well as adds to the life of the machine.

Machinery requires power to run it. This power can be obtained by harnessing the energy contained in falling water and transforming it into electric current. Or it can be obtained by the utilization of various kinds of fuel, such as wood, coal, and the like. By far the most economical of all the various forms of fuel is oil. Being a liquid, it costs much less to mine and to transport than any of the other forms, if we compute cost in terms of human effort. Moreover, it is the most concentrated source of power. In the form of its two largest products, gasoline and kerosene, oil can be transformed directly into power-energy by means of the so-called internal-combustion engines. All these considerations make oil a highly desirable source of power.

But machinery requires, besides power to run it, something that will overcome the waste of power inherent in the inevitable friction that accompanies the operation of any piece of machinery. In every piece of mechanism there are parts that rub against each other. It is a familiar fact that when metal rubs against metal both surfaces become injured, and the speed of operation is impeded. Both of these

undesirable features can be avoided by means of lubrication.

Lubricants are nothing but substances that are forced between the rubbing surfaces of parts of machinery, to prevent these surfaces from scraping against each other. These substances must be 'oily,' which means that they must have a capacity for forming a film between the rubbing surfaces of metal and for preserving this film unbroken, even when the surfaces are pressed tightly together and the machine operates at a high speed. In other words, in lubricated machinery the metal parts rub against the oily films between them, and not against each other. When a piece of machinery is not lubricated at all, as much as a third of the power put into its running may be wasted, and its parts quickly destroyed by scraping. In a well-lubricated machine, waste through friction can be reduced to an almost negligible quantity, while the parts would suffer scarcely any injury on account of rubbing.

Before the discovery and the development of oil as a source of lubricants, various kinds of animal and vegetable fats, as well as such solid substances as graphite, were used for purposes of lubrication. They are still used to-day, though the rôle that they play in industry is almost negligible, in comparison with the mineral-oil lubricants, obtained from petroleum. Graphite and other 'solid' lubricants are used now in but very few instances. Animal and vegetable fats, usually mixed with soap and water to form 'semisolid' lubricants, or greases, are used only for slow-moving machinery or for special parts of machines. But all high-speed machinery requires liquid lubricants, obtainable only from petroleum.

It is in this manner that the whole development of our machine civilization during the past half-century has been made possible, by the utilization of oil for the purpose of obtaining liquid lubricants. The whole future development of civilization depends upon our ability to maintain an adequate supply of these lubricants.

The sources of power are numerous and varied. But oil is the sole source of almost all lubricants. Animal and vegetable fats not only are unfitted for use in high-speed machinery, but also have this peculiar disadvantage: they have a tendency to combine with the oxygen of the air, which acidizes them and often causes them to corrode the metal with which they come in contact. Moreover, they have a tendency to gum, as well as to get extremely hot, when they become dangerous by causing spontaneous combustion of cotton waste and similar substances, which are always found in the neighborhood of machinery. The petroleum lubricants are free from these serious defects.

Nor is it conceivable that vegetable fats can be obtained in anything like the vast quantities required by present-day industry. Merely from the point of view of the acreage that would have to be devoted to oil-bearing plants, such a condition would constitute an ominous inroad upon the world's food-supply, the future adequacy of which already causes some apprehension.

The problem of lubricants, then, is the problem of oil-supply and of efficiency in the process of oil-refining.

## III

Petroleum, as it is found in nature, is not a uniform substance. On the contrary, it varies greatly in some of its basic characteristics. It is a liquid that has both solid and gaseous substances dissolved in it. If it is left to the free action of the air, it will gradually break up into these various component parts. First, the gases will escape; these are what is known as 'natural gas,' used

rather extensively for lighting purposes in some parts of the country, and found in conjunction with petroleum. Then, such lighter components as gasoline will evaporate, until, finally, only a solid residue remains. This residue is one of two types, either paraffin wax or asphalt, and it is the character of the residue that determines the kind of oil with which we are dealing.

There are between one hundred and fifty thousand and two hundred thousand oil wells operating in the United States; estimates vary to as large an extent as that. These wells are scattered over the various oil-fields, which, for purposes of convenience, may be divided into the eastern and western groups. Curiously enough, the petroleum found in the eastern group of oil-fields is predominantly paraffin, while that found in the western group is just as predominantly asphalt.

The fields of the eastern group, including the very important Kansas-Oklahoma fields, are distinguished by the fact that they are bound by a comprehensive system of underground pipes, through which the oil flows from the wells to the refineries. The western group, consisting principally of the California fields, supplies many of the local needs for oil, and ships its surplus to refineries by rail, in tank cars.

Because of the ease with which oil can be transported by means of pipes, some of the largest refineries in the United States are located far from any of the important oil-fields. For example, one of the most important refineries is at Bayonne, New Jersey, hundreds of miles away from any large oil-field; yet it is fed constantly, through underground pipes, with the liquid from which it makes the huge quantities of gasoline, kerosene, various kinds of lubricating oils, and numerous other products, which are shipped to various parts of the United States and of the world.

A refinery does to crude oil what evaporation would do, except that the various component parts of the original fluid are caught as they are given off, and are stored for use. But, besides that, human ingenuity has devised means for rearranging some of the chemical compounds of the original petroleum in such a way as to increase or diminish the output of this or that product of oil. In the process of refining, the four principal products recovered from oil are gasoline, kerosene, fuel oil, and lubricating oils. Each of these products has its own use in civilized life, and each may be recovered intact from the original crude oil.

The uses of gasoline are quite patent. It is the fuel that makes possible internal-combustion engines. Because of its existence, we have had an opportunity to witness the breathlessly swift development of the automotive industry. The automobile and the aeroplane have introduced far-reaching changes into the economic and social life of the world. The motor-truck has become an invaluable adjunct of our system of distributing goods through the various parts of the country. The contribution of the automotive vehicle to the needs, the comforts, and the pleasures of mankind has been, undoubtedly, the greatest and the most spectacular feature of recent progress.

Kerosene was the first, and for nearly four decades the most important, product of petroleum. At the time when kerosene began to be commercially extracted from crude oil as a source of light, a liquid obtained from some varieties of coal was already in use, under the name of coal oil. Popular fancy got kerosene and coal oil confused, and the latter name has stuck to kerosene.

All through the second half of the nineteenth century kerosene was the great illuminant of the world. Through the efforts of the great Standard Oil

Company, built up by the genius for organization of John D. Rockefeller and his associates, kerosene became the chief source of light, not only in the United States, but in such far-off countries as China. But toward the end of the century the use of kerosene as a source of light began to decline. The gas-mantle and the electric bulb pushed out the lamp, as artificial gas and electricity displaced kerosene, which now remains the illuminant of only the frontiers of the world.

On the other hand, kerosene is beginning to be used rather extensively as a source of power, for the propelling of tractors used in agriculture. It has been adapted to certain types of internal-combustion engines, and is rapidly gaining an economic position for itself in this field.

Fuel oil is used as a direct substitute for coal. It generates electricity, runs various kinds of steam-engines, and is rapidly coming to displace coal as marine fuel. Its advantages over coal are very great. Oil is much more easily transported than coal. It occupies less cargo space, which is a most important consideration on board a ship. And it is much cheaper, in terms of the labor required to mine it and bring it to the places where it is needed. Fuel oil has become an indispensable commodity, so far as the navies of the world are concerned. In 1921, the American navy required over eight million barrels of fuel oil. The mercantile marine is no less in need of fuel oil as an indispensable adjunct of its development. The fuel-oil requirements of the Shipping Board for the year 1921 were estimated at sixty million barrels.

The uses of the various lubricating oils derived from petroleum have already been described. The demand for lubricants is increasing all the time, and no limits can be set to these requirements, except the scale on which machine civilization itself develops. Labor-saving machinery is more and more coming into use in the home and on the farm. Each piece of machinery thus introduced on anything like a large scale means machine-production at the factories, which is impossible without lubricants; and it also means the use of lubricants for the running of the labor-saving devices themselves. The rapid development of water-power has for its immediate result a new development along the lines of labor-saving machinery — a new demand for that indispensable attribute of machine-operation, the lubricating oils.

These four principal products of petroleum use up about eighty per cent of the total amount — close to half a billion barrels — consumed in the United States every year. Of the other twenty per cent, about five per cent goes to waste, while the remaining fifteen per cent is used for the extraction of various by-products. Already nearly two hundred by-products are obtained from petroleum. Vaseline, benzine, paraffin, asphalt, are the best known of these by-products. But the utilization of petroleum by-products is still in its infancy. There are vast possibilities of almost incalculable usefulness hidden in the still unbroken chemical compounds found in crude oil. It is considered by experts that the coal-tar industry can eventually be duplicated by the petroleum-by-product industry in serving the developing uses of modern civilization. And the importance of the coal-tar industry may readily be seen from the fact that its yield of aniline dyes alone is sufficient to ensure it a secure place among the indispensable resources of civilization.

## IV

When nature produced petroleum, millions of years ago, she placed in the

mixture the various chemical compounds which we now extract from the crude oil that gushes to the surface every time we tap one of its hidden reservoirs. And the older or more primitive methods of refining consisted merely in extracting from crude oil as large quantities of the various compounds as the oil had to yield. This process is known as 'skimming,' and is very wasteful. The most modern process, known as 'cracking,' consists, as one of its phases, in forcing some of the molecules in crude oil to undergo a chemical change, in such a way, for example, that a barrel of crude oil may be made to yield more gasoline than the original mixture contained — at the expense, let us say, of the amount of lubricating oils yielded at the same time.

This application of human ingenuity to the process of recovering from the crude oil the various products that we need for the uses of civilization raises a very important question, which acquires special significance in view of the fact that the supplies of oil still left for future use are visibly limited and increasingly less accessible. The relative importance of the various products of oil is a tangible fact, which requires most close and attentive scrutiny from the best experts of the country.

The most spectacular feature of the whole oil development has been the growth of the automotive industry. In 1911 there were 700,000 motor-vehicles registered in the United States, and in that year the production of oil was 315 barrels per motor-vehicle. Ten years later, in 1921, the number of motor-vehicles in the country had increased to 9,500,000, so that the average production of crude oil per motor-vehicle was only 47 barrels. Each one of these motor-vehicles is run by gasoline; and it is in answer to this growing demand for gasoline that the best effort of the oil-refining industry has been directed toward finding a way of getting as much gasoline as possible out of crude oil.

But at the same time the demand for, and the production of, lubricating oils has also increased tremendously. In 1914 the United States produced 517,000,000 gallons of lubricating oils of various kinds. By 1919, the amount increased to 819,000,000 gallons, and to-day it is well over a billion.

In the course of the past few years there has been a definite trend in the refining industry in the direction of shifting the principal emphasis from gasoline to lubricating oils. The 'skimming' process leaves most of the lubricant content of the crude oil in the residue fuel oil, where it is burned up, instead of being recovered. In 1921, according to the figures compiled by the United States Bureau of Mines, the 'skimming' plants constituted 35 per cent of the total refining capacity of the country, while those plants which pay considerable attention to the recovery of lubricating oils constituted 46 per cent. In commenting on this trend, Mr. Pogue says: —

> As the demand for lubricating oil increases, one refinery after another changes from destructive distillation practice, in which the focus is upon gasoline, to steam-distillation practice, in which the prime objective is lubricating oil.

Paraffin-base oil contains 25 per cent of lubricants. Asphalt-base oil has as much as 40 per cent. Yet, on the average only 5.4 per cent is recovered to-day. That means that we waste at least four fifths of the lubricating oils contained in the vast amounts of the crude product that go through the refineries. Here we still have a very considerable margin in favor of the lubricants, enormous quantities of which are now burned up.

But even with better utilization of oil, and a much more careful evaluation

of the relative uses of its various products, the fact still remains that the world's supply of oil is visibly limited. And this fact is really the alpha and omega of the whole situation.

## V

There is a struggle for oil going on in the world to-day, and the geography of the oil situation is a highly significant factor in determining this struggle. The remaining available stocks are almost evenly distributed between the two hemispheres, but the demand for oil, taken in terms of industrial and general needs, is also similarly divided between these two portions of the globe. Of all the primary materials, the utilization of which constitutes the basis of present-day civilization, oil is the one that requires most immediate and serious attention. The struggle for oil is the struggle for industrial stability and power. It is an acute national problem with each of the industrialized countries of the world. And since there is not one of these countries that possesses to-day within its own political boundaries sufficient reserve stocks of oil, it is an international problem of first-rate importance.

The United States is intimately concerned with every aspect of this problem. Her principal rival in the securing of oil resources is Great Britain. This fact need no more be ground for animosity between the two countries than their commercial rivalry; but it is a tangible fact, nevertheless.

Taken by and large, the attention of the United States is directed principally toward the securing of the resources that are located in the Western Hemisphere, south of the Rio Grande; while Great Britain's attention is centred on the Near East. But Europe — Great Britain, as well as other countries — is also reaching out to the Western Hemisphere, while American oil-interests are active in the Eastern. In these encounters real rivalry develops.

By whatever name one chooses to call it, — whether imperialism, or economic necessity in terms of basic industrial needs, or insurance against possible shortage of one of the indispensable bases of modern economic activity, — this struggle for oil is an incontrovertible and inevitable fact. Looking at it in perspective, one is led to believe that geography, tradition, and discernible inclination generally conspire to bring about a state of affairs in which Great Britain will, before long, find herself master of the principal oil-resources in the Eastern Hemisphere, while the United States will similarly be in control of the oil-bearing areas of the Western Hemisphere. And it still remains to be seen whether these two industrial giants will divide the world thus, into two oil-empires, amicably, or whether they will face considerable and deplorable friction, just as their national oil-interests are now in keen competition in Persia, as well as in Mexico.

This is the visible trend to-day. But for those who believe that, in spite of the present-day confusion attending our adjustment to the conditions created by the war, the world has irretrievably entered upon the path that leads to intercontinental economic collaboration, and eventual integration, the solution of the oil problem — so far as the control of the resources is concerned — appears in a different light. The oil problem is merely the most pressing part of a more general one, the solution of which lies along the lines of some sort of international control over the world's stocks of primary materials, and over their allocation among the nations. The world has definitely passed the stage of regarding its natural resources as practically

inexhaustible. It seems inevitable — if civilization is to endure — that there should be some sort of international control in the matter of the distribution of such primary materials as coal, iron, timber, and, first of all, oil.

This question came up at the Paris Peace Conference, and was quickly dismissed. But it is bound to emerge again. For there seems no doubt that humanity's choice in the next decade or two will be between some such scheme of international action and a series of conflicts for the possession of primary materials.

If the first alternative triumphs soon, well and good. But in the meantime, the world still being what it is, it is impossible to escape the conclusion that the bid of American capital for oil resources outside the United States ought to be considered, from the point of view of the country's national interests, as legitimate as the bid for commercial markets. There is considerable doubt, in the minds of many careful observers of international economic developments, as to the wisdom of America's reaching out for the oil resources of the Old World; for that is apt to involve the country in political difficulties of an unwelcome nature. But this objection does not hold with nearly the same margin of political inexpediency with regard to the Western Hemisphere. So far as oil is concerned, at any rate, an economic interpretation of the Monroe Doctrine seems a sound enough proposition, from the point of view of American statesmanship — until the whole Doctrine shall have lost its raison d'être in the larger scheme of an intelligently organized and workable apparatus for international economic action.

This is one phase of the question. But there is another, equally important, and closely linked with it. Civilization is definitely confronted with the problem of conserving the essential resources which constitute its basis. It cannot afford to waste them. And no country has ever been so wasteful of its wealth as has the United States.

But conservation — again, if civilization is not to recede — has to be applied constructively, in terms of utilization. Oil is cheap to get and convenient to use. There is, therefore, a distinct temptation to use it unheedingly. A doctrine of oil-conservation, with a view to its more rational utilization, is as important as that of forest-conservation with a view to reforestation.

Just as the use of oil as an illuminant, except in special cases, has practically disappeared, so its use as fuel should be reduced to a minimum. Marine engines need oil as fuel, for nothing else will answer the purpose, except at a great sacrifice of cargo space and speed. But there is no reason to use oil for stationary machinery on land, so long as the tremendous water-power resources of the country remain undeveloped. What reason is there, for example, in burning up millions of barrels of oil in coalless California, when the harnessing of the Colorado River can easily supply all the energy which that state needs to turn the wheels of its economic life?

The greatest waste in the utilization of oil to-day lies in the burning-up of enormous quantities of the more valuable compounds, through irrational refining and through too great a use of oil for fuel purposes. The trend is to concentrate on lubricants and on gasoline, though the time is coming when greater emphasis will be laid on the first than on the second. So long as modern machinery is impossible without lubricants, and so long as oil is the sole source of high-speed lubricants, it is a crime against civilization to permit a single recoverable gallon of lubricants to be sacrificed for the sake of more or less easily replaceable fuel.

# THE SHEARS OF DESTINY

## A MEMORY OF ERSKINE CHILDERS

BY ALFRED OLLIVANT

I SAILED with him on the Asgarde in the Baltic the year before the war. A skipper more considerate of his crew of amateurs, who when they came on board hardly knew a sheet from a sail, it would be impossible to conceive. Whenever there was arduous or dangerous work to be done he did it; partly because he was leader, partly because he was the only competent member of the crew, and most because he loved danger and hardship for their own sakes. Indeed he was by temperament one of that great company of gentlemen-adventurers which our country — for he was English on his father's side — has given perhaps in fuller measure than any other to the roll of history.

The winds were contrary. We beat all down the Baltic, and south of Christianso ran into a gale. Some tackle broke away at the masthead and had to be lashed down. Childers, already gray, lame, and the eldest of us by some years, went aloft to do it. A little figure in a fisherman's jersey, with hunched shoulders and straining arms, the wind tearing through his thick hair, his face desperately set, he tugged, heaved, fought with hands and feet and teeth, to master the baffling elements and achieve his end. That is how I saw him then: that is how I shall always see him now — a tussling wisp of humanity high overhead, and swirling with the slow swirl of the mast against a tumult of tempestuous sky.

At that time he had recently resigned his clerkship in the House of Commons, and a third of his income with it, to devote his life to obtaining liberty for Ireland. He had just written *The Framework of Home Rule*, believed in the Dominion status, and was standing as a Liberal candidate for Parliament. Next year he abandoned his candidature, in the main I think because of his disappointment at the surrender of Mr. Asquith's Government to the Carson conspiracy.

Just forty-eight hours before Austria declared war on Serbia, Childers ran the little Asgarde, his wife as always at the helm, one perfect Sunday morning of late July, 1914, into Howth harbor. She carried a cargo of arms with which the Irish of the South, having lost faith in the power and will of the British Government to protect them, were determined to defend themselves against the Red Army of Ulster.

Six months later, in the dark of the year, Childers was leading the famous bombing attack from the sea on Cuxhaven, which was one of the most romantic episodes of the early stages of the war.

By 1916 he had come to the reluctant conclusion — wrongly as I believe — that Great Britain was not sincere in her protestations that she was fighting for the liberty of the little nations. He retired, in so far as he was able to do so with honor, from active coöperation in

a cause in which he no longer believed, and devoted himself thereafter to working for the independence of the little nation for which he had lived and was to die.

In June 1919, he wrote to me with reference to the Carson Rebellion of 1912–1914: —

> Of course it was completely successful and has dominated all British policy since and led to Sinn Fein and the Irish Rebellion, while incidentally you may see in it the worst features of the Peace Treaty and the scrapping of the Fourteen Points and a genuine League of Nations. It completely identified Great Britain with Prussianism.

In the same month he wrote: 'Ulster is the key to the world.'

That year he moved finally from the little flat in Embankment Gardens, Chelsea, where in the days before the war you met not only men such as Sir Horace Plunkett, who were like himself devoting their lives to Ireland, but most of the advanced Liberal world of London. Thereafter he established his home in Dublin.

Once in 1920 I wrote and asked him whether he could give me definite evidence of the part played by Sir Henry Wilson, then Director of Military Operations, in fomenting the mutiny in the British army which was one of the provocative causes of the war. He replied that he could not. 'We have always believed . . .' he wrote. 'But this is not evidence,' he was careful to remind me. And all through the time of torment that ensued, the characteristic that struck me most in him was his scrupulous fairness to opponents. Would that we on our side could show as fair a record!

How he lived through the so-called Reprisals Campaign I never understood. That campaign to-day has no apologists, original though it was in English history, as being a method of silencing political opponents by means hitherto somewhat alien to our tradition. And he was now admittedly the most formidable opponent of our rule.

When the Campaign had failed and the Government had suffered in consequence a sudden and beautiful conversion to more Christian methods, I wrote to him at once to point out that the British volte-face had completely changed the situation; that our Government had gone as far and given as much as could fairly be expected; that it would now for the first time have the country and the Empire solid behind it; and I implored him to come in and help.

It was too late. He replied at once in a long letter which I turned up afresh yesterday when I heard that the end had come. He was charming as always, reasonable as always, and — utterly irreconcilable. 'No one dies for Home Rule in any country,' he wrote. 'The thing McSwineys and commoner men in millions die for — freedom — is not a thing that can be disguised under phrases or whittled away by limitation. Everybody knows what it is and *this* (that is, the British terms) is not it. . . .'

That was, politically speaking, the parting of our ways. I never heard from him again, and knew from that hour that whoever else might come out alive from the Ordeal by Civil War to which he and those who thought like him were subjecting Ireland it would not be Childers.

When the news came that he had been captured, it was clear to most that only one end was possible. No Government that proposed to govern could have wavered: for, if mistakes in judgment which mean ruin to a country are ignored, what may not the consequences to the innocent involve? We here in England know only too well.

I loved Childers; but had I been President of the Free State I should have signed his death warrant as surely

if not as gladly as on the eve of the war I should have signed away the lives of those greater rebels and lesser men who preceded him down the path of disruption and anarchy.

In the last few years, since he became a legendary figure, I have sometimes been amazed, and more often amused, at the misunderstanding of the man — whether based on malice or sheer ignorance it was difficult to say — evinced by our public and our press.

Erskine Childers was in fact an inspired fanatic: a Christian ghazi, drunk not with bang but with the idea of Independence, and charging magnificently down the bleak hillside to certain death on the bayonets of the massed opinion of his own country and of ours. When a prominent member of our recent Government, to his eternal shame, described Childers after his capture, as he lay in jail awaiting trial for his life, as a 'murderous renegade'; when our English papers wrote of him during the height of the trouble as 'a sinister figure' and stressed, as they loved to do, his intellectual qualities, they gave a childishly false impression of the simplest and most sincere of men. His intellect was the least of him, and its limitations his ultimate undoing. He was first, foremost, and all the time, a mystic, though probably an unconscious one, who would, I think, in the days when I knew him best have defined himself as an agnostic. Nobody could be with him and not feel his spiritual apartness. He lived in a cloud of dreams and ideals, remote from the world. His feet were not on earth, but his head was certainly in Heaven. He was one of those practical mystics of whom Lord Rosebery wrote many years ago that they were the most formidable of men. Had his mind been as good as his heart was big he would have been one of the great world-forces of our times. But the eye of his intellect was obscured and growing, so it seemed to me, always obscurer. You can see it in that noble and pathetic apology he wrote when lying under sentence of death. The good democrat had become merged in the dogmatic pedagogue. At the last it was no longer the will of the Irish people that he sought, but what he believed was good for the Irish people. In this his final phase his judgment proved as faulty as his purpose remained pure and his courage high. Some will-o'-the-wisp seemed to possess his brain and lead him ever forward over bogey-haunted quagmires to his inevitable doom.

To English men and women, who believe that they owe it to Erskine Childers that their dearest were foully done to death; to Irish patriots who conceived of him as the alien author of the ruin of their country, it may be hard to understand what is in fact the case: he was the knightliest of men — one of those

> Soldier-saints who, row on row,
> Burn upwards to a point of bliss.

There was never any man of whom Sir Ector's lament over another knight who also greatly lived, greatly failed, greatly died, could have been more appropriately penned.

Single of purpose, valiant beyond belief, chivalrous to a fault, he was one of the pure in heart. Therefore of a certainty he now sees God.

The Ireland of the moment may not mourn him: the Ireland of to-morrow will hold his memory forever green.

To-day I read that he shook hands with the firing party that was to send him on his way. How like the man! — and with what a noble gesture he leaves the world!

God rest the tired and battle-worn spirit of one of the most gallant gentlemen that ever Ireland has given to our earth.

# THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

## THE COW JUMPED OVER THE MOON

A PRACTICAL person the other day read over something that I 'd written for pure amusement. It was about the present having no duration, and nothing, therefore, having ever been able to happen.

'There is a flaw in your logic,' he said, with an interest that surprised me. 'You make the mistake of supposing that all of an event must happen at once.'

'How much of it does happen at once?' I asked.

'Only an infinitely small portion,' he replied. 'Take a cat jumping out of the window — '

'The cow jumped over the moon, if you like.'

'No, let's keep to the possible. A cat jumps through the window. Divide her — theoretically, of course — into an infinite number of infinitely thin sections —'

'Like a sliced sausage?'

'Exactly. And each infinitely thin slice will pass over a given point on the window sill in that infinitely narrow portion of duration which is the present. So there is nothing logically impossible about an event's happening at all.'

'Pardon me,' said I, 'but I refuse to grant that the present is an infinitely narrow portion of duration. It is a line drawn between the past and the future. If you assume that it has even an infinitely small breadth, you assume a line having thickness — which is absurd.'

'Who says that the present is a line?' he retorted, beginning to show the merest trifle of impatience. 'That's your mistake. The present is a strip, infinitely narrow, between —'

'Don't go on,' I interrupted. 'If you make the present a strip, or stripe, instead of a line, I shall insist on dividing it, the way grammarians do the tenses. Then we 'll have a future present and a past present. Where they join will be the present present, — a mere line, again, — and the other two will be either past or future in relation to that. You will have gained nothing but a lot of words.'

'Is there anything in this whole argument but words?'

'You own up beaten,' said I.

'I don't. But I 'll grant your point — or line, rather. What I should have said in the first place is that our jumping cat is divided into slices having no thickness at all.'

'Like the surface of a solid, which, having no thickness, has no existence, and yet —'

'You know what I mean,' he cut me off. 'And now you must admit that one of the slices can pass over a point on the window sill even during your line of a present.'

'I do,' said I.

'There! I told you so. There is nothing like reasoning a little over these seeming paradoxes. They disappear.'

'Wait,' I insisted. 'I admit that a slice having no thickness could pass over the sill in the present tense. But how long would it take the cat — the whole cat — to get through at that rate?'

'Depends upon the speed,' was the response. 'There is no difficulty in that. As our slices are infinitely thin, an

infinite number of them would go out of the window in any time you might name.'

'No,' I gloated. 'Now you're going back to your infinitely thin slices, which you've already had to abandon as impractical. We're in the stage of slices having no thickness whatever. Therefore, a slice represents no part of the cat. No matter how many infinities of slices went over the sill in no matter how infinitely small a fraction of an instant, the cat herself would n't move — she'd be hanging motionless in the air.'

'But,' he went on, — plainly floundering now and sparring for time, — 'let us suppose that the forward half of the cat has already passed over — that is, into the future —'

'Into the past,' I corrected patiently. 'The tail-end is the future of this cat, having yet to make the jump which — according to your hypothesis — has already been achieved by the head, or past end.'

'All right. Yes, I suppose I do mean that. And let us assume that the dividing line between the two ends is — was — will be — hang it! How do *you* account for it? We know a cat *can* jump through a window, and that she does n't do it in either the past or the future, but the now.'

'Don't be too certain,' I suggested. 'Personally I'm not quite convinced that it is n't the window that jumps through the cat — though Spinoza pretended to regard it a slip of the tongue when one of his pupils told him that he had seen a yard fly into the rooster.'

'You'd better let Spinoza alone,' said my friend, with the air of one who has just been defeated, and then remembers that there was n't anything at stake. 'The man for you is Einstein.'

I admitted that I adored Einstein.

'Understand him?'

'Not I. But he has deepened my blessed conviction that I don't understand anything — not even why a billiard ball continues to roll after you have hit it with a cue.'

'I myself can enlighten you there,' said my friend, cheering up again — he's really a capital fellow. 'It rolls because of the momentum you have given it.'

'What is momentum?'

'Did n't you ever go to school? Why, I remember the definition — substantially, that is — even yet. Momentum is the tendency of a body, once set in motion, to continue in motion at that same speed forever and in a straight line. It would, too, only for the pressure of the air, the friction of the billiard cloth, and things like that.'

'I see. Momentum is a word representing a lot of other words. It's the words which make the ball roll.'

'Not at all. Momentum is a tendency, a force, a statement of how things are.'

'Then I don't see,' I complained, 'that you've done anything but state in other terms the phenomenon which I wanted to have explained — *explained*, not restated. Where is this tendency located? Is there any difference between the atoms of a rolling ball and the atoms of a ball at rest?'

'The rolling ball is warmer than the quiet one,' he ventured cautiously. 'And the slight flattening of the ivory at the point of contact with the cloth is a bit accentuated, owing to the force with which the moving particles strike —'

'Look here! Do you claim it's the heat, or the flat spot, that makes the ball move?'

'N-no; not the heat, of course. And it could n't be the flat spot, for any force which the particles might exert in the rear by expanding through resiliency is cancelled by the force required to compress those in front.'

'Why not admit, then, that it is

impossible for a billiard ball to roll — that it merely does it? And that momentum is simply a short way of describing its unaccountable conduct?'

My friend smiled indulgently into the open fire, and puffed twice on his cigar.

'I see where you're bringing up now,' he declared after a moment. 'Might have known. You're going to begin to spout that old theory that there is no reality in material existence: that a cat does n't jump through the window, because there is no cat — that it is all an illusion, imagination, a movement of brain-particles within yourself. You're going to try to prove that I'm not sitting here, that nobody is anywhere — that you, yourself, are a disembodied spirit and the only reality in the universe.'

'I wish it were as simple as that,' I smiled back. 'Of course I'm the only being of whose existence I am certain.'

'Better not let the Only Woman hear you say so.'

'She has heard me say so often. And she agrees — only she insists that *she* is the one whose being is beyond question.'

'Gad! And it serves you right.'

'But don't you see?' I went on. 'All these difficulties about the cat and the billiard ball, not to mention a hundred others, follow me even into the realm of illusion. It is just as impossible to understand an imaginary change as a real one; just as difficult to account for the momentum of a brain-particle as the momentum of a comet; just as far beyond the human mind to figure out how a dream-cat can act in a nonexistent present — a present which can't even be postulated as existing without giving it breadth, which is contrary to any sensible definition; just as much of a job, in short, to deal with a dream-cat as with a tomcat.'

'Are you happy?' asked my friend as he rose to go.

'Perfectly.'

'Well, that's the mystery that gets me. Good night. If I stay here any longer talking this way, I'll feel afraid of the earth giving way under my feet. I would n't have *your* "tendency" for a million dollars.'

I was sorry to see him go, but pleased to think that he had been able to find no flaw in my reasoning. The trouble is — I can't find any flaw in it myself.

## DABBLING

It may be considered dangerous, but it is always pleasant, to possess a little knowledge. The serious student has always despised the dabbler. The dabbler, however, has more fun. The water is warmer where it laps the pebbles in the sun, and it cannot drown you. Children and dogs, invalids, and strong men washed ashore by storms, congregate about you and throw water. The serious student may stride along without a look to his deeper bath, but with his splendid risk he may sink while you are skipping stones.

Two characteristics mark the dabbler. First, he really dabbles. Second, he talks. A bluffer talks, too, but essentially he has something to 'put over' — something he wishes you to buy, or admire, or believe. A dabbler merely wishes to talk to you. He is naïve, eager, green, not boastful, but merely declaratory — a perfect type of the 'possessed' person.

With one such person about, life is never dull. Having dabbled in everything that has come beneath his eye, he can listen with enthusiasm to the invalid on opsonins, to the educator on tests, to the motorist on plugs, to the physicist on skewed curves and elastic lag. He does not essay to tell any of these experts anything, but, to quote Ethel Sidgwick, he simply bites the right way.

There are persons incapable of dabbling. They invariably do well whatever they consider worth doing at all. That unwholesome proverb has ruined many a good dabbler; for there are many things existent which are well worth doing rather badly.

My pal and I resolved to dabble in at least three of the fine arts each year. Greek is fascinating up to that point where the characters still look to you like little apple trees and stepladders. At this point we drop it, and assume pastels, for we are neither students nor serious. A typewriting dabbler is known by his fruits. Likewise a cook. A dabbler in French may go far, if he is easy of tongue, and wary — and chooses his audience.

But one of the most daring and upsetting of instruments with which to trifle is the pipe organ. To one who has already spent placid years at the piano, it offers a little thrill for every day in the week. Here are unlimited possibilities much too tempting for the jester to pass by. Moreover, it appears the least frivolous of instruments, and grandly guards the dignity of the organist.

With this solid instrument before you, and the august composers for it behind you, it is possible to get every thrill of the amateur without any of its reproach. At least three weeks are necessary to get the real feeling in the feet which belongs only to a great organist, but the lingo may be adopted instantly. Few people know even that the pedal keyboard is plotted like the manual; that black keys in twos and threes serve as mileposts as well as accidentals. You must never look at your feet. You can talk about this too, at great length, and the fact seldom fails to win attention. There is always something picturesque about a blind pianist. An organist is always blind in his feet. Still fewer people know that he finds his place by knocking the side of his foot against the three black keys to find *do*.

Then comes a time when simple pedaling gives place in the lesson-book to a neutral brace of pale half-notes, written in three staves. Never was an exercise so simple, so slow, or so short, as that first exercise in the *Organist's Compleat Manual*, which involves two hands, two feet, and a good gray brain. One hand goes up and the other goes down; the left foot begins to go up with the right hand, but diverts playfully and begins to go down just at the point when it shifts its responsibility to the right foot. And meanwhile, where is the brain? It is a robust one, indeed, if it knows where it is.

When my friend first encountered this exercise, he held up both hands and regarded them for a moment, and then said quietly, 'Which one of you is my feet?' An orchestra conductor is as nothing beside an organist. He may have to read sixteen different parts at once, but he does not have to play them. Nobody can tell whether he is reading or not. He may be simply waving a stick and shaking his hair. Anyone can tell whether an organist is playing or not, and to play he must read.

A few exercises of this confusing sort, and you can let your teacher go. If you keep him on, he will teach you counterpoint, and give you fugues. And with J. S. Bach before you, it is a nice question whether you still are dabbling. One of the easy fugues, peradventure, will not break the spell; for a smattering of this form can be made a great deal of. Its nomenclature is as useful as it is winning. Subject and Countersubject, Episodes and Stretti, are things to conjure with in any company. If you have never been one to keep time, set a metronome up on the organ, for Bach is one with

whom it is good form to keep step. Then it may be said of you, that you and Joseph Bonnet play fugues always with a metronome. This is stimulating. It is also the coat-of-arms of an original authentic trifler; not the use of the metronome, but the instinctive grouping of yourself with Bonnet — a balloon rampant on a green field.

What you really want, at this point, is a composition in the key of C, with long-continued pedal points for your feet, and a soft tremulant melody for your hands — with slow tempo and refined swells, flavored with vanilla. Play with a Vox Humana stop, in a cold church, without notes, and you have dabbling in its highest form — an Art.

Lastly, dabblers are the only ones who have an accurate sense of relative values. They should not be likened, as they often are, to the foolish virgins, nor yet to any of the men with the talents. In fact, the last thing that a genuine dabbler does — a dabbler upon whom the hand of the Lord has been laid — is to feel guilty before men. He light-heartedly neglects molecules of dust for molecules of Truth. He has George Washington himself on his side, and Savonarola, and Paul the Apostle. He knows that 'every ship is a romantic object, except that we sail in.' So he sails a bit in every one that passes his shore, and then lets it go romantically. His horizon, therefore, is full of shifting, friendly sails, each made familiar by the slightest glancing touch, but blanched by distance — still white with Romance.

## DARKENED PANES

### *A 'Kwäker' Looks into German Bookshops*

To-day there is a big colored etching of a Danish castle, sombre, thrown against a clear half-light of waning day, with a delicate line of foam, hinting the focus of the scene between sea and an omnipresent heaven. Beneath it lies a superb edition of *Hamlet*. A folio in white linen has Jovian thunderbolts in gold, radiating like an oriental sun, and covers a learned work on the Greek drama. There is much Shaw; some Molière in brown and cream; and down at the front, more frankly, daily advertising, the score of to-night's opera, — *Ariadne on Naxos*, — and the texts of several of the evening's plays, since they are first productions: Hamsun, Romain Rolland, and Molnar.

Yesterday there was a little cubist marble, which came to the retina in the same lines that are traced on the inner eye when the ball is rubbed. Stripped and austere. An ancient sculpture would have been fulsome and obvious in comparison. Here, in the surfaces, was something of higher mathematics, of optics, of metaphysics.

The books had been piled on one another, had been tucked into tight rows: tomes on the carvings of Hindu temples, excavations in Asia Minor, Flemish primitives, jewels and charms (ebon, with purple ends, an emerald bookmark and cabalistic end-papers); a green portfolio, with phallic symbols, illustrating costume in the light of the Freudian theory; lettering that an individual had evolved to express architecture marking a work on that interior decoration concerned so intensely with line, the splendor of materials, and untrammeled expression; medium-sized books on æsthetics — as good as a jug of bayberries or a piece of Copenhagen ware for a 'touch'; booklets bearing no faintest physical resemblance to each other — on fountains, the lesser princely collections of Italy, Spanish cloisters; romantic old illustrators, and quaint woodcuts of mermaids and nightingales, Christmas trees and harps.

Inside, one of the neatly groomed young clerks steps forward and asks in English what he may show.

— From an ancient belfry three o'clock strikes and — five.

To the fore are economic and political works, shelf on shelf: pamphlets on taxation, tariffs, treaties, new legislation — an ache and weariness; novels, bewildering in number, bitten with black, erotic power and fantasy, picturing the syncopated dance of death of Europe, of blockaded souls; ethics, disease; travel — as if in present isolation every traveler and explorer had been impelled and begged to describe the Mediterranean, Africa, the East, South America, Siberia. A conspicuous case holds the best from British presses. Upton Sinclair represents the American. A collection of French standards in leather, and yellowbacks, fills no paltry section; besides, the Russians and Scandinavians in translation.

Back in the alcoves is poetry: slim volumes in pastel tints with garlands, centaurs, and marvelous scripts; children's books; guides and walking maps of mountain and moor; technical treatises, bulky and solid as the steel, iron, and coal they treat; scientific charts; jolly schoolroom lithographs that take imagination by the hand.

And this shop is in some six, seven, or ten streets of any Central European city. The opera libretto may not be, but the 'Ninth,' Mozart's 'Requiem,' Brückner's 'Helgoland,' or Pfitzner's new cantata, to be given by the Street Railway Workers' Chorus and the Ladies' Song Union!

There are music-stores and numerous antiquaries', into which the private libraries are dribbling. One can open flyleaf after flyleaf bearing an intimate inscription: —

'To Lisbeth from Hans.'

'Annerl, on her 12th Birthday, from Father,' who has added some lovely Goethe.

'With love to Little Mother from her Scaliwags.'

These things are bought — by covertly shabby folk, who find them more sustaining than gritty bread and turnip jam and cabbage soup; by thousands of Jews — the trained business heads of Europe, avid from their Eastern pales; by a solid block of the public, to whom they are necessities and to whom the movies are not, and who do not motor out to links, but sling on a mended knapsack, slip in a few volumes, and go tramping off, humming, —

'O greenwood —'

There are many who regard this synthesis of perfection, this variety, this unthrottleable energy of creation, as a gauntlet flung down. There is peace in knowing it a hand outstretched — for understanding.

# THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

After giving years of intelligent and imaginative study to the human problems of factory management, **Arthur Pound,** the author of the provocative and widely read papers on *The Iron Man,* has turned from the field of industry to the hayfield, and sends us from his farm near Albany the first fruits of his agricultural experience, a keen and intimate analysis of the farmer's work, wage, and leisure. How many retired editors of magazines devote their well-earned leisure to singing the praises of their respective magazine owners and publishers? It is a nice statistical question in human equations. **Edward W. Bok** writes us concerning his next book, of which salient chapters are appearing in the *Atlantic:* —

The unthinking will accept it as a life of Mr. Curtis, but what I have tried to do is to write a book which will show that business is not a grind, but a wonderful game, full of romantic thrills and adventures, and I make Mr. Curtis the central figure of it.

* * *

In 'A League of Nations or a League of Governments,' **Dr. L. P. Jacks,** editor of the *Hibbert Journal* and Principal of Manchester College, Oxford, continues and expands the thesis which he presented to *Atlantic* readers in his essay of March 1920, 'The International Mind.' Explaining his plan, he writes: —

The general theme of the book into which this article will be introduced is that the form of our civilization has gradually begun to change from that of a political civilization, founded on warring nationalisms, to a cultural form, in which cultural points of union will be found between nations and so lead, ultimately, to a league of them. The sooner this change is recognized the more rapid will be the progress.

* * *

Devotees of Mrs. Noah will rejoice that **Robert M. Gay's** little treatise on her personality has been translated into Spanish and so is available to Spaniards of two continents, an extended audience. Mr. Gay, who is Professor of English at Simmons College, Boston, is in his happiest vein in his latest essay, 'The Timid Sex.'

* * *

From Palo Alto, California, **Robert Louis Burgess** sends his first contribution to the *Atlantic.* We welcome another new contributor in **H. E. Allen,** a mediæval scholar, an American living in England. **Joseph Farington,** instructing his executors, says: —

The Diaries were written for my amusement, and much of them to assist my recollection in matters in which I was engaged, or to enable me to reconsider opinions given, and thereby to strengthen my own judgment. Much also I was induced to put down in writing as being curious Anecdote and useful to the Biographer. It will be seen by the great proportion of trifling detail contained in them that they were written for myself only, and it was long my intention to destroy them before my decease, should it please God to give me time to see my fast-approaching end; but on further consideration, being happily so situated with respect to my family as to have near relatives in whom I could place all confidence, I have made this disposition respecting my Diaries.

They were entrusted to a brother who, 'Having agreeably to my desire expunged every passage or relation of circumstances such as in His judgment and belief I would not have seen . . . He may, if the contents shall not appear on the whole too trifling to be worth a second inspection and perusal, keep them in his possession for that purpose.' The selections which we print are made by the editor of the Diary, **James Greig** of the *London Morning Post.*

* * *

**Nora Dwyer,** from whose Irish journal we take a few vivid pages, is private secretary to the President of Harvard University. **Lawrence Shaw Mayo's** admirable comments illumine the passages which we print from the Diary of **John Davis Long** for the war-ridden year 1898, when Congress recognized the independence of Cuba and

authorized President McKinley to compel the withdrawal of Spain from the island. **Mr. and Mrs. Haldeman-Julius** of Girard, Kansas, carry on between them the diverse pursuits of banking, journalism, and stock-breeding. Mr. Haldeman-Julius is performing an invaluable service to the community by editing a ten-cent pocket series of the Classics. He has been aptly called the Henry Ford of literature. **Harold Vinal** is a Connecticut poet who keeps a bookshop in Boston. Before Mrs. Meynell died she read the rough draft of the 'Study,' by **Anne Kimball Tuell,** and corrected the facts for the author, who spent a part of the summer of 1922 with the Meynells in England.

* * *

**Hector C. Bywater** is regarded by progressive authorities in England as the best of the naval critics. We believe that his article in this issue neither exaggerates nor overemphasizes a situation of capital national importance. **L. J. S. Wood** is the Roman correspondent of the well-known British Catholic weekly, *The Tablet.* His paper on the Fascisti gives us information at first hand. **Cyril Falls** is an English critic and man of letters. He makes his first contribution to the *Atlantic* in 'A New Generation in Britain.' **Leo Pasvolsky,** writer and economist, was born in Russia, but has lived in the United States for a number of years. At present he is connected with the Institute of Economics in Washington, D. C. The touching but discriminating tribute to Erskine Childers is by his friend **Alfred Ollivant,** the well-known author of *Bob, Son of Battle.* We quote below passages from letters written by Mr. Childers to his wife on the eve of his execution.

I have been told that I am to be shot tomorrow at seven, and I am fully prepared. I think it best so, viewing it from the biggest standpoint. To have followed those other brave lads is a great thing for a great cause. I have a belief in a beneficent shaping of our destiny, and I believe God means this for the best — for us, for Ireland, and humanity. It is such a simple thing, too, a soldier's death. What millions risk and incur, what so many in our cause face and suffer daily! Will this nation so understand and pay reverence to what actuates our comrades in the cause? I feel it will. If only I can die knowing that my death would somehow — I know not how — save the lives of others and arrest this policy of executions. . . .

Serenity. Serenity; yes I have that at last if never before. *Æquanimitas.* What an infinity that expresses — faith, hope, holiness, resignation, and goodwill to all. I see big forces rending and at the same time moulding our people in affliction. I die full of intense love for Ireland. . . .

I die loving England and passionately praying that she may change completely and finally toward Ireland. . . .

* * *

From the University of Nanking, Professor Paul De Witt Twinem sends the letter of a Buddhist monk — a little window opening on that most interesting of subjects, the contemplative mind. The monk, now living alone among the mountains of China, was once an official of Fukien Province. He is a man of means, the owner of a whole mountainside and many farms below; a man of culture and of a poetic temperament.

MR. TWINEM: —

Most respectfully I want to say a few words. Last year when your Highness came to this mountain, Siu Feng, and I saw your gracious (flowering) face, it was as if the seasonal rain had come to awaken a dead tree. The kindness came out of your heart, like a candle that has just been cut. And the sad day suddenly came when you had to depart. I am sorry that I did not entertain you to the best of my ability. It is a great shame on my part not to have fostered a closer and warmer friendship.

Now the stars have altered their place, and things have changed. Very often under the moonlight in the night, and sitting outside of my quiet chamber — I imagine that you and I are sitting on our knees and talking together.

I remember the words of some poet — 'When the moon sets over the beam of the house, I begin to think of your gracious face.' I think this is true in my case.

I think you are now in college. You are teaching your Doctrine, and you are progressing. And I am sure there is a change from day to day and month to month. You are brightening this country with all your goodness, and you are indeed a thumb (a tip-top) among those of your religion. I am here by the grace of Buddha to steal away a little life. Alas! I seem to waste all the beautiful moonlight of the mountain in the first part of the night. Every day I am full, but I fear I have no ability. I want to put on my cloak and my belt and come to Nanking. What for? So as to satisfy my thirst for seeing you. But because of the lines

of work connected with the temple, I cannot uproot myself. So all I can do is to pen this little letter to let you know how I feel in the depth of my heart. Yet perhaps in the beginning of summer I may come there to learn your instruction; also to be near your seat and table, and talk of the days of old.

I have an old friend. He is a son of the Kiang family. His name is 'the Light of the Star,' and his 'How' — 'the Mountain of the Morning.' His age is about eighteen. His physique is strong. His eye is bright. And he lives close to this temple. He has the idea and ambition to utilize his youth in acquiring knowledge and to carry it out in practice when he becomes a man. Alas! he has not enough foundation! He has no one who cares and not sufficient training to go out to another place to study. This boy knows you and I are friends, and has come to me repeatedly that I might write you. I think whatever I could do for him I should do, since I would like to be helped myself.

I therefore write this letter in a most respectful way to beg you with brotherly affection to open your wide door of instruction and permit him to come to Nanking to study in your noble college. This is as if giving fish among the tempests of the sea a chance to jump over the gate.

If some day this boy could go out to preach what you preached, then he could be known throughout this Empire, and that would be because you assisted him. Your benevolence would thus remake this boy. And I am sure — how could he forget it!

I as a monk always open my door to everyone, and try to lead men in the right. Being thus, I request this of you and I hope you will not neglect it. Hence I would like to have a reply and a catalogue, so that this man may waste no more moonlight.

I have much more to say, but I think I will close at this time. Respectfully I close this letter with best wishes that your way of life may be in peace.

MONK LAUGHING-MOON.

*February* 18, 1922
SIU FENG TEMPLE

* * *

We print below an amusing addition to the 'Byron Complex.'

KÖNIGSBERG, EAST PRUSSIA, GERMANY.
DEAR ATLANTIC: —

Was it Mazzini said that Byron 'made English literature European'? The man who proved the great inspiration for the Romantic School of Poetry on the Continent still wears his laurels triumphantly.

Nobody bothers in the least about his amours. An excellent example of this indifference was provided me in my own husband. Of course he is merely a Professor of Law, not of Literature; but in the *Sturm und Drang* period of his youth he used to cultivate an intimate acquaintance with the bards of his own and other nations — he even attempted putting some of the Russians into German verse, and in the early days of our friendship I distinctly remember my sensations — not altogether pleasant ones — at a foreigner's knowing his *Hamlet* from cover to cover, and Byron (of whom he was very fond) by heart. So he might be catalogued among the laymen with more than a little literary interest. But while, on subsequent reflection, I am prepared to admit that he may have forgotten anything he once knew about George Gordon over the Peace Treaty of Versailles, imagine my surprise, on referring to Mrs. Gerould's article, when he looked up, and inquired mildly: 'Was there a scandal?'

KATHERINE THAYER KRAUS.

* * *

From another close observer of gulls we learn that there are gulls in South America which, unlike their northern cousins, dive to a considerable depth for fish: —

These birds are very similar to their cousins of the north; they are, though, less well groomed, and do not look as sleek and nice as their northern neighbors. The only noticeable difference is in the shape of the wing which has a decided break and not the even beautiful curve of the wing that the northern sea-gull has.

From my home in Valparaiso I have watched these birds dive, and sometimes from a height of a hundred feet. It is a peculiar thing that they do this in flocks rather than singly.

A most remarkable sight it is to watch — to see a hundred or more birds turn, as if by one accord, close their wings and dive in after the fish. A beautiful sight it is, too, to see a flock of sea-gulls serenely circling above the waters dive, to catch for a moment the flash of the white feathers of their upturned wings in the sunlight, to see them strike the water, and again to see them bob up one by one. Of note is it that almost never did I see one return unrewarded.

But most amusing of all was an incident I witnessed at Arica, when on my way north. Not more than fifty yards from our ship the water was in great commotion — a great struggle for existence was taking place. The sea was veritably alive with fish — the smaller ones leaping out of the water to escape their larger brothers — but to be swallowed by the hungry birds that literally filled the air. The pelicans sat serenely on the water and filled their huge pouches with evident relish; the ducks and sea-gulls, not finding it

necessary to dive, merely flopped into the water and took their pick. But even that was too much of an exertion for one young gull who preferred to make his choice from Mr. Pelican's selection. Not satisfied with one, this insatiable bird returned for more, and foolishly to the same pelican. This time, either the sea-gull hesitated too long over its choice, or the old pelican anticipated the action; however it may be, the pelican closed his ponderous bill on the gull and began to mete out justice to his victim. He shook and ducked that sea-gull at least ten times. Then, deeming the bird sufficiently castigated, he let him go. It was a sorry-looking gull that flew over to the rocks to preen himself, and one, I dare say, that quit his wayward habits.

J. Jonathan Trumbull.

* * *

The author of 'Humor with a Gender,' Elizabeth Stanley Trotter, has discovered that there is nothing more irritating to the reader than 'a difference of taste in jokes.' She has been accused of writing feministic rubbish (the gender behind the accusation is plain). She has been asked if she did n't intend to call it 'Humor with a Gander,' and a third critic thanks heaven that he possesses 'Humor without any Gender.' Women, on the other hand, seem to like the article; one has written that her husband, on reading it, increased her allowance — a tangible result, at least.

* * *

Commenting on plant-mentality, Professor E. Washburn Hopkins of Yale writes to Professor Clifford H. Farr: —

I venture to think you may in turn be interested in a discussion recorded in the great Sanskrit epic (the *Mahabharata*) some two thousand years ago. The stupid enquirer leads off with the statement that trees and plants seem to him dull solid immobile inanimate objects and asks the sage what he thinks about it. To this the sage replies as follows: 'You are quite wrong. I will prove to you that trees have all the five senses. They grow weak and shrivel up when excessive heat comes upon them. Inanimate objects are not thus affected. Hence trees have the sense of touch. Trees also have ears (hearing) as is shown by the fact that they are affected by the sound of thunder. They have eyes for they can see their way to grow and even a creeper sees the path it wishes to take and winds itself as it wills. In consequence of smells too and incense, trees may be made to grow and recover strength when diseased; therefore they have the sense of smell. They have taste for they draw up water exactly as a man drinks through a hollow lotus-stalk. Moreover, it is obvious that trees feel pleasure and pain and catch diseases and are cured again by antidotes. There is life in them; they are not inanimate. Like men they have a living soul [or vital part] and they are not without intelligence.'

The final phrase *acaitanyam na vidyate* is, literally, 'non-intelligence is not found [in trees]' (na vidyate is almost non videtur.) Caitanyam is the intelligent soul and this conclusion sums up the argument against their being mere 'immobile objects,' *i.e.*, without intelligence. The argument is confined to the senses but the possession of smell, touch, sight, hearing, and taste argues to the speaker the possession of mind, which to the Hindu is a sixth combinatory sense and is wholly physical. His main point is to prove that trees are alive, from which he rather jumps to the conclusion that they have minds and intelligence. This is the doctrine of the Brahmans, though I have found it elaborated nowhere else, in distinction from the Buddhistic view which was like that of the Greeks, *viz.*, the tree is in and for itself not animate but has a dryad spirit which is a separate entity and it is this spirit which moves a tree and makes it sicken, etc. The passage will be found in *Mahabharata* xii. 184, 10 *ff.*

We are led to wish that Adam and Eve had made a more careful study of the psychology of the trees of the Garden.

* * *

The author of 'The Cow Jumped over the Moon,' who hides behind the anonymity of this month's Contributors' Club, writes us from a distant corner of the world.

Dear Mr. Editor, —

You say you find a variety in my literary output. My dear sir, it is much worse than you imagine. I am the author of four published books — detective novels. A dreadful confession to make to the editor of the *Atlantic?* No doubt. And yet — do you know, I can discover no difference between the mental processes demanded by the different sorts of composition? And there is one immense satisfaction in writing *les romans policiers.* The author is free. And how seldom in America the author *is* free. The list of prohibited things is so long that the most innocent mind in the world is handicapped. That, I think, is why we are not equal to the English. We lack courage. The two most courageous publications in the United States, it seems to me, are the *Atlantic Monthly* and the *Saturday Evening Post.* By Jove, it takes courage even to say that.

# THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

*MARCH, 1923*

## SATAN AMONG THE BIOGRAPHERS

BY SAMUEL McCHORD CROTHERS

### I

By Satan I do not mean the evil spirit who goes about like a roaring lion. I have in mind the Satan who appears in the prologue to the Book of Job. He is the adversary, the one who presents the other side. When the sons of God came together, then came the adversary among them. He belonged to the assembly, but he sat on the opposition bench. He introduced questions which had occurred to him as he walked up and down upon the earth. His function was to challenge generally received opinions. There was Job. Everyone looked upon him as a man who was as righteous as he was prosperous. But was he? Satan suggested that his character should be analyzed. Take away Job's prosperity and let us see what becomes of his righteousness.

Now that critical spirit has entered into the biographers and influenced their attitude toward what they used to call the subject of their sketch. It used to be taken for granted that the tone of biography should be eulogistic. 'Let us praise famous men and the fathers who begat us.' This indicates how closely biography is related to genealogy. The text is often transformed into, 'Let us praise the fathers who begat us, and if we have sufficient literary skill we may make them famous.'

The lives of the saints have a great sameness, for it is necessary that they should be saintly. Even when their adventures are of the most astonishing character, the chronicler must throw in a word now and then to show that they are not acting out of character. Thus that wild Irish saint, Saint Brandan, who went careering over the Western Sea like another Sindbad the Sailor, must have a religious motive for his voyage. The chronicler declares, 'seven years on the back of a whale he rode, which was a difficult mode of piety.' Had Brandan been a layman, we might have admired him for his acrobatic gifts. Being a saint, we must see him balancing himself on the back of a whale as a pious exercise.

Biographers on the whole have been a rather modest folk and have had scant recognition in academic circles. Thus there are numberless professors of history — ancient and modern — but when recently a Minnesota college established a professorship of biography, the title seemed a strange one. The educational world has followed the example of Nature — so careful of the type, so careless of the single life.

But a new school of biography has

arisen, and it is of interest to compare it with the old. The great difference is in the attitude of the biographer toward his subject. The attitude of the old biographer was that of a painter who was commissioned to paint the portrait of a great man. He wished to make a likeness and to make it as lifelike as possible; but he had to recognize the proprieties. The painter is frankly on the outside, and can give only so much of character as is revealed in the countenance. So the biographer was dealing frankly with externals. What the great man did or said could be recorded, but what he meant could only be guessed. Every man's mind was his castle, and there were private rooms into which the public had no right to intrude. If a person were very inquisitive, he might, if he got the chance, peep in through the windows of the soul; but that was as far as he could go. He was necessarily an outsider.

But of late the biographer has become bolder and, instead of peeping in, has taken to breaking and entering. His method is described as 'penetrating.' We see him not only prowling in the consciousness, but penetrating into the most remote portions of the subconsciousness. We see him throwing his flashlight upon motives concealed from nearest friends. It is the era of the X-ray, and human character cannot escape the methods of research. The biographer attempts to show us a man's mind as viewed from the inside. How he gets inside is his business — not ours.

Let us compare John Morley's *Gladstone* with Mr. Strachey's *Queen Victoria*. Morley takes his subject very seriously. Gladstone was a great man, and knew it, and so did everyone else. He lived in a great period and was an important part of it. Morley was a friend who followed his career with respectful but discriminating interest. He was in a position to know a great many facts. But he did not intrude. A vast number of details are given, but the result of it all is that we feel that we are looking *at* Gladstone and not through him. We know what he did and what he said, and we know what interpretations his friend Morley put upon his words and actions; but we can only guess at his ulterior motives. We see the conclusions to which he came but not all the mental processes by which they were reached. Mr. Gladstone always appears to us clothed and in his right mind. If he had any unlucid intervals, they are not a part of the record. As for exploring Gladstone's subconscious mind, his friend would as soon have thought of poking about in his host's pantry without asking leave. What did Gladstone think when he was n't addressing the public or preparing to address it? The biographer would say, 'That is none of your business, nor is it mine.'

The same impression is made by Trevelyan's *John Bright*. We feel that we know John Bright as well as his constituents knew him. It never occurs to us that we know him better.

Turn to Mr. Strachey's delightful biography of Queen Victoria. We have a surprise. We are conscious of a new sensation. To say that the book is stimulating is faint praise. It is intoxicating. Here is biography with its crudenesses and irrelevancies distilled away. We get the essential spirit.

It is not that we are behind the scenes as an ordinary playgoer who is allowed this novel experience, that he may see how things look on that side of the curtain. We are behind the scenes as a playwright who is also his own stage-manager may be behind the scenes. We feel that somehow we have an intimate knowledge of how the lights should be arranged to produce the best effects. We have no illusions ourselves,

but this allows us to watch the production of the play with keener intellectual interest.

We see Queen Victoria, not as her admiring subjects, with superstitious ideas about royalty, saw her, but as she would have seen herself, had she been as clever as we are. The revelation has all the charm that an autobiography would have if a person could speak about himself without vanity and without self-consciousness.

In reading the *Confessions* of St. Augustine or Rousseau, we feel that they are trying to tell the whole truth about themselves, but we are not convinced that they have succeeded. They confess certain sins that attract their attention; but what of those failings which St. Paul describes as 'the sins that so easily beset us'? Some of these beset a person so closely that he does n't know that they are there. There are certain commonplace faults which are seldom confessed by the most conscientious. I have never come across an autobiography in which the writer drew attention to the fact that his friends often found him a little wearing.

Mr. Strachey gives us Victoria's autobiography written by somebody else who saw through her. There is an awareness of all her limitations and a cool appreciation of her middle-class virtues. We sympathize with her efforts to live up to her station in life. We see her successes and admire her pluck. When she makes mistakes we recognize that she is thoroughly conscientious. Her judgments are often shrewd. She is rather muddle-headed in regard to the new problems of the day, but not more so than her constitutional advisers. She is a real character, and we know her in the same way that we know Becky Sharp and Mrs. Proudie. We feel that we not only know what she did, but we know the moving why she did it. We know also why she did not do more. It was because it was n't in her to do more. And her environment was exactly fitted to her personality. We feel that it was no mere coincidence that she lived in the Victorian Age.

In *Eminent Victorians*, Mr. Strachey reversed the methods practised by writers like Walter Scott. They took some well-known historical character and allowed their imagination to play about it. The result was Historical Romance, or Romance founded on fact.

Mr. Strachey takes well-known historical characters of the last generation, like Arnold of Rugby, Cardinal Manning, Chinese Gordon, and Florence Nightingale, and shows us that they have become in a short time little better than noted names of fiction. Every man is his own myth-maker and his friends and enemies collaborate in producing something quite different from the reality. The ordinary biography is, therefore, little more than a collection of facts founded on a fiction. The problem, then, is not simply to reëxamine the facts, but to rearrange them so that they will tell a true story and not a false. The biographer is like a typesetter. He must first distribute the type and then set it up again to form new words and sentences.

No saint in the calendar had a legend more firmly fixed and authenticated than Florence Nightingale. The public not only knew what she did, but was convinced that it knew what kind of a person she was. She was the lady with the lamp, the gentle ministering angel who went about through the hospitals in the Crimea. She was the one who brought the feminine touch to war.

Mr. Strachey does not change the outlines of her story. That is a matter of historic record. She did all and more than we have been taught to believe. But he shows Florence Nightingale as an altogether different kind of a person.

The feminine gives way to a masterful personality. Florence Nightingale was the stuff that successful politicians and captains of industry are made of. She appears as a formidable person, abrupt in manner, often bitter in speech, the terror of evil-doers, and still more the terror of incompetent well-doers. She was strong minded, neurasthenic, intense in her antipathies, and not pleasant to live with; but she got things done.

She was born in a wealthy family. She wanted to have her own way, but was never quite sure what it was to be. This was an endless trouble to her family, who never knew what to do with Florence, or rather what Florence would let them do for her.

When marriage was suggested, she writes, 'The thoughts and feelings I have now I can remember since I was six years old. A profession, a trade, a necessary occupation, something to fill and employ all my faculties I have always felt essential to me. Everything has been tried — foreign travel, kind friends, everything. My God, what is to become of me?'

Then came the Crimean War with the breakdown of the hospital service. At last she had her own way and it proved a gloriously right way. She won immortal fame.

The war ended, and Florence Nightingale had fifty years of invalidism. But she was the same energetic, pugnacious personality. Almost to the end she refused to wear the halo prepared for her by the public which she continued to serve faithfully and acrimoniously. We are made to feel that Florence Nightingale loved her fellow men, but not as an amiable person loves those friends whom he finds congenial. She loved mankind as a thoroughly conscientious person might love his enemies. 'Sometimes,' says Mr. Strachey, 'her rages were terrible. The intolerable futility of mankind obsessed her, and she gnashed her teeth at it.'

This is a triumph of biographical reconstruction. We see Florence Nightingale as great and good, though with very different virtues.

When I turn to Arnold of Rugby and Chinese Gordon, I begin to have misgivings. Mr. Strachey's portraits are marvelously clear, but there is something lacking. Looking through the eyes of Thomas Hughes and Dean Stanley, we see Dr. Arnold as a great man. We cannot expect Mr. Strachey to share their awe, for Dr. Arnold was not his schoolmaster. But we do not feel that he accounts for the impression the Doctor made on those who knew him.

As for General Gordon, we see him not through the eyes of a hero worshiper, but as he appeared to one who had no sympathy with his enthusiasms. That irony which is delightful when playing around the figure of Queen Victoria seems out of place when directed toward the hero of Khartum. There was a touch of fanaticism about Gordon, just as there was about Cromwell. But Carlyle's Cromwell stands out against the background of eternity, and is justified. Strachey's Gordon stands condemned against a bleak background of common sense. Even the final tragedy is told without any relenting admiration. The whole thing was so unnecessary. When all was over, we are told of the group of Arabs whom Slatin Pasha saw, one of whom was carrying something wrapped in a cloth. 'Then the cloth was lifted and he saw before him Gordon's head. The trophy was taken to the Mahdi; at last the two fanatics met face to face.'

Thirteen years after, Kitchener fearfully avenged his death at Omdurman, 'after which it was thought proper that a religious ceremony in honor of Gordon should be held at the Palace in Khartum. The service was conducted by four

chaplains and concluded with a performance of "Abide with Me," General Gordon's favorite hymn. General Gordon, fluttering in some remote Nirvana the pages of a phantasmal Bible, might have ventured a satirical remark. But General Gordon had always been a contradictious person, even a little off his head perhaps — though a hero; and besides he was no longer there to contradict. At any rate, all ended happily in a glorious slaughter of twenty thousand Arabs, a vast addition to the British Empire, and a step in the peerage for Sir Evelyn Baring.'

What is it that offends in this? It is the unfairness not to Gordon but to his contemporaries. Gordon represented an ideal that belonged to his generation. It was British imperialism touched with a sense of responsibility for the government of the world. We have broken with imperialism, but we ought to be touched by the heroism. In brushing aside the judgment of his contemporaries with a touch of scorn, we feel the kind of unfairness of which Cato complained when, after he had passed his eightieth year, he was compelled to defend himself in the Senate. 'It is hard,' he said, 'to have lived with one generation, and to be tried by another.'

Each generation takes itself seriously. It has its own ideals and its own standards of judgment. One who has made a great place for himself in the hearts of his contemporaries cannot be dismissed lightly because he does not conform to the standards of another period. The visitor to Colorado is taken by his friends for a drive over the high plains in sight of the mountains. Pointing to a slight rise of ground that is little more than a hillock, the Coloradian remarks: 'That we call Mount Washington, as it happens to be the exact height of your New Hampshire hill.'

The New Englander recalls, with shame at his provincialism, the time when he thought Mount Washington sublime. When he recovers his self-respect, he remembers that a mountain is as high as it looks. It should be measured not from the level of the sea but from the level of its surrounding country. Mount Washington seen from the Glen looks higher than Pike's Peak seen from the window of a Pullman car.

In like manner a great man is one who towers above the level of his own times. He dominates the human situation as the great mountain dominates the landscape of which it is a part.

## II

A very alluring opportunity is offered for the scientific study of personages who have made a great place for themselves in history. They have all of them been more or less ailing, and have had 'symptoms' of one kind and another. An American medical man has given us a number of volumes entitled *Biographic Clinics.*

Mr. Frederick Chamberlin has given us a large volume on *The Private Character of Queen Elizabeth.* Elizabeth is defended against the charges made by her enemies, but the defense is damaging to the romance which has gathered around her name. She is treated as if she were an out-patient in the General Hospital. The first thing, of course, is to take her family history. Then we have sixty pages of the medical history of Elizabeth Tudor.

The writer is most conscientious, and says, 'Items are numbered consecutively, accompanied by Elizabeth's age and the date of each. It is attempted to confine each disease or illness to one group.' In her long life she had a number of ailments. We are spared not one detail. Following the itemized health record, there are twenty-five pages of 'The Opinions of Medical Experts.' Mr. Chamberlin, who is not by pro-

fession a medical man, presented the data he had collected to the leading consultants, to get their opinion as to what was the matter with Queen Elizabeth.

Sir William Osler was rather brief in his answers to the questions. While agreeing that, judging from the records, the patient could hardly be said to be in good health, he says, 'Apart from the dropsy, which may have been nephritis, and the smallpox, the descriptions are too indefinite to bare any opinion of much value.' To Question IV — What was her probable health during the years for which there are no data supplied? — Dr. Osler answers, 'Impossible to say.'

Sir Clifford Allbutt is equally unsatisfactory. 'Would it be too much to say that after her fifteenth year she was practically an invalid with the possible exception of the years for which no data are supplied, directly or indirectly?' He answers, 'It would be too much.'

But Dr. Keith of the Royal College of Surgeons gives an opinion at great length, accompanied by a clinical chart. We learn that she had anemia, stomach and liver derangements, septic conditions of the teeth, and the pain in her left arm may have been from rheumatism.

The reader's apprehensions, however, are somewhat relieved by the consideration that all these ailments did not come at once but were scattered over a period of sixty-nine years. Dr. Keith adds very justly that the diagnosis would be more complete had the physician had an opportunity to personally examine the patient. 'In the case of Queen Elizabeth, the modern physician is separated from his patient by more than three hundred years; he has to attempt a diagnosis on historical data.'

By the way, it is interesting to see how the course of history modifies scientific opinion. When she was about eighteen, Elizabeth had an illness which Dr. Howard at first diagnosed as the most extreme form of kidney disease. 'But,' he adds, 'it seems hardly possible that the subject of nephritis of so severe a type would live to be nearly seventy.' He therefore inclines to the theory that the trouble was 'acute endocarditis and mitral regurgitation'; and then he adds, with the fairness characteristic of a scientific man, 'The same objection to longevity might be raised to this diagnosis also.'

Modern pathology may throw light on some historical characters, but one feels that it has its limitations. Not only do the modern physicians find it difficult to make a complete diagnosis when the patient has been dead for three hundred years, but they find it difficult to keep to the highest standard of professional ethics when speaking of the practitioners of a former day.

Thus Sir Clifford, speaking of the doctors who treated Queen Elizabeth, says: 'My impression is that in the sixteenth century medicine was below contempt. In Queen Elizabeth's time Clowes did somewhat, and, possibly, Lowe; but really all the medicine of value was in Italy; and only by studying in Italy could our doctors then have known anything. Some few did, of course. The rest were hard-shell Galenish and quacks.'

This is rather hard, coming from a consultant of the twentieth century who was called into a case that belonged to medical men of the sixteenth century. The fact that these medical men had kept the patient alive for almost seventy years, while the modern diagnosticians would have given her up at twenty, ought to count for something.

I am willing to admit that pathological inquiries may have their uses for the biographer, but there are limits. In this sphere pathology may be a good servant, but it is a bad master.

The same may be said of psychology. The psychologist in his own sphere is a modest and hard-working person. The advancement of any science within its own territory is always slow work. If one is to get results he must work for them and share them with others.

## III

But there is a border line between the sciences which is a fair field for adventure. The bold borderer, with a few merry men, may make a foray and return with booty. The psychiatrists and psychoanalysts have invaded the field of biography in force and are now engaged in consolidating their conquests. Biography is a particularly inviting field. To psychoanalyze a living person takes a great deal of time and patience. But to psychoanalyze historical personages and to point out their various complexes and repressions and conflicts is an inviting pastime. There is no one to contradict.

The old-time theologians in discussing predestination ventured into the recesses of the Divine Mind. Assuming that God both fore-knew and fore-ordained man's fall, they asked which had the priority, fore-knowledge or fore-ordination. Did God fore-know that man would fall and therefore fore-ordain that he should be punished everlastingly? So said the sub-lapsarians. With more rigid logic the supra-lapsarians contended that fore-ordination is absolute and independent of all contingencies. God fore-ordained man's creation, his fall, and his punishment in one decree, and of course he fore-knew that the decree would be fulfilled.

Theologians to-day are more modest and are inclined to admit that there are some things which they do not know. But there are biographers whose minds seem to be built on the high supra-lapsarian plan. When we open the book we feel that everything is fore-ordained. There are no contingencies. The man's character being determined, the biographer presents us with the incidents which illustrate it. We know the kind of a person he is, and his deeds are pre-determined.

The clear-cut character sketches in which a man represents a single trait are interesting, but they are most sharply defined when we know only one incident. Some of the most familiar characters of the Bible are known only from a chance word or mere gesture. 'Gallio cared for none of these things.' Generations of preachers have held up Gallio as an example of the sin of indifference. He was the kind of man who, if he lived now, would neglect his religious privileges and forget to register at the primaries. But was Gallio that kind of a man? All we know about this Roman magistrate is that he dismissed a case over which he had no jurisdiction, and in regard to which he had little interest. Had we a glimpse of him on another day, we might revise our opinion.

The name of Ananias has been used as a synonym for habitual liar. But in the Book of the Acts it is not said that Ananias *told* a lie: all that is said is that he sold his possessions and laid part of the price at the Apostle's feet. In other words, Ananias did not, on this occasion, make a complete return of his personal property.

When this method is applied to persons whose lives are well known, there will always be a great deal of skepticism. How can we be sure that the clever writer has happened on the right clue to the character he undertakes to reveal to us?

In the *Mirrors of Downing Street*, and *Painted Windows*, and *Uncensored Celebrities*, we have interesting studies of character. We have snapshots of distinguished statesmen and churchmen.

But do we really get inside the minds of these persons; and, if we did, should we be as wise as we think we should be?

Take this question in regard to Mr. Lloyd George. The writer, speaking of that statesman's sudden change of front, asks, 'How came it that the most pronounced pacifist of a pacifist liberal cabinet, who had, six weeks before, begun a passionate crusade against armaments, on the fateful August 4, 1914, gave his voice for war?'

Now I venture to say that no biographer, furnished with the latest instruments of psychological precision, exploring the recesses of Mr. Lloyd George's mind but ignoring the tremendous events of crowded days, could give the right answer to that question.

Why does it happen that a quiet householder in Kansas, who is shingling his kitchen roof, is seen the next moment frantically digging himself out of a mass of débris? You cannot understand the sudden change of occupation by an intensive study of the Kansas mind — you have to take into account the nature of a cyclone.

The student of Mr. Lloyd George's mind says: 'He is always readier to experience than to think. To him the present tick of the clock has all the dignity of the Eternal. If thought is a malady, he is of all men most healthy. The more he advocates a policy, the less he can be trusted to carry it through.'

This is clever analysis, but the question intrudes — How does the writer know so much about what goes on inside of Mr. Lloyd George's mind? Why may he not be doing a good deal of rapid thinking while he is experiencing so vividly? And why may not this thought directed to the question of the moment be fairly accurate? Granted that he changed his mind rapidly, did he change it any more rapidly than the circumstances with which he had to deal changed? Granted that he did n't bring anything to its logical conclusion. Amid the tremendous forces that were struggling in the world, could anything be brought to its logical conclusion? There is room here for honest doubt.

The biographer may well sharpen his wits by means of psychology, but he must not allow a formula to stand in the way of an individual. From the rigid supra-lapsarians we are always happy to escape to the biographers, ancient or modern, who are of the humanistic school. In their pages we see characters developing unevenly under the stress of circumstances. We cannot tell what a person is capable of doing till he does it; and even then we are not always sure that we have all his reasons. There is no programme that is followed. Unexpected things are all the time turning up and bringing into play powers which we had not looked for. We are compelled to revise our first impressions both of the man and his times. The more the individual is observed, the more individualistic he appears to be. He becomes less significant as a symbol and more interesting as a personality.

There, for example, is Plutarch's Cato. No attempt is made to analyze his character or to account for his idiosyncrasies. We see him just as he happened to be. He does n't correspond to any formula. He is just Cato.

Cato was gray-eyed and red-headed. He was a self-made man. He worked hard and liked to wear old clothes when he was in the country. He was fond of turnips and of cabbage. He was very thrifty, and when his slaves began to grow old he sold them to save the depreciation in his property. He disliked flatterers, but was not averse to praising himself. He loved sharp jests. He was a popular orator and a good soldier. When he was elected to office, he put a super-tax on articles of luxury; he cut the pipes by which wealthy household-

ers had surreptitiously drawn water from the public fountains; he reduced the rates of interest on loans, and conducted himself with such outrageous rectitude that all the best people turned against him.

All these incidents have to do with the outward life of Cato. Plutarch is content to set them down with the remark, 'Whether such things are proof of greatness or of littleness of mind, let each reader judge for himself.' Yet somehow they make the red-headed Roman seem very real to us. We know him in the same way that we know a contemporary. If we were to drop into Rome on election day and be told that the paramount issue was 'Anything to beat old Cato,' we should feel at home. We should probably vote for Cato, and regret it after the election.

We have this sense of complete reality in the characters of statesmen and soldiers which we come upon in the crowded pages of Clarendon. Here is Clarendon's Hampden. It is the portrait of a gentleman drawn by another gentleman who was his enemy. But one would prefer to have Clarendon as an enemy rather than another man as a friend.

John Hampden 'was a gentleman of good family in Buckinghamshire, and born to a fair fortune, and of a most civil and affable deportment. In his entrance into the world he indulged to himself all the license in sports, and exercises, and company, which was used by men of the most jolly conversation. Afterwards he retired to a more reserved and melancholy society, yet preserving his own natural cheerfulness and vivacity, and above all a flowing courtesy to all men. . . . He was of that rare affability and temper in debate, and of that seeming humility and submission of judgment, as if he brought no opinion with him but a desire of information and instruction; but he had so subtle a way of interrogating, and, under the notion of doubts, insinuating his objections, that he left his opinions with those from whom he pretended to learn and receive them. . . . He was indeed a very wise man and of great parts and possessed with the most absolute spirit of popularity, that is, the most absolute faculties to govern the people, of any man I ever knew.'

In Clarendon's eyes, John Hampden was a very dangerous man. 'He begat many opinions and motions, the education of which he committed to other men.' Of one thing we are not left in doubt. He was a very great man, though he fought on the wrong side.

'He was very temperate in diet, and a supreme governor over all his passions and affections, and had thereby a great power over other men. He was of an industry and vigilance not to be tired out or wearied by the most laborious; and of parts not to be imposed upon by the most subtle or sharp, and of a personal courage equal to his best parts; so that he was an enemy not to be wished wherever he might have been made a friend.' It is after all these qualities have been acknowledged that Clarendon adds: '*His death therefore seemed a great deliverance to the nation.*'

No psychologist by the most painstaking analysis could produce the effect that these words make upon us. We are conscious of John Hampden's personality as a force against which strong men are contending. We not only see the man himself, but we see why some men loved him and others resisted him. He was part of a mighty movement, which he largely directed.

Biography cannot be reduced to a science, but it may rise into the finest of the arts. It is the art of reproducing not merely the incidents of a great man's life, but the impression he made on those who knew him best.

# EVIL AND THE NEW PSYCHOLOGY

BY ARTHUR CLUTTON-BROCK

## I

THE new psychology appears to be making a discovery, the first promise of which is not yet perceived, even by the psychologists. This discovery is difficult to state, both because it is not yet fully made, and because it concerns the human mind, about which we know so little that we have not even words to express that little precisely. I will, therefore, ask the reader to forgive me if my statement fails to satisfy him.

It is being made in the effort to cure certain mental disorders, such as those which are called *phobias*. The phobia, it appears, has its origin in the mental history of the patient, in some shock or other mischance which he has forgotten. The fact that he has forgotten the origin is itself part of the cause of the phobia; and, if the origin can by some means be discovered and made known to the patient, then he will be able to cure himself of the phobia. The whole process, though seeming to work mechanically, is mental. It is like putting a machine in order, except that the machine knows that it is out of order and rights itself by becoming aware of the origin of its disorder. The healing knowledge comes from outside, from the psychoanalyst, yet it also comes as knowledge to the patient. It is absorbed mentally, just as medicine is absorbed physically; and then, like medicine, it works, the patient cannot tell how, but still mentally.

Now, as I have said, the full promise of this discovery is not commonly perceived, even by psychologists; for, in the first place, they have not yet insisted that it can be extended to the errors and moral perversities of normal people; and, in the second, they are often prevented by certain unconscious assumptions of their own from seeing what a new light it throws upon the whole problem of evil. These two points are closely connected with each other, so that the first will lead me naturally to the second. I will, then, begin with the first, namely the extension of the discovery to the errors and perversities of normal people.

We are all aware, or should be, that our common method of dealing with each other's errors, namely, by controversy, is not successful; its failure is well expressed in the lines:—

> A man convinced against his will
> Is of the same opinion still.

That is to say, a man convinced against his will is not convinced. Indeed, you cannot convince him of any error, thoroughly established in his mind, by a rational process; for the error itself was not established by a rational process. The psychoanalysts, when they deal with a phobia, are aware of this. They do not argue with a patient, do not tell him that it is absurd to be afraid of edged tools or of open spaces, or what not. They know that argument in such cases is like rubbing a sore: it only makes the patient more aware of his disorder, and so more con-

vinced of its reality. The psychoanalyst's method is, rather, to assume that it is a mere disorder, to place it in the category of disease, not in that of reason; and to tell the patient how it has come about. Then, for the patient also, it passes out of the category of reason into that of disease; and, when he knows the cause of it, it becomes to him something finite, mechanical, external, and so loses its intimidating power over him. Instead of classing it with madness, he classes it with toothache; and this very classification, by separating it, as it were, from the whole system of his mind, is itself a cure.

Thus it is that we should deal with error, both in others and, finally, in ourselves. We should, to begin with, understand that the processes by which truth and error establish themselves in the mind are different; and, wherever we find error firmly established, we should seek for the cause of it and explain that cause to the person who is in error. Argument, in such cases, is worse than useless; for it treats error as if it were of the same nature as truth, takes it seriously, and assumes its origin to be rational. Further, when we attack a man's errors by argument, we enlist all his self-love in defense of them. They are to him part of himself; but, if he is to renounce them, he must be persuaded that they are not part of himself, but an accident that has happened to him, like a phobia.

Opinions or beliefs, once very firmly held, often vanish from our minds, without our knowing why or how they have vanished. We may think that some argument has destroyed them, and then wonder why we have seen the force of this argument at last, when we have been familiar with it so long without heeding it. In such cases the argument is usually a mere summons to surrender: the battle has really been fought, and the victory won, in the unconscious; for the cause of our belief has, for some reason, disappeared, and the belief itself has remained only until challenged. The cause of a false belief is really an obstacle to perception of the truth, and, that obstacle removed, the truth is seen. At present, this removal of obstacles is often a matter of chance; but the discovery of the new psychology should help us to effect it deliberately, in ourselves and in others. The mere knowledge that there may be causes of our dearest beliefs, unknown to ourselves, should set us examining those beliefs with a new and more critical curiosity; for there is not one of us that really wishes to believe nonsense. We believe it because some particular credulity in our minds makes it appear to be sense; and credulity is always particular, not general; it is a tendency to believe, not any nonsense, but some favorite kind of nonsense. For it has always a particular cause; and, when once that is discovered, the beliefs in which the credulity expresses itself do not need to be argued with: they have lost their prestige for us, like an often repeated tune, the melody of which has turned to stale sentimentality. Yet, even when we have discovered the cause of a credulity, we seldom connect that discovery with the resulting change of belief. The change works in the unconscious, just as a patient is cured of a phobia without seeing how he is cured.

Suppose, for instance, that you believe more ill about someone than is true. That is because you have a readiness to believe ill about him — a credulity on that point for which there is a cause, not a reason. The credulity means a resentment against him, which, like a phobia, has power over you just because you are not aware of its cause. But then, suppose you suddenly become aware, by some means,

of the cause of this resentment — as that he has wounded your vanity, or has caused you some loss of income, or that for some reason you are afraid of him. This cause you have hidden from yourself because you wished to enjoy the resentment, and could do so only by rationalizing it; that is to say by believing that the man's actions and character justified it. But, the moment you are aware of the cause, the resentment itself loses its charm for you and is reduced to its proper proportions. Though, perhaps, the man has really behaved ill to you, your pleasure will no longer be in your anger, but rather in trying to be just in spite of it. You will judge yourself for your resentment, as well as him for provoking it. Your whole state of mind toward him will have lost its prestige and you will see it as having, not a reason, but a cause which it is your business to remove.

Resentments are just like phobias in this, that they are greatest and most dangerous to right thinking and feeling when the cause of them is unknown; then the mind is poisoned by them, as the body by a festering, covered wound. So, if you find yourself thinking and feeling about someone altogether in terms of some resentment, you may be sure that it has an unknown cause. Find the cause, and you will isolate the resentment from the rest of your mind. You will see it in its danger and ugliness, and have the will to rid yourself of it. We all have within us a will to be sane, and it acts as soon as we become aware of the caused insanity of any of our beliefs, of the feelings which make us credulous; for the beliefs are but a rationalizing of the feelings.

And this is true, not only of particular errors, such as we can detect in each other when we do not share them, but also of collective beliefs held by great masses of people, such as nations, or even by whole generations of every nation. The way to destroy these also is, not to argue with them, but to discover their cause and state it clearly. Only so can their prestige be destroyed.

If, for instance, it can be shown that a theological belief has been developed and maintained by a priesthood in its own professional interests, then it will lose its prestige for the laity, and even for the priesthood. Or if it can be shown that the whole doctrine of *laissez-faire* had its cause in the desire of people with capital to get every possible advantage from their capital without doing violence to their consciences, then that doctrine also will lose its prestige, even for them. But in all such cases the cause must be discovered and stated with precision, so that it will be clear, even to unwilling minds. Then it will gradually and unconsciously work its effect upon them, and they will find themselves no longer able to believe what they have believed, for their own comfort. It is impossible for us to believe anything for our comfort, as soon as we know that that is why we have been believing it. The process of comforting belief must be unconscious. To make us conscious of it is to end it.

Behind most, if not all, of our common and persistent erroneous beliefs there is some kind of fear; they are of the nature of phobias, though the fear, being an *entirely* negative and, therefore, unpleasant feeling, disguises itself in some more positive form. And even beliefs not altogether erroneous are constantly tainted and perverted by an element of fear. For instance, the belief in God and the belief in immortality have, all through the ages, been perverted by fear; in fact our minds are infested with inherited and habitual phobias, against which, hitherto, we have had no defense, since we were not even aware of the distinction between them and rational beliefs, or that in

that distinction lay the promise of a cure. But now the promise has dawned upon us; and it remains to apply a scientific cure to all error, to discover and state its causes with precision. For, without precision of statement, there can be no conviction; but, with it, the conviction will come silently and irresistibly, since it will enlist the will to be sane, which is, in every man, on its side.

## II

Unfortunately, the fulfillment of that promise is also hindered, as I have said, by certain unconscious assumptions of the psychologists, which make the promise itself seem a threat to the freedom of the mind. A great psychologist once said to me that he wished to free psychology altogether from philosophy. I answered that I did not know whether he could do it, or was right in trying to do it, but that he would certainly be right if he tried to free psychology from unconscious metaphysical assumptions. I was thinking of certain assumptions which seem to be often made by the Freudians, and which blind them to the promise of their great discovery. For they, finding the causes of evil in the mind, and by that means often removing the evil, make no distinction, in this matter, between right and wrong processes of the mind, but assume that the right processes are caused in the same way as the wrong.

That is their theory, but not, of course, their practice. They are able to remove a phobia from the mind by discovering its cause, but they do not try to remove a true belief by discovering its cause; and, if they did, they would find it impossible, not merely because the discovery of the cause would fail to remove the belief, but also because *the cause of true beliefs, and, indeed, of all right processes in the mind, cannot be discovered.*

The Freudian might admit this in the case of true beliefs; but he will not admit it in the case of other right processes. For instance, having discovered that many mental disorders are caused by the sexual instinct working in the unconscious, he is apt to assume that all the normal processes of the mind are controlled by the sexual instinct. He will tell you that all art is a disguised expression of the sexual instinct, because many failures and perversities of art can so be explained. And there are psychologists who will tell you that all morals are a product of the gregarious instinct, because we can often detect that instinct in bad morals. The assumption in both cases is that, behind the self and more real than the self, are a number of impersonal, and indeed mechanical, forces called instincts, into which the self can be analyzed away. As another psychologist once said to me: 'Freud bombs the self into fragments and then hands the fragments back to you with a complacent smile.'

We have a right to be suspicious of all theories that are incompatible with practice; and no theory is more incompatible with the universal practice of mankind, — and indeed of the Freudians, — than this. For in practice, as I have said, they seek among these instincts only for the causes of what is wrong with the mind; and they know when they have found these causes, because, by finding them, they are able to set the mind right. This test they cannot apply, even if they would, the other way. No one has ever yet destroyed a true belief by discovering its causes; *for true beliefs have reasons, not causes.* Further, no one has yet discredited a right morality by connecting it with the gregarious instinct; nor has anyone made good art seem bad, or deterred the artist from producing it, by asserting that it is an expression of the sexual instinct. We may find in the

egotism of mankind a cause for the once universal belief that the earth was the centre of the universe; we can find no cause for the belief that the sun is the centre of our solar system, except the fact that it is true.

We may see the working of the gregarious instinct in much conventional morality; we may even suddenly become aware of that instinct in our own morality; but to see it, is to discredit the morality. We are not aware of it in the morals of Socrates or of Christ, which are to us morals and arouse our sense of moral value because they revolt against the tyranny of the gregarious instinct. They are not caused as gregarious morality is caused; at least there is no cause which we can detect in them, which, when detected, discredits them. As we accept a true belief because it is true, so we accept their morals because they are good.

Again, it is the bad or the half-insane artist who finds a vent in his art for his unsatisfied appetites; and a psychologist can explain the causes of his failure so that we are convinced by the explanation. But, if he tries to explain success in art in the same way, we are not convinced, nor is the artist. I may see unconscious, unsatisfied, sexual instinct in some religious picture that revolts me with its sensuality disguised as sentimentality; or the discovery of that instinct may put me out of conceit with a picture that I myself have liked because it made a disguised appeal to my own sexual instinct. But I cannot see sex at all in Rembrandt's Supper at Emmaus, or in Mozart's G minor Quintet; nor would it put me out of conceit with these, to be told that there was disguised sex in them. That would be merely theory to me, even if I believed it: it would have no practical effect on my feelings such as is produced by the discovery and precise statement of the causes of bad art. And the reason here, as in the other cases, is that good art has not causes, like bad art. I accept it because it is beautiful, as I accept a true belief because it is true, or good morals because they are good. Certainly, there is good art in which sex is the theme; but it is consciously chosen by the artist as his theme. It was not the sexual instinct that caused Correggio to paint his Antiope; nor is it the sexual instinct that causes us to admire it. The picture cannot be discredited by imputing a sexual cause to it; for whatever there is of sex in it is conscious, both in the artist and in the spectator, being theme and not cause.

In fact, the whole theory of the unconscious, advanced by Freud and confirmed with so many valuable practical results, implies just that difference between the right and wrong processes of the mind which the Freudians tend to deny. The sexual instinct, they say, is dangerous to us when it is disguised; and that must be true also of other instincts, such as the gregarious. And the reason is that these instincts can control the processes of the mind only when it is unaware of their control. It is then that they act as hidden causes, even of thought, mastering and perverting the three spiritual activities — the moral, the intellectual, and the æsthetic. But this tyranny can be ended, as phobias can be ended, by becoming aware of it; and the Freudian method is to make us aware of it, and so to appeal to some other power in the mind which is stung into action as soon as it sees its enemies. Yet, according to the Freudian metaphysic, there is no other power. It is the instincts that become aware of themselves, not a self that becomes aware of them; and the Freudian appears to think that, when instincts become aware of themselves, they control themselves.

This is absurd, and inconsistent with

the Freudian theory of the Censor, a mysterious power in the mind which prevents it from being aware of the working of its instincts. Clearly, instincts, by themselves, are not capable of consciousness; something else must be conscious, or unconscious, of them. You may, as some psychologists do, deny consciousness altogether; but you cannot impute it to instinct nor can you hold that it is caused by instincts working in concert or conflict with each other. Consciousness is consciousness of their concert or conflict; it is something which can control their concert or conflict; and we have never heard yet of an effect that can control its cause. The practical appeal of the Freudians is always to consciousness; they imply that it has the power to control instinct and so that it is something over and above instinct. Even while they tell us that we are all sex, they hope, by telling us that, to give us control of sex in the interests of the self; they do not mean that we should immediately proceed to act as sexual machines.

## III

There is a class of theories about the nature of mind which may be called suicidal — they are like the pig, which is said to cut its own throat by swimming; for they attack the validity of all mental processes, including those which produce them. Thus, if everything in the mind is caused by instinct; if all morals come of the gregarious instinct and all art of the sexual; if our value for what we call righteousness and beauty is really only these two instincts giving themselves fine names to satisfy some further and self-deceiving instinct, the nature and purpose of which no one can explain, then intellectual processes also are subject to the same explanation, and that which we call our value for truth is but an instinct giving itself a fine name. Truth is a figment of the self-deceiving instinct, like righteousness and beauty; and there is no more validity in the intellectual process than in the moral or æsthetic. But, if that is so, then, since it is the intellectual process which produces the theory, the theory itself is discredited with all that it discredits. A Freudian could not continue to be a theorist at all if he held that conviction of truth is caused, as he holds moral conviction to be, by some instinct which transforms itself in consciousness into that conviction. He must reserve the intellectual activity from his destructive analysis, or the analysis also is destroyed by itself.

In practice, of course, he does reserve it, does hold that there is such a thing as truth to be discovered by the human mind, since he tries to discover it. While he may contend that all morals are to be explained in terms of the gregarious instinct, or all art in terms of the sexual, he does not explain his own theories in terms of any instinct. They are to him the truth; and truth means to all of us a belief that is in accordance with the facts and has no unconscious cause. Indeed, the moment we become aware of an unconscious cause for any belief of our own or of others, it is discredited for us, just as morals are discredited when we see them to be a product of the gregarious instinct.

As I began by saying — the way to destroy a belief is to discover its cause. But if the integrity of the intellectual activity must be maintained, why not the integrity of the moral and æsthetic activities? If there is such a thing as truth, which can be directly perceived by the mind, why are not righteousness and beauty also to be directly perceived? Why not attempt, with regard to these also, a reconciliation between theory and practice? Such a reconciliation is now most urgently needed;

for we are all troubled, consciously or unconsciously, by a misgiving that our judgments of value lack the validity of our judgments of fact; that they are the effects of mechanical causes; and that, if we could understand how they were caused, they would lose their peculiar validity for us, and we should lose the convictions that give life all its meaning. So long as we have this misgiving, the passion for truth seems the enemy of the passion for righteousness and beauty; and if that is so, then are we of all creatures the most miserable.

But there is, I believe, the promise of a reconciliation in that very discovery, which to the Freudians seems to establish the automatic nature of mind; for what it does establish is the fact that all three spiritual activities of the mind are alike subject to disorders mechanically caused; in fact, that evil is so caused in all its forms. It does not establish the fact that good is so caused; indeed, instead of reducing good and evil both to the same mechanical process, it points to a new distinction between them, and one that gives us a new hope of mastering evil.

The words cause and effect are dangerous to thought, because we think that we understand their meaning when we do not. I will not, therefore, say that evil is caused and good is not; but rather that evil, in the mind, is something of which a definite and immediate cause can be discovered, and which can often be removed by the discovery of that cause; whereas good is something of which no definite or immediate cause can be discovered. This difference is hard to understand, and the difficulty has expressed itself in the dilemma of free will and predestination. Men have always seen, more or less dimly, the causes of the wrong processes of the mind, and so have inclined, when they thought of these, to determinism; but they have also failed to see any causes of the right processes of the mind; and, when they have thought of these, have inclined to a belief in the freedom of the will. In fact, the mind *is* like a machine when it acts wrongly, but not when it acts rightly.

But in the past there have been very strong practical causes for the assumption that the mind is in all things like a machine; since, proceeding on that assumption, men have found a cure or a palliative for many of the evils to which the mind is subject. So long as all kinds of wrong conduct, or even wrong belief, were held to be the expression of an evil will subject to no causes outside itself, there was no way of dealing with them except by punishment, which was usually itself a mechanical reaction and blind in its effects. But, as soon as wrong conduct and wrong belief were seen to have causes that can be discovered, their causes were sought, and sometimes found, with the best results. The new psychology is based on the assumption, constantly confirmed by experience, that there are causes for all error and evil in the mind; and its great discovery is that the mind, when aware of these causes, will, with the whole of itself, resist and often overcome them.

But that is no reason why it should slip into the further assumption that what is good in the mind is caused in the same way as what is evil; or should, in older terms, utterly deny the freedom of the will. Rather, we should look to the new psychology to illustrate both freedom and the lack of it; for, hard as it is to understand, or even to state the fact, both freedom and the lack of it seem to exist. It is only in theory that we ever think of discovering the causes of good. The practice of mankind is to take good for granted, as something that of its nature needs no explanation. But the same practice

seeks an explanation of evil; for evil is that which ought not to be, that which instantly arouses in us the desire to remove it. There is, in fact, a problem of evil but, in the nature of things, no problem of good. The word provoked by evil is, why? but that word is never provoked by good. Good is identical with the self unified in a right relation, or answer, to external circumstances. But evil seems to be the self losing its unity, its identity, under a tyranny of external circumstances which turns it into a machine. Always when we are aware of evil in ourselves or in others, we are aware of the mechanical or automatic; the pain of evil consists in this, that it makes the self seem to itself a machine out of order. But it never seems to itself a machine in order, when it acts rightly. The sense of the mechanical, the caused, in the human mind is itself a sense of evil; and to import it also into good is to deny the difference between them.

According to the Freudians themselves, consciousness is good and unconsciousness evil, which means that automatism in the mind is evil, and something else — which we may call, vaguely enough, life or freedom — is good. But when we say that consciousness is good and unconsciousness evil, we need to know more precisely what we mean by those words. There is a sense in which the unconscious is not evil at all, but a necessary part of every mind; though in this sense also the word is still vaguely used. But when the Freudian speaks of the unconscious as the enemy, he means the unconscious as a deceiver; means certain instincts disguising themselves in the conscious, so that it takes them for something other than they are. In that case, of course, consciousness is imperfect. If it were perfect, it would see through the disguise; and the effort of the psychoanalyst is to make it more perfect, so that it can see through the disguise. Evil of all kinds — error, fear, hatred, all that makes for madness — thrives like a bacillus in the darkness of the mind; when the light of consciousness is turned upon it, it ceases to thrive.

## IV

Here, it might seem, we are back at the old barren and unconvincing simplification of evil into ignorance, and good into knowledge. But the discovery of the new psychology is of value, both practically and theoretically, because it avoids that simplification while doing justice to knowledge. The word conscious is misleading, because it seems to mean a purely intellectual process; but, in fact, when a man becomes aware of the cause of error, or of any other evil in his mind, the process by which he overcomes that evil is more than intellectual. The awareness of evil, in proportion to its completeness and precision, causes the whole mind to mobilize against the evil, to unify itself against that danger which threatens its unity.

Where the unity of the mind is impaired by any evil within it, whether sin or error, it is filled with a sense of impotence, and of automatism; it begins at once to believe about itself that which will become true if the evil persists and increases. And the more completely it is unconscious of the evil and of its cause, the more automatic and impotent it seems to itself. But consciousness of the evil and of its cause at once gives the mind confidence in its own unity and power; there is some joy even in the agonies of repentance, because repentance means an access, however imperfect, of consciousness, and so of the sense of power. And what is repentance or conviction of sin but the beginning, at least, of that consciousness which, according to the new

psychology, is the healer of the mind? Men do get strength from confession because it forces them to state their sin in plain terms; it is the beginning of the process which the psychoanalyst tries to complete. And when Plato said that the lie of the soul was the worst of all lies, he meant the lie with which the unconscious deceives the conscious, the lie which makes men behave automatically while they think they are behaving like rational creatures.

Perhaps the greatest and most dangerous of all human errors is the belief that we are, always and in all respects, alive; that we have been born alive and must remain so until we die. For, in fact, the living part of us, both physical and mental, is always liable to be overcome by a mechanical process, like those processes to which inorganic matter is subject. Just as our minds still have in them a brutishness inherited from the past, so our very life seems to inherit habits from the inorganic matter out of which it has arisen; and because of this inheritance, it is always, more or less, imperfectly life.

The body, for instance, is subject to strange automatisms of disease, in which a purposeless growth destroys its life; and madness is an automatism of the mind, in which instincts behave as if they really were forces, and the unconscious masters the conscious.

This invasion and conquest of life by not-life is what we mean by evil, whether it takes the form of disease, of error, of sin, or of æsthetic perversity. In fact, the difference between evil and good is not less, but far greater than we ever dreamed it was; for it is the difference, in a living creature, between life and not-life. And our profound hatred and fear of evil, so far from being a matter of consciousness only, is life's hatred and fear of a threatening and invasive not-life. We feel that hatred and fear with the whole living part of ourselves; but the more evil masters us, the more are that hatred and fear weakened with the life which is being overcome by not-life. Hence the close connection between error and sin and æsthetic perversity; they are all symptoms of not-life, of automatism mastering life. It is because we suppose that we are always and in all respects alive, that we have failed to see the identity between life and good, and between evil and not-life. We cannot think of life as identical with good so long as we believe that we are always fully alive; for we know that we are not always completely good. And while we know that good is a matter of quality, we suppose life to be a matter of quantity, to be merely something that is or is not.

But, in fact, the very essence of life is its effort to be more intensely life; and the struggle for life is not merely a struggle of life to maintain itself against external dangers: it is also, and still more, an internal struggle. Life is always fighting for its life against a tendency within itself to behave as if it were not-life; and it is this struggle, carried on in purely physical terms in the lower forms of life, that becomes, in the higher, moral, intellectual, æsthetic, without ceasing to be still a struggle of life against not-life.

That which we call the spirit of man, that which distinguishes him from the beasts, is a higher quality, a greater intensity, of life; but this greater intensity never escapes from the struggle with automatisms. The musician composing a melody must resist them; only, the more completely he is an artist, the more fully is he aware of their danger. And that is true also of the saint, and the philosopher. Bad art, bad thinking, wrong conduct, all these are relapses into automatism. In the midst of life we are in death more profoundly than we ever have supposed.

The Manichæans, when they said

that matter was evil, had a glimmering of the truth, for they saw that evil was not something inherent in spirit of life. But they were wrong in making the final distinction between matter and spirit. The final distinction is between life and not-life. In fact, the issue between good and evil, so far from being confused by the discoveries of the new psychology, is made sharper and more momentous than it ever was before. All forms of evil are allied, as being automatisms; and all forms of good, as being manifestations and efforts of life. Psychology itself, when it is real psychology, is not merely a curiosity which may discover ugly truths about the mind, and which may, therefore, be the enemy of our moral and æsthetic values. It is also part of the effort of life to be more intensely life, to extend that consciousness which is more alive than unconsciousness.

So long as we think of the struggle for life as being purely instinctive or automatic, there will seem to us to be a conflict, which never can be reconciled, between that struggle and the higher activities of man; but this sense of a conflict that cannot be reconciled is only a modern form of Manichæism. As soon as the struggle for life becomes to us a struggle against automatism, a struggle for quality rather than quantity of life, we escape from the Manichæan sense of an irreconcilable conflict. The instinct of self-preservation, when it acts against the higher activities of the spirit, becomes for us, not the struggle for life, but a mere automatism, which life itself must resist. And so it is with all the other instincts: they are not evil, as the Manichæans held, nor are they irresistible forces behind the consciousness which, to flatter itself, it calls by pretty names. But they are liable to become automatic, when the consciousness fails to control them; and it can control them only by being aware of them. So the awareness at which the psychoanalyst aims is part of the effort of life to preserve itself from automatism, to make the whole mind alive and so good.

Some may fear that this identification of good with life, and of evil with not-life, will destroy for us the reality of the distinction between good and evil. Any theory which does that is malign, and sure, sooner or later, to be condemned by the judgment of mankind. For, in fact, no distinction is so real to us as that between good and evil; and, if we lost it, we should lose all sense of our own identity. Yes, but our sense of our own identity, so bound up with our sense of the difference between good and evil, *is* our sense of life. For life does not mean in fact, as it often means in talk, some vague common stock, which we all share. It means the individual self, and it exists only in individual selves. Life, in fact, *is* differentiation; the greater the intensity of life, the more differentiation there is; and that is true also of all kinds of good. There is a common stock of bad poetry, but the good poem says one thing as only it can be said. Our sense of its goodness is a sense of differentiation from all other poems; and, when we have said that it is good, we are apt to add also that it is alive.

Automatism to us, in poetry and all art, means commonplace, deadness, badness. And so it is with conduct. We are aware of a sameness in all kinds of wickedness. Milton's Satan is not evil as it is, but evil glorified by the expression of a great poet. In evil, as we really meet it, there is something dull and generic, rather than specific and brilliant; it is mechanical, automatic action, without regard to the particular facts. A man subject to lust or rage or egotism becomes a machine, and behaves like all other men subject to the same passions. We see in him the pas-

sions, not himself; and what horrifies us in wickedness, besides its effects, is this dying of life out of the human being, this horrible marionettism pretending to be life. Whenever we hate a man, he has ceased to be himself to us, and become generic, typical of some automatism, while we ourselves, in that hatred, are also invaded by automatism. And it is the same with thought: error has always something generic in it, while truth is specific; for error is automatism pretending to be thought and repeating itself in formulæ; while truth is that particular truth and no other.

Until we identify life with good, life is not completely life to us; nor is good completely good. The identification throws light on both of them, like the identification of God with love. So long as we think of life as not being necessarily and altogether good, we suppose that those automatisms which attack it belong to it; and so long as we think of good as something different from life, we are not altogether in love with it, but suppose that it may be dull and monotonous. So there are people who imagine that saints are unpleasant, or that classical music has no melody, or that all truths are unwelcome. To them good is something not quite alive; and they may even be drawn to evil because they suppose it to be more alive than good. So their sense of the difference between good and evil is actually weakened by their failure to identify good with life and evil with not-life.

And, finally, there is this failure in the perversities of the new psychology. If the Freudian saw that good was life and evil not-life, he would see that the analysis which he can apply to evil in the mind cannot also be applied to good. For that analysis is itself part of the effort which life makes to rid itself of not-life. Good, that is life, the unified self, cannot analyze itself; it can only analyze the automatisms which threaten its unity. When it tries to analyze itself also into automatisms, it is becoming automatic; and nothing could be more automatic than some of the assumptions of the Freudians. So long as they deal with evil, they are men of science, and there is the life of thought in them; but, as soon as they try to subject the whole content of the mind to their analysis, the life dies out of their thinking, and they repeat formulæ, unconfirmed by experience. At one moment Freud is a man of genius, is himself, and no one else, in an eager, living pursuit of truth; at the next, he is mastered by an unconscious assumption and becomes a Freudian.

The practical task of psychology is always, in a sense, negative; it is to remove from the mind obstacles to its own vital process. In that it is like all medicine, the task of which is, not to make health, but to remove obstacles to it. Just as medicine can discover the causes of disease, but not the causes of health, of wrong relations between the body and its environment, but not of right, so psychology can analyze, and remove by its analysis, all that makes for automatism in the mind, but not the life of the mind. And that is the practice of the Freudian, whatever his theory may be. He puts his faith in the life of the mind, when he has exposed its automatisms by analysis; and it is the underlying principle of all psychoanalysis that the final appeal must be to the life of the mind by making it aware of its automatisms. That life, that unity, that consciousness, or conscience, is there, to be strengthened by external help, but not to be explained by the same process that explains and destroys the unconscious automatism, evil. For, even if it could be so explained, there would finally be nothing for the psychoanalyst to appeal to, no difference between good and evil, between life and not-life.

# THE ANGLO-SAXON AND THE CATHOLIC CHURCH

BY HILAIRE BELLOC

## I

'Patriotism is the religion of the English' — that epigram, applied to any English problem, gives you the core of its truth.

Applied singly to any individual matter, — especially the matter which I deal with here (the position of the Catholic Church in modern England), — it is necessarily and grossly insufficient. But as a character explaining what foreigners find it difficult to understand, and as a statement supplying the main directive of all English affairs, the formula stands: 'Patriotism is the religion of the English.'

In the matter of the Catholic Church, therefore, we must, first of all, consider the relation between that international organism and the national emotion, at once profound and vivid, which especially distinguishes the English people among their compeers throughout Europe. The principal issue in the whole affair is the issue between an intense national feeling and something not specifically national; something which of its nature must act independent of nationality.

But anyone who would state the problem fully must add two other factors.

Before I mention these, I should enter a *caveat*. I am about to state two things which are not only true, but importantly true, and yet which appear paradoxical; two truths which might, taken superficially, appear contradictory.

(1) The first is this: England alone of the ancient provinces of European civilization, alone of the regions in which civilization took root at the very origin of our Christian culture — England alone, in all the fully-matured tradition of the Roman Empire, broke with the unity of Christendom four hundred years ago.

The other defalcations from unity would not have affected the history of the world — the revolt of the German provinces in the north, and of Scandinavia, would have withered away in time; everywhere else throughout the Occident, the revolt against unity was mastered; especially in France, where it threatened to overwhelm society. By the seventeenth century the bulk of all that counted in the tradition of our civilization of the West, all that we inherit from the traditional culture of Rome (whereby we live) had settled back onto its natural basis and seemed again secure. But *Britain* had definitely taken a divergent course.

After 1605 (I take that for the pivotal date) England had become, on the whole, Protestant; yet, while Protestant, it retained some essence of the old Catholic culture. You may see that in two forms, first in the literature, which is essentially Catholic down to the first quarter of the seventeenth century; next, and much more powerfully, in the position of the gentry. The gentry took advantage of the great religious quarrel to seize economic power, and ultimately

to destroy the Crown; they turned England into an aristocratic state, which would not tolerate monarchy or the popular idea in any form; but never did the English gentry, as a body, — they do not to this day as a body, — forget the original Catholic culture from which they sprang.

One might summarize this first truth by saying that England alone of the Protestant regions of Europe retained throughout her national organism, and particularly in its most conscious part, the gentry, strong memories of her traditional culture, of the spirit which had made her: that is, of the Catholic Church.

I do not mean that England retained such memories through her retention of external moulds, such as a formal episcopacy, a liturgy largely translated from the old liturgy, and so forth — for these are but the dead husks. I mean that everywhere throughout the English nation there lingered, like a *personal* memory, something of the Catholic past.

(2) Now the second truth, which, as I have said, may seem at first contradictory to the first, and the enunciation of which must therefore seem paradoxical, is this: of all the great modern national groups, England is that one in which the Catholic Church is most thoroughly ignored; England is that one of the modern nations in which there is the deepest ignorance of the Catholic Church in its practice, daily habit, and immediate, obvious, effect upon character and life. The English are that one modern white people in which the average man could tell you least as to what the Catholic Church is; England is that one western European country in which Catholic culture, and Catholic tradition in the world as a whole, are most completely unknown.

In Holland, more than one third — but not one half — of the people are of Catholic culture. In Ireland, the Catholic culture, though producing a violent reaction against itself, is of the very blood of the people, and is everywhere thoroughly understood — even taken for granted. In the artificial Reich which Prussia imposed over the greater part of the Germans, the Catholic Church formed a very large minority — comparable to the Catholic minority in Holland. In the German-speaking world as a whole, the Catholic culture represents exactly one half of the people. The great restored nation of Poland — which ignorance has not yet learned to treat seriously, but to which so much of the immediate future in Europe belongs — is intensely and vividly Catholic. In Hungary, the Catholic has killed the Bolshevist movement. The new Yugoslavia is half Catholic.

Wherever you go throughout European civilization, the nature, the action, the character, of the Catholic Church is a familiar thing. In England it is oddly unknown. Men know that the Catholic Church is there, as I know that Chinese literature exists; they have no conception of what it is.

I say that between the first and the second of these propositions there is an apparent contradiction; but the contradiction is apparent only, nor is there any paradox.

The apparent contradiction lies in the apparent similarity between knowledge and instinctive memory; in reality, these two are very different things.

To *know* a particular emotion, or a particular culture, is one thing; to have an instinct of it remaining in one's blood is quite another. It remains true at one and the same time that England, being, alone of all non-Catholic regions, a region of ancient pristine civilization, has in a myriad ways — but especially through its most articulate part, the gentry, till quite recently the governing class — an instinctive attachment to

the culture by which England was brought into being; yet is also now entirely alien to that culture, so far as direct knowledge is concerned.

Not only is the Catholic Church unknown in England, and that in a degree really astonishing to anyone of general European acquaintance; but Catholics within England take the position for granted. The Catholics of this island, Great Britain, are more than one twentieth, but less than one sixteenth, of the total population; even of this tiny fraction much more than half are Irish; and of the remainder a good half again are influenced by the Irish connection: they are either sons of an Irish parent, or married into a family of Irish descent.

In other words, of purely English Catholicism in this island, wholly English in tradition, you have, perhaps, more than one per cent of the people, but certainly not two per cent.

The contrast between this little body and the Anti-Catholic England around it is due, in some degree, to the memory of what was for generations a fierce persecution. After this came the dread of appearing non-national, let alone anti-national. These two things combined still prevent the English Catholic from playing the political part which the Dutch, the German, the Swiss Catholic plays. The world around the English Catholic treats his religion as a sect among other sects, and he too often comes perilously near to accepting this absurd and humiliating error.

Not that he ever falls into the puerility of confounding faith with opinion, or of mixing up reality with the phantasms of the mind; no Catholic ever descends to that, or can in the nature of his creed ever descend to that. But there presses round him a packed society in which faith (as distinguished from opinion) is unknown, and in which the idea of a reality outside of man's judgment, and of authority as a function of reality, are equally unknown. The English Catholic tends to talk in terms of the society around him; he is driven to do so by the nature of his exile.

Thus it is that, in all the great political quarrels of our time that have arisen between the Catholic Church and the reaction against it, the English Catholic has — alone out of Europe — remained silent, or, at any rate, has not taken part in the universal European movement. Thus it is that he has not shown any active sympathy with the great Catholic nations struggling against Protestant domination, and particularly with the Poles in their heroic and now successful duel with the Prussians. Thus it is that he has, if anything, exaggerated his antagonism to the claims of the Irish.

## II

Now put all these things together, and I think you will see what the position of the Catholic Church in England is, *and what in particular are the attraction, the difficulties, the heroism, the failures, and the success of the English convert:* that is, of the Englishman who, in the midst of such forces, openly accepts the Authority of the Faith.

The tripartite complex of forces which I have described — national feeling, a Catholic tradition, a total ignorance of the Church — comes into play against every man of the more educated kind who, in the society of England, approaches or considers the Catholic Church. The instructed, the traveled, the traditional Englishman has it in his blood to be concerned with that from which all his cultivation, all his art and rhythm, all the things around him which he loves, down to the very details of the landscape, proceeded. The clothes, or forms of Catholi-

cism are still about him; and, apart from that, he has inevitably an hereditary longing which hardly allows him to leave the old religion alone. It is astonishing how very large a proportion of the men who have passed through the universities and through the learned professions, have, at one time or another, come — I do not say to approaching the Catholic Church, still less to attempting a habitation of it, but at least within sight of its coasts. It is astonishing to discover in how many has been roused something more than curiosity; something like the spirit of exploration and adventure, by that land-fall.

These things cannot be put numerically; there is no census. You are dealing, not only with indefinite gradations of feeling, but with very numerous categories of emotion. But I think one might say, roughly, that for one man who is known to have approached the Catholic Church and to have considered reconciliation with it, in this country, there are certainly ten who, in their heart of hearts, have considered the matter; and for one man who actually accepts Catholicism and is baptized, there are more than twenty who have at some moment or other in their lives considered the matter.

Yet (and here again the apparent paradox appears) in no country of the civilized West is there such a gulf to be crossed.

I have myself personally known perhaps fifty men who had very seriously considered the claims of the Roman Communion, and who at some moment in their lives had admitted those claims, who had felt with regard to the Catholic Church that it was a sort of home which they were asked to enter, and the entry to which they could with difficulty refuse; and yet who remained (up to within the very moment of their entry — such as entered) ignorant of quite elementary details in Catholic life. It was like watching the poor marveling, in winter nights, at the houses of the rich, all lighted and warm, yet knowing nothing of the real life within.

I recollect one case (which, as these words can now no longer come beneath the eye of the man concerned, I have the right to quote) where a perpetual attraction toward the faith did not exclude the ignorance of so elementary a detail as that Mass is not to be heard in the afternoon. I only give this as a tiny, vivid concrete example. I think it will serve.

The man approaching the Catholic Church in England or even examining it, has, I say, to face the combination of these three forces: a profound ignorance (as, for instance, an ignorance of what intellectual freedom the Catholic especially enjoys); an hereditary attraction, a very strong *national* repulsion. This last — nationalism — is by far the most practical, obvious, immediate factor in the whole affair.

To repeat the formula with which I opened this paper, 'Patriotism is the religion of the English.' The whole of English history has been marked, for now nearly ten generations, with the profound stamp of a national isolation from Christendom. What really happened in the generation between those who could just remember the Mass and those who were brought up Puritan in the seventeenth century — what really happened to the generation born between 1580 and 1600 — was the acceptance of a national Church. Not of national doctrine, not of a specific national heresy — or national truth, whichever you choose to call it — but of a civil system wherein an Englishman should be English throughout and owe allegiance to nothing whatsoever but England — not even to a general and, therefore, a cosmopolitan creed.

The man, his descendant, who is

to-day most attracted to the restoration of unity in Christendom, the Englishman who is most profoundly affected by the call of the Catholic Church, remains to the end, until the last step is taken hesitatingly or heroically, an Englishman, who only hesitates, or needs heroism, because England is not of the Faith. He nobly feels — to put it rather violently — the dread of treason: that is the long and short of it.

Conversely, the Catholics whom such a man has known have always been presented to him — not wholly unjustly — as having in them something alien. Either they are Irish, or they are (as I am myself), a man with a foreign name. Or, if their name is English, there will always be, somewhere — as is inevitable with the Catholics — some international connection.

The most intensely national of all Englishmen are, perhaps, the 'old' Catholic families, as they are called. Most of them are not old families at all. Those of them who are old families have mostly been singularly uncertain in their Catholicism under persecution. Yet even among these, the moment a man is a professing Catholic, you have inevitably a devotion to certain shrines that are not English, — Lourdes, for instance, — a sympathy with certain movements outside the nation, a communion with the idea and the time of a united Christendom.

In this connection I must conclude with a very important side issue. It is often asked whether that most profound of European changes, the change of an Englishman from his normal attitude to an acceptation of the Catholic Church, would not be made easier if the position of the Catholic Church itself were to change. It is often asked whether something which to-day seems quite impossible, but of which many great minds have dreamed, — the general conversion of England, — might be effected if the Catholic Church were to accept, in some degree, what is called in the mouths of many, 'modern thought'; in the mouths of others, 'progress'; in the mouths of others, again, 'science' — and so on. It is suggested that there lies hindering the acceptation of the faith by individual Englishmen (and still more hindering an acceptation of the faith in the Mass) some attitude in the Catholic Church which the reason of modern man cannot accept. The thing thus stated connotes a difficulty in reconciliation between two things which are antagonistic only through the folly of one; much as reason is antagonistic to mere habit, or as acquired knowledge is antagonistic to a routine of ignorance.

To all such suggestions, but particularly to those suggestions when they are made in connection with the conversion of Englishmen, I should reply that the very proposal of such things, the very suggestion of compromise between the Faith and what-not, shows complete ignorance of what the Catholic Church is.

The conflict is not between tradition and reason, or between routine and acquired knowledge; or even between the modern *ethos* and an antiquated *ethos*. The conflict is between two philosophies. In the one — that of the Catholic — the position of the opponent is fully understood; in the other — that of a non-Catholic — the position of the opponent is misunderstood.

It is necessary, therefore, for every Catholic in his apologetics, and even in so general an article as this, written by a Catholic, to reiterate what ought to be common knowledge, not only among educated men, but throughout the world in which the Catholic Church exists as an active force.

The doctrine, the practice, and the morals of the Catholic Church proceed

from a certain conviction which is not antagonistic to, but indifferent to, mood or opinion. They proceed from a conviction that there exists upon this earth a certain living Organism possessed of a Personality, expressed by a Voice; that this Organism is of Divine Institution; its personality that of the Creator Himself, as impressed upon a corporation necessarily human in its functions; its Voice, the recognizable voice of That which made, upholds, continues, and beatifies the universal scheme.

Believing this, it must be a matter of profound indifference to every Catholic what the transient mood of 1622, or 1722, or 1822, or 1922, may be. That is obvious. If the mood is for the moment pantheistic, or, earlier, deistic, or, earlier again, atheistic, or, earlier still, Puritan, and so forth, no Catholic can concern himself with that.

What is much more important (for it is a real issue), no Catholic can hesitate between the Voice whose Divine Authority he recognizes, and even an apparently complete conclusion due to experiment.

When men say there is no conflict between Faith and Science, they are right in practice, for no established conclusion of experiment has ever in practice been challenged by the Faith; but in theory they are wrong; for, should any result, apparently arrived at conclusively by the use of experiment and of reason working upon sensual experience, clash with an authoritative definition of the Church, the *former* would be denied by every Catholic and the *latter* accepted.

An example from mundane things may make this clear. I trust my senses more than I do a map; the English six-inch Ordnance Map, drawn up by the authorities at Southampton, is the most perfect and accurate document I know; it is far the best piece of cartography in existence. I am certainly bewildered and puzzled if I find on the six-inch Ordnance Map a road where, before my very eyes, there is no road. I certainly, at first, think it is I who have made a mistake, and not the map. But if, after checking the matter fully, I find that, without a doubt, the ploughed field at which I am looking is that very area on the six-inch Ordnance where a road is marked, then I say that the Ordnance Map, to my great astonishment, is wrong; my senses are the better evidence.

That is exactly the attitude of the Catholic toward Science in the true meaning of that abused word. St. Thomas, by far the clearest of all expositors, and the greatest thinker of our race, gives the famous definition: 'Science is that of which we deny the possibility of the opposite because we have been convinced by proof; Opinion is that of which we admit the possibility of the opposite; Faith is that of which we deny the possibility of the opposite, although we are not convinced by proof.'

Standing faced by these three forms of acceptation, the Catholic puts Faith first, Science next, and Opinion nowhere. His antagonist confuses Opinion with Science, and leaves out the conception of Faith altogether. To say, 'I believe — that is, I have no conclusive proof,' is (outside the Catholic Church) nonsense; within the Catholic Church, it is the very core of knowledge.

I have admitted this digression in order to explain that, in the particular case of English Catholics, and of Catholic conversions of Englishmen, all discussion as to whether the Faith will do this or that with defined truths is beside the mark. There is no question, and can be no question, of the Catholic Church modifying a defined truth to meet some ephemeral social mood. For instance, the law upon the

institution of marriage having been laid down, it will never be changed, so far as the Catholic Church is concerned, by any passing wave in favor of either greater or less stringency. The same is true with regard to the rights of property. The same is true with regard to the fundamental difference between man and the brute creation. The same is true with regard to the doctrine of eternal punishment, and, on the other side, as against the waves of diabolism, or despair of eternal beatitude. The same is true of the Incarnation. The same is true of specific personal immortality; — and so on, throughout the whole system.

Further, the man who approaches the Catholic Church, whether in England or elsewhere, coming to it from outside, does not long concern himself with any such ideas of modification this way or that. He has seen the Personality; he has recognized the Voice.

Two matters alone concern him after that experience: —

*First*, is the Voice authoritative, with a Divine authority; is the Personality representative of that which made him, and of that which he is?

*Secondly*, if these things be so, has he, or has he not, a courage to accept the consequence?

(*The same subject will be discussed by Dean Inge in the April* Atlantic.)

# A WOMAN'S LAUGH AND A SINGED CAT

## CHAPTERS IN THE BIOGRAPHY OF AN AMERICAN PUBLISHER. II

BY EDWARD W. BOK

### I

'Who gets up this column, "Woman and Home"?' asked Mrs. Cyrus H. K. Curtis of her husband, one evening. He had brought home to his wife the last number of a weekly, *The Tribune and Farmer*, which he was publishing in Philadelphia.

'I do,' answered the husband, as he looked up from his newspaper. His wife was smiling. 'You seem to think it funny,' he added.

'Not only funny, but absurd,' was the answer. And then she broke into a hearty laugh.

Now no man exactly enjoys having his effort laughed at, particularly by his wife. Little did Mr. Curtis realize at that moment, however, the hidden potentialities which lay in his wife's laugh. The turning-points in our lives are sometimes very curiously brought about!

'Excuse me, dear,' said the wife quickly; 'but really you do not know, as a man, how ridiculous this is.'

Mr. Curtis's eyes now twinkled with amusement, as he remarked: 'Well, if you think my effort is so ridiculous, why don't you try it, and do better?'

'I will,' cheerfully answered the wife.

But little did she herself dream of what her laugh was to bring about in the life of her husband and family.

The next evening, Mr. Curtis brought home to his wife a bundle of domestic periodicals from which, he explained, he had 'clipped' the offending column, and now they were for her to use.

'Oh, no,' replied the wife, 'that is not the way to do it. By that method you will never have material of your own. You must have original matter; you must present ideas which others do not present.'

'All very well,' was the husband's answer; 'but I can't afford it.'

'Oh, yes, you can,' persisted the wife. 'You can always better afford to be yourself than to be someone else.'

With this sage remark, Mrs. Curtis wrote the column herself that week. For the following week she enlisted the help of others; and it was not long before the column grew to a page. Comments about this page began now to be more frequent than about any other in the paper; correspondence began to come in; and Mr. Curtis began to regard his wife's page with increasing interest.

'Why not give me more space?' she asked one evening. 'Make the department into a supplement.'

Mr. Curtis concluded to follow where his wife led, and a supplement was decided upon, which, while it would be supplemental to the paper, would also have an identity of its own. It was to be free to the subscribers of the *Tribune and Farmer*, but Mr. Curtis decided to offer it also as a separate publication, at fifty cents a year.

When Mrs. Curtis had prepared the material for the first number of the supplement, and her husband had taken it to the office to be put into type, the head of the composing room asked him what he wanted to call the supplement. If it was to be a separate unit, he argued, it should have a means of identification.

Mr. Curtis was busy, and could not let his mind rest on this detail. So he answered: 'Call it anything you like. I don't care. It's a sort of ladies' journal.'

The composition head carried this thought to an engraver, whom he asked to draw a heading for the supplement. He did so, engraving the words, *The Ladies' Journal*, as a title; and then, to indicate the character of the contents of the supplement, added between the second and third words of the title a picture of a home, and engraved the word 'Home' under it. The first subscription which came in for the supplement asked for *The Ladies' Home Journal*, and all subscriptions named the periodical in like form.

The success of the 'supplement' was instantaneous. While in five years the *Tribune and Farmer* had accumulated forty-eight thousand subscriptions, the newcomer received twenty-five thousand separate subscriptions of its own in its first year.

Mr. Curtis had a partner in his *Tribune and Farmer* enterprise who was not favorably disposed toward the supplement; and it was proposed that this partner should take the weekly paper as his own, and Mr. Curtis should assume the woman's supplement as his property. This was agreed to, the partnership was dissolved, Mr. Curtis was left with the *Ladies' Home Journal* as his sole property, and he decided to translate his faith in the new supplement into action. He felt instinctively that he had a periodical with a fundamental principle, which, with exploitation, would enter the domestic publication field, which was not overcrowded and could be occupied by the right sort of a magazine. He had, in his wife, a naturally sympathetic editor, who stood ready to do all that she could

to make the sort of magazine that was wanted by the average woman, with her household problems. Everything seemed propitious for a systematic try-out of the proposition.

He figured out that, while he was making the effort and spending the money to secure single subscriptions, he could just as well get them coming in groups. So he announced that, while the nominal subscription price of the magazine was fifty cents a year, where a group of four women would band together and send in their subscription in clubs of four he would accept all four for one dollar for twelve numbers. His discernment proved to be sound, for ninety per cent of his subscriptions came in clubs of four; and after six months of effort he found his circulation of twenty-five thousand doubled to fifty thousand copies.

He wanted now to start a moderate advertising campaign. He consulted the advertising agency of N. W. Ayer and Son, and was met with the suggestion that the firm would like to experiment with an advertisement to be placed by it in three periodicals, the total cost to be four hundred dollars. Mr. Curtis assented to the idea, the advertisement was placed, and the result was good. The appropriation was now conservatively enlarged, and again the results justified the investment. For, according to Mr. Curtis's view, then as now, an advertising appropriation is not an expense, but an investment: it creates an asset in the business in name and good-will, and, as such, cannot be charged as expense.

In another six months, the circulation again doubled to one hundred thousand copies.

More advertising now followed, and once more, within another six months, the circulation of the new paper had doubled to two hundred thousand copies.

## II

True to his method of giving the public the best he could secure, Mr. Curtis determined to solidify his proposition by obtaining the writings of some of the best-known authors in the domestic field of that day, and then use these names in a large way in his advertisements. Mrs. Curtis was doing all the editing at home; but with her home duties and the care of a little daughter she naturally could not travel to the homes of the authors whose interest her husband wanted to enlist. She had been securing the best material she could by correspondence, but the more famous authors would have to be seen personally and persuaded into the pages of the newcomer in the periodical field.

Mr. Curtis now set out on his quest for authors, and decided first to see Marion Harland, who was then at the zenith of her reputation as a domestic writer. She lived at Springfield, Massachusetts, where her husband had a church parish. She received Mr. Curtis pleasantly, but assured him that she was committed to other periodicals whose editors kept her busy. The new publisher finally persuaded her to let him have a story she had under her hand, and promised to pay her ninety dollars for it.

When he arrived home, elated with his success, his wife met his recital with a look of alarm.

'Ninety dollars for how many stories?' she asked.

'One,' replied her husband.

'One?' echoed the wife. 'Do you want to bankrupt the concern? You cannot afford to pay such prices.'

Mr. Curtis had to acknowledge the justice of his wife's remonstrance. He was barely able to pay his printing bills and overhead expenses and to meet the accounts for the advertising he was do-

ing. No one knew better than the wife and mother how little there remained for household expenses, and the husband realized the weight of the argument that there was no money left for 'high-priced authors,' who demanded ninety dollars for a single story!

'Well,' he decided, 'we'll have to finance it in some way.' And straightway he did. There was a manufacturer of an egg-beater who was an enthusiastic admirer of Marion Harland's writings, and was always ready to advertise in those periodicals for which she wrote. Mr. Curtis went to him, told him that he had secured the manufacturer's favorite domestic expert to write for his magazine and that he ought to advertise in that periodical. The manufacturer agreed; Mr. Curtis sold him ninety dollars' worth of advertising space — 'And so,' he explains, 'I financed my first big editorial outlay.'

Having a well-known name to advertise, Mr. Curtis advertised it; and another six months told once more the same story: the circulation again doubled from two hundred thousand to four hundred thousand copies per month.

Flushed with his success, the publisher-editor set out on another quest for authors, and this time tried to secure such popular writers of the day as Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, Rose Terry Cooke, Robert J. Burdette, Josiah Allen's Wife, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, and Louisa M. Alcott. But the road was not easy. He was courteously received by the writers, and they politely listened to him. But the fame of the *Ladies' Home Journal* had not reached these writers; all that they wrote was eagerly taken by other editors and Mr. Curtis had 'poor pickings.' He acknowledges that it was 'a hard chase.' But he went back to each writer and persevered.

He heard incidentally that Louisa M. Alcott had a charity in which she was vitally interested. So to Miss Alcott the energetic author-chaser returned with the proposition that he would pay one hundred dollars for a thousand-word column article for her charity. This proved too strong a temptation for the woman with a pet charity. She sent Mr. Curtis an article, and he sent her a check for one hundred dollars. Some time later, when he saw the article in the magazine, he discovered that it exceeded a column in length: it was almost two columns. He wrote Miss Alcott, reminding her that he had promised her one hundred dollars per column: he had just discovered the length of her article, and enclosed another check for one hundred dollars to make good his word to her.

Miss Alcott was so pleased at this that she told of her experience to other authors, who, in turn, decided that a publisher so conscientious should be encouraged. Thereafter his proposals fell on ears not quite so deaf.

All this time, Mr. Curtis had increased his advertising rates to keep pace with his rapidly growing circulation; but even with this income he realized that his growth was too fast for a proper financial balance, and he decided upon the unusual course of checking his circulation. He announced that thereafter his club-offer of four subscriptions for one dollar would be discontinued, and that the subscription price would be a straight fifty cents a year.

Concurrently with this decision, he announced the list of famous authors who had been engaged to write for the magazine, and promised the public a full fifty cents' worth during a year. The public took him at his word, and increased his circulation to seven hundred thousand copies.

Once more Mr. Curtis saw that he had to check his circulation, particularly as he had difficulty in increasing

his advertising rates fast enough to keep up with the growth.

He now decided to enlarge his magazine by doubling its size, and to raise the subscription price to one dollar per year. No one to whom he spoke of his plan approved it. The printing establishment where the paper was being printed had ordered some new machinery to keep pace with the fast-growing magazine; but when the owner heard of Mr. Curtis's determination he cancelled the order for the additional machinery.

'You have a wonderful business, growing fine,' he said to Mr. Curtis. 'Now you're going to spoil the whole thing. Your public won't follow you at the higher price.' And to a friend the printer opined: 'Curtis's success has gone to his head. Now he's going to blow his whole outfit to pieces.'

Mr. Curtis well knew that if he pursued the course he had laid out for his periodical it meant a shrinkage of income until he could convince his public that his magazine was worth the new price, or could induce a new public to come to him. He realized that it would require a large expenditure of money for advertising and overhead capital to tide him over his lean period.

He laid his plan before F. Wayland Ayer, of N. W. Ayer and Son, and sought his opinion.

'Good,' was the verdict.

Mr. Curtis was encouraged. This was the first favorable word his plan had evoked.

'But I shall have to advertise widely,' he argued, 'and I shall have to get credit for it until I can demonstrate the wisdom of my plan to the public.'

'How much credit do you think you will want?' asked Mr. Ayer.

'I hesitated to tell him,' Mr. Curtis says, in recounting the conversation now, 'but I thought I might as well give it to him straight.'

'Two hundred thousand dollars,' answered the publisher.

'That does n't scare me,' replied the advertising chief. 'But,' he added, 'if you're going to build up your business on such a scale you will need two other essentials: credit at some of the banks, and credit from your paper-makers. I think I can arrange both for you.'

An adequate line of financial credit was arranged at three depositories, and then it was arranged that Mr. Ayer and Mr. Curtis should take a trip to New England and obtain credit from Crocker, Burbank and Company, of Fitchburg, Massachusetts, who were supplying the white paper for the *Ladies' Home Journal.*

Mr. Curtis had dealt only for a brief period with this firm, and its members knew little or nothing of the man or his plans. A personal visit and favorable impression, therefore, were essential.

The paper firm had been notified of the visit and its purpose, and the visitors were met courteously; but they were firmly told at the beginning that their journey was futile, as the firm had decided that it could not possibly extend the desired credit of one hundred thousand dollars to the publisher. Mr. Ayer suggested that Mr. Curtis be allowed at least to unfold his plan, which might change their point of view. This was done. But the paper-manufacturers remained obdurate: they were very sorry; they would be glad to go on as at present on a cash basis, but they could not consider for one moment the extension of so large a credit based on any plan.

The conference took place in a Boston hotel, and Mr. Ayer suggested that Mr. Curtis retire for a few moments and leave him for a private talk with the unwilling manufacturers. Mr. Curtis went downstairs to the hotel lobby, lighted a cigar and sat there for 'what I thought was hours. Then I was asked

to come upstairs, and when I entered the room the demeanor of the men had entirely changed to a most cheerful mood, and I was greeted with: "Well, Mr. Curtis, you have a good friend here. We have decided to give you the credit of one hundred thousand dollars that you want."

'I certainly was surprised,' says Mr. Curtis. 'No one ventured to tell me the reason for the change of front, and Mr. Ayer said nothing on the way home. In fact, I never knew what happened, although I often wondered, until, only a short while ago, in talking with a member of the Ayer firm, the incident happened to come up, and I asked what had really happened while I was absent from the room.

'"Well," answered the man, "now that is so long ago, there is no reason why I should not tell you. Mr. Ayer guaranteed your notes."'

But without that knowledge, Mr. Curtis never failed in his feeling of gratitude to Mr. Ayer. Since that eventful time, Mr. Curtis has spent millions of dollars in advertising with the Ayer firm, while, incidentally, the Crocker, Burbank firm, which still furnishes the main supply of the Curtis paper, 'carries' Mr. Curtis month by month for sums that they never dreamed of, on a business amounting to millions of dollars each year.

While several banks have from time to time carried Mr. Curtis when he needed it, for years he was principally carried by the advertising and paper-making concerns, the banks figuring only in a secondary way. His experience differed in this respect from that of the business man who, being told that his end was near, asked that only bankers be asked to officiate as pall-bearers at his funeral, explaining that, as they had carried him practically all his life, he should like to have them finish the job.

Mr. Curtis had announced that the increase of the subscription price of the *Ladies' Home Journal* to one dollar per year would take effect on July first (1889). 'I fixed that date,' he explains, 'because the summer months were always meagre in income, and I figured they might just as well be a little thinner.'

And the receipts during that summer certainly were. They fully met every expectation that Mr. Curtis may have had of being 'a little thinner,' as the summer progressed. They grew so thin, in fact, that at times they became imperceptible. Mr. Curtis would journey over to Philadelphia in the evenings and on Sundays, go to the Post Office, open the mail box, and see what there was in the mail. There was not much, no more than he could conveniently count, and in a very few moments. It was evident that his expiring subscribers hesitated to pay double the former price, and he had not yet had time to reach a new clientèle. The critical days met by every enterprise were upon him.

'Many a time,' he says now, 'during that period, I would go home and walk under the trees and try to figure it out.'

'Did you ever doubt the wisdom of your course?' he was asked once.

'Oh, no, not for a moment. My wonder was whether my credit would hold out until the turn came. I knew it would come; I was sure of that; but naturally I could n't be sure when it would come. That was the problem.'

It also came about, at the same time, that the increasing care of a larger house and the attention necessary to a growing daughter, now thirteen years of age, began to weigh upon Mrs. Curtis and make her wonder whether she could continue with her editorship, especially in view of her husband's decision to double the size of the magazine. She pondered over the pros and cons of the situation. Then one day she said to her husband: 'I shall have to give up this editorial work.'

'Why?' asked the husband in undisguised surprise.

'Daughter said to me this morning, "Mother, whenever I see you, or want you, you have a pen in your hand. You are always busy writing."'

'That settles it,' was Mr. Curtis's instant reply.

Mrs. Curtis felt that her husband was now well enough on his way to do without her direct assistance, and that she would be equally valuable with her counsel, if not more so, if, in the future she were freed from the details of incessant editing which she had conducted for six years. Her daughter had corroborated her own instinct that she was the mother of an observing little girl; and she was glad to turn toward a closer relation with her child.

Then began a quest for an editor who could take charge of the enlarged magazine. This was accomplished in the following October (1889), when Mrs. Curtis handed over the editorship to Edward W. Bok, who was destined to hold the position continuously for thirty years.

With the opening autumn, Mr. Curtis started the advertising campaign for which he secured the two-hundred-thousand-dollar credit, only to exceed it and spend three hundred and ten thousand dollars before the winter was over. The banks allowed the publisher full credit; the paper-manufacturers kept their contract; but even then it was a busy time for the next year for Mr. Curtis, in meeting his different obligations and his increasing overhead. Slowly, but surely, however, he began to see his vision realized; and before long he had the satisfaction of knowing that his subscription list was on the substantial basis of a dollar per year. He discontinued his entire premium department; he refused all 'cut' rates on his magazine; and from that time he determined to stand out for the full value of the magazine, giving full value in its contents for the money. He pared down his advertising commissions, and literally put his house in order for a simplified business of value asked for value given.

Early in 1891, he decided to transfer the business to a stock company, with a capital stock of $500,000, retain a controlling interest and, with the amount received for the balance of the stock, erect his own printing plant of presses in a new building, of which the business was sorely in need. So, on June 25, 1891, the Curtis Publishing Company was organized, with Mr. Curtis as President. Shortly afterward the first presses were purchased and installed on properties leased; and the first executive Curtis building, under lease, was erected for the company in 1893.

The business now had room to grow and grow it did. The circulation of the magazine steadily increased, until it reached the figure, unheard of in those days, of one million copies per month. More properties were acquired, additional machinery was bought, and it was not long before every foot of the new publication building was occupied and additional quarters had to be found outside.

Mr. Curtis now decided that he would find a site and erect a building which would meet all his future needs; and with unerring instinct he selected the square bounded by Walnut, Sixth, Seventh, and Sansom Streets in Philadelphia. The building was to face Independence Square and flank on Washington Square — historic city squares, which would never be built up and would afford adequate light and air for a large publication business. It took a long time to acquire all the properties and erect a suitable building; but in 1911 the present impressive Curtis Building was finished and the business was transferred to it, only to find a few years later that it had once more expanded beyond the capacity of an entire city square. Enlargements and

extensions were once more in order; and these again have all been occupied, with every cubic foot of space in use.

For, as the *Ladies' Home Journal* became more widely known, its circulation began to increase beyond the million mark with greater speed than it had attained in reaching that figure.

Its subsequent growth is familiar to the public. It may seem phenomenal, until the hard and incessant work that was put into it is understood, and the increasing amounts of money, which Mr. Curtis has always been ready to invest in making the magazine better, or in keeping not only abreast of its growth with new machinery but invariably a little ahead of it, so that the public demand should always be met in full. This was not always possible, but the attempt was consistent and insistent.

It is difficult, if not impossible, to put upon paper, so that it will carry conviction to the reader, an adequate picture of the intensity of the struggle that Mr. Curtis went through in his establishment of the *Ladies' Home Journal*. He had no means: he financed solely on credit. Success, viewed in the retrospect, is dangerous in that one sees only the spectacular moments and the high spots in the battle: the daily strain is lost sight of. It is easy now to say that one month the *Ladies' Home Journal* had a four-hundred-thousand circulation, and a few months thereafter it had a circulation of one million copies. It sounds as if success had come overnight, so to speak; as if Mr. Curtis had sown in the morning and reaped in the evening. But in legitimate business success is never so achieved. Happily so, for the exhilaration is in the fight: in the feeling not so much of the length of the step as that the step is in the right direction. The hazards of business were on every side of Mr. Curtis in those days, but he never showed undue anxiety. Filled with the zest and love of the game, confident that his vision was true and the goal attainable, he fought on valiantly and straight to his mark. There were days when it required the keenest financial acumen to meet notes falling due at the bank, current bills, and a growing weekly pay-roll.

It is not so simple as some may think to impress a large public through the types and get the conviction into the public mind that it should buy something which it does not need. For one does not need a magazine: lives are lived without its influence. Food, clothes, coal, a public must have. It is not a bodily want that the publisher satisfies: it is a mental want. And before the want can be proved, the need for it must be created. Hence Mr. Curtis's path in those pioneer days was not simple. 'That made it so interesting,' he says, 'because it was n't easy.'

Thus, born of a woman's laugh, has come about the present-day *Ladies' Home Journal*, with its astounding circulation of over two million copies each month, and its peculiar position as an institution in the American family-life of to-day.

## III

During all his busy days establishing the *Ladies' Home Journal*, Mr. Curtis never lost sight of his pet idea, to create a paper for men. That idea had been firmly implanted in his mind with the reading of Richard B. Kimball's business stories in his boyhood. The chief interest in a man's life, he argued, was the fight for a livelihood; in other words, business. It naturally followed, in his mind, that men would read about what vitally interested them, provided they were given a true reflection of their problems. He read business story after business story, only to be disgusted with their inaccuracies and their false re-

flection of business methods. He found the same inaccurate representation of the business world in the plays he saw. All this the more strongly convinced him that there was a field, wide open and waiting, for the man who would put into the hands of business men business stories and business articles, which they would recognize as being written by men who knew the machinery of business affairs.

He would explain his idea to men, and, almost unanimously, they would disagree with him. 'Men don't want to read about business,' they argued. 'When their business day is over, they want to read about something else.'

'But the romance in business!' Mr. Curtis argued.

'There is none,' he would be told.

But he knew better. Had not his own life demonstrated the marvelous adventurous and romantic elements in business?

So he clung tenaciously to his idea. No argument discouraged him. 'Some day,' he thought to himself, 'I will show them the thrill and romance there is in business rightly written about.'

Patiently he bided his time.

Why, or how, he came to fix upon the *Saturday Evening Post* as the medium through which he was to realize his pet dream, he does not remember, except that, as he says, the paper had always attracted him as he met it each week in his exchanges, as a legacy left to Philadelphia by Benjamin Franklin. It was Franklin who, in 1728, founded the paper under the title of the *Pennsylvania Gazette*. He edited and published it for a number of years, and then sold it to his grandson. Meanwhile six other papers of all sorts had been born in Philadelphia, all having as part of their title the word 'Gazette.' So, in 1821, to avoid a constant confusion of names, the name was changed to the *Saturday Evening Post*. The spirit of enterprise of that day must have been put into the venture, for in 1839 it had a circulation of thirty-five thousand copies, the largest circulation of that day of all the weeklies in the United States. The most famous statesmen and writers of the time were among its contributors, and it ranked as the most important publication of the day.

The weekly passed through various ownerships in Philadelphia; then it came into the hands of a resident of Brooklyn, New York, although the place of publication remained in Philadelphia; and finally it was purchased by Albert Smyth, of Philadelphia, whose property it was when Mr. Curtis came to the Quaker City.

The paper had never missed an issue since the evacuation of Philadelphia in the War of the Revolution, and its ownership was a matter of pride with Smyth. He and Mr. Curtis would often talk about the history and tradition of the paper, and it was from these chats, Mr. Curtis believes, that his interest in the weekly began and grew. From curiosity rather than from design, Mr. Curtis had the history of the paper looked up, and it was not long before Smyth acknowledged that his friend knew more about it than he himself.

Its circulation was slowly dwindling. No one gave it any special attention. A newspaper reporter, in his odd moments, was supposed to be its editor, at a salary of ten dollars per week, and he 'scissored' its contents or purchased material published years before.

Mr. Curtis could not help feeling regret that a paper with such traditions should be allowed to run down, and he began at last to speculate on what Smyth intended doing with it, if anything; or, if he would sell it, what it was worth. It was only a shell, but there was the tradition back of it. After all, Benjamin Franklin had founded it, and that was an asset which could be built upon.

Smyth now transferred what little personal interest he had manifested in the *Saturday Evening Post* to a gas project in Chicago, and went there, leaving the paper in charge of a friend named Brady, to be looked after until he returned. He was to make 'his pile' in Chicago, and then come back to Philadelphia and revivify the weekly.

One day in 1897, Brady walked into Mr. Curtis's office, and with him was a lawyer.

'Smyth has passed away,' Brady announced. 'His only heir is a sister. She will not put up any money to get out this week's issue. You are the only man I can turn to for money.'

Then Mr. Curtis told his two visitors something they had not known. No copyright covered the name 'Saturday Evening Post.' The owners had neglected to register it. If an issue was missed, if the heir did not furnish the money to get it out, anyone could take up the name.

The lawyer confirmed this.

Mr. Curtis said that of course he would not do anything like that.

'But, you see, you really have n't anything to sell,' he remarked. 'However, I 'll give you one thousand dollars for the paper — type and all.'

After some discussion, he paid one hundred dollars down, the other nine hundred dollars to be paid when he got clear title.

One of the young men in the Curtis establishment was sent down with a wagon to the printing office, to bring up the stock of battered type; and as soon as it arrived that week's issue was thrown together and the paper put out, so as to save the right to the title by continuous publication.

The imprint of the Curtis Publishing Company was placed on this number. About two thousand names were found to represent the subscription list; and so accustomed were these readers to the reprinted material which had been offered them that, when Mr. Curtis substituted original matter, they promptly allowed their subscriptions to lapse! Thus he had almost a clean slate to begin with: no subscribers and no advertisers. He had paid one thousand dollars for a title and the name of Benjamin Franklin.

From the day when it was announced that Mr. Curtis had bought Benjamin Franklin's paper, and was to transform it into a weekly for business men, lamentations were heard on every side. One after another of his friends deplored his purchase and his plan. Inside his own establishment it became known as the 'singed cat,' and it received anything but a warm welcome. The *Ladies' Home Journal* was steadily mounting in its accumulation of profits, and why should these hard-earned profits be eaten up by a weekly that, according to unanimous opinion, was destined to be a dire failure?

The 'singed cat' was fit only for the process of chloroforming!

Mr. Curtis was not unaware of the opposition to his new venture, both within and without his establishment; but he kept his own counsel, and went on a quest for an editor. That was the first thing. Meanwhile, one of the editors on the *Ladies' Home Journal* staff was delegated to look after the editorial fortunes of the weekly until a regular editor could be found.

Mr. Curtis had, some time before, watched the editorship of Arthur Sherburne Hardy on the *Cosmopolitan Magazine*, and had made a mental note of his capacity in case he should at any time need an editor. The editor-novelist had made a readable magazine of the *Cosmopolitan*, and had built up the circulation. Mr. Curtis now recalled this impression that he had registered, and looked up Hardy, who, he found, had gone into the diplomatic service,

and was United States Minister to Persia.

Nothing daunted, Mr. Curtis got into communication with the minister, told him of his purchase and his plans, and asked if Hardy was to be anywhere in the near future where he would be more accessible and they could have a talk. The minister replied that he planned to be in Paris shortly; could Mr. Curtis meet him there? Mr. Curtis said he would, and prepared to sail.

Meanwhile, a mutual friend spoke to Mr. Curtis about a young man in Boston who, he believed, had editorial possibilities within him. His name was George Horace Lorimer; he was a son of the Reverend George C. Lorimer, who preached in Tremont Temple, in Boston, for some years. Mr. Curtis was going to Boston on other business, promised to look the young man over, and wrote to him asking him to come to see him.

When Mr. Curtis met Lorimer, the young man told him he had a business experience with the Armours in Chicago, but had left there, although at twenty-two he was receiving the unusual salary of five thousand dollars per year, because he wanted to go into journalism. The pork merchant had demurred at the young man's 'rainbow aspirations,' but young Lorimer persisted, went to Colby College, in Maine, where he took a two years' course in the study of general literature, and then became a reporter for another two years on the Boston *Post*, which he had then recently left to devote himself to free-lance literary work. He was, therefore, in a receptive mood to listen to a proposition from Mr. Curtis, who, favorably impressed with the young man, offered him a position 'as a young man on the staff of the *Post*, to do anything he could,' at a thousand dollars per year.

Never for a moment did Mr. Curtis dream that he had found his editor. Lorimer went to Philadelphia, took hold of what he could find to do on the *Post* staff, and showed such clear-headed common sense in his suggestions, in the three weeks that he had in which to show his work before Mr. Curtis sailed to Europe to meet Minister Hardy in Paris, that Mr. Curtis began to wonder whether Lorimer was not an editor. The thought grew upon him, and when he sailed he put Lorimer in full editorial charge of the paper until he could determine whether he could make arrangements with Hardy. 'But by the time I sailed,' said Mr. Curtis, 'I did n't much care whether I got Hardy or not. I was convinced by this time that Lorimer had all the makings of an editor in him.'

It turned out that Mr. Curtis and Minister Hardy were not to meet as arranged. The State Department at Washington had ordered the Persian Minister's transfer to Athens, as Minister to Greece. Mr. Curtis was perfectly satisfied. He felt that he had the man in Lorimer; at all events he had given Lorimer his chance to show what he could do, and he determined to wait until his return to Philadelphia to see what the young man had done.

He found his brightest expectations not only realized but exceeded. Lorimer had shown exceedingly good editorial acumen. The *Post* was beginning to get and print the material which Mr. Curtis wanted to see in it, and he told Lorimer that he could consider himself the editor.

Mr. Curtis now got back of his editor and his pet project. He did not have to secure financial credit for the *Saturday Evening Post*, as he had had to do for the *Ladies' Home Journal*, because the latter publication was netting a profit, and on this the *Post* could be carried.

But it was a hard and thorny path, nevertheless. No one believed in the outcome of the venture except Mr.

Curtis and his editor. Business men shook their heads, advertising men predicted absolute failure; the organ of the publishing trade, *Printers' Ink*, editorially bewailed the fact that Mr. Curtis had 'established a wonderful property in the *Ladies' Home Journal*, and now he was blowing in all the profits on an impossible venture.' Journalists assured Mr. Curtis that the day of the weekly was long past; that the mental attitude of the public was against it; that he was 'bucking the current of public opinion.' The New York representative of the paper-manufacturers declared that he would have to give up the *Post*, or it would break his own back and that of the entire establishment.

Mr. Curtis listened, and regretted that nowhere could he get support for his idea, which he felt so convinced was sound.

'Did you ever doubt yourself?' a friend asked him.

'Not for a single moment; I knew exactly what I was trying to do — or I thought I did,' he answered.

'You were never discouraged?'

'Never discouraged. The constant reiteration of "It can't be done" acted like a red rag to a bull. It made me all the more determined. The opposition stiffened my backbone. I said to myself, "I'll show them who is right"; because I knew all the time that I was thinking right. It was simply that I could n't get anybody to see it as I saw it, or to believe in it.'

The worst of it was that the public did not see it. A quarter of a million dollars was spent in advertising the periodical with little result.

'All right,' said Mr. Curtis, 'I'll send another quarter of a million after it, to bring it back.'

The time came when the books showed a loss of eight hundred thousand dollars. Mr. Curtis's perturbed treasurer had gone to great pains to prepare these figures, and showed them to him, hoping that the large total would halt any further expenditure.

'Eight hundred thousand dollars loss thus far, you say?' asked Mr. Curtis, looking at the bottom of the statement.

'That's the tremendous figure,' said the treasurer impressively.

'Well,' rejoined Mr. Curtis, 'that gives us a margin of two hundred thousand more to make a round million.'

The treasurer was depressed; in fact, he was almost broken-hearted when on the following day Mr. Curtis began to put out copy for a two-hundred-thousand-dollar advertising campaign.

'That'll bring it up to the million,' the publisher joyfully announced. 'Then we'll know where we are at!'

Meanwhile, Lorimer had been working, days and evenings, helping Mr. Curtis to realize his ambition as to the kind of paper he wanted, and was beginning to make so strong a paper that men commenced to take notice of it and wonder whether there was n't something in the 'wild idea' after all. Advertisers were chary; but when the circulation reached five hundred thousand copies they thought they would 'try it for an issue or two.'

With the public attitude changing, Mr. Curtis knew, of course, that he was winning. But he wanted to make it a fact. So, to the utter despair of his treasurer, he spent another quarter of a million of dollars on the paper. Fortunately, the profits of the *Ladies' Home Journal* made this possible.

The ledger now showed a loss of a million and a quarter dollars on the weekly. When would the turning-point be reached? It could n't be far off, if it was ever to come! Mr. Curtis knew that it was in sight, but he was not quite prepared for what did happen.

He had now 'fertilized the soil' for five years, and the harvest must soon follow, he argued.

And then public opinion changed, as it were, overnight. Support came with such a rush that the presses could scarcely keep up with the demand for the paper. The efforts of publisher and editor were to bear fruit. The circulation leaped, and it was not long before the announcement, 'With a circulation of one million copies,' was blazoned forth from a cover of the *Post*.

The first round of the fight had been won! Publisher and editor now agreed to solidify the first million with the second, and confound records and doubters. A succession of the livest editorial features; authoritative business articles; business stories reflective of actual business conditions, followed in rapid succession. It came now to be a common desire to write for the *Post*. Unknown authors began to have their first efforts published, and their reputations made. It was not long before the *Post* had the first call on all material within its field. Its contents, week by week, were kept fresh and reflective of the moment. The circulation fairly bowled along. The advertising rates could scarcely be increased rapidly enough to keep pace with the circulation. And in an incredibly brief space of time the two-million mark was not only reached but quickly passed.

From this point, the *Saturday Evening Post* has gone on until now it is passing the two-and-a-half-million circulation mark, and is apparently headed straight for the third million.

And this is the 'singed cat' that the best business minds tried their best to kill in the unsuccessful attempt to discourage Cyrus H. K. Curtis!

(*In the next* Atlantic, *Mr. Bok will conclude his series of informal sketches, by outlining some of the personal methods followed by Mr. Curtis in his successful handling of men and problems.*)

# THE WIDOW AGNES

BY JOHN A. JOHNSON

When I first saw her, she was behind the counter of the small country-store, busily engaged with a dry-goods salesman, who was showing his samples. Her black hair was smoothly parted in the middle. Her slender, active figure, her neat attire, and her voice, low and even, all gave the impression of sureness and grace. Her foreign accent was slight; her wording and grammar correct.

She crossed the room and served me the cold drink I asked for, returning then to the drummer.

The little store was a neat affair, with a citified air; its floor well swept, its rows of cans and packages on one side, and its bolts of dry-goods on the other, all in neat array.

I had come over that morning to sell machinery to the sawmill, but finding the manager away had wandered about the small Bohemian settlement for a while. It consisted of a short

block of painted frame-stores, placed side by side, with the highway to Alexandria running by in front, and the railway station and the tracks opposite the stores. The mill office was across the tracks, while the mill itself was farther down, and not in sight. The country around had the appearance of a rolling prairie; but the stumps in view everywhere, except in the well-cleared fields, revealed the true nature of the land to be that of a cut-over pine forest.

When the salesman had at last gathered up his samples and carried them off to the waiting jitney, which had brought him from Stephens, she came over to where I sat, and stood behind the counter.

I was hungry, there was no restaurant, and my train would not come until six o'clock. In response to my question, she pointed to her cans and glasses and cartons. I made a sandwich of dried beef and crackers, with evaporated milk and water to wash it down — an excellent meal. Customers came in from time to time. After waiting on them, she would return to the counter where I sat.

'I was here a year ago,' I said. 'A little old man kept this store.'

'I married him ten months ago,' she said, simply.

'Oh,' I said; 'he runs the farm, maybe, and you the store.'

'No, he died six months ago,' she declared in a matter-of-fact way.

'I got some fine juicy plums at an orchard up the road,' I said.

'Yes, at my mother's,' she replied.

We became very talkative as the afternoon wore away — this woman hardly more than half my age and I. She told me the few facts of her life, always in the directest manner. She had left Bohemia with her parents when sixteen, had stayed in Chicago a few weeks, and then had come out here nine years ago, living with her mother until her 'first' marriage, as she called it, ten months before. All the people about were Bohemians, except at the mill. They were all fairly prosperous, working hard for all they got. They had a school, but no church, preacher, or priest.

'We don't believe in a church. We treat each other right.' She smiled as she spoke.

'Do you like it here?' I asked.

'Oh, well,' she answered, turning out her palms.

She evidently accepted conditions, with no thought either of dissatisfaction or of happiness. She liked to talk and to listen. Her statements were short and sure. She meant all she said, nothing more nor less.

I returned to Alexandria; but in two days I was at the Bohemian settlement again. The mill manager was still away. She greeted me with a quiet smile when I walked into the store. My stool was missing, but she brought it from the rear of the house, where she evidently lived. As before, when not waiting on customers, she stood behind the counter where I sat, talking and listening with equal readiness.

I came out the third time. She accepted my presence at the store without surprise.

In the afternoon of this third visit, a young girl rushed into the store, crying excitedly, 'Agnes! Agnes!'

And then followed a volley of words, which meant nothing to me except that I could see that something of importance had happened. I could not have drawn this conclusion from Agnes's behavior, for she showed no excitement, but said to me, 'My mother is very ill. She has sent for me. I do not know what to do. I cannot close the store. It is never done.'

'I will keep the store,' I said, longing to help this pretty, unemotional woman.

'Very well,' she said at once.

She went into the back room, and soon reappeared with a sunbonnet on. She said, unhurriedly, 'A woman will call for that big package. It is charged. The basket of groceries will be paid for — one dollar and fourteen cents.'

She and the girl went off together.

Some old experiences of mine enabled me to get along very well with the groceries; and fortunately there were no customers on the dry-goods side. In two hours she returned.

'My mother has recovered,' she said simply. 'She has spells. Soon she gets over one entirely. Some day she will die.' There was no emotion about this woman. 'The mill manager,' she continued, 'will be here to-morrow, I heard. You will be out to-morrow?'

'Yes,' I replied. It was time for the train.

'I thank you for keeping my store,' she said, holding out her hand. For a moment it lay in mine, warm, soft, and slender, and I think I pressed it.

'You like — the store?' she asked.

'Yes,' I replied.

'It is a good store,' she went on; 'it has many customers and the profits are good. With twice the stock, it could do twice the business. There should be two here. I am very tired of being alone. A man and his wife could get rich here soon. You will be back to-morrow?'

Her questions were like commands. I walked over to the station, feeling that a proposition had been made to me, and that I had been given a day to consider it. It was a business proposition, other relations being incidental, but necessary. The coolness of it impressed me, as well as its straightforwardness. I could easily imagine her saying to a husband, in her simple way, 'I find we do not suit each other. I will pay half the court expenses.'

On the following day my business with the mill manager was soon transacted. When I entered the store, the dry-goods salesman was there, a pleasant-looking fellow of thirty-five.

When I entered, I heard her say, — 'You are going to the other store now.'

And he obediently went out. He had no samples with him, but his Stephens jitney was on the street.

'Well,' said I, trying to speak carelessly, and refraining from looking at her attractive person, 'I got my order. I am through here now. I don't know when I shall come back.'

'Very well,' she said quietly; and we began a random conversation, with not a trace of resentment, or other feeling, on her part. When I saw the drummer coming I went out. When I returned for dinner the drummer was still there.

'Oh, sir,' she said, coming up to me. 'I will ask a favor. I wish to go to Alexandria at once for three hours. This gentleman will take me in his automobile. I wish you to keep my store. I wish to get something there,' she added, smiling.

'Why, certainly,' I said, heartily.

She disappeared in the rear, and soon came out, with her appearance, always neat, little changed, except that she wore a hat. She and the drummer went out to the jitney, which was soon chugging away. In three hours they returned. She came in with her hat in her hand, looking as calm as usual, while the drummer was following.

'Thank you very much,' she said to me.

'Did you get what you wanted?' I asked, now a bit suspicious.

'Yes,' spoke up the drummer, laughing, 'she did. She got *just* what she wanted. I'm him.'

'You see,' she said, 'there was no church here.'

Business went on as usual.

# NYASALAND SKETCHES. II

## FAMILIARS IN THE WILDS

BY HANS COUDENHOVE

### I

It is the deplorable tendency of the generality of mankind, that it comes to definite conclusions about men and things on insufficient evidence. There exists only one class of people in the world, which, as a whole, judges correctly nationalities other than its own — the class of common sailors of tramp cargo boats. The extent to which all the rest, even the cleverest, overrate the value of their personal experience, is apt to make one doubt the sanity of mankind in general.

Because a man has a Jewish stockbroker, or his children a Catholic governess, he imagines that he knows all that can be known and said about Jews or Catholics. The German who travels across the continent in one compartment with an English commercial traveler leaves the train imbued with the ineradicable conviction that the British are a nation of shopkeepers; whereas, on the other hand, the Englishman who, on the same journey, has been bored to death by the conversation of an erudite German philosopher, will be ready to swear ever afterward that Lord Palmerston was right, after all, when he called the Germans a nation of 'damned professors.'

Unfortunately these misconceptions are generally less harmless than the elegant fraud of Prosper Merimée, who, without knowing a word of Sclavonic, or having ever crossed the Adriatic, enriched the French literature of his day with a classic translation of Dalmatian folklore. Who can imagine for a moment that Seneca, with his Christian morals and ethics, would have encouraged his Imperial pupil's persecution of the Christians, if he had lived among the latter for ever so short a time? (Unless he had, maybe, the gift of prophecy, and foresaw that the world championship for cruelty would be wrested from Nero's memory in a Christian country, in the second millennium of Christianity.)

The same applies, if possible even in a higher degree, to the notions harbored by the majority of people as regards animals, although we may no more believe with the younger Pliny that a lion loses all his strength when a cloak is thrown over him, or, with Shakespeare, that horsehair imbedded in mud will develop into worms. The reason why the professional hunter is, as a rule, so far ahead of the professional biologist or zoölogist, lies in the circumstance that the former derives his knowledge from intercourse with animals in the wild state, protracted often over considerable periods of time, while many of the latter, by the nature of things, derive their knowledge from

caged specimens only. One might as well attempt to write a treatise on the human mind from observations made on Kaspar Hauser, or Tsar Twan VI of Russia.

Ludwig Büchner, the author of *Kraft und Stoff*, writes in a less well-known, but equally profound and far-reaching book of his, *Liebe und Liebesleben in der Thier-welt*, the following words on this subject: —

'It will be found that, with few exceptions, all those who have had occasion to observe animals without prejudice and with sound common sense, and to live in personal contact with them and listen to their doings, will entertain an entirely different opinion about their intellectual and psychic qualities, from those who follow the traditional theories of philosophical schools.'

If Cuvier was correct in his opinion, that the reason why animals take so readily to man and so easily, under friendly treatment, lay aside their shyness of him, lies in the fact that they do not see in him a being of a different order, but rather one related to themselves, then it would appear that they have stolen a march on us, and forestalled, from the time of our appearance on the stage, pregnant to them with such sinister possibilities, an idea which, if we except a few isolated pioneers, has only in quite recent times begun to get hold of our understanding.

That animals look upon man as one of themselves, and not as an object entirely beyond their horizon, is evidenced by the remarkable interest and curiosity regarding him and his doings shown by wild creatures, and by their desire to make friends with him as long as their confidence has not been met by rough rebuke and persecution, which is, alas! the usual response given by the destroyer of creation to such friendly advances.

It is our own fault only, if birds all the world over are not even now on the same footing of familiarity with us, as were the birds of the Monte Alverna when St. Francis of Assisi arrived there; or the birds of the Falklands and the Galapagos Islands when Darwin visited them; or as the birds of Southern Morocco are at the present day, or were, at least, under Mohammedan rule, a few years ago.

But even birds which have learned at their cost that to come within reach of man is an infinitely greater risk than to approach a wild cat or a snake, will still, when they believe themselves unobserved, and while taking all necessary precautions, often give way to the feeling of curiosity with which the appearance of the long biped in unexpected localities and on unexpected occasions, inspires them.

I remember, in this connection, the fleeting visit to my camp, in the Livingstone Range, of a beautiful but shy and furtive bird, a trogon, which has no doubt developed these characteristics in consequence of the persecution which it owes to its magnificent plumage. (It was particularly mentioned, along with several other species, in the *Field*, about fifteen years ago, by a writer unknown to me, on account of the wholesale slaughter of birds, perpetrated for the benefit of a Paris modiste, by a French merchant living in one of the coast towns of German East Africa, with the help of an army of natives.) My visitor, however, whom his 'instinct' informed, perhaps, that from me he had nothing to fear, although still cautious, allowed his inquisitiveness to get the better of his shyness.

In front of my tent, about twenty yards away, and as much, perhaps, above the ground, two almost horizontal branches of two different trees formed a cross, the one reposing on the other. Every day, at 2 P.M., precisely

when, after luncheon, I sat in the entrance to my tent, smoking my pipe, the trogon would suddenly, and as silently as a night-jar, alight on the lower of the two branches, on the side away from me, so that his body, in size about as large as that of a dove, was completely hidden. And then he would slowly, slowly, lift his head above the intervening branch, and scrutinize me and my dog and my tent, with strange and almost uncanny intensity. After looking thus for a while, down went the head again behind the branch, to reappear, a few minutes later, in the same cautious and furtive way.

Nothing in the camp had the slightest interest for the trogon besides myself and my immediate setting. To the native camp, which was some distance from his tree on the other side, he never gave a single glance, being no doubt perfectly well acquainted with natives and their ways. He continued his mysterious visits for several days in succession; and then, having, I suppose, come to the conclusion that he knew all about me that was worth knowing, he disappeared.

Wild birds quickly learn to distinguish a friend. It has often happened to me that, when I arrived in some locality, and pitched my tent close to a low tree, within a couple of days after my arrival, sometimes one small bird, sometimes more, arrived in the evening, immediately after sunset, and went to rest in the foliage for the night, and then kept up the habit for the whole duration of my stay, being confident that, so long as they slept near me, no wild animal would dare disturb their slumber.

Once when I was lying ill with fever, down in a cañon off Lake Nyasa, a small blue kingfisher took his post on a low branch, not two yards outside my tent, where I could have hit him with a stick, and thence waged war on all insects which came near and attempted to come inside, to madden me with their humming and their buzzing. That kingfisher remained at his self-elected post the whole time that my illness lasted; and I have often thought that, had a 'Herr Professor' turned up in the neighborhood, with a rook-rifle, he would have run a fair chance of suddenly slipping off a cliff, or of swallowing a dose of Strophantus with his coffee, by mistake.

One wonders whether Henri Bergson, on whose shoulders has fallen the mantle of Emmanuel Kant, would have established his sweeping repartition of reason and 'instinct' between man and beast, — no doubt a most convenient and simple arrangement, — if he had variegated his scientific pursuits in Paris with occasional excursions into the Jungle.

None of the great naturalists have had much use for the conventional idea of 'instinct' *versus* 'reason,' at least as far as the vertebrata are concerned. Darwin expressed his opinion that no fundamental difference exists between man and the higher mammals in respect to their intellectual faculties; and L. H. Morgan, the historiographer of the American beaver, thought that 'the misleading expression "instinct" ought altogether to be dropped.'

In a pool at the bottom of that cañon where the kingfisher watched over me during my illness, there lived a colony of frogs, which cheered up my sleepless nights with their musical performances. These concerts had exasperated me when they first started, and I had thought that I could see some excuse for those feudal lords in the Middle Ages, about whom we read that, to avoid being disturbed in their sleep, they kept an unfortunate menial all night near their castle moat, whose business was to beat the surface of the water with a long rod, in order to silence the

Batrachians every time they started croaking. But my discontent, after I had, perforce, listened for a while, gradually gave way to attention, then to interest, and finally to appreciation and wonder.

It was quite impossible to fail to notice the system and the method which ruled in these choruses. There were different bands singing alternately in different keys, without ever clashing with one another; and the quality of the voices of each particular band differed from the quality of the voices of every other band; so that I came to the conclusion that each band was recruited from individuals belonging to one and the same category, classed, perhaps, according to sex, or age, or to the degree of skill attained. Bandmasters gave the signal to start, indicated the key, interrupted, sang a few notes by themselves, to make clear their meaning, ordered repeats, stopped performances. There were uninterrupted solos religiously listened to, performed no doubt, by recognized virtuosi; competitions between individuals and competitions between bands.

I felt that there was something strangely, weirdly human underneath it all. It may have been my fever; but then, we are told that in fever our perceptive faculties grow more acute. I came to the ineradicable conviction that frogs are intensely musical by nature; that they love harmony and enjoy it; and that their singing constitutes their relaxation after the business of the day is over. We may perhaps assume, in judging by analogy from the habits of singing birds, that the solos are competitions of troubadours, with the ultimate intention of delighting and attracting individuals of the opposite sex.

But it is difficult to see where instinct can come in here.

Even regarding the fantastic, inconceivably intricated, yet marvelously methodical habits of insects, which seem to have no other choice but that between a supernatural intelligence and an unerring, equally miraculous instinct, opinions do not all incline in favor of the latter.

One of their greatest antagonists in the cause of suffering humanity, but a more generous foe than one is accustomed to meet in these days, — W. Maxwell Leffroy, — has not hesitated to pay them the following tribute: 'A dispassionate examination of insect life reveals that even man's powers are as nothing to those of insect life; his senses weaker; his sociology and conduct of life far inferior to that of the social insect; and he himself comparatively lacking in the exhibition of altruism and right conduct shown by insects.'

## II

Brehm, the greatest of German zoölogists, who can certainly not be taxed with lack of practical experience, has written in his treatise on the raven, that no one who has lived for any length of time in companionship with one of these birds will continue to adhere to the theory of instinct *versus* reason in connection with their kind.

That ravens have a compelling personality all their own, exceeding in forcefulness that of most creatures of the animal kingdom, with the sole exception, perhaps, of the lion, is manifest from the part which they have played in the affairs of men since the beginning of recorded history, and of the importance given to them in religious tradition, in mythology, in historical legends and in fairy tales.

We read in the book of Job (38,41) that the young of the raven 'cry unto God' for food; in Psalm 147, they are mentioned as being fed, apparently, as creatures entirely distinct from the rest

of the animal kingdom; and elsewhere in the Bible we read that they brought food to Elias, as they are reported to have done, at later periods, to various holy hermits.

Odin has two tame ravens sitting at his right and left; ravens hold watch outside the Kyffhäuser where the Emperor Barbarossa, with his red beard grown through the marble table, waits for the resurrection of Germany; and the immortal Grip, as we know, is not wholly a product of Dickens's imagination, but the faithful copy of an original who led a very tangible existence in the author's house.

My personal experience of ravens in captivity is a very restricted one: I have known only two — one which lived in a large monastery of Cistercian monks, and delighted us small boys, when we visited it, by its antics and its talk; and one which belonged to an American lady — the wife of Field-Marshal Waldersee, born Miss Lee, and widowed Princess von der Nöer. This latter raven was a great favorite in the household, and was always brought from the country to Berlin, where it enjoyed comparative freedom in the courtyard of the house, being closely united in ties of friendship with its mistress's Yorkshire terrier.

But if my experience of ravens in captivity is defective, I have, nevertheless, had many friends of that kind, only they were all independent and free individuals, who had never known bondage. And I may state at once that, strange as it may sound, the initial step to these acquaintances was invariably taken by the other side, never by myself!

All these ravens were Central Africans. Not unlike European ravens in size and shape, the only concession which they make to the fashion adopted by their family all over the dark continent, — namely, to redeem the monotony of its plumage by white colors somewhere on its body, — consists in a pear-shaped white patch on the nape of the neck, and in a white spot on the tip of the beak. This raven is called *corvus albicollis*, in some books on Central Africa; but whether it is identical with the *corvus albicollis* of South Africa seems doubtful. Brehm does not think that it is, and calls it *corvus crassirostris* in his natural history, which name bears testimony to the remarkable thickness of its beak.

The *corvus crassirostris* occurs in two distinct social combinations: as a feudal lord on uninhabited mountain-ranges, and as a communist in the neighborhood of European settlements of some importance. But, unlike its cousin, the carrion-crow, it does not descend into the plains. My friends belonged invariably to the first of these two social categories; and what I have to say here relates to that alone.

The custom is for one pair to occupy a reserve in which other ravens are not tolerated, their own children excepted, so long as they have not created a household of their own — an event which, among ravens, probably takes place as late as it does among the large birds of prey.

During my rambles on the mountain ranges in the vicinity of Lake Nyasa, as soon as I had finished pitching my tent, the pair ruling in that particular district invariably made an appearance and, sitting down at some distance from the camp, on a boulder or a stumped tree growing from the rocks, surveyed us critically. After a time they flew away again, often to come back on the following morning, on other occasions to return no more, having obviously been dissatisfied with our appearance. In time, I adopted the habit of propitiating these potentates by offerings adapted to their taste, just as I would have done with a

native chief, when entering within the precincts of his authority.

When I remained for any length of time camped in the same place, as was my habit in the rainy season, during which — on mountain ranges of which some, like the Livingston Range, average 8000 feet in height, and are, besides, intersected by many streams — traveling ceases to be pleasant, I continued these peace-offerings from day to day, as a token of appreciation of the friendly interest taken in my affairs by my visitors. They, on their side, soon began to appear in my camp regularly every morning, with that remarkable punctuality which animals acquire so much more quickly than men, and which the French assert to be *la politesse des rois*. Sometimes they stayed in the camp a few hours only, sometimes all day; but they always left toward evening, flying in the direction of some mountain fastness, where they had their home.

They rewarded me for my hospitality from the very beginning, by chasing away from the vicinity of the camp, with incredible energy and violence, all, even the largest, birds of prey which came near it. This was an invaluable service, deserving of my undying gratitude, as I often kept small pets which, but for the ravens' vigilance, would of a certainty, sooner or later, have fallen victims to the large and fierce rapacious birds which abound all over Central Africa.

All these ravens, after a time, learned to come at my call, and answered it, sometimes even at a considerable distance from my camp, when I was out collecting mineral specimens; often also, on these occasions, they joined me unexpectedly of their own accord; so that I made it a rule by and by never to start in the morning without taking with me something for them to eat.

During the rainy season of 1912–1913, I lived in a small forest on one of the slopes of the Gorge through which the Ndumbi River descends into the plains, on its long journey toward the Indian Ocean. I had spent the preceding rainy season in another camp, but close to this one, and there had made friends with two ravens, to whom I had given the classic names Seneca and Poppæa.

It had been clear at the time that Poppæa had a nest with young ones, as she used regularly to fly away, after each meal, in the direction of a distant cluster of trees, her beak and gullet filled with provisions. And, to my great surprise and pleasure, as soon as I arrived on the Ndumbi in October, 1912, after an absence of six months, Seneca and Poppæa came, accompanied by two full-grown youngsters. That the latter were their children was obvious, because otherwise they would never have been tolerated near the camp. But they soon gave me another proof of the fact, by their own remarkable behavior.

One morning, when Seneca and Poppæa had been feeding with 'ravenous' appetite, faster than the two others were able to follow, the latter, afraid of seeing the whole breakfast swallowed before their eyes ere they had time to assuage their own hunger, all of a sudden gave up the contest, ceased eating, opened wide their beaks, and began to beat their wings against their sides, for all the world like tiny little nestlings when they see their parents arriving with food. Whereupon, both Seneca and Poppæa interrupted their own meal, and fed from their beaks those two beggars who were fully as large as themselves.

These two youngsters, less experienced than their parents, who perhaps had drawn their circles around the peaks of the Livingstone Range a century before the arrival of Dr. David, soon became much more familiar than their elders, taking food from my fin-

gers without fear or haste — a thing which the old ones never did without showing a certain hesitation. These four remained my constant and cheerful companions during the whole of the rainy season, which lasted eight months. Every day, in the early dawn, they came through the air, cawing as they approached, and a moment later they entered into the large bamboo shed which I had erected over my tent, advancing with a true sailor's roll, and very self-conscious, — as intelligent animals always are at the beginning of a visit, — eager to share the maize cakes of my early breakfast.

Like all my raven friends, those on the Ndumbi soon looked upon me as their chief source of food, as became apparent from the long stays they made in my camp, and from the provisions which they were in the habit of taking with them on leaving in the afternoon. But they went, now and then, on hunting expeditions of their own; and several times, when they had failed to make their usual appearance in the morning, I subsequently ascertained that a native hunting-party had passed in the neighborhood on the same day; as I have mentioned elsewhere, my Chikala ravens also remained absent from my flesh-pots when the leopards of those mountains were on the hunting path.

Although they accepted and ate nearly every kind of food that I offered them, they had, of course, their preferences, and to a few things they objected entirely. Of eggs, either raw or boiled, they ate only the yolk, and absolutely refused to touch the white. I have wondered at this until I read, quite recently, what has greatly increased the very high opinion I have of ravens, that is, that the yolk only of eggs contains the vitamines which are so important a part of our nutriment, and the white none at all! Food made with flour they liked only fried, but not otherwise; as, for instance, pancakes or chupatties.

Needless to say, it is meat, raw or cooked, which they prefer to all other forms of diet, and they do not mind if it is slightly tainted, as we do not, either, where game is concerned. But, again like ourselves, although they are passionately fond of fish, they will not touch it if it is not absolutely fresh, and refuse even boiled fish which has been standing overnight, showing themselves much more fastidious in this respect than the Central African natives, who do not appear to mind in the least fish with a very pronounced *haut goût*.

Occasionally my boarders caught a mouse, which they killed before they swallowed it, breaking its neck against a stone, by swinging it by its tail held tightly in their beak, being wiser in their generation than the poor young lady mentioned in a magazine a few years ago, who swallowed a live chameleon as an advertisement and died in horrible pain in consequence, it being found at the autopsy that the chameleon was still alive!

Like European ravens and some breeds of dogs, African ravens delight to hide their surplus wealth of food in cunningly devised caches, after the manner of Arctic explorers, sometimes betraying themselves in quite human fashion, when one comes near, by conflicting attempts to combine an appearance of indifference with profound watchfulness. In one respect, however, they differ advantageously from their European cousin — although my companions had every opportunity to steal, I never missed a single thing.

It has been stated by Europeans that the *corvus crassirostris* of Central Africa kills little chickens, like the bloodthirsty *corvus albicollis* of South Africa, which has even been known to attack and kill sheep, as does also the South

African baboon. I am confident, however, that my friends have been calumniated; it may be that isolated misdeeds of single individuals with perverted tastes have been magnified into a general habit of the whole tribe. Not a single authenticated case of such a crime has come to my notice; and, moreover, all the natives whom I have asked were unanimous in asserting that they never do. Natives do not kill ravens; if the latter were a danger to their poultry, they would wage against them the same relentless war which they wage against hawks, whom they follow, when they surprise them *in flagranti delicto*, with a chicken between their fangs, by running from tree to tree for miles, until the bird, exhausted by the weight of the fowl, which it either will not drop, or from which it cannot extricate its claws, collapses on the branch of a tree, and is killed.

The Europeans who accused the *corvus crassirostris* of kidnapping chickens very probably wanted an excuse for exercising their skill in shooting them; besides, many of the old pioneers are said to have been partial to *corbeau en casserole*, like Napoleon's Veterans.

On the Ndumbi, beef was occasionally sent to me from a place some forty miles away, where the magistrate regularly killed a bullock for his posse of police. The arrival was usually quite uncertain, but it was always hailed in advance by Seneca, Poppæa and their children, whom I had called Aliturus and Messalina: as soon as the messenger with the meat was within a few miles of my camp, they would suddenly show signs of excitement, and then rise into the air and fly cawing to meet him.

The Central African raven, in its character, much resembles our own, and, like it, combines cunning and prudence with familiarity and confidence. It would be a mistake, however, to think that all individuals are cut after the same pattern. Among ravens, as among so many kinds of the higher animals, there is as much differentiation of character as there is among Europeans, and perhaps more than among certain races of aborigines. This is not necessarily a compliment, if we admit that strong differentiation is essential to the intermediate stage between the lowest and the highest state of development, while it flattens out at both ends. But it appeals; for personality, as Goethe says, is our greatest pleasure.

One of my four ravens, Aliturus, was a great humorist. It was his special delight to play with Rikki-Tikki, my 'banded' mongoose. Everyday they amused themselves together. Aliturus followed Rikki-Tikki, now in short jumps, now in his rolling gait, intent on catching the tip of his tail. Rikki-Tikki, as cunning as he, and well aware of his intention, pretended to notice nothing, and, with an occasional furtive squint backward, strolled slowly along, now stopping for a moment to dig, now standing up on his hind legs like a bear, to sniff the perfume of a flower, now jumping after a grasshopper; but at the very moment when Aliturus reached out for the pinch, he made one leap into the air and round, with lightning-like rapidity, only to miss, sometimes only by a fraction of an inch, his aggressor, who immediately retired, flying low above the ground, with Rikki-Tikki in hot pursuit.

I have had no experience of a breed of animals in which the males do not show conspicuous courtesy to the females. It is universal, and I see no reason to disbelieve the gentleman who assured me that he had seen, in the Gaboon, a male gorilla peel a pine-apple and then hand the fruit to his consort.

There is no difference, in this respect,

between birds and mammals. Indeed, it would appear as if deference toward the 'weaker' sex were as fundamental a natural law, as the love of the mother for her offspring.

I had excellent opportunity, while I stayed in the Chikala Range of Nyasaland, to ascertain that ravens make no exception to this general rule; which is, after all, no matter for surprise, when one comes to consider the high level of their intellect. Their chief article of diet in that locality consisted of fish, which was brought to me from the lake, every day; and as I always had it boiled it was moist, of course, and had therefore to be presented to them in a plate, which I put on the verandah of my house.

There were two boarders only — Mrs. Grip and Mr. Nevermore. I had soon found out who was who, from the fact that Mrs. Grip made her appearance on the premises much later as a rule than Mr. Nevermore, as she was, no doubt, reluctant to leave her nest in the forest, and her young, before the sun had ascended sufficiently high in the sky to give them warmth, and because she left my place three or four times a day, with as much food in her beak and gullet as she could carry. She took the greatest pains to pack the food well, so as to avoid the risk of dropping something on the road (although I saw it happen occasionally), and, at the same time, to take as great a quantity as she could possibly manage.

The preparations for each flight were most painstaking: she always disgorged her cargo three or four times on the verandah before she felt quite satisfied; and then she often made false starts and came back for some slight alteration in the disposition of her articles. When everything was all right, and she was well under weigh, she always uttered, notwithstanding her full beak, one loud, unmistakable call, which I never heard from her on any other occasion, to inform Mr. Nevermore that she was now leaving for good — a call which was as certainly meant to express, 'Now I'm off!' as if she had shouted it in plain English. Nevermore sometimes followed, sometimes stayed on. Occasionally he, too, carried away some food, but never anywhere near as much as his lady.

Nevermore showed his touching regard for Grip in that he never dreamed of touching the smallest piece of food before she had fully satisfied herself. When they were both present when the dinner was served, he waited patiently until she gave him leave to approach by stepping aside; but if the plate was put on the verandah before she had arrived, he flew up to the top of a tree near the house, and there started cawing frantically and unceasingly, until she came sweeping down and onto the verandah with a great rush of wings, which always reminded me of Paolo and Francesca. She, of course, always fell to at once, as she was fully justified in doing as the mother of a family.

On two occasions only did my four ravens in Ndumbi make an exception to the rule that no other ravens were allowed in the neighborhood of the camp. Twice a single stranger appeared in the reserve, who was good-humoredly tolerated for several days, and then left. I can only assume that it was a young raven with matrimonial intentions, the scion of another dynasty, who came to propose to Messaline after sounding the views of her parents. On both occasions the visit remained without visible result.

My hope that a pair of my raven friends would, one day, follow my safari, and stick to it, was never, alas! realized. They would follow the caravan for a time, flying above it and ap-

parently much excited; but not in a single instance did they accompany me as far as the first camping-place of the journey; obeying, evidently, the unwritten law in the code of ravens, not to penetrate into foreign reserves.

Swallow-tailed brown kites, so common all over Africa, are as willing as ravens to make friends with man, and frequently appear in camping-places. They were always ignominiously chased away by my ravens, but once, in the Pare mountains, where I never saw the *corvus crassirostris*, I formed an *alliance cordiale* with one of them, which became very tame. Although perfectly adult when we first met, it soon learned to come at my call, and even to my table at meals. Its habit was to come flying high up in the air, whistling softly, poise for an instant over my head, and then drop, 'like a thunderbolt.' But, charming fellow though he was, I am sorry to say that, unlike the ravens, he was utterly dishonest. He successively stole, from under my very nose, my shaving-brush, a teaspoon, a table-knife, and a napkin; and he even tried to steal my hat!

The catholicity of that bird's taste in food was surprising. There was nothing in my own bill of fare that it would not eat; to scones it was especially partial, but it also swallowed boiled rice and potatoes with gusto.

As it was apparently quite alone, and I never saw another of its kind in that neighborhood, I fondly hoped, as I did with regard to the ravens, that it would follow me when I should leave.

But I was deceived in this case as in the other, although it, too, showed excitement when it saw the caravan depart. It followed for about a mile, flying wildly about high above our heads, and then suddenly turned back.

The drawback about these friendships formed in the course of a vagabond life is, that, when they come to their inevitable and abrupt end, one cannot give to those who will be left behind one word of warning or preparation; so that the departure must, in their eyes, appear in the character of a callous and heartless desertion. Indeed, if one looks coolly at the question, there can be no doubt that it is distinctly unfair to accustom to a life of care and comfort creatures which, in their ordinary existence, have to exert themselves all day long to find food for themselves and their offspring, and then, when they have got used to being fed regularly and in plenty, to throw them back to the necessity of shifting for themselves, like children who have been brought up in the expectancy of wealth and in luxury, who, at their father's death, find themselves penniless.

# WILD GRAPE

BY ABBIE FARWELL BROWN

THE Lord Christ hung above my bed,
A crown of thorns upon His head,
Like precious blood the lamp burned red.

*Libera me, Domine.*

With herb of grace I strewed the floor,
Set holy water by the door,
Its chrism upon my brow I bore.

*Libera me, Domine.*

Because of the grape-flower's subtle scent,
Its pagan spell of devilment;
Dear Christ! With every prayer it blent.

*Libera me, Domine.*

Because the wanton moon was bright,
I cloaked my casement from the light,
I locked the door and barred it tight.

*Libera me, Domine.*

Cloistered with Eternal Grace,
Alone with the blessing of God's face —
Shut out the spell of the cursèd race!

*Libera me, Domine.*

It is the time when they frisk abroad,
The young desires in a frantic horde.
I have shut them out, O suffering Lord!

*Libera me, Domine.*

Shut out the wood and the green call,
Smell of the grape-flower over all.
Hush, my heart! A wild foot-fall!

*Libera me, Domine.*

I knelt upon the cold, hard floor;
My head drooped low, my knees were sore. —
What rattled the latch? What shook the door?

*Libera me, Domine.*

A sudden gust blew on my face,
Breath of a forbidden place.
The lamp flared out. For Jesu's grace!

*Libera me, Domine.*

Braced was the door with an iron bar,
Bolted and knopped with a cross and a star.
But my heart's low postern was ajar.

*Libera me, Domine.*

The third cock crew, and night was late;
I swooned as I felt the hinges grate,
And something slipped through the postern gate.

*Libera me, Domine.*

The house was dark and cold as stone,
While over my bed, where the lamp had shone,
The Crucified hung stark and lone.

*Miserere, Domine.*

Evoë! But life is good!
My wild self leaped in lustihood,
Off with the gods of the odorous wood.

*Miserere, Domine.*

# POETRY CONSIDERED

BY CARL SANDBURG

1 POETRY is a projection across silence of cadences arranged to break that silence with definite intentions of echoes, syllables, wave lengths.

2 *Poetry is an art practised with the terribly plastic material of human language.*

3 Poetry is the report of a *nuance* between two moments, when people say, 'Listen!' and 'Did you see it? Did you hear it? What was it?'

4 *Poetry is the tracing of the trajectories of a finite sound to the infinite points of its echoes.*

5 Poetry is a sequence of dots and dashes, spelling depths, crypts, cross-lights, and moon wisps.

6 *Poetry is a puppet-show, where riders of skyrockets and divers of sea fathoms gossip about the sixth sense and the fourth dimension.*

7 Poetry is a plan for a slit in the face of a bronze-fountain goat and the path of fresh drinking water.

8 *Poetry is a slipknot tightened around a time-beat of one thought, two thoughts, and a last interweaving thought there is not yet a number for.*

9 Poetry is an echo asking a shadow dancer to be a partner.

10 *Poetry is the journal of a sea animal living on land, wanting to fly the air.*

11 Poetry is a series of explanations of life, fading off into horizons too swift for explanations.

12 *Poetry is a fossil rock-print of a fin and a wing, with an illegible oath between.*

13 Poetry is an exhibit of one pendulum connecting with other and unseen pendulums inside and outside the one seen.

14 *Poetry is a sky dark with a wild-duck migration.*

15 Poetry is a search for syllables to shoot at the barriers of the unknown and the unknowable.

16 *Poetry is any page from a sketchbook of outlines of a doorknob with thumb-prints of dust, blood, dreams.*

17 Poetry is a type-font design for an alphabet of fun, hate, love, death.

*18 Poetry is the cipher key to the five mystic wishes packed in a hollow silver bullet fed to a flying fish.*

19 Poetry is a theorem of a yellow-silk handkerchief knotted with riddles, sealed in a balloon tied to the tail of a kite flying in a white wind against a blue sky in spring.

*20 Poetry is a dance music measuring buck-and-wing follies along with the gravest and stateliest dead-marches.*

21 Poetry is a sliver of the moon lost in the belly of a golden frog.

*22 Poetry is a mock of a cry at finding a million dollars and a mock of a laugh at losing it.*

23 Poetry is the silence and speech between a wet struggling root of a flower and a sunlit blossom of that flower.

*24 Poetry is the harnessing of the paradox of earth cradling life and then entombing it.*

25 Poetry is the opening and closing of a door, leaving those who look through to guess about what is seen during a moment.

*26 Poetry is a fresh morning spider-web telling a story of moonlit hours, of weaving and waiting during a night.*

27 Poetry is a statement of a series of equations, with numbers and symbols changing like the changes of mirrors, pools, skies, the only never-changing sign being the sign of infinity.

*28 Poetry is a pack-sack of invisible keepsakes.*

29 Poetry is a section of river-fog and moving boat-lights, delivered between bridges and whistles, so one says, 'Oh!' and another, 'How?'

*30 Poetry is a kinetic arrangement of static syllables.*

31 Poetry is the arithmetic of the easiest way and the primrose path, matched up with foam-flanked horses, bloody knuckles, and bones, on the hard ways to the stars.

*32 Poetry is a shuffling of boxes of illusions buckled with a strap of facts.*

33 Poetry is an enumeration of birds, bees, babies, butterflies, bugs, bambinos, babayagas, and bipeds, beating their way up bewildering bastions.

*34 Poetry is a phantom script telling how rainbows are made and why they go away.*

35 Poetry is the establishment of a metaphorical link between white butterfly-wings and the scraps of torn-up love-letters.

*36 Poetry is the achievement of the synthesis of hyacinths and biscuits.*

37 Poetry is a mystic, sensuous mathematics of fire, smokestacks, waffles, pansies, people, and purple sunsets.

*38 Poetry is the capture of a picture, a song, or a flair, in a deliberate prism of words.*

# TUSITALA

## R. L. S. — A NEW PHASE

BY S. J. WHITMEE

His baptismal names were Robert Lewis, and Dr. Jepp says his father always wrote the second name Lewis. Stevenson himself had a fancy for the French spelling, but not for the French pronunciation. I must have heard the name hundreds of times from his wife and his mother, and it was always the British, not the French, pronunciation. I never heard him called Robert in his own home; nor did I see it written by him, except when he wrote his name in full: Robert Louis Stevenson.

When he decided to settle in Samoa, the question of his Samoan name had to be considered. In the native language there is only one consonant in a syllable, and every syllable ends with a vowel; therefore no syllable contains more than two letters, and Stevenson Samoanized would have been Se-te-vi-ni-só-ni — in pronunciation a short sentence.

I was told by one who was present when the form of the name was being discussed that the late Reverend J. E. Newell, then one of the tutors at the Malua College, asked: 'Why not Tusitala?'

The suggestion was acclaimed by all who knew the Samoan language, and was approved by Stevenson when its meaning was explained to him; for it is *Writer of Stories*, from *tusi*, to write, and *tala*, stories. It was in one word of four syllables a name, a title, and a description of his occupation. The Samoans use only one name, and have no prefix like 'Mr.'

### I

My residence in Samoa covered eighteen years, but in two periods. The first was from 1863 to 1879, when, through the ill health of my wife, I was obliged to relinquish my missionary work. The second period was two and a half years, from 1891 to 1894, during the time that R. L. Stevenson was there.

It was Sunday morning when the mail-boat on which I sailed from San Francisco reached the harbor of Apia in Samoa. Before ten o'clock on Monday morning my first visitor arrived; and, to my surprise and pleasure, he was R. L. Stevenson, who had ridden down from Vailima to welcome me. He told me that he abstained from calling on Sunday because he thought the Samoans might be shocked by a Sunday visit, and he did not wish to risk compromising me in their eyes.

He said that since the news of my coming had been received by the mail, a month before, some of the people had expressed to him their pleasure at the prospect of my return; and he could assure me of a warm welcome back for a time to the field of my former labors. His frankness and friendliness greatly impressed me: as did also his love for the people and his interest in their welfare. He stayed until I had the first

proof of the accuracy of what he had said by the arrival of a large band of native pastors to welcome me. That first interview revealed to me his charming — almost bewitching — personality, and all my subsequent intercourse with him confirmed and strengthened the impressions produced that morning.

Before the end of the week I rode up to Vailima on horseback, to return Mr. Stevenson's call. I intended to make a short visit. But in that I reckoned without both my host and my hostess. A short visit to Vailima was almost an impossibility; both Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson conspired to defeat my intention that day. Mrs. Stevenson had an idea that I was a botanist and a gardener. She had started a kitchen garden on a plot of cleared forest land, a little distance from the house, where she was making experiments with vegetables not indigenous to the Tropics; and she wanted my opinion on the success she had met. Of course, I went.

Both husband and wife, in that household, were unconventional in the matter of dress; and in the visit to the garden Mrs. Stevenson had an advantage over me. Vegetation grows so rapidly in Samoa that it is almost impossible to keep footpaths free from weeds and grass. That morning there had been rain, and our walk was partly through long wet grass. Mrs. Stevenson was barefooted. She therefore gathered her skirts about her and stalked through the wet herbage with impunity. I was wearing low shoes and socks!

By the time we got back to the house, it was nearly luncheon time. R. L. S. had prepared a salad, in which culinary art he was a specialist; and for him the salad was all the better because the vegetables in it were from his wife's garden. After luncheon we went to a balcony in front of the drawing-room, which was on the second floor. This overlooked the undulating forest, down to the sea, of which a vast expanse was visible. Stevenson was that day free from pain, in high spirits, and in his best mood for conversation.

That being my first interview with him in his home, I could not fail to notice several characteristics. His vivacity was wonderful for a chronic invalid. He was as active and restless as if — had it been possible — his veins were filled with quicksilver. He had a cigarette between his fingers, and occasionally between his lips; but it was constantly going out after a few puffs. There was a strong rail in front of the balcony, for safety. He, like the rest of us, had his chair; but he occupied it for only a few minutes at a time. Then he strode along the balcony and poised himself upon the rail. Anon, he slid off, took a few steps, and dropped into his chair. Sometimes he came and stood before me, discoursing upon one point or another. All the time I was lounging in a deck chair, noticing and enjoying the changes in his features, his attitudes, and the varying tones of his voice, almost as much as the subjects of his conversation. He put life into everything he discussed.

He knew I had not brought a supply of books across America, my heavy baggage being still on the way, via Australia. He therefore placed his library at my service, and I took a book away that day. Later I had an arrangement on the front of my saddle, such as I had used in previous years in the Islands for carrying botanical specimens. With this I could strap a parcel of books wrapped in waterproof cloth on my saddle; and I rarely went to or from Vailima without such a parcel. The use of his books, of course, led to conversations on the subjects of some of them; and those literary conversations I greatly appreciated, for they revealed his judgment of and attitude toward many subjects. He was

by no means dogmatic in most of his judgments, and was always fair in argument. However, he held definite and strong views on some controversial matters. In his acceptance of the Sacred Scriptures he was far more 'orthodox' than most present-day theologians, and he was a genuine believer in Divine Inspiration.

## II

About three years before my return to Samoa, the London Missionary Society had decided to found a High School for girls, in their teens or over, to be conducted by lady missionaries. This was to give a superior education to the most promising young women from all the ten inhabited islands. Thirty acres of land had been acquired for the buildings and for the production of most of the food for the scholars. A plan for the building of the school had been prepared and, with the estimated cost, had been approved by the Directors in London. But up to the time of my arrival no one had been found to carry out the work, and the missionaries asked me to undertake it. That took me halfway to Vailima six days a week for some months, and I had a standing invitation to lunch there.

At that time there was no road for a horse-drawn vehicle in Samoa. When the Vailima house was built, all the materials for the structure had to be carried on the shoulders, or in the hands, of men; and all the imported provisions for the household, at the time when I was there, were carried from Apia by two pack-horses. The 'road' was, for most of the distance, a narrow track.

I, therefore, induced the people to give a strip of land for a broad road, and to construct the road; and when the mail-boat that took me to Apia returned from Sydney and Auckland, I sent by her an order to San Francisco for a light van and harness for a horse. When she again returned, a month after my arrival, she brought what was ordered, and by that time our road was nearly completed. That was the first road for a vehicle that was made in Samoa; and 'the road of the loving heart,' which the people constructed some time later to show their 'love for Tusitala,' was the continuation of our road from Papauta — the Girls' College — to Vailima. That is the history of 'the road of the loving heart.'

One day, soon after the school had been opened, Mr. Stevenson called on me at my apartments, in a more formal manner than usual. He wished to write a story in the Samoan language; but he felt that his knowledge, especially of the idioms, was too imperfect. He told me that he had consulted natives and missionaries, and all advised him to ask me for the help he needed. He would not ask for more than one hour a week, and he would come to me in my rooms at whatever time best suited me. If I had any scruple about devoting that time to his help, he hoped I would frankly tell him.

In Samoa there is only an hour and twenty minutes' difference between the shortest and the longest day: on the shortest, the sun rises about 6.20 A.M. and sets at 5.40; on the longest, it rises about 5.40, and sets at 6.20. Tea time in our missionary homes was about five o'clock, and the time between that and lamp-lighting for evening occupations was our leisure hour. I told him that I should be delighted to give him that time for the study of the niceties of the Samoan language. Mr. and Mrs. Clarke, with whom I boarded, would be delighted if he would join us at tea, and then we would set to work. I suggested that he should write a piece of his story, which I would read and correct where correction was needed; and then we would discuss the reasons

for my criticisms. That greatly pleased him, and thus the matter was settled. In a delicate way he said he knew I would not take anything for what I did, but the Missionary Society I served should not suffer for the loss of my time in helping him. I assured him that I should give him only my free time. I came to know, however, that at the May Missionary Meeting, when the Samoans contributed to the London Missionary Society, there was a contribution which no native could have given.

I believe that the student enjoyed that hour; but he did not enjoy it more than did the teacher. The peculiarities and the niceties of the language were a wonder to us both. We agreed that the Samoans must have descended from a higher condition of intellectual culture, to possess such a wonderful language. The extent of the vocabulary — certainly nearly thirteen hundred words, in an unwritten language (for until missionaries collected and wrote them, they were unwritten) — was a marvel. The orators all had a full knowledge of the entire vocabulary. Then the delicate differences in expression and shades of meaning, and the varieties in the pronouns and particles, astonished both of us. I regretted that the opportunity for such pleasant intercourse came only once a week. Sometimes there was a break in that.

When the weather was bad, Mrs. Stevenson wisely exercised her influence to keep him at home; and sometimes he was not well enough to come. Then he invariably sent a message or a note in explanation; but occasionally he was not able to write even a short note. Those notes were generally amusing and always interesting. Here is one: —

My dear Mr. Whitmee, —

The weather seems impossible, and my family will not let me go. Please excuse

The Class.

Only once did he willfully play truant. Then he wrote: —

My dear Count Whitmee, —

I have just finished a novel, which you will understand if you consider it is like a hundred and twenty sermons on end — and I simply cannot put my mind to Samoan or anything else. I am like an empty bag. I can, and I will do nothing.

Your unfruitful pupil,

Tusitala.

The novel then just finished was *Catriona*. Another letter was: —

My dear Mr. Whitmee, —

The most dreadful ill luck certainly pursues me. I have had an attack which makes it impossible, or at least highly unwise, to venture out this afternoon. A lot of *Edwin* waits your eagle eye. But it must be when it must. Why do you despise our humble luncheons? I wish you would remember, when you are at Papauta anyway, how glad we all are to see you.

Yours sincerely,

R. L. Stevenson.

If at that time a whole week passed without my presence at those 'humble luncheons,' it was quite exceptional. I believe he would have appreciated a visit from some congenial friend after twelve o'clock almost every day; for the luncheon conversation was a pleasant relaxation to him after his morning's work. Here is another note: —

My dear Mr. Whitmee, —

I have had bad luck yesterday and to-day: I have a cold and the class cannot come.

Your hopeless pupil,

R. L. S.

Then followed 'Notes for Dictionary.' At that time he was reading the Book of Job in our Samoan Bible; and he had found some words which were not in the third edition of the Dictionary, which contained 1257 words. I forwarded the list to one of the Mission Staff to be put with others, to be included in a fourth edition.

The next day I rode from Papauta to see him, and found him still confined to his bed, but sitting propped up with pillows, and writing. He was, however, glad to relinquish his work. That morning I returned his *Memoir of Professor Fleeming Jenkin*, the engineer; and I told him I had written to my eldest son, who was going in for electrical engineering, telling him to purchase a copy at my expense, as a birthday gift.

Stevenson said: 'Your son won't get a copy in Britain; it is out of print there. But I will write to my publisher in New York and instruct him to forward a copy, if you will give me his Christian name and address.'

This I did; and he took half a sheet of note paper and wrote on it: 'To Harold B. Whitmee, from his Father's Friend, Robert Louis Stevenson.' He handed that to me, saying, 'Send that to your son and ask him to put it in the book.'

That was a characteristic action. He knew the inscription would greatly enhance the value of the book to my son.

## III

This leads me to Stevenson's use and estimation of the Sacred Scriptures. I doubt whether many literary men — or even preachers — have read the Bible more regularly, with more reverence, or with greater appreciation, than he did. To him the Bible was the most wonderful and most valuable book in the world. He was not troubled by modern criticism. As to the speculations and imaginations on dates and authorship of the books, he cared little. He did not think all the books of the Old Testament were on a common level in the matter of Divine Inspiration. He did not see the need for it in the writing of the historical books. The Book of Job he admired, and he almost reveled in the reading of it, even in the Samoan tongue. Some of the books of the Prophets he ranked as superlative literature. He read the books as wholes, not in fragments, and did not see the need of imagining that there were two Isaiahs. In the books generally he found something more than human, although in human writers, he recognized limits of individuality in character and intellect, as well as in divine illumination.

Of the fact of Divine Inspiration he had no doubt; for there is so much in the Bible for which mere human knowledge, imagination, or intellectual power cannot account. In reference to the predictive Scriptures, he almost scorned the attitude of the churches in general, and of theologians and preachers in particular. He had a conception of his own in reference to the predictive pictures of the prophetic books. More than once or twice he expressed to me his wonder that — as he put it — 'you preachers do not study more, and make greater use of, the teaching of the Prophets: for in my belief they supply the key to the future of the world.'

One day he said to me: 'I cannot understand how you theologians and preachers can apply to the Church — or the multiplicity of churches — Scripture promises which, in their plain meaning, must apply to God's chosen people Israel, and to Palestine; and which, consequently, must still be future. You call yourselves the "Israel of God" or the "Spiritual Israel."' As an example of this misinterpretation, he gave me Isaiah LXII. 'But,' said he, 'that does not stand alone. The prophetic books are full of teachings which, if they are interpreted literally, would be inspiring, and a magnificent assurance of a great and glorious future; but which, as they are spiritualized, become farcical — as applied to the Church, they are a comedy.'

I am ashamed to acknowledge that he rightly included me among 'the

preachers who emasculate and make ridiculous the great predictions of the Prophets'; for I remembered, among other sermons of similar import, one sermon especially, on Psalm II, 6–8, when I spiritualized the whole passage, applying it to the spiritual 'Zion' and the work of the missionary church.

On several occasions Stevenson discussed such points with me; for he was, nearly all the time I knew him, reading the Old Testament prophetic Scriptures. He referred to the fact that Isaiah LIII predicted both failure and success, and that Christ spoke of his Second Coming (Parousia), when the promised restoration of Jerusalem and Palestine to Israel must be fulfilled, if ever the prophetic promises are fulfilled. He laid the greatest stress upon the fact, which in his opinion stood out most prominently, that 'to Israel as a whole the promises were made; and that in Israel they would find their accomplishment, if ever they were fulfilled, and not in the Church.'

One day he said to me: 'I have never given special attention to the question of "the lost tribes of Israel"; but if the Anglo-Saxons do not represent them to-day, I don't know where they are to be found. No people now living is worthy of the prophetic promises. There must be vast changes in store for the world in the future.'

Although what I have written is the substance of all he said, he set me thinking upon the great subject of the world's future; and to R. L. S. I owe the initiation of much prophetic and apocalyptic study during subsequent years. For this I owe him a debt of gratitude, as well as for other benefits received from his virile personality.

In a book entitled *With Stevenson in Samoa*, published in London, in 1910, by Mr. H. J. Moors, whom I knew during my first, and also my second, residence in the Islands, there is some strong, but somewhat contradictory, language concerning Stevenson's religion. Mr. Moors says: 'We never discussed the Bible seriously, as far as I recollect. Reverent always where matters of religion were concerned, Stevenson was not what I regard as a religious man. . . . Though he was more or less a dual personality, he was mostly Bohemian; and more than once, to his annoyance, has he been surprised in Bohemia. The Stevenson whom some writers have told us of — the man of morals, the preacher, the maker of prayers — is not the Stevenson I knew. Yet it is true that he moralized and preached in his own peculiar way, and true that he wrote some exquisite prayers. The truth is, there were two Stevensons! And I write of this strange personality as I found him, not as revealed through the looking-glass of the man's books.'

I take those quotations from Mr. Moors's book as a text on which to give expression to my own views. In some respects I agree with Mr. Moors; but in other respects my views are widely divergent from his. Before I read Mr. Moors's book, I believed that the germ of Stevenson's *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* he had found in himself: 'He is more or less a dual personality.' Mr. Moors may have seen more of one side of his character than I have. I am confident that I saw much more of his inner life than Mr. Moors did. He saw exaggerated manifestations of the worst, while I saw genuine manifestations of the best, that was in Tusitala. I am, however, certain that Mr. Moors never saw anything that could be said to be immoral or of doubtful morality. I never saw in him anything indicating the lack of a pure moral principle always prompting him in his life and conduct.

Mr. Moors says of Stevenson that he was 'reverent always, where matters of

religion were concerned.' That is good testimony from a man who made no profession of being religious himself. If by a 'religious man' he means one who is careful to observe outward forms of religion, I agree that R. L. S. had nothing in him that was like the 'Pharisee'; but I have seen in him something resembling the attitude of the 'Publican' of our Lord's parable. I have read two books published in London in which the writer professes to have known Stevenson, and to have met him at a dance with native girls; but I don't believe a word on the subject written by the author. What that writer suggested was absolutely impossible. To Stevenson the honor of a Samoan girl was as precious as that of any British woman.

On matters of morality on the part of foreign settlers in the Islands, also in reference to excesses in drink, I had conversations with him in which he deplored the conduct of British subjects and others.

One morning he had not attempted his ordinary writing, but rode down to Papauta with a written prayer in the Samoan language, which he wished me to read and correct if there were any errors in its composition. He told me that on the previous day two of the Samoans whom he employed had a serious quarrel. He had been informed of it and had, as he hoped, settled the matter. But the attitude of one of the men, who was mainly to blame, was so serious that he wished to make it a matter for prayer the following morning. I may explain that throughout the Samoan Islands there was hardly a family that did not observe family worship. It was observed at Vailima, one of the men, who was a kind of foreman to the outside staff, acting as chaplain.

When the master was well enough to rise early, he usually attended at that morning worship at which a hymn was sung, a short portion of Scripture read, and a short prayer offered. Stevenson proposed to offer the prayer himself the following morning. I have wished since that I had asked permission to make a copy of what he had written. But I remember the gist of it, although not the actual sentences. There was a reverent approach to God, and thanks for preservation, and for mercies and gifts bestowed. There was acknowledgment of sinfulness on the part of all, and a petition for forgiveness, in which I specially noted that the pronouns used included the person offering the prayer. Then there was a reference to what took place the previous day, and thanksgiving that there had been mutual confession and reconciliation. There followed supplication for help and strength to resist all inclination to give way to anger and vindictive feelings, and for help, that day and every day, to live as in God's sight, and so in peace and love toward one another and toward all people.

I do not know in what sense Mr. Moors uses the word 'Bohemian' in reference to Stevenson: if only 'unconventional' and sufficiently erratic to be different from most other people, I might agree with him. Tusitala reveled in the unconventional; and if he met anyone who was 'goody-goody' he might go far enough to scandalize the 'unco quid.' In some of his moods he, like Byron, misrepresented himself. If there was exaggeration in his speech, it was of his own failings. Cant and religious pretenses were abhorrent and impossible to him. Mr. Moors says: 'Sometimes you would catch Stevenson in what was almost a spiritual trance; and I really believe there was a good deal of the spiritualistic in his nature.' There I agree with him; and doubtless I saw much more of that side of his character than Mr. Moors did. He admits that he 'never discussed the Bible

seriously' with him. I did; and I have never met with a man who was not a minister of the Gospel who had such perfect knowledge of the Book.

Stevenson generally spoke of the Divine Being as God, and rarely spoke of Christ or Jesus, except in reference to some New Testament incident. That was not because he had any doubt of the deity of Christ; but rather because in Him he recognized the only Personality in whom we can really know God. He interpreted literally much that most Christian people spiritualize. He said to me, 'You preachers spiritualize so much of the Scriptures that you destroy their teaching, and make them meaningless.' He understood literally such statements of our Lord as these: 'No man cometh unto the Father, but by me'; 'If ye had known me, ye should have known my Father also'; 'He that hath seen me hath seen the Father'; 'I am in the Father, and the Father in me.' He believed that only in the Person of our incarnate Lord can we have any real comprehension of the Infinite Being, either as the Father or as the Holy Spirit. To him the word 'God' comprehended the Trinity, and he did not differentiate between the three Personalities: in Jesus the Christ we know the Father, and possess the Holy Spirit. I believe that was Stevenson's attitude.

I have already stated how literally he understood the predictions of the Prophetic books, and his belief that the wonderful promises for the world and for humanity will be fulfilled.

Stevenson's attitude toward missionaries in Samoa was one of friendliness to all; but there were degrees in his friendships, which were not biased by their religious views, but were warmer or cooler according to the personalities of the missionaries. Roman Catholics and Protestants shared his friendship. I once asked him to give me frankly his opinion of missionary work in Samoa. I said: 'You have had unusual opportunities of forming a judgment on the value of the work done and I should like to know exactly what is your opinion.'

He gave me a graver look than was usual and replied: 'You know I have severely criticized an action of one of your missionaries, although it was not of his work as a missionary. I do not think all missionaries are equally wise, and of some missionary methods I do not approve. But for the work of the London Missionary Society generally I have great admiration. I regard the presence of you missionaries in these islands as the one redeeming feature of the residence of white men in Samoa.' I made a note of that at the time.

The late Dr. George Brown, who was some years a Wesleyan Missionary in Samoa, was in 1890 a fellow passenger with Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson from Sydney to Samoa. Writing of their conversations on board, Dr. Brown said: 'I think Stevenson had been prejudiced against missionary work. Either he had formed his opinions from statements made by prejudiced people, or he had seen some unfavorable examples of the work which had been accomplished. We never discussed the necessity, expediency, and obligation of missionary work among the heathen.'

## IV

I might not have ventured to write freely on the home life at Vailima, if I had not been asked more than once whether the Stevenson family was a happy one. Some people appear to think that with such apparently incongruous elements as R. L. S., with his keen and delicate sensibility; Mrs. Stevenson, much older than he was, and in many respects the opposite of her husband; a stepdaughter, married,

and with a son still a boy, separated from her husband; and a stepson, harmonious and happy family life would be almost impossible. During most of the time of my visits, Stevenson's mother was also a member of the family; and she added another element, for she was, in almost every respect, the opposite of her daughter-in-law and Mrs. Strong.

Of course, I saw the family only occasionally; but I believe I saw them all together (except Stevenson's stepson, whom I do not include in the following statements, because I saw him only occasionally and never knew him intimately), and saw them under such differing circumstances as warranted me in forming a judgment; yet I never saw the least sign of want of harmony, the least lack of perfect confidence in one another, or the least failure of family affection. Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson were genuine lovers. He owed his life to her, and apparently he never forgot it. She had great admiration for him, and devoted herself to his welfare with the most solicitous care and womanly love. When she dictated to him about exposing himself, or doing some things he wished to do, it was consideration, prompted by love, which made her assume authority. His stepdaughter also admired him, and I believe she was never more happy than when she was working for him as amanuensis or in other ways.

Soon after my arrival in Samoa in 1891, Mrs. Stevenson senior arrived on a second visit to her son. She was a hale and hearty old lady, with the vivacity of healthy middle age — a refined and dignified Edinburgh lady, whom it was a joy to know. She was a godly woman, with wide sympathies, and possessing broad and liberal views on religious and other matters. On her first visit to her son, she learned to ride a very quiet pony, which seemed aware of the dignity of its rider. This was the only way by which she could pass to and fro between Vailima and Apia at that time, unless she had used a kind of sedan chair, which was disagreeable to her. A rule in life with her appeared to be to give as little trouble to others as was possible, and to do as much for others as she could.

I saw a good deal of Mrs. Stevenson, for she rode to Apia every Sunday, to take tea with Mr. and Mrs. Clarke, with whom I boarded, and to attend the evening service at the English Chapel, at which, when I was at Apia, I usually preached. Mrs. Clarke always had a bedroom for her, and she rode back to Vailima on Monday morning. As I, for much of the time, rode up to the Girls' High School, I had the pleasure of accompanying her, and usually went on to Vailima.

As we always rode at walking pace, those rides gave me the opportunity of engaging in pleasant and profitable conversation with Mrs. Stevenson. Often she introduced some point, or points, in my sermon on the previous evening, or something else in connection with the service. Our congregation being of different nationalities and of different sections of the Church, we used a shortened form of the Church of England prayers. Although she was a Presbyterian, she liked the prayers used, and complimented me on my sympathetic reading. I did not adhere to the Prayer Book Lessons, and my companion often mentioned passages of Scripture, or points in the sermon, which had specially interested her.

In those conversations the old lady revealed her faith in Christ, her unbounded love for Him, and an experimental knowledge of some of the deepest things in the spiritual life. If I had been her pastor and she had known me for years, I doubt whether she could have revealed her inner life more fully

than she did in those rides through the dense vegetation of the Samoan hills.

It would be presumption to enlarge on her love for her son. That may be taken for granted. Her admiration of him was also great. It struck me that at the time when R. L. S. was straitened pecuniarily it was his mother's influence which moved his father's heart to afford him regular assistance. As to her son's religious standing, she would have been better satisfied if it had been more on ordinary and conventional lines; but she had no doubt whatever about his faith in Christ as his Saviour.

Shortly before I left Samoa Stevenson spoke to me about the young half-caste people of Apia. He and Mrs. Stevenson had tried, by some social gatherings, to interest and benefit them; but their efforts had not been encouraging. I suggested that he might try to reach the young men by holding a Bible class on Sunday afternoons. He was attracted by the idea, and decided to start a class, taking the book of Isaiah for his earliest studies.

He said to me: 'I will have my own way in this.' That was in reference to his wife's objection to his attendance at our service at the English Chapel on Sunday nights. In that objection I believe she was fully justified. The chapel was a small galvanized-iron structure. The audience always filled it, and the temperature in it was oppressive. For R. L. S. to attend that service, and, after it, to ride up to Vailima and meet the comparatively cool breeze from the land to the sea which always blows at night, would have been madness on his part. Although I was usually the preacher when I was in residence at Apia, and should have been delighted to have him as a hearer, for the benefit of his criticism, I heartily agreed with Mrs. Stevenson's veto against her husband's attendance. But the afternoon class was not open to any of the objections against the evening service. He took the class, but did not live many months to carry it on.

My last ride to Vailima was on the day the mail-boat for San Francisco was due. The farewells were over, and I was about to mount my horse, when Mr. Stevenson said: 'One question, Mr. Whitmee, I wish to ask: If you are requested to come again to Samoa, will you come?'

I replied: 'Yes, if a good and sufficient reason be given for my return.'

He said: 'Thank you; you will have to come back.'

I have no knowledge of what prompted that question.

I believe Tusitala revealed to me his inner life, his deepest thoughts about God, the present life, and the life to come. And as he died only a few months after I left Samoa, I probably received his latest confidences. From these I believe I am warranted in saying he possessed saving faith in Christ unto life eternal. And from his belief in the prophetic books of the Old Testament, the teaching of Christ, and the apocalyptic portions of the New Testament, he possessed the fullest and clearest conception of the Second Coming of Christ, and the establishment of His Kingdom upon earth, of all the men I then knew. He interpreted the wonderful predictions literally, and often spoke scornfully of the 'spiritualizing' of predictions which he believed should be literally understood. He did not believe that the Church, as it is at present constituted, would win the world.

# ON GETTING HOME

BY ELIZABETH CHOATE

If someone should take all manner of sensations and pin them in a pretty row along the wall, for me to choose which had assumed the comeliest countenance, doubt would not have sufficient time to stretch his sticky hands out toward my heart before I should march boldly up and lay the wreath of laurel at the feet of that one we call 'getting home.' It means, of course, arriving at that place of all the world where you do most belong. I yield the crown to this sensation, because it is the winsome parent of so many others. There is comfort in it, and ease; there is gayety, laughter, and a catching of the breath, as if excitement had crept through the keyhole of emotion, thrown the door wide, and let sweep in a multitude of unsuspected pleasures created by everything the senses can take cognizance of.

But most of all there comes relief. Or is it love? Relief at what? I do not know. Just to be there again, perhaps; to be able to cast off pretense and affectation, even politeness, and know beyond a peradventure that it does not matter how you act, feel, think, believe — this countryside belongs to you; these hills and trees and gardens, these people walking down the village street, are yours! Nothing can change that. No whirl of time, no endless vagabonding, no voyaging from Patagonia to Persia, can ever take away the glorious fact that these green fields, brooks, orchards, and long grass are yours, yours, yours, forever. The West Wind carries you that news as soon as your feet have felt the station platform; or, if the West Wind's in abeyance and the tidings cannot slide into your heart upon a sunbeam, then they are showered on your consciousness by raindrops sparkling with the errand.

How rag-bedecked in poverty is he who never has 'belonged,' who never 'grew up' anywhere, who spent his youth and middle age in ceaseless rounds of packing trunks, and had no chance to make one small compact green countryside the jeweled box in which to keep his rarest memories! Even to have grown up in a city is better than never to have grown up at all. There are so many unfortunates in this restless age who are rooted up before they have a chance to grow, and are transplanted hither and yon, from garden to garden, with no chance of ever becoming a spiritual owner of a plot in any one of them. For, of course, that is all that 'belonging' means.

I cannot pretend to be the actual possessor of R——, Massachusetts, for if I did there would be Mr. Pudd all up in arms, and Mrs. Honeybun desirous to know if I were turning Socialist and laying claim to equal shares in all my neighbors' cows and yellow butter. And when I call to mind the gurgling, junking sound of churns, which floats up my hill from their dairies, I 've half a will to try it on. Except that I bethink myself of Charlie Squire, village constable, whose silver badge might put me in the pound as an unclaimed donkey, or in the jail for threatening the public peace. Which latter would

without a doubt much threaten mine, for the jail has been condemned some two years now, and does itself threaten to collapse should it be so much as shaken by an oath. So I will not turn Socialist; nor need I, for in the country town where I 'belong' no one except the dogs regards it as a crime to walk across a neighbor's fields, to pick his daisies, or sample his raspberries, so long as one will use discretion and never overdo it.

The sensation properly begins before you have arrived at home at all. It starts when your mind is made up to reappear there, and it grows unconsciously along the route of your return. As miles are cast off like stitches in a knitted blanket, the spell is cast on you as if these stitches went to weave an unseen net, to drag your heart out of your sea of travels into the harbor 'where you would be.' Unlike most train-journeys, you find that your last hour by rail is a delight; and if it be that your lot has fallen in a local, Fate is forgiven in anticipation of the end. Besides, here is sweet opportunity to lend superfluous good-humor to others; and who would miss the chance of being kind when kindness is no effort? Your book has been abandoned, for you have recognized trees, houses, lanes, 'the old familiar faces' hurrying by; and soon there will be paths that you have walked along, and hills that you have ridden over, so that it well behooves your eyes to keep their watchfulness.

They say that love makes poets of us all. You find the collector of tickets on a homebound train a fascinating fellow — a very Apollo, with gold teeth scattered in his upper jaw, which glitter through his smile with kindlier rays than ever the stars cast on Ulysses' course to Ithaca. And also, is it not he who shouts at last, in a voice that calls your heart into your mouth for very admiration, 'R——! R——!' You gather your bundles, dropping one or two as homage to excitement — and then you see that

> The Beauty which old Greece or Rome
> Sung, painted, wrought, lies close at home.

My last arrival came just as the clock struck three, in June. This is the hour when country people 'finish up,' and there was no one anywhere about except the stationmaster, Jim. Now, Jim and I are friends, and have been ever since our worlds began. We keep our intimacy bright by tales of ghastly railroad accidents and horrid pictures of poor mortals all de-limbed; for Jim's a pessimist and revels in this sort of thing. He greets me this way: —

'Well, well,' he says, 'I 'spect you 're kinder sick at gettin' back to this old burg after all the places you bin.'

'Oh, not so very sick, Jim,' I say; and cast a sidelong glance into the soft, sweet, rustling shade of maples, which make an archèd alley of the village street.

'Ah, well, you don't work for the railroad, that's what,' he answers dismally; and then, 'Wantcher bag?'

'Yes; please put it in the carriage?'

For the carriage is there, and the old black horse, whom haughty ladies of the kitchen have refused to drive behind — that mighty steed who 'can trot all day in the shade of a tree.' And the old coachman is there too — older, he is, than anyone I know; so old that he had white hairs in my grandfather's time, and can remember the last potato famine in Ireland. He is the purveyor of the first edition of news.

'How are the dogs? and the horses? Is Ponzi still there?' (Ponzi is a pigeon, so called because he came, a foreigner, unannounced, and stole our grain from the loft.) 'When is the strawberry festival? Has old man Sawyer died?'

The questions go on, endlessly, all up the avenue. Elm trees bend down their feathery branches to try to catch the

gossip; and you take note how the hedge has grown on either side, just shutting out the sight of kitchen gardens, which you know are there because there comes the smell of fresh, damp earth, and early vegetables.

There are so many pleasant things that happen with arrivals. The dogs come racing up, shattering quiet dignity to broken echoes of confusion; old servants must be shaken hands with; and after you have teaed and bathed and looked with friendliness upon your books, relatives come pouring in to say 'Hello.' Most of these are whiskered, and all of them stand waiting to be kissed; and you must tell about 'the lovely places you have been, my dear.'

Not quite so pleasant, this; but there are compensations, for Virginia is with them. Virginia is only an aunt by marriage, and is called just Virginia, without a preface, because her youth levels any rank she has attained by wedding with a bearded uncle. She will ride out with you, and seek adventure down lanes lit by the moon that spills in through the overhanging boughs; and she will talk of anything you like, from England to the China Seas. She has a face like old Madonnas, and eyes as gray and fathomless as that deep mist which holds the secrets of the sea from which it's born.

Presently they go, and you are left alone again. This is the best part. There are so many things to do. You can wander about, touching things to feel the solid happiness of their mere presence; you can sit on the terrace, and eat supper of cold eggs and coffee jelly, while the sun goes down and makes the old line of spectres stand out on the far-off hills; or you can go about announcing your arrival to your friends, or read your letters by the river, or pick flowers from a garden that you know of in the valley, and come back with the foaming torrent of them enveloping your mouth and nose and all but putting out your eyes.

This night I chose the terrace, letters, and the flowers. There would be time for all. The ghosts were there in wild array, flinging their arms out to the crimson sky in desperate pleading for some boon no man could guess at, yet frantic with their efforts to make the heavens understand. As I sat Turk-fashion, with my tray across my knees, there blew down the path of one of summer's breezes the smell of strawberries. It was just a hint, just the merest breath of a suspicion, but I followed it and found them just around the corner. Sun-warmed fruit, so red and ripe that it did not wait for picking, but fell off in my fingers as I touched the leaves to look beneath. So big they were that even the widest mouth would have to take two trys to get around one. And the gems, the jewels, the very queens, and kings, and gods of strawberrydom I found, as my grandfather taught me, in those sun-feathered berries just pecked by the robin. Whoever does not know that these outshine all others, as diamonds outshine paste, must needs go back to school again, for his learning is a feeble thing.

When my hands were deep-dipped in scarlet, and my mouth was but a ruby stain, I took my letters to the river-bank, and sat me down to read. They had accumulated into mountains, and some of them were dry and old, so that the dust of their disinterest flew down my throat to choke me, and I threw them in the water and watched 'the ink turn pale, and run away in very shame' at having written such stupidities.

Yet others sang phrases like the wood thrush, and the wind left gardens to attend their words, and brought me scents of flowers in the evening light. It hummed so many pretty songs of things it had seen that I was forced to go and search for them. To leave the

slow, black water, to push a hawthorn hedge apart, to climb a wall, and walk across a lawn, until I found myself in what I knew of old to be the home, beginning, gathering-place of flowers, and where I saw fair myriad ghosts of them shine through the dark. I threw myself beneath a tree that stood on a small patch of grass in the middle of this hiding-place for moonbeams. I lay on my back, and let the grass-blades trickle up between my fingers. I stayed quite still, and listened to my welcome back as sung among the tree toads. 'Mine, mine, mine,' it goes, 'all mine. I am a part of this. I too grew here.' And then an echo of it is heard from the bold-throated frogs in distant ponds. 'Yours, yours,' they boom, 'all yours. You are a part of this because you too grew here.'

Oh, those fairy noises that haunt homecoming nights in May and June; the witcheries that stir, the magic scents of lilac, honeysuckle, and syringa, the warmth of grasses, the coolness of leaves, the robes of gold wherewith the fields adorn themselves, the laughing brown of water, and the damp graciousness of earth! All, all for you, fashioned for you, growing for you, beautiful beyond the telling just for you, because your heart has found the key to Nature's hills, and these, these hundred blossoming faces that she turns to you, are all your first loves, your adored ones, your friends since the first day you tottered after daisies and pulled their heads off ruthlessly.

There ought to be some old pagan god that one could worship on a summer's eve. Some moss-grown statue of a satyr, who would chase with you the moonbeams that run down between the flower-stalks. Some laughing Pan-horned creature, to rush with you among the flower-beds and help fling off in that tumultuous riot of abandoned motion the pain of beauty that has shut the heart in. Someone, part-faerie, part-fawn, and part-mortal, to run a breathless race with; to dash down rose-decked paths from; to yet beguile, by swift agility of bending body, with Terpsichore's art; to charm by springing into life in untamed gracefulness, until the whole green-painted world is sent careening round the stars in the sweet mad motion of a dance. And then, to finish, panting, under some bloom-starred hedge, with the clover tickling your eyelids, and drawing in with hurried breaths perfumed night air. Thus ought we to worship summer's advent to our own hills in June. And then, the statue turned back into stone again, you should go to sleep across its cloven hoofs, until dawn pushed your eyelids open and the birds sang with the morning stars to wake you. So it should be, I thought, as I lay there; so could I pour my adoration out of body, brain, and heart, and loose the suffocating weight of it until next spring came round again.

Instead, I went to all the flower-beds and pulled a hundred blown buds from their places, to carry back with me and help me make a festival for beauty. I held them up against my cheeks and pushed their petals open with my lips. I kissed their tinted faces, and I drank the dew they still held in their delicate becolored cups. I wound them in my hair, and clustered them about my neck; and then I held up in my arms a solid, dripping, trailing mass of bloom.

Thus I walked home, and made my room a paradise for honeybees. And for myself — I slipped down into linen sheets that came from cedar boxes, and dreamed that every day was June, and in each one of them I should be 'getting home.'

# TESTING THE HUMAN MIND

BY ROBERT M. YERKES

The army mental tests have shown that there are, roughly, forty-five million people in this country who have no sense. Their mental powers will never be greater than those of twelve-year-old children. The vast majority of these will never attain even this meagre intelligence. Besides the forty-five millions who have no sense, but a majority of votes, there are twenty-five millions who have a little sense. Their capacity for mental and spiritual growth is only that of thirteen- or fourteen-year-old children, and your education can add nothing to their intelligence. Next, there are twenty-five millions with fair-to-middling sense. They have n't much, but what there is, is good. Then, lastly, there are a few over four millions who have a great deal of sense. They have the thing we call 'brains.'

THESE statements, which I venture to quote from a popular magazine, are typical of much that has been written about 'army mental tests.' Are they true? No. Is there any truth in them? Just enough to make them worse than false. They discredit psychology and mislead the reader in important matters of fact. This is my excuse for turning from my scientific tasks to write a would-be popular article on the results of psychological examining in the army.

Two types of statement appear repeatedly in popular and general accounts of the army work. The one is that the draft was but thirteen years old mentally; the other that some 12 per cent of the soldiers were of very superior, or superior, intelligence, as indicated by the grades A or B; some 64 per cent, of medium ability, grades C+, C, and C−; and the remaining 24 per cent, of poor, or very poor, mental alertness, and therefore graded D or D−. Unfortunately, both of these ways of expressing the general results of army mental examining are seriously misleading. It is my task to point out the chief reasons for misunderstanding, and to offer some more intelligible and reliable form of statement.

## I

Is our population only thirteen years old mentally? There are at least two possible grounds for dissatisfaction with the thirteen-year statement. On the one hand, it may be misunderstood or misinterpreted by most of us, and on the other hand it may be unreliable or inaccurate. Let me mention first a few possible grounds for misinterpretation.

It is well known that most of us commonly overestimate the intelligence of our fellows. This is primarily because of our limited contact and familiarity with persons of low-grade ability. I would not flatter the *Atlantic* circle, but it is undoubtedly true that its average intelligence is far above the median ability of the population! Inevitably we estimate the intelligence of mankind from that of the individuals whom we know.

Similarly we underestimate the native intelligence of the average thirteen-year-old child. For we are greatly impressed by the maturing influence of education and experience beyond the

age of thirteen, and we tend to attribute to inborn intelligence what, instead, is purely acquisition. A child of thirteen years ordinarily is well advanced in growth, and may well have attained maximum intelligence, although still capable of vast improvement in the use of intellect. Children are sexually mature at from ten to sixteen years, according to race, and climatic conditions. It would not be very surprising, in view of these facts, were it proved that intelligence is fully developed in some individuals by the age of thirteen, and in the majority before sixteen. Such considerations make the thirteen-year statement more credible.

Or, again, it is entirely possible that the draft was not a fair and representative sample of the men of the country. To a certain extent those of low-grade intelligence were shielded by parents or guardians, and were rejected by draft boards. And to a far greater extent, probably, men of first-rate intelligence were reserved for the conduct of essential occupations, or were trained as officers. This heavy elimination at the top probably reduced the mental age of the drafted army by at least one year.

Nor can we safely overlook the effect of men of foreign birth on the intellectual status of the army. Altogether they are markedly inferior in mental alertness to the native-born American. In the group of soldiers especially studied by the psychologists, about 18 per cent were foreign-born. The United States Census reports for the total population about 14 per cent of foreign birth; so the draft was somewhat more heavily weighted than is the total population. Whereas the mental age of the American-born soldier is between thirteen and fourteen years, according to army statistics, that of the soldier of foreign birth serving in our army is less than twelve years. To claim, then, that the inclusion of foreigners lowers the average mental age of the group by one half-year certainly is conservative.

If we should sum up these various considerations, we might say that the mental age of the native-born American male within the age-range of the draft probably approximates fifteen years. Such a result of army mental tests would not have caused general surprise, alarm, or skepticism.

Turning now from the possibilities of misinterpretation to those of error, we should remember that the trustworthiness of the mental-age statement issued by army psychologists depends upon the value of the standards of judgment available from civilian sources. Now, it is definitely known that the mental-age standards for ages from five years to ten or twelve are fairly reliable, and that beyond twelve years they are of uncertain value. This casts serious doubt on the trustworthiness of the thirteen-year statement. So also does the fact that the average age of maximum native intelligence probably is nearer sixteen than thirteen years. It is but fair to say that mental age was not generally used by army psychologists as a method of stating the result of examination. Instead, the actual score made in examination was recorded and used as a basis for recommendation.

I confess that I am not at all concerned, much less alarmed, by the statement that the average mental age of the draft was but slightly more than thirteen years. In view of all the possibilities of adverse selection, of the inclusion of a large percentage of men of foreign birth, of the probable unreliability of mental-age standards for adolescents and adults, and the near certainty that intelligence does not reach its maximum, on the average, much before sixteen years, it seems to me that thirteen years is a very respectable showing for our army.

Happily, the results of intelligence measurement of nearly two million soldiers do not stand or fall with the thirteen-year statement. It is merely a sort of by-product offered to the public by the army psychologist, on the mistaken assumption that it would be more intelligible and less likely to be misinterpreted than such descriptions of results in terms of examination scores and their distributions as I shall now present.

## II

Scarcely less a popular stimulant — or shall we say irritant — than the thirteen-year-mental-age statement, which we have put aside, is the often quoted distribution of letter grades in the army. It is on this doubtless that Mr. Wiggam, whose statements introduce this article, based his misleading paragraph. The alarmist now tells us that army measurements indicate that there is not more than 12 per cent of really good intelligence in our population, whereas low grades of intelligence are at least twice as frequent. This would be alarming, I grant, if true. But is it true? The lay readers of army reports have overlooked, or ignored, the important fact that the frequency and distribution of letter grades of intelligence depend wholly upon the definition of the letter grades formulated by the army psychologists. Grade A, for example, was so defined in terms of the range of scores which it should include, that not more than 5 per cent of the men examined should receive it. Or, differently expressed, the army psychologists, by arbitrary definition and ruling, limited the number of soldiers who should be classed as of A intelligence. Why then become alarmed over the infrequency of A men!

There was, to be sure, nothing arbitrary about the scores made in their examinations by the tens of thousands of soldiers, or about the distribution of these scores. It was only the grouping of scores that was arbitrary, and merely a matter of convenience in connection with military use. Letter-grade distribution of intelligence is wholly valueless as a description of the intellectual status of the draft; for there might just as well have been twice as many A and B men as D or D — men, as the reverse. It is solely a matter of definition! The letter grades are useful, though, in comparing different army groups, — such, for example, as officers and privates, whites and blacks, English and Irish, native-born and foreign-born, — for the definitions remain constant.

## III

Having cast aside as misleading, or valueless, the statements that our army was only thirteen years old mentally, and that there were more than twice as many men of inferior as of superior intelligence, we must substitute some reasonably safe way of stating the general result of psychological measurement. Probably the most satisfactory terms of statement are those of the 'combined scale'; for the results of all the different kinds of examination were reduced finally to terms of a single scale, the range of which was from zero to 26 points. On this scale the median score — that is, the score which has as many cases above as below it — for the white draft is 13.46 points; that for officers, 18.84; for white soldiers discharged from the army because mentally incompetent, 6.8.

The extreme differences in intelligence between important groups of men within the army are still more impressively shown by the percentage of individuals falling below a certain score. We may arbitrarily take fourteen points, which is very near the median score for the white draft, as our

standard of comparison. It then appears that of commissioned officers only 1.6 per cent fall below the standard; of the white draft, 59.4 per cent; of the negro draft, 93.2 per cent; of men of the white draft who had to be examined individually, 98.2 per cent (the same figure applies to the negro draft as individually examined); of men of the white draft discharged from the army as mentally incompetent, 96.8 per cent; of men of the negro draft discharged from the army, 100 per cent. These figures are valuable as indicating alike the differentiation of the groups and the prevalence of below-average intelligence in certain of them.[1]

[1] There is just one way of describing precisely the intelligence of the army, and that is by reproducing the distribution of scores on the 'combined scale.' In view of all the misstatements and misunderstandings which have appeared, I beg to offer as a corrective the following table of percentage distributions for officers, for the white draft, and for the negro draft.

| *Points on 'combined scale'* | *Officers* | *White draft* | *Negro draft* |
|---|---|---|---|
| 25–25.9 | 0.01% | | |
| 24–24.9 | 0.04 | 0.01% | |
| 23–23.9 | 0.68 | 0.02 | |
| 22–22.9 | 3.94 | 0.13 | |
| 21–21.9 | 10.60 | 0.47 | 0.01 |
| 20–20.9 | 16.22 | 1.06 | 0.04 |
| 19–19.9 | 18.24 | 1.90 | 0.09 |
| 18–18.9 | 17.36 | 3.14 | 0.27 |
| 17–17.9 | 13.86 | 4.88 | 0.48 |
| 16–16.9 | 9.35 | 7.06 | 0.96 |
| 15–15.9 | 5.38 | 9.63 | 1.76 |
| 14–14.9 | 2.65 | 12.23 | 3.32 |
| 13–13.9 | 1.15 | 15.14 | 5.99 |
| 12–12.9 | 0.39 | 14.83 | 9.40 |
| 11–11.9 | 0.09 | 10.68 | 12.08 |
| 10–10.9 | 0.02 | 7.32 | 14.09 |
| 9– 9.9 | 0.01 | 5.08 | 15.36 |
| 8– 8.9 | | 3.14 | 13.68 |
| 7– 7.9 | | 1.79 | 10.34 |
| 6– 6.9 | | 0.86 | 6.44 |
| 5– 5.9 | | 0.35 | 3.42 |
| 4– 4.9 | | 0.13 | 1.54 |
| 3– 3.9 | | 0.04 | 0.58 |
| 2– 2.9 | | 0.01 | 0.21 |
| 1– 1.9 | | | 0.04 |
| 0– 0.9 | | | 0.01 |
| Median Score | 18.84 | 13.46 | 9.98 |

How do we commonly estimate intelligence? Scores and percentages mean little to us, unless we can somehow relate them to occupational or other forms of behavior, by which we ordinarily judge a person's 'brightness' or mental ability. Such comparison is possible because of the army's classification of men according to their civilian occupations, and the relating of intelligence scores to occupation. The average intelligence of the army is just about the same as the averages for such important occupational groups as horse-shoer, brick-layer, cook, baker, painter, general blacksmith, general carpenter, butcher, general machinist, riveter, telephone lineman, pipe-fitter, plumber. Of course, not all the men engaged in these trades have precisely average draft intelligence. Some are lower, some considerably higher. Our statement implies that the average intelligence found in a given occupation approximates the average for the white draft. The average intelligence in the army for such occupations as common laborer, miner, teamster, barber, is much lower than the average for the entire draft. On the other hand that for clerks, bookkeepers, draftsmen, accountants, dentists, engineers, doctors, clergymen, is very much higher. There are notable and tragic exceptions; but, in general, persons gravitate toward the class of occupation which most nearly suits their intellectual ability and temperament.

No one who is familiar with the facts would think of denying a high grade of intellectual ability to the commissioned officers of the United States Army. As a group, they were during the war, and are now, superior in endowment and education. The distribution of their intelligence grades strikingly confirms this assertion. Only three tenths of one per cent of the more than forty thousand white officers examined graded

below C−; 3.3 per cent received the grade of C; 12.5 per cent received C+; 28.4 per cent, B; *55 per cent received A.* These figures are eloquent; for we know what such men stand for in community and nation. By virtue of their superior ability, they are the leaders industrially, professionally, educationally, socially. It is a long step from the average intelligence of the white draft to that of the commissioned white officer. In the former, 72.9 per cent graded C or less; in the latter, 3.6 per cent.

We have rather good practical knowledge also of the performance and possibilities of those men who never progress beyond the sphere of the 'common laborer.' Almost all the soldiers classified in this group occupationally graded below average in intelligence. Indeed, the majority received the grades C−, D, or D−, which, by interpretation, mean low average to very poor intellectual ability.

The cost of low-grade intelligence to the army was appalling. Among the men of the white draft, army psychologists discovered about two in every hundred who were so inferior mentally that they could not safely be assigned to regular military training and duty. This justifies the statement that in our army of five million men, there were at least one hundred thousand with very low-grade intelligence. Some of these were discharged after psychological examination, but many were retained, and used in labor battalions or otherwise. Probably most of them were not worth what it cost the Government to draft, equip, train, and insure them, and to pay the other costs incident to their military service and its hazards. The initial rejection, on the basis of psychological examination, of this entire group of one hundred thousand men would have saved the United States enough to pay the cost of psychological service a hundred times over.

## IV

Any citizen should be interested in relations of illiteracy, schooling, and intelligence. As bearing on the educational status of our population, the following figures are illuminating. Only about 70 per cent of the soldiers examined were able to do themselves justice in the group examination intended for men who could read and write English. The remaining 30 per cent had to be given either individual examinations, or the group examination for those who were wholly illiterate, or illiterate in English. The soldiers classed by army psychologists as illiterate in English were unable to read newspapers or to write letters. Many of them undoubtedly could spell out words, and thus read with painful labor and slowness. But so much education as this profits the individual little and the nation less. Can we fairly consider ourselves a generally and highly educated people so long as three individuals out of every ten (this proportion certainly would be increased if the age-range were extended from fifteen to fifty years, and women as well as men were considered) can neither read nor write the language of our country?

Men who reported not more than four years of schooling scored on the average 22 points out of a possible 212 in examination Alpha; those with five to eight years schooling scored 51 points; those with one or more years of high school, 92 points; those with college training, 118 points; those with technical or professional training beyond college, 146 points. These figures might be interpreted to mean that intellectual ability is largely the result of education. Indeed, it is quite commonly believed that intelligence increases with schooling. This, however, is flatly contradicted by results of research, for it turns out that the main reason that

intelligence status improves with years of schooling is the elimination of the less capable pupil. All along the line, from kindergarten to professional school, the less able and less fortunate in home conditions tend to drop out. Not more than 50 per cent of our population are capable of satisfactorily completing the work of a first-rate high school. The remainder reach their limit of educability along intellectual lines at varying points on the educational ladder. Not more than 10 per cent of the population are intellectually capable of meeting the requirements for a bachelor's degree in a reputable college. Education, instead of increasing our intellectual capacity, merely develops it and facilitates its use.

Although army psychologists made no special study of illiteracy, they incidentally discovered the proportions of men among the native-born, the foreign-born, and American negroes who could read and write English to a useful degree. The illiteracy showing of New England may readily be grasped by examination of the above table.

Among the native-born in New England, illiteracy is least in Connecticut, 9 per cent, and next in Massachusetts, 11.5 per cent. Perhaps this indicates the difference in community service between Yale and Harvard! The percentage of illiterates for New England — 31, nearly one-third of the population — is amazingly high; but of special import for our social status and outlook is the prevalence of illiteracy among the native-born to the extent of more than 16 per cent.

If psychological examining in the United States Army had done nothing more than reveal the prevalence of illiteracy, it would have been well worth while as a service to the nation.

| | Maine | N. H. | Vt. | Mass. | R. I. | Conn. | All New England |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Total Illiterates | 29.4% | 37.3% | 26.4% | 29.6% | 35.0% | 37.8% | 31.0% |
| Native-born | 24.4 | 22.1 | 17.7 | 11.5 | 15.6 | 9.0 | 16.3 |
| Foreign-born | 63.8 | 71.1 | 71.1 | 57.1 | 74.8 | 73.4 | 62.6 |
| Negro | 77.8 | | | 86.3 | 55.5 | 42.8 | 79.5 |

## V

What of the intelligence of different races? Some years ago I read a book whose thesis was 'Mind is fundamentally one and the same for mankind.' If this is true, so also is the thesis that body — including such traits as hair-color and texture, complexion, height, cranial capacity — is essentially the same for all mankind. I have marveled that the learned gentleman found it in his heart to write so much with the hope of establishing what, obviously, is false! If we may safely judge by the army measurements of intelligence, races are quite as significantly different as individuals. To begin at home, the negro versus the white offers particularly valuable material for study.

If intelligence is fundamentally the same in negroes and whites, the distribution of the letter grades shown below is puzzling.

| | A | B | C+ | C | C− | D | D− |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Whites | 4.1% | 8.0% | 15.0% | 25.0% | 23.8% | 17.1% | 7.0% |
| Negroes | 0.1 | 0.6 | 2.0 | 5.7 | 12.9 | 29.7 | 49.0 |
| Northern negroes | 0.7 | 2.7 | 7.2 | 18.0 | 25.8 | 31.2 | 14.4 |
| Southern negroes | 0.1 | 0.2 | 0.7 | 3.4 | 9.6 | 29.2 | 57.0 |

The education of the negro is poor in comparison with that of the white. Most of them are illiterate; but this fact accounts only in small degree for the prevalence of low grades, D− and D, in the intelligence examination. The contrasting results for Northern and Southern negroes is doubtless significant of selective action. The more energetic, progressive, mentally alert members of the race have moved northward, to improved educational and vocational opportunities for themselves and their children.

English group, 19.7 per cent graded A or B, and in the Polish group, one half of one per cent. The race differences are so pronounced, and of such obvious practical significance in connection with immigration, that it seems excusable to present the rank order of the several racial groups, first, for increasing frequency of inferior intelligence, second, for diminishing frequency of superior intelligence, and, finally, for decreasing average score on the 'combined scale.'

The measurements of intelligence for

| *Rank order* *Per cent of D, D−, and E* | | *Rank order* *Per cent of A and B* | | *Rank order* *Average score* | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| England | 8.7 | England | 19.7 | England | 14.87 |
| Holland | 9.2 | Scotland | 13.0 | Scotland | 14.34 |
| Denmark | 13.4 | *U. S. White draft* | *12.1* | Holland | 14.32 |
| Scotland | 13.6 | Holland | 10.7 | Germany | 13.88 |
| Germany | 15.0 | Canada | 10.5 | Denmark | 13.69 |
| Sweden | 19.4 | Germany | 8.3 | Canada | 13.66 |
| Canada | 19.5 | Denmark | 5.4 | Sweden | 13.30 |
| Belgium | 24.0 | Sweden | 4.3 | Norway | 12.98 |
| *U. S. White draft* | *24.1* | Norway | 4.1 | Belgium | 12.79 |
| Norway | 25.6 | Ireland | 4.1 | Ireland | 12.32 |
| Austria | 37.5 | All foreign countries | 4.0 | Austria | 12.27 |
| Ireland | 39.4 | Turkey | 3.4 | Turkey | 12.02 |
| Turkey | 42.0 | Austria | 3.4 | Greece | 11.90 |
| Greece | 43.6 | Russia | 2.7 | Russia | 11.34 |
| All foreign countries | 45.6 | Greece | 2.1 | Italy | 11.01 |
| Russia | 60.4 | Italy | 0.8 | Poland | 10.74 |
| Italy | 63.4 | Belgium | 0.8 | Native-born | |
| Poland | 69.9 | Poland | 0.5 | *U. S. White draft* | *13.77* |

The intellectual status of the negro is greatly inferior to that of the white, and the figures already presented as typical are supported by measurements of the practical value of the negro soldier and by the opinions of commanding officers, who agree that he lacks initiative, displays little leadership, and cannot safely accept responsibility.

Almost as great as the intellectual difference between negro and white in the army are the differences between white racial groups.

Of natives of England serving in the United States Army only 8.7 per cent graded D or lower in intelligence; of natives of Poland, 69.9 per cent. In the different races are appreciably influenced by familiarity with English and facility in its use, as well as by amount of schooling. However, there is no reason to suppose that the English or Scotch have marked advantage over the Irish in their familiarity with the English language. Nevertheless, the English and Scotch groups show few intellectual inferiors and many superiors; whereas for the Irish group the reverse is the case. More than 39 per cent of the Irish graded D or lower, and only 4 per cent graded A or B.

The tragically poor showing, in these racial statistics, of the Italian and Polish groups is worthy of particular

note, because these races at present figure so conspicuously among our immigrants.

Dr. Carl C. Brigham of Princeton University has recently reëxamined and carefully analyzed the army data bearing on nativity and length of residence in the United States. His results have not yet been published, but I am permitted to say that, in the main, they confirm the statements of this article. He has studied with care the intelligence of immigrants for different periods of the history of our country, and has discovered rather marked diminution of intelligence, which seemingly is due to change in the proportions of immigrants from Northern and Southern Europe.

For the past ten years or so the intellectual status of immigrants has been disquietingly low. Perhaps this is because of the dominance of the Mediterranean races, as contrasted with the Nordic and Alpine.

By some people meagre intelligence in immigrants has been considered an industrial necessity and blessing; but when all the available facts are faced squarely, it looks more like a burden. Certainly the results of psychological examining in the United States Army establish the relation of inferior intelligence to delinquency and crime, and justify the belief that a country which encourages, or even permits, the immigration of simple-minded, uneducated, defective, diseased, or criminalistic persons, because it needs cheap labor, seeks trouble in the shape of public expense.

It might almost be said that whoever desires high taxes, full almshouses, a constantly increasing number of schools for defectives, of correctional institutions, penitentiaries, hospitals, and special classes in our public schools, should by all means work for unrestricted and non-selective immigration.

## VI

Crime, delinquency, and dependency, as well as educability, are intimately related to intellectual ability. For, when records of special and summary courts-martial are related to measurements of intelligence, it appears that men of low-grade intelligence are particularly prone to minor delinquencies, or infractions of military regulations. In one camp, of 929 court-martial cases, 44 per cent were men of D— grade intelligence or lower, and less than 6 per cent of men graded A or B.

A chart used by army psychologists to exhibit graphically differences in intelligence between various groups, and to illustrate practical applications of mental measurement, shows the following startling facts. Of men with very poor, or poor, intellectual ability, who received in the examinations D, D—, or E, there were none among commissioned officers; very few among students in officers' training-schools; less than one per cent among sergeants and corporals; something like 20 per cent among white recruits; and, by contrast with the above, among 'disciplinary cases,' men ranked by their officers as of 'low military value' or 'unteachable,' from 50 to 75 per cent. The graphic representation of these facts was impressive. It became more so as officers observed their men, and discovered for themselves that their estimates of military value agreed pretty closely with the intelligence grades supplied by the psychologist.

These figures suggest a way in which our army might have used intelligence measurements to excellent purpose. The elimination of the lowest ten per cent of the draft would have lessened by one half the waste and annoyance incident to military offenses, slowness and refractoriness in training, weakness and inefficiency.

The psychological examination of drafted men and other recruits was proposed originally as a quick, inexpensive, and reasonably sure way of discovering and eliminating men with too little intelligence to be worth training for regular military duty. But, as soon as the practical work of making psychological examinations was under way in the army, new uses of its results revealed themselves; and when the official inspector stated the purposes of examining, in his report to the Surgeon-General, he mentioned three important types: namely, the discovery and, as desirable, the elimination of the mentally defective; the classification of all men according to their intellectual ability; and assistance in the selection of men especially suitable for positions of responsibility, as in the case of commissioned officers.

In summary appraisal of results, it may be said that psychological examining in the United States Army had many and considerable direct and indirect values. It focused the attention of thousands of intelligent army officers — many of whom have now returned to civil life, taking their new knowledge of psychology with them — on the possibility and practicability of measuring human traits, and of using the resulting information for the benefit of mankind. It led to the improving of old and the devising of new methods of mental measurement, such as would not, ordinarily, have become available in a score of years. It provided data on intelligence, its distributions, and relations, unprecedented alike in quantity and in value. It increased the faith of psychologists in their professional work, and greatly stimulated them to concentrated labor on methods, problems of mental development, and the relations of intellectual ability to professional and other demands.

## VII

Looking forward! Popular appreciation of the need for knowledge of man has increased rapidly in our times. The more daring are clamoring for branches of human engineering which, with curative and preventive medicine and hygiene, shall take their place beside civil, mechanical, electrical, chemical, mining, and those other well-established varieties of engineering that have to do with our environment rather than with ourselves. The idea that man's chief study is man, is old. The conviction that the study of ourselves should enable us more wisely to direct and control our lives and our civilization, is new.

Tending to supplant the belief that whatever happens is definitely foreordained, and that it is our duty to accept meekly, and with what cheerfulness we can command, both good and ill, is the conviction that we are active, creative parts of the definite scheme of things, and that intimate knowledge and control of human behavior may just as well have been foreordained as anything else! Bitter and bloody was the opposition to the dissection of the human body; to efforts toward discovering the functions of our bodily organs; to attempts to prevent or avoid certain diseases. Persisting even to-day is the suspicion that insanity is a species of demoniacal possession and perhaps a divine visitation. Religious opposition to an increased knowledge of man's origin and development, of the laws of growth, of the relations of bodily functions and mental processes to the world in which we live, continues to manifest itself. But, despite ancient beliefs and superstitions, traditions and prejudices, there is growing desire to know about the self as a natural object; eagerness to understand human life and to act more intelligently

in connection with it; conviction that service to our fellow beings is both a privilege and an obligation; and faith that, while recognizing the importance of nature's slower way, we may actively further the physical and spiritual well-being of mankind.

Whereas heretofore too little has been expected of psychology by most people, now the pendulum has swung in the opposite direction, and hopes as well as demands are extravagant. It is needful, therefore, to emphasize the necessity for patience and temperance. The practical values of psychological methods and of their results depend almost entirely upon the thoroughness, skill, foresight, and disinterestedness with which the science is developed.

## VIII

'Can the value of a man be appraised?' Man is a delightfully complex and varying object. His values are legion. But even now it is possible to estimate or predict certain of his 'values' as a social being by measuring bodily and mental traits. Categorical reply to the question is unsafe, for in certain respects man can be measured accurately. In certain others he cannot, at the present time. Assuredly we cannot to-day appraise a man *accurately*. But this statement would be grossly misleading if I did not add that substantial progress has been made during the past half-century in the development of methods of measuring man, in our knowledge of his traits and their relations, and, consequently, in our ability to predict his values, or to appraise him.

The preceding paragraph wholly neglects the optimistic note that seems to me legitimate. I beg therefore to declare my faith, and to present my scientific creed. They require few words. Theoretically, man is just as measurable as is a bar of steel or a humanly contrived machine. He is infinitely more complex in constitution, in possibilities of reaction and response, and in relations to environment, than is the bar of steel. But this does not alter measurability. It renders it a more difficult, tedious, and lengthy task, but it also makes it more interesting, for it constantly challenges our faith, persistence, ingenuity, and intellectual resourcefulness. When asked nowadays, 'Can imaginativeness, skill, courage, honesty, inventiveness, or any similarly and seemingly intangible, unmeasured ability be measured?' I promptly and dogmatically reply, 'Yes.' Then I hasten to qualify my optimistic assertion by explaining that, although convenient and readily usable methods may not be at hand to measure or evaluate the particular aspect of human nature in point, the experienced, skillful, and intelligent psychologist can make the desired observations. It may require weeks or months, but it can be done.

Two decades ago it was possible to measure traits of intellect in psychological laboratories, but impossible to evaluate them simply, accurately, and serviceably, as is done to-day all over the world by means of the so-called 'intelligence tests.' We should be sadly lacking in faith, optimism, and the spirit of prophecy, if we refused to maintain the probability that more and more aspects of man will become measurable, more and more modes of response predictable, and more and more social values appraisable.

Can the value of man be accurately appraised? In so far as it depends upon the form of his body, it can be: for height, weight, dimensions of bones, of muscles, cranial capacity, color of skin, hair, eyes, and scores of other aspects of the man as physical object may readily be measured, and the results

compared with those obtained from other individuals. Such measurements are the special concern of anthropology. They enable us to identify stages of development, the sexes, different races, and the variety of defects and pathological conditions of the human body.

Anthropometry and physical anthropology have developed through the curiosity of man, but also, and perhaps more, because of the need for accurate knowledge of bodily traits, their changes during growth and occupational use, their relations, their controllability and modifiability by educational means. It has come to be recognized that an essential part of vocational guidance and placement is the attempt to fit the physical man to job or occupation. This requires definite knowledge of occupational requirement, stated in terms of bodily traits, and equally definite knowledge of the traits of a given individual. What has been said of bodily form is equally true of bodily functions. Response to fatigue or to cold or warmth, rapidity and accuracy of movement and coordination, are at once measurable, occupationally significant, and essential conditions of certain 'values.'

With traits of mind as contrasted with those of body, it is far different. As forms of experience, they appear to be immeasurable, but as expressed in action, behavior, conduct, they can be measured. So it happens that experimental psychology is the application of new and constantly improved ways of testing and measuring what man does under certain circumstances, or in certain situations. Between physiology and psychology it is quite as impossible as unprofitable to attempt to draw a sharp line. Both are interested in bodily processes; but, whereas the physiologist attends chiefly to bodily functions in their relations to structure, the psychologist undertakes to study the relations of certain bodily functions or expressions to sense-impressions, feelings, emotions, ideas, thoughts.

The whole of history is a record of human behavior. Man has always been interested in himself, always observant of his acts. But mostly his descriptions are impressionistic, colored by the purpose or bias of the writer, inaccurate and incomplete. The science of psychology has undertaken to supply carefully controlled and accurate descriptions of behavior, based upon objective measurements of what man actually does in certain definite circumstances. Here is a simple illustration of the contrast between the old and the new descriptions. It has long been recognized that some people respond quickly to sights and sounds, others slowly. The psychologist has devised methods and mechanisms for measuring the time required by a given person to respond to a certain type of stimulus. Results of such measurement may class the individual not merely as quick or slow, but as precisely so quick. His speed of reaction may then be compared with the average for all persons measured, with the quickest or with the slowest, and he can be ranked objectively and precisely. The advantages of such definite objective information over the impressionistic sort are too obvious for comment.

Just as it is possible to measure such a simple characteristic as quickness of response to any sort of stimulus, so likewise the presence of ideas and their use in thinking, the presence of images and their use in remembering or in imagining, may be evaluated by measurements of what a person actually does. Memory — or, rather, memories, for there are several different kinds, which seem to vary independently — is measured by getting reliable records of the amount of material in the shape of words, phrases, sentences, names of

objects or acts, which can be recalled under given conditions. For instance, I repeat to the person to be tested, with uniform emphasis, and at the rate of two per second, the digits 386159427, and the person responds by naming as many as he can in the order in which they were given. Thus, by the use of nine digits, repeated in different orders, I can readily measure the memory-span of the individual for digits presented auditorially, that is, to the ear. There is a surprising difference among individuals in ability to recall such material. It has also been discovered that a person who can recall only five digits if he merely hears them may be able to recall nine when he sees as well as hears them.

When the psychologist talks about measurements of intelligence, he is inevitably asked if traits of temperament and character, or yet other aspects of personality, can likewise be measured. In the army it was often said that measurement of leadership, reliability, and courage, certainly would be more useful than similarly dependable measures of mental alertness. Although this probably is not true, it is undeniable that the feelings, emotions, and other temperamental characteristics of the person are as important in most practical situations as the intellectual. Occupational fitness depends primarily on bodily, intellectual, and temperamental traits. To appraise the value of a man without trustworthy measurements of his will-power, his reliability, his frankness or honesty, his patience, persistence, or irascibility, his courage or timidity, his self-dependence, his temperamental resourcefulness, his sympathy and self-forgetfulness, would be inexcusably stupid. Bodily traits alone, however accurately measured, are inadequate. Knowledge of intellectual functions constitutes a valuable supplement, but we still fall short of what is required. Knowledge of temperament, which may be defined as the 'constitutional' or inborn tendency to feel and act in certain ways, goes far toward completing our picture; but we still have neglected certain components of character and personality which result from the interaction of the above with conditions of life.

It has proved more difficult to measure 'affective' — as temperamental traits are called — characteristics, than intellectual. Little progress has been made as yet toward the development of reliable, readily used, and standardized methods of gauging honesty, courage, timidity, and similar essential traits. But starts have been made — starts that have taken the psychologist out of his laboratory into the field of practical life. In connection with criminal procedure, he has been called upon to measure deception; and, although he has not entirely succeeded in this task, he has made sufficient progress to justify optimism. Just as in the case of intellectual functions, he measures, not the experience of the individual, but one or another aspect of behavior or conduct. In a few years we shall be measuring affective traits as readily, as serviceably, and as accurately, as we now measure intellectual functions!

## IX

Knowledge is power as truly in the human sphere, intellectual, affective, and social, as in the environmental. Chemistry, and the branch of engineering based upon it, have revolutionized the conditions of human life. Physics, geology, mineralogy, likewise have found innumerable applications to our welfare. The so-called physical sciences have literally transformed man's world. Modern medicine — including surgery, preventive medicine, and hygiene — not only has banished the most frightful of

the epidemic diseases, or in large measure gained control of them, but has also infinitely increased human comfort, happiness, and efficiency, by discovering the laws of health, and ways of preventing and avoiding disease or defect, and by developing sanitation and personal hygiene as phases of engineering.

For psychology it remains to accomplish in the sphere of behavior and mind what the physical sciences and engineering have accomplished for our physical body and its functions. With increasingly safe and abundant knowledge of man's mental traits and capacities, we shall intelligently, instead of blindly and by guess, help to fit ourselves and others into the social fabric, help even to change the design of our social system.

Many of the things now viewed as foreordained and, therefore, unapproachable by us, many that are left to chance or accident, we ultimately shall deal with systematically, rationally, and on a basis of safe prediction of reaction and appraisal of values. Vocational and avocational choices, instead of being left to the wish or whim of parent, guardian, or self, to necessity, or to ease and openness of road, will come more and more to rest on adequate knowledge of the traits and capacities of the self, and on the demands, requirements, and opportunities of different classes of occupation. Job-specifications and descriptions of the individual will become commonplaces of business and social relations.

This vision of the not-remote future of mankind, and of the social order which will result when knowledge of man — physical, mental, and spiritual — is as nearly adequate as is knowledge of his environment to-day, might be elaborated indefinitely. We stand on the threshold of a new era. Mankind, heretofore infantile in his knowledge of himself and in his attitude toward such knowledge and its practical uses, is reflecting on the lessons of history, on the tragedies of ignorance, and on this vision of progress.

May the value of a man be appraised? My confident reply is, 'Yes.' If not to-day, to-morrow; for never has there been greater open-mindedness toward knowledge of man and his relations; greater eagerness for more knowledge and for increased ability wisely to direct and shape his individual and social life, than at present. To-day many things are possible to us which seemed unapproachable a generation ago. Evidently the part of wisdom is to be open-minded, optimistic, determined in our search for knowledge, and equally so in our use of it. We may not assume that we are wise enough safely to direct ourselves or our social order; but, nevertheless, we must admit that we are responsible for the conduct of our own lives, and for the social order, with all its imperfections.

# THE LETTER OF INSTRUCTIONS

BY L. MORESBY

## I

'DEAR ELEANOR,' her kindly lawyer-cousin wrote; 'I think, as we are on the subject of your will, that you may wish also to look through your letter of instructions. You gave it to me directly after your marriage, now eight years ago, and there have been changes, as there were bound to be in your long absence. Anyhow I send it, and you can return it with the other papers. I saw your husband two days ago. He was looking in the pink of condition, and evidently in the best of good spirits. He said you were very well when he left India for London.'

There was more, of course, but that was what really counted. She sat in her charming hill bungalow at Darjiling, the windows softly shaded from the sun of a perfect summer day, and a soft-winged breeze fluttering the flower-scents on the wide verandah outside. Beyond, shimmering in the heat waves that rose from the garden, were the far-away mountains — divinely white and aloof in their heavens. But she saw none of it — her thoughts were away in a dark office in London, where she had last seen that long blue envelope with its endorsement, —

'To be opened immediately after my death. ELEANOR HOWE.'

It was sealed formally in two places, with the seal she used on state occasions; its whole appearance suggesting a library in decorous gloom, and an assembled family not without a gleam of furtive curiosity in resolutely expressionless eyes.

She had not thought to see it again. It would lie there in the safe until Reuter flashed the message across the oceans: 'Lady Howe, wife of Sir Brian Howe, commanding the Elapur District, died to-day.' But now it lay before her, and she wondered, staring at it, whether it would bring her the emotion with which she had written it eight years ago. It took a little resolution to open it and look at what might be her dead self in a far deeper sense than if it had been opened in the way she intended when she pressed that last seal. For there is no resurrection for the selves that lived five, ten, twenty years ago, whatever there may be for the physically dead. Where do they go — those dead women who were once — one's self? And that opens yet another strange question — Which of all of them will have earned immortality? Will it be conferred on the last haphazard one, when the Black Ox treads on the wearied feet that can escape him no further? Or may one choose?

She wondered idly, still staring at the seal. 'The Heaven of the Dead Selves.' Not a bad title for an article: but how would they get on together, knowing so much too much and too little of each other? Perhaps 'The Hell of the Dead Selves' would be nearer the mark. But both would be true.

And then she opened the envelope slowly, almost with fear. She could see the room where she had written it — all her jewels, little and great, on the table, as she sorted them and wrote each against a name in the letter. None of these were grand enough, valuable enough, to be named in the will, she thought. This would be the best way to give them — yes, and the furs too. She had considered it a long while. How intensely she had felt it!

'My turquoise chain to Isabel Enderby.'

That marked a friendship that had sprung up in a night, like Jonah's gourd, and with about as much root. It had been languid on her side, determined on Isabel's. Possibly Isabel may have thought that a visit to India would be pleasant. The wife of the general commanding a district in India has a good deal in her power for an unmarried girl who happens to be staying with her. There might have been a little liking in it, too. Why not? At all events, she wrote so often, came so often, that Eleanor found herself committed to a friendship before she had the least idea that Isabel was more than an acquaintance. Of course, she must ask her to Calcutta. Of course, she must leave her a little remembrance. Poor Isabel would be so hurt if she were forgotten!

But now — all was changed. Isabel had married a rich man at home, and the turquoise chain was a thing she might give to her governess and rejoice in a suitable mark of approval without the trouble of choosing it. Isabel used to parcel up all the gifts she did not want, for distribution among her friends next Christmas. Probably she did it still. Such habits stick. And the friendship had dwindled down to a note at the New Year. Certainly the turquoise chain might be crossed out. It had become ridiculous.

'To my sister Clare, my amber chain and pendant.'

Clare needed no chains or pendants now. She had loved them dearly once, perhaps because she could have so few. But now — Oh, why had Eleanor not sent them when they would have been so gladly, so amazedly, received? She could see Clare's light blue eyes brimming with joy and wild surmise as she opened the box. 'Who, who could have sent anything so lovely? Could it be dear Eleanor — could it! How *exquisite!*' She knew little Clare's underlinings of speech. If only she had sent them! For now it was too late. Thousands of miles away, Clare had closed her eyes in a sleep that hides its secrets of joy and amazement, and the color seemed to have dropped away from the amber and left it pallid. That, too, must be crossed out.

'My chrysoberyl ring to my cousin Laurence Wyndham.'

There was a meaning in that — else why leave a woman's ring to a man? He had always loved the mysterious jewel that is green in the day-time but rose-red when the night comes, the mystic jewel-soul of it expanding to the cold lunar influences. He and Celia were engaged, but there was very little money on either side. He would never be able to give her any of the charming superfluities she adored. Some day it would please him that his wife should have a lovely weirdness like that for her own, with all the far-away voices of legend that cling about it. Laurence would understand — he would think, 'Eleanor always knew I liked it. She did not forget.' It had pleased her to write that in the letter.

But Laurence was reported 'Missing' in the war, and Celia gave two brief months to his memory before she 'chummed up,' as she called it, with a brother officer of the same regiment. It would have been a sore wound for

the boy if he had come back; but perhaps Fate recognized that he had had wounds enough, for he was spared that one. He never came back, and there was no longer any connection that justified giving or receiving, nor anything left but a sense of something half-ghastly, half-bitter in the swift oblivion of what had been so dear. She drew a black line through that.

'My cut jade beads to Alix Howe.'

That was an olive branch. Should it stand? There are some people with whom the olive branch must be an evergreen. Alix was a cousin by marriage, ten years older than Eleanor. She represented instinctive dislike, and an ugly jealousy, impossible to be completely hidden. To Eleanor such things seemed an offense against good breeding, to say the least of it; and since Alix was akin to Brian, though rather more kind than was desirable, she had ignored some matters that most women would have resented sharply, and had not broken off relations.

Then, when she was writing the letter of instructions, the thought occurred to her that it would please Brian if she left Alix something. It would show him that she had not treasured any offense. She would like him to be sure of that when she was gone. And it might touch Alix a little. Who could tell? Personally, she always thought Alix what is called in India an 'Untouchable,' in more senses than one; but you never knew. Anyhow it would please Brian, and Alix liked little expensive elegances. Now the black pencil hovered over it, but was laid aside. Judgment was suspended.

'My cabochon opal to my first cousin, Georgia Leigh.'

Things had strangely altered there. Before her marriage, quite a promising little flame of affection on Georgia's part had been industriously fanned, for Eleanor really loved the pretty, bright young thing, and there was much talk of her coming out and seeing the world in India when she was eighteen. Eleanor looked forward to it with an anxiety that surprised herself; that affection was such a sunshiny thing in a life where the shadows were lengthening slowly but surely.

And then a terrible thing happened. In the wild turmoil and upheaval of the war, Georgia, who had been working at a hospital in Northern France, fell desperately in love with a married man she had nursed — an officer, but so far below herself in birth and education that, even had he been free, the outlook would have been wretchedness unalloyed.

They disappeared together, almost penniless; and where they had gone no one knew. Not a word from Georgia since that dreadful nineteenth birthday when, with unknowing hand, she destroyed every hope of her life. Eleanor wept heartbroken tears over the ruin; hoped against hope that the child would write to her out of the black pit of misery. If she feared her parents still, she might write to Eleanor! But never a word broke the implacable silence. Georgia had been caught in the black cyclone that whirled away the world's hope in its frightful vortex. She was only a bit of war-wreckage now, floating on tortured seas far away from home and help and the Sussex meadows deep in buttercup and clover, where life had been so good to her.

What use to leave the opal to this sad new Georgia, even if she should ever come back to claim it?

But still she could not pencil it out. With eyes that moistened, she added the chrysoberyl ring and — yes — the fox furs. Georgia's fair hair would be so lovely above the black silkiness. She would bury her face in them, and

cry — because Eleanor had remembered and had not been angry. That must stand.

She looked quickly down the list. Change, change almost everywhere. There would have to be several alterations. And in eight short years! She had been home only once in the eight, for Brian's duties kept him in India during the war; and even there the atmosphere had chilled a little. It must be so. Why blame people for the necessity of human fate? And afterward, the deluge of the war swept away landmarks and much else. It loosened all bonds, crushed all sanctities, made every relation unstable. How could people go on writing the usual letters, when everything they knew had crashed about them?

## II

And — but what was this, lying there thin and sealed in the bottom of the great envelope?

'Letter to my husband. To be given to him on my death.'

She stared at it blankly. It seemed a ghost. She had actually forgotten it. Now she remembered sealing it, with tears that gathered thick as in fancy she saw him opening it, with big trembling fingers, in a loneliness that tore her heart to imagine. What would he do? How could he endure it, with age coming on — so very far in spirit from his own people; thrown back for help and comfort on some cold sense of duty shot with self-interest, instead of her own warm companionship and devotion?

The deepest, tenderest pity filled her heart while she sealed that letter. 'My dear — my dear!' a voice had cried in her soul. Oh, if the day should ever come — if from some vaguely dreamt spirit-world she should see Brian lonely and old, she would break back to him somehow. One is never dead in one's own dreams. Always one hears what those who are left say of one, and weeps with them in their helpless loneliness. So she had thought of Brian while she wrote that letter, and scarce could write for tears.

But now — tenfold complicated change had come between Brian and Eleanor. Very gradually, almost insensibly, they had drifted apart. How it began, she never knew; when she realized it, it was done. He found his pleasure with her no longer. What did he really care for? Nothing that she could give, though she ransacked her store with trembling anxiety. Novelty — that was out of her power. Change — he could have that better without her. The contact of flattering women — well, there is not much room for a wife in that special form of recreation. The revival of caressing memories with others, the excitements that filled up the days and drew warm rose-colored curtains against the wintry approach of age — these were the things he needed and craved. Eleanor's delicate austerity of nature wearied him — how could he help that? He could hide neither his boredom nor his temper. He did not even try, nowadays. When she kindled into a flame of delight, he yawned; when he expanded in a congenial air, she shrank.

Certainly for a while she amused and interested him. In all his many experiences he had never met a woman like her, so quick, so eager in pursuit of a loveliness which he could never understand. Her reticences and ardors alike bewildered him. He began to say that he detested what he called 'clever people.' They bored him to tears. It seemed to him a useless gymnastic, a perpetual standing on tip-toe, a perversity which people could rid themselves of if they would; and he openly

preferred the effortless companionship of women who were easily amused by the kind of things he liked. They could be a part of his life. She was not, never could be that; and duty calls, which took him away on District business, were more and more welcome as marriage became a fetter, and a bachelor life more and more to his taste.

And then he had secured long leave, directly the war was over, and really, — what with the expense and the length of the journey and so forth, — it seemed much more sensible to him, he said, that Eleanor should just go up to the hills and make pleasant expeditions there with people she liked. He was sure she had never quite enjoyed a sea voyage, and the Red Sea was trying. The reasons were many and excellent, but the long and short of it was that he did not want her.

At first she protested almost wildly. It terrified her that he should go so far alone. Could he really wish to be without her — had it come to that? And then, as she searched her own heart in the wakeful nights, she sounded the depths of a deeper terror. What if, in the lonely days that were coming, she should discover that she also could do better without him? They must not risk it. She thrust that fiercely aside and renewed her entreaties. Useless; he grew angry and stubborn, and then, quite suddenly, with the self-control which he could never understand, she saw that opposition was useless, and accepted his decision calmly. Nothing really matters as much as we supposed it would, she told herself; and, to her temperament, nothing could be worth the ugliness of a quarrel. She saw the danger, but she could say no more. And after all, if he really wanted to leave her, that was what counted. The actual going was a small thing in comparison. Besides, she could not say the things she really feared. How could she speak of Alix, of many other shadowy terrors?

So he started, brimming with enjoyment, and parting quite kindly from her now that he had conquered her opposition. Of course it would be all right when he came back — women forget things so easily! And she went up to the clear heights of the hills, and saw people, and built up a new life which no longer included Brian. Life stands still for no one, and his presence ceased to be real and became phantasmal in her mind — the more so because she never dared to examine her feeling about him. She supposed that it might be all right when he came back and things slipped into the old groove again.

But time and distance make a gulf which nothing but love can bridge, and his letters revealed only the outward happenings, nothing of what he thought. Those letters, with their brief account of shooting, hunting, and never ending visits, represented all her share in his life now.

After three months, she began to consider. She had always written down her thoughts in a book, which Brian had never cared to see. Now they were changing, and she could not have shown them to him. She found life less strained, amazingly interesting, whether at Calcutta or Darjiling! And that reflected itself in her *journal intime*. The sense of freedom, painful at first, became delightful as it might to a bird spreading wings, cramped at first after its escape from a cage. But a great dread came with that knowledge. If change, inexorable change, had laid hold of her as surely as of him, then what was dead in him might some day die in her, and in such different temperaments this must show itself with rending differences.

But could that ever be? Impossible. True, if that ever happened, he need not

know; for Brian, who asked so much in things that she thought trifles, asked very little in things that mattered. Love he did not know what to do with; her companionship he had plainly shown he did not value. A pleasant well-run house, with plenty of distractions; a wife who smiled in the right places and was always amiable; unquestioned liberty to go his own way — are these such large demands that she could not meet them if the worse came to the worst?

But how if one has the necessity to love — to spend one's self in a passion of human pity and devotion? That had been the torment with Brian — that she needed to love him, to give endlessly; and he did not in the least care to receive. Did she care still in that way, or was it gone? That was the question.

## III

And now this letter lay before her, written by the Eleanor who was perhaps dead. Would she be in the mind it represented? Would it awaken the old tenderness and make the dry bones live? Ah — that would be the test. It would mean certainty.

A letter from him, come by the same mail, lay unopened before her. She looked from one to the other, hesitating, and then, with trembling hope, took up her own. If she could think of him in that way still, all might be well. But would she? She began to read:

'Dear and beloved,' —

Her dead self struck her such a blow in the face with the phrase that she flushed crimson. It sounded as indecent as if it had been written to a stranger. Unreal, hateful, with the false sentiment of a Victorian drawing-room ballad. She thrust it from her passionately, then forced herself to read on. —

'I can't *bear* to think of your loneliness if I go first, and so I write this to you with all my tenderest love. You will understand, I know.'

Could she ever have written it? Amazing! Could she ever have thought he would understand that heart-broken outpouring? No, no. She knew her Brian better now. He would take it as most suitable, most gratifying, the sort of deference a wife would naturally pay to a husband's sacerdotal position as a widower. Of course, he would never lose his deep regard for public opinion and the verbal sentiments on which it is propped; but she could see him rereading it, sitting in the most comfortable armchair in the Club — reading with nothing more than a flicker of memory.

'By Jove, that 's Adair coming in! Must ask if Mrs. Adair is in town' — and then he would get up with brisk anticipation, and the letter would be pocketed and forgotten for the time. And the times of forgetfulness would lengthen out, and all she meant to him would be put away with the undertaker's paraphernalia, and he would find life as comfortable and pleasant as ever, especially with such a testimonial to character as that letter. He had been a good husband. If he had ever doubted it (but he never did), this would quite reassure him.

And then she had actually written, —

'And when your time comes, my dear, if they let me, I will wait for you somewhere and — '

'Idiot!' she cried aloud. She could not bear to read more. She loathed the very paper it was written on. She loathed herself. Thank God, she had found it and saved her posthumous self from such a *faux pas!* It felt like the horrid dreams when one walks half-clad into an assembly; like eating with a knife; like dropping one's *h's;* like everything that is offensive and ill-bred.

Brian she did not loathe in the least. He was what he was, and could not be blamed for it, nor be expected to be anything else. Poor soul, it was n't his fault if a silly woman had written silly things to him. He was just an ordinary Briton, extremely insensitive except to anything that he considered a personal slight. Very pleasant to all who ministered to his comforts when things went well; very much the reverse when they did n't.

A man full of genial charm on the surface, knowing his charm and exercising it to the full; his friends and acquaintances would always take his part in every difference of opinion with his wife.

'If she could n't live in perfect happiness with that dear Sir Brian, it just shows what she was. One can't help pitying him. So easy to get on with!' That was what would always be said.

But then, they were not at Eleanor's point of view. What she was considering with smarting shame was this: —

A man whom love trickled off like rain from a tortoise's back, without even causing him any inconvenience; who had no imagination and despised it as a weakness of the brain — and she had proposed to deluge him with sentiment, which she loathed the more because he would really like the amiable intention and treat it as a personal tribute! A schoolgirl of the present generation might be ashamed of such ineptitude. And she called herself a woman of the world!

Wait for him, indeed! If it were not a syndicate reception, then Alix, who would certainly devote herself to Brian's consolation, would be quite as acceptable an escort as herself — probably much more so. Yes, that would be the ideal arrangement. Why had it not flashed across her mind and stayed her hand, when, as she remembered, she had gone on with the utmost, most reticent delicacy, to entreat him to remarry. He could not endure his loneliness — he must not, must not think it would pain her if she could know. If that thought hindered him, somehow she would know it — and grieve. She had said something absurd of the sort.

At that point, Eleanor laid down her letter and faced her own judgment. Had she, could she have been absolutely sincere in writing all that? Had she felt every word of it; or was it the self-blinding emotion of self-pity, with a certain amount of pose in the tender anxiety of the disembodied spirit hovering over its earthly treasure?

She thought it had been honest as far as she knew then; but, as she looked up, her eye caught the photograph of Brian, in full uniform, standing beside his charger. A man created by Providence for presiding at a mess-table with genial hospitality; a man for comfortable relations with the authorities at the War Office; for discreet flirtations with women; but no — not a man to whom a woman capable of writing such a letter could possibly write it without some pose, some heightening of the lights and shadows. There must be some latent insincerity to herself and him. The letter was hateful — hateful! She was thankful she had n't lived to see him read it!

Lived? No, that was an Irishism. Of course, she would have been dead; but supposing it had reached him — somewhere she could see her spirit, blushing, miserable, crying mutely, 'I did n't mean it, not a word of it. It 's the last, the very last thing I could have written. I simply loathe it'; — and Brian reading it serenely, through gold-rimmed glasses, and saying, 'Poor little woman! Very nice, indeed. She was very fond of me.'

A kind of terror seized her lest she should die before she had destroyed it.

Tearing was not enough. She found her scissors and clipped it into the tiniest bits, and across again and again. Well, that was safe. She saw the last 'love' disappear with a clean cut across the middle.

Poor Brian; it was ridiculous to suppose this change of front was really his fault. Had he ever pretended to be other than he was, ever laid claim to fine feelings, or any power of affection, or an insane wish to sacrifice himself for her or anyone else? Not a bit of it. He had always been frankly, honestly selfish; and if she liked it, she could take it, and if not, she could leave it. Then it was her fault. What in the world had possessed her and had made the marriage and her letter possible? Of course she had loved him, or had thought she did. But why? She tried to remember — to analyze.

He was good-looking, but that was nothing. She was twenty-eight when they married, and he forty-six; and among her rejected addresses were two men whose good looks were quite as commendable. Besides, that kind of thing had never been a temptation to her — her needs went deeper. Love — understanding — that was what she cared for.

Position — money? No, there she could honestly acquit herself. She had enough and to spare, and never gave either a thought. Could it have been that he was the most masculine man she had ever known? Most men have a tinge of tenderness in them, a strain of the mother that comes out in little shy ways; a relenting, a refraining, a touch of idealism — things indescribable as the scent of a flower, but evidencing that men and women spring from the same heart-root.

Of all that, Brian had nothing. He was sheer male, and could not even imagine any other point of view. The women he liked were little women with yearning eyes, who could be petted as long as it was pleasant, and 'disrated,' as the sailors say, without a murmur when they ceased to please; women whom a man could despise comfortably while he enjoyed their little feminine frailties. The women he did n't like were those who looked at him with clear eyes, and had their opinions about men's duties and their own, backed by a consciousness of claims and rights which was likely to be irksome.

'I can't bear those unfeminine women. They don't attract me!' And that was final.

But could it be that there was something in this careless cruelty and contempt that made an appeal to the primitive slave-nature in every woman? Did they hark back to the overbearing lordship, which makes no concession, and demands body and soul? Could it be that William the Conqueror knew his business when he won a reluctant princess by dragging her in the mud by her long hair, and beating her with his stirrup-leather? And could Matilda of Flanders have spoken for all women, when, her astounded father demanding to know why she now wanted to marry the aggressor, she replied, 'Because of his hardness and daring in beating me'? Certainly, women liked Brian amazingly.

But no, it never could have been that with her. She would have hated it; and even the foolish dead Eleanor had never gazed at him with yearning eyes.

She gave it up. She understood it no more now than if it had been the experience of a stranger. It *was* the experience of a stranger. It had happened to a woman who was dead. That was all you could say.

She could now remember only that she had been certain that, under all this careless good-humor and enjoyment, lay a heart, somewhere, to be

won, and she might win it. She wished passionately for that. There were moments when his handsome eyes softened and grew pensive, and it seemed that he did understand — did care. And then the good minute went.

Elusive — that was the word. It was always trying to catch the rainbow; and when you thought you had it, it was a field away. He was accustomed to say contemptuously, 'Women always want what they can't have!' Perhaps it was that, after all. She certainly could not have it.

But surely things would be better when he grew old and needed less distraction? And then he touched fifty, and needed more than ever. She felt sometimes like an anxious mother trying to amuse a boy home for the holidays, with a lurking wish that they were not quite so long. Would he never grow up and care for the things that really mattered? Was the answer to be 'Never'? She wondered. Times were pleasant enough sometimes, and a wave of hope would wash the dry sand into shining beauty; and again the tide ebbed; and, because human tides obey no moon, it had not flowed since, and the rocks were all charted and bare and ugly.

## IV

But all this was useless. It explained nothing. It only wearied her. The dead Eleanor might explain all the mistakes that had landed her in this plight, but she herself could not. Let it go.

On the whole, of what use are these letters of instructions? If she rewrote the whole thing it would be obsolete in a year — perhaps less. She realized now that life is too unstable for the written word. If these things could be set down in vanishing ink, guaranteed to last only six months, well and good. For Brian she would certainly leave no letter. He could then attribute to her whatever sentiments pleased him best. And for the others? Best to leave that undone, too, and let him dispose of the little treasures as he pleased. He loved saying the suitable thing in writing, and did it with much apparent feeling. He really would enjoy that. She could see him writing with the utmost zest to Alix, with the jade chain beside him.

My dear Alix, —

In accordance with what I know would have been my beloved wife's wish, I send you a little memento of her — a jade necklace, which she valued, and which I, therefore, value deeply. It gives me great comfort in my sorrow to choose this for you, and I hope you will take it as from us both. Perhaps you will have tea with me at the Club on Sunday. A talk over old times would cheer me a little, if you can come. I have much to say to you, etc., etc.

Yes; — and Alix's answer: —

My dear Brian, —

How good — how kind you are. But you never forget me; and, indeed, I shall value this beautiful gift as much for your sake as for hers. What perfect taste Eleanor had! I will come with pleasure on Sunday. How could I refuse if you need me? etc., etc.

And to Mrs. Adair, whose feline softness she had always abhorred, remembering the sharp claws sheathed in velvet. They had scored her more than once.

My dear Mrs. Adair, —

I know it would be my dear one's wish that you should have a little remembrance of her friendship for you —

and my own. I therefore send you a crystal-and-agate pendant, which she inherited from her aunt, Lady Westergate, and often wore. I remember your thinking it beautiful. Could you spare a few hours of your time to a very lonely man and dine with me quietly at the Club, at eight o'clock on Monday? You will understand, I know, how I feel the need of a little sympathy and understanding, etc., etc.

And Mrs. Adair, with her honeyed sweetness in full play: —

My dear Sir Brian, —

How my heart has ached for you. Nothing can soften your present grief; but I do hope that the friendship and sympathy of so many who love your genial and sunny nature, now, alas, so sadly clouded, will sustain you. What shall I say about your lovely gift! How you remember my little weaknesses, and how I shall value this treasure, which belonged to my dear friend Eleanor. Of *course*, I will come on Monday. How could I refuse anything which will bring you any comfort, etc., etc.

Could Eleanor deprive him of these multiplied pleasures? It would be positively inhuman. And to what end? For, almost incredibly to herself, she realized that it really did not matter to her now. It would neither pain nor anger her — she simply did not care. She was astonished that she had ever troubled to set forth a list at all. The will would cover all she really cared for and must safeguard. Much better to make an unfettering exit! Brian could then say what he felt to be the suitable thing, and that would heal any little pinprick of discomfort he might happen to suffer. Yes — she would enclose a note with her will. She wrote it swiftly: —

My dear Brian, —

I think with regard to the little possessions not mentioned in my will, it will be much better if I leave the matter entirely in your hands. I am quite sure you will do whatever is pleasant and sensible and will omit no one who should be remembered, and that is all I desire.

Your affectionate wife,

Eleanor Howe.

She endorsed that also, and enclosed it. Ten minutes later the turbaned servant had taken the important-looking envelope to the mail.

It was not until then that she opened Brian's just-come letter. — It began with the announcement that he had secured an extension of leave. It really would have been a pity to let the chance slip now he was in England. He was sure she would agree with him there.

'And when I come out and find my dear wife to welcome me lovingly, as I know I shall, I hope I shall find her well and happy. What do you think of inviting Alix to come with me and pay us a visit? She is a cheery person, and would love to see something of life in India. I know she would thoroughly appreciate your kindness if you enclosed one of your nice little letters in your next to me, asking her to come. It really would be a charity. She has such a dull time with Lady Solmes.'

Eleanor read no more. She could still catch the mail. She wrote a hurried note, approving the extension of leave, and enclosing another to Alix, with an invitation quite sufficiently warm to ensure acceptance.

These despatched, she sat down again. What did it matter — what did anything matter between them any more? She had applied the test — she had faced her dead self with her living being, and at last she knew her own soul. Another self had died in that

half-hour, and taken all her doubts and fears with it. She was a free woman. Her life was reborn on a new plane.

Presently she took her pencil and wrote in the little book that Brian had never read. She could always clear up a situation to herself better in writing than in her passive mind, and now she wrote swiftly: —

You think it is for you to come back —
That I wait — that I shall welcome you.
You send a careless word
That shall keep me content.
You think to find me here when you come,
Patient, ready, smiling.
That is all very different from the truth.

It is I who shall never come back —
I who have gone away.
For, though I hold up my cheek to be kissed,
And kiss you lightly in answer,
I am gone — I am gone.
I am not there any more;
I have taken wings and found my refuge,
And it is where you cannot find me.

One day you broke me and I fell —
Sank, and for a long time could not rise.
I lay still in the great deeps of sorrow!
The waves went over me.
Then I thought — I am drowned;
Never again shall I see the sun.

And yet, one day I floated up —
Not by my own will.
The water took me,
And it was still and warm,
And the sun shone bright on my face.
Thin and drained I was, as if by death.
Too weak to move.
Then, suddenly, I knew: —
I am broken, broken!
Yes — but it is a door,
And I can run through it and escape.
And I have escaped; I have flown;
I am free.
You cannot hurt me now.

When people forget the dead,
Others say tenderly, —
'O poor dead people —
To be forgotten — how sad!'
They do not know that the dead forget also —
Their hearts are hard.

I am dead to you. I have forgotten.
You will not find me when you come.
No, though I shall meet you at the door,
And hold up my cheek to be kissed.

She read it aloud to herself in a very soft undertone.

'I can't write poetry, but that 's true,' she said. 'True. Perhaps I should never have known it but for the letter of instructions. And now I can begin to live. Alix used to hurt the old Eleanor. Brian, too. They can't hurt *me*. Let them enjoy themselves in their own way!'

An extraordinary sense of freedom and exaltation was upon her, shot with golden gleams of hope. There would not be very much difference outwardly, but endless vistas of new thought and feeling opened before her. She believed Brian himself would find this reconstructed married life much more to his taste — if, indeed, he ever realized that former things had passed away. Anyhow, there it was! For years she had not felt so young and hopeful. It was like being released from sudden and disabling illness.

She left the book lying on the table — anyone might read it now. They would not understand — Brian least of all. Then, smiling, she quoted the immortal Mr. Bennet: —

'Don't let us give way to such gloomy thoughts. Let us hope for better things! Let us flatter ourselves that *I* may be the survivor!'

She picked up her hat and went out to have tea at the Club.

The book lay on the table.

# COMING DOWN TO DINNER

BY GEORGE VILLIERS

A SUDDEN loveliness —
A flutter as of wings —
And I look up.

Wrapt in an intimacy of embrace
Alone achieved among women,
Very slowly coming down the length of the great hall
Toward me, but unconscious of me,
My dear one, and another!
The taller, the elder, protective, mothering,
With an arm thrown round the dreaming form of my love;
And she — my love — relaxed,
At rest in the crook of her arm;
An unspeakable beauty enveloping them both,
As of their own two hearts
Made perceptible in atmosphere
Round them and about them,
Preceding them,
Protecting them.

A sudden throb in my heart
Makes me infinitely desire to go up to them
And cry to them,
'Oh, what have you been saying to each other?

What have you been saying to each other to-night,
That makes you both so beautiful,
And wise,
And strange,
And inaccessible,
Like stars?'

But I neither move nor speak.

They pass me by;
I feel an intimate peace descending upon me
From the hush of their two spirits —
(Verily, there is holiness in women
We men know nothing of) —
They smile at me —
And with that smile they shut me out from them.

(As they pass
I see my dear one —
Her little fair head
Thrown back upon the bosom of the other;
Her eyes bemused with a happiness
Beyond my ken.)

Sorrowfully, I turn and gaze into the fire,
And spread my hands before it.
I know there are heavens I cannot enter,
Being male —
Whole reaches of the Universe
From which I must ever be excluded;
And I am sad . . .

# TWO YEARS OF PRESIDENT HARDING

BY WILLIAM BENNETT MUNRO

## I

On the fourth of March Mr. Harding's administration passes its second anniversary — an occasion which invites some comments in mid-term. Is the administration measuring up to what might reasonably have been expected of it? Is the country getting what it bargained for?

Now it may seem unfair, on the face of things, to attempt any appraisal of an administration's faults or merits until it has exhausted its four years of opportunity. And, in a sense, it is unfair: no ruler of men can be dispassionately judged until after he has ceased to be a ruler, or, indeed, for many years thereafter. Yet the fact remains that in remarkably few instances has any presidential administration given good cause for the revision of fair judgments passed upon it at mid-term. Two years are ample to determine its pace and direction. Some presidents have done better, with experience; and some have done worse; very few have done differently.

In any case, the American practice of holding a Congressional election midway between two presidential campaigns may be said to provide an irresistible temptation for taking a political inventory, whether the time be opportune or not. The results of this off-year election are bound to be construed, by the great bodies of unreflective opinion at home and abroad, as an endorsement or a repudiation of the party in power. The political history of the United States during the past forty years seems to indicate, moreover, that they may rightly be so interpreted. Never during these four decades has the party in power, having lost the mid-term Congressional elections, failed to lose the presidency two years later. And only once during this period has the dominant party carried the House in the off-year election and failed in the next presidential campaign.

If we view the results of last November's Congressional campaign in the light of the precedents, therefore, it will appear that the Republicans have no reason for being unduly disheartened. But that is not the light in which these results have been interpreted, and are still being interpreted, throughout the land. The marked shrinkage in the Republican Congressional majorities has been almost everywhere taken to imply that the people are becoming impatient with the inaction of Congress, are losing faith in Mr. Harding, and are getting ready to cast the Republican party into outer darkness. This may be a correct deduction from the November returns; there is no certain way of determining, at this stage, whether it is or not. But it is, at any rate, not the only possible interpretation, nor, indeed, the most reasonable one.

Recall for a moment what happened in 1920. Mr. Harding was elected by a popular plurality of about seven million votes; his supporters in both Houses of Congress were swept into the

winning column as by a tidal wave. This, however, was not the doing of the Republican Party alone: it was the work of the most variegated host that ever ranged itself upon a single side at any American election. Included *ad hoc* in the Republican ranks were millions of men and women who were not Republicans by tradition, and who had no honest sympathy with the principles of Republicanism. Their allegiance to the party was nominal only, and no one but the veriest tyro in politics should have imagined that it would endure for any length of time. One bond, and only one, held this vast aggregation together: namely, a disinclination to endorse the foreign and domestic policies of the Wilson Administration. So it was beyond peradventure that disintegration would set in, and that right speedily. He was a poor prophet who could not have foreseen a great recession in the strength of this titular Republicanism by the time the next Congressional elections should arrive.

But whether the shrinkage proved to be greater than might fairly have been anticipated, and whether it cut more deeply into the Republican ranks than a mere restoration of the old party lines would have warranted — these are questions which leave some room for difference of opinion. The casualties were heavy, more so than the Republican leaders had reckoned upon. But they involved no loss of control over either House. Therein the Harding Administration fared better than that of Arthur in 1882, Harrison in 1890, Cleveland in 1894, Taft in 1910, and Wilson in 1918. This is a phase of the situation which has had too little attention in the political sermons and editorials of the past five months. Desertions by the million have taken place from the ranks of those who placed the present Administration in power; but over the greater part of the country there is no indication that this departure of the guerrillas who fought with the Republicans in 1920 has made the party appreciably weaker than it has been on many previous occasions.

## II

When President Harding called for a return to 'normalcy,' he presumably did not have in mind the deflation of his own party to its normal strength. But that was a necessary implication, was it not? The country is normally Republican, but not by any such margin as was reflected at the elections of 1920. It may well be doubted whether any programme, however wisely framed, or any amount of leadership, however skillfully exercised, would have availed to maintain the hegemony disclosed on that occasion. Inevitably it could not be done by pursuing the *laissez-faire* policy which Mr. Harding outlined in his inaugural address. The feat of holding the distended ranks of the Party together could be accomplished, if at all, only by aggressive leadership of a type which the President was equipped neither by temperament nor by training to give.

Rarely, indeed, has there been greater need for vigorous political leadership in the United States than during the past two years. This is not because the national problems have been more difficult of solution, or the tasks confronting the nation more stupendous, than at various other periods in American history; but because the public mind has been so badly bewildered. The issues have been ambiguous, confused, obscured. There has been no approach to a consensus on any subject, even within the ranks of the political parties themselves. The country has been in a mood of reaction, skepticism, negation. It has been in a disillusioned,

restive, diacritical frame of mind. Leadership of an authoritative and dominating sort has been sorely needed during the past two years to rouse the electorate to an attitude of positivism on public questions. Getting a new orientation is a difficult business, whether for an individual or for a whole nation; there is bound to be much floundering in the process. Congress has merely shown itself a faithful mirror of this flux and chaos in the public sentiment; it has known its own mind no better than the people who elected it. Left to its own resources, without guidance or direction, there is no reason why the Sixty-Seventh Congress of the United States should have done otherwise than grow restive in its desire to do something, yet knowing not what to do.

The larger a Congressional majority, the more urgently is firm leadership desirable. An overwhelming victory at the polls is certain to make a political party over-confident; over-confidence begets indolence; then the days and weeks flit by with nothing done. A majority that is not kept on its mettle by the relentless pressure of a strong opposition becomes remiss, complacent, and ill disciplined. The history of legislatures affords innumerable examples of the truism that, in politics as in war, the trammels of discipline are more readily loosened by victory than by defeat. Hence the need for a dominating will in the councils of a political party is most imperative on the morrow of a landslide such as took place in this country at the last presidential election. This is, or ought to be, a self-evident proposition, a commonplace of politics.

Accordingly, the lack of effective leadership in Congress, unfortunate enough under the most favorable circumstances, has been doubly so during the past two years by reason of the wide margin between the majority and minority parties. The framers of the Constitution assumed that Congress would lead itself; at any rate, they provided no agency of guidance within its own ranks. But where constitutions and laws are silent, usage commonly steps into the breach. It has done so in many fields of American government, but unhappily not in this. There was a time when it could be said that the House at least had succeeded in providing itself with a prime minister ensconced in the speaker's chair; but the revolution of 1910–1911 ripped this arrangement wide open. So, if leadership there is to be, it must be provided from outside the Capitol, and the White House is the only place from which it can come.

To a certain extent, Grover Cleveland put this idea into practice. Theodore Roosevelt followed his example somewhat more extensively, and certainly with a greater relish for the task. President Wilson, however, was the first chief executive to brush aside all considerations of political theory, and to assume the rôle of a Congressional mentor, without misgivings or apology. So long as he had a Democratic majority to deal with, he combined the functions of prime minister and president. Good or bad as we may choose to look upon it, Mr. Wilson's combination of these functions was at least productive of results upon the statute-book. During his first term he obtained from Congress substantially all that he asked for. The legislative record of these years is almost without parallel in the political history of any country. It was as positive as the past two years have been negative.

It is easy to say, of course, that Mr. Harding should have recognized the folly of leaving a strongly Republican Congress to set its own pace; should have grasped his opportunity, as Presi-

dent Wilson did; and should have carried through, in the first two years of his administration, the proposals which he has recently made to a Congress that is now slipping out of his reach. But to say this is to forget that no man can do, by mere decision, what he is not competent to do. Any such thought or action on Mr. Harding's part would have been out of key with his own temperament, his own ideals, and his own experience. He was not nominated by the Republican Convention of 1920 because he was believed to possess the attributes of leadership. Prior to his nomination he had held no executive post of any importance; during six years of service in the Senate, he had demonstrated a commendable ability to follow, but not to lead. Indeed, it was this trait of amenability which commended him to those of his senatorial colleagues whose influence prevailed at the Convention. If Mr. Harding had been a leader, whether of the Cleveland, Roosevelt, or Wilson brand, he would never have been nominated, or elected. The Convention took him for what he was known to be, and therein it did exactly what the public sentiment of the day desired it to do.

No observer of the national currents, as they were running in 1920, could doubt that the country had grown tired of personal government. It desired a return to tranquillity and humdrum — that, at least, was its mood for the moment. It had become weary of tidings from Washington which sounded like *communiqués* from a battle-front. Without being able to decide the merits of the various controversies between the Capitol and the White House, the masses of the people felt that there must be something wrong when the two ends of Pennsylvania Avenue found themselves in such persistent and relentless discord. Government by irreconcilables, bitter-enders, and die-hards may stir the electorate for a season, but the people ultimately grow tired of it. Representative government is, in essence, government by harmonizers, coöperators, and men of compromise.

Howsoever opinions may differ, accordingly, as to what the election of 1920 proved with respect to the major issues, there can be no doubt that it registered a popular protest against the government of the country by a mind of the single-track variety. It called for a return to the traditional methods of government by checks and balances, by give and take, by a higgling of the political market. If this is not what the voters said, it is at least the way a great many of them felt. Why, then, should the country complain that Mr. Harding has failed to impose his will and wishes upon the legislative arm of the government? He was not born a leader, not trained, nominated, or elected to be one. He was given no mandate to do the country's thinking for it. It may be true that you cannot indict a whole people; but if an indictment must be framed in this instance, there is none other against whom it can fairly be directed.

## III

Public opinion in a democracy is uncertain, coy, and hard to please. In his inaugural address Mr. Harding pledged nothing, illuminated no issue of foreign or domestic policy. On America's attitude toward the chaos of Europe there was nothing in this address that could not have been deduced from his campaign speeches. Not a word did the address contain about the many internal problems which were already on the horizon, and which have since loomed into full view — the railroads and their labor troubles, the soldiers' bonus, relief for the farmer, federal aid to education, and so on. Even the tariff found

itself dismissed with the cryptic suggestion that it 'ought to be adjusted to the new order' — whatever that might mean. The address, in short, intimated both to Congress and the country that the President had abdicated the post of prime minister. It gave neither guidance nor promise of guidance; it provided no foundation upon which any programme of constructive legislation might be based. Yet the country as a whole received it favorably, applauded its sonorous rhetoric, and accepted without a murmur the implication that five hundred legislators were competent to handle the problems of government, without suggestions from the chief executive.

But, whatever the theory of American government may be, executive silence on questions of legislative policy is not possible in the practice of it. If a president does not speak his mind voluntarily, Congress will smoke him out, as the saying is, and force him to an expression of his views. Or, if Congress does not do it, the newspapers will. The White House is the biggest pulpit in the country; its congregation is a body of one hundred million people who demand to know what the president thinks, feels, desires, or dislikes. To its first citizen, indeed, the whole country looks for its cue when the pros and cons of any great question puzzle the average mind, as they so often do. Large bodies of men and women will take the president's word on any public question; it is so much easier to do this than to think matters out for themselves. Some presidents have used to the full their opportunities along this line, Colonel Roosevelt especially. On more than one occasion he averted a clash with Congress by making his own opinions known early, and by using all the force of his own dynamic personality to drive them into the public mind.

## IV

Presidents are sometimes judged by the cabinets they select — even as men are judged by the company they keep. If history should frame its judgment of President Harding on this basis, it will deal generously with him. In selecting his official family, Mr. Harding showed a better appreciation of individual ability, and was far less influenced by considerations of personal friendship, than was Mr. Roosevelt. Unlike Mr. Wilson, he has not disdained to surround himself with men whose minds run in other channels than his own. Had he been guided by the example of his immediate predecessor, he would never have summoned either Mr. Hughes or Mr. Hoover to the council board. The selection of Mr. Hughes was an intimation that the President did not intend to be his own Secretary of State. It was also a plain warning that the function of handling the foreign relations of the country was not going to be abdicated to the Senate. It set at rest the misgiving, held at the outset even by many well-wishers of the Administration, that Mr. Harding in the White House would be the creature of that 'senatorial oligarchy' which was believed to have procured his nomination. No presidential cabinet during the past half-century has been better balanced, or has included within its membership a wider range of political experience.

To all appearances this Cabinet has worked with the President harmoniously. There have been no indications of waning confidence on either side. In matters of the most vital consequence, Mr. Harding has given his coadjutors an unusually generous scope for the exercise of their own initiative. This has been true of all the administrative departments (with possibly one exception), and particularly true of the Department of State. Mr. Wilson, as

everyone knows, was his own foreign minister. He dictated both the substance and the form of diplomatic communications. To a lesser degree, the same thing was true of both Cleveland and Roosevelt in their respective presidencies. Mr. Harding, to all appearances, has no desire to make the State Department a personally conducted affair. At any rate, Mr. Hughes has spoken and acted like a free man. The scope of his freedom to act was made clear during the Washington Conference. For the first time in a generation the Secretary of State crowded the President off the front pages of the newspapers. The White House disclosed no umbrage at this, but warmly applauded the work of the Conference, and directed the full force of its influence to have this work ratified by a somewhat reluctant Senate.

The President has been insistent, moreover, that there shall be no interference with the State Department from either branch of Congress, as Senator Borah soon discovered when he put the matter to the test. The initiative in diplomatic affairs has been with Mr. Hughes since March 4, 1921, and there it bids fair to remain.

So, if the policy of the Administration has failed to satisfy those to whom Mr. Wilson once referred as the 'forward-looking' elements, it is not because the Harding Cabinet has been lacking in strength, harmony, or executive support. Cabinets, whether strong or weak, do not make or mar an administration. The indecision of a commanding general cannot be offset by any amount of wisdom and harmony on the part of his general staff. There is a psychological reason for this, and it operates as strongly in statesmanship as in war. The attitude and actions of a cabinet, and of its individual members, are bound to be colored by the president's own personality. From him his advisers are certain to derive, in some measure, the inspiration of their own moods. The men who worked with Roosevelt, for example, were profoundly affected by his dynamic qualities. Some of them were not inherently given to vigor of thought or action; but they inevitably tended to become so by reason of the Rooseveltian example. Mr. Wilson tried to choose men whose minds already ran along with his own; Colonel Roosevelt took a varied assortment of minds, and compelled them all to run with his.

A cabinet, after all, is what the president makes it. Its collective work rests wholly on usage, not on the Constitution or the laws of the land. Its functions are primary or secondary, as the president chooses to make them. Of no president can it be said, however, that he succeeded or failed by reason of the counsel given to him by others. During the last presidential campaign, the country was completely oblivious to this significant fact of American history. It was commonly said, and many people believed it, that Mr. Harding's deficiencies as a leader would be made good by the galaxy of best minds with which he would surround himself. It was a futile hope. Deficiencies in a leader cannot be made good in this way — certainly not under the American plan of government.

## V

In the field of foreign relations, the most notable achievement of the Harding Administration has been connected with the Washington Conference. When one recalls the long succession of abortive European conferences that have been held during the past two years, the results which Mr. Hughes and his colleagues secured from the Washington gathering are entitled to more than perfunctory commendation.

It was not easy to secure an agreement on naval disarmament among nations which have found themselves able to agree on nothing else. And as for the Four Power Treaty, it is a fair prediction that this pact will some day rank as a master-stroke of far-sighted and efficient diplomacy, great in its influence for the preservation of peace. If these Washington agreements, by reason of delayed ratification in Europe, have not yet been endowed with their full force and effect, it is through no fault of the American Administration. So far as America is concerned, the ratifications are complete.

It would probably have been better for the world, and better for the United States, if the outstanding lesson of the Washington Conference had been more earnestly taken to heart. This conference demonstrated, in so far as such a thing is susceptible of occult demonstration, that an international consensus on even the most important questions affecting the peace of mankind is possible under one condition: namely, that America is ready to supply the initiative and the guidance. It is apparently not within the range of possibilities under any other condition. There appeared to be some ground for hoping, a year ago, that the success of the Washington Conference would be followed up by the exercise of American initiative on a broader scale. The occasion was opportune, but the Administration halted and let it pass. Possibly it feared that the sentiment of the country would not rally to such action, and it may be that this fear was justified. In neither of the two great political parties have the lessons of 1919–1920 been forgotten; in both there is a disinclination to let the country be drawn into anything that might be regarded as an 'entanglement,' with a resulting hostile reaction from the electorate.

The fundamental reason for so little display of America's international leadership in 1923 is that there was so much of it in 1919. Mr. Wilson, misjudging the attitude of his own countrymen, went too far and too fast. In the terminology of football, he 'ran ahead of his interference.' Permanent gains are not made by that process. So one can hardly blame Mr. Hughes if he prefers to move circumspectly; it would profit neither America nor the world were he to begin any enterprise that the mind of this country would not permit him to finish. The Administration cannot well take the lead in helping Europe out of political and financial chaos until the people of the United States are ready, not alone to tolerate, but to support it in so doing. That time may be approaching; there are some indications that it is. Meanwhile, the Administration has endeavored to maintain contact with the European situation through the medium of 'observers' and other representatives, whose status is unofficial but whose authority to speak the mind of the State Department is usually clear enough. From unofficial to official participation in a world conference will be but a short and easy step, when the time arrives, if it ever does arrive.

Apart from the hesitancy of public opinion in the United States, there is another factor of considerable importance in the situation. Europe has not, thus far, been willing to give politics a rest. Every attempt to settle such questions as reparations, sanctions, and the stabilization of finances, has been frustrated, during the past two years, by the exigencies of politics in the various countries concerned; and it is likely that such failures will be repeated so long as politicians continue to dominate the conferences. The main question at these periodical gatherings has not been, 'What is the best thing to do?' but, 'What is the most politic thing to

do?' — in other words, what action will best conduce to save a ministry's face, or keep it from tottering to ruin?

There is one way, therefore, in which Europe can hasten official assistance from America, if such is genuinely desired. This way is to adjourn politics for a season so far as international questions are concerned. Secretary Hughes, in his address at New Haven last December, indicated the channel through which this might be most easily accomplished. The fundamental trouble comes from the continued disorganization of finance and credit; the immediate desideratum is to restore these things to a stable basis. That is not a task for politicians, whether great or small. It is a job for a body of financial and economic experts, whose livelihood does not depend upon the popularity of their findings among the people of their respective countries. It is true that a plan for the alleviation of Europe's acute problems, if worked out by a body of experts, would be ineffective unless agreed to by the various governments; but a government would find it much easier to concur in an unpopular solution reached in this way than in one reached by any other procedure.

Before America can be of real assistance in Europe, therefore, some reorientation must take place overseas. England desires America's participation as a restraining hand upon the impatience of France. France, in turn, desires it in so far (but only in so far) as it may help compel the performance of German obligations. And Germany desires American intervention, to the end that the provisions of the Versailles Treaty may be relaxed. As for the other countries of Europe, they desire America to stretch a hand across the sea, but not an empty hand. At all European discussions of American participation in the affairs of the distracted Continent, there has been too much emphasis upon what America might do if she were sufficiently generous — as generous as she seemed to be five years ago.

It is small wonder that Mr. Hughes should hesitate to take any step which might be construed as an encouragement to these diverse expectations. For the present, at least, America will enter no permanent political compact for the regulation of world-affairs. That is, or ought to be, a self-evident proposition. For the present, at least, the United States will participate in no attempted solution of Europe's economic situation based upon the cancellation of Europe's indebtedness to this country. The time may come, indeed is likely to come, when public opinion in the United States will support a different attitude; but that time is not yet. There are indications that both Europeans and Americans are gradually approaching a common point of view on the underlying facts of the existing world-situation; but the process is necessarily slow. Any attempt to hasten it unduly might be productive of serious harm. Watchful waiting, as the current of public opinion slowly undergoes essential change, is rarely a popular policy. Mr. Wilson found this to be the case; Mr. Harding cannot expect to find it otherwise.

## VI

Turning from foreign to domestic affairs during the past two years, what has the Harding Administration managed to accomplish? The record here is not altogether barren of results, but it comes perilously near being so. Two sessions of Congress have virtually been frittered away. There has not been produced, during these two sessions, a single constructive piece of legislation that compares with the Congressional landmarks of the Wilson period. Throughout the years from 1913 to

1919 the Republican leaders bitterly criticized the way in which one monumental enactment after another was driven through Congress, with the full force of the President's influence behind it. They roundly denounced this 'executive usurpation of legislative power.' Recall the passage of the Adamson Law, for example. How the organs of Republican opinion throughout the country fanned themselves into indignation over what they termed the browbeating of Congress at the instance of the railway brotherhoods! The sole purpose of the measure, they cried out, was to help procure Mr. Wilson's reëlection. Well, if this law was born in iniquity, it is iniquitous still. And being so, one might have expected an overwhelmingly Republican Congress to lose no time in remedying this great wrong of 1916. During two whole sessions, however, a Republican Congress has not altered one jot or one tittle of the Adamson Law; neither has a Republican President recommended that it do anything of the sort.

The present outgoing Congress has abolished certain taxes, notably the excess-profits tax; it has revised the tariff and increased the duties on imports; it has doled out to the farmer some concessions, which thus far have profited him little. It has reduced the strength of the navy, cut down the army, and, to a rather disappointing degree, has redeemed the promise that the burden of national expenditures would be diminished. But it has shown no such constructive power as might properly have been expected from a reconstruction Congress. Rare opportunities have gone by default. It has idled, and in idling has opened its mind to mischief. The break-down of party lines and the substitution of *bloc* government, to the extent that this has taken place, is an indication of the way in which the discipline of both Houses has deteriorated. Mr. Harding has not actively encouraged this *bloc* development; he is on record as deploring it. But he has not thrown the weight of his administration against it, as Cleveland, Roosevelt, or Wilson would have done. Standing on a strict interpretation of his place in the American scheme of government, the President can disclaim responsibility for what Congress does or fails to do; but the country will not accept any such disclaimer nowadays. By the unwritten constitution of the United States the President is the titular leader of his party. He must either undertake the task of leading it in person, or must see that the party is provided with leadership from elsewhere. The mind of the average citizen makes no distinction between the President as the nation's chief executive and the President as the field-marshal of his party. It is so much easier to fix responsibility upon one man than upon five hundred, that nine out of every ten voters will follow this line of less resistance when it comes to assigning either praise or blame.

One cannot say, on the other hand, that Mr. Harding has been altogether lacking in courage or in persistence. It took courage to veto the soldiers' bonus bill; it has taken persistence to advocate the ship-subsidy measure so steadfastly as the President has done. Mr. Harding's messages to Congress, with the exception of his inaugural address, have shown no disposition to stand neutral, evade, or plead in avoidance. When he has convictions, he seems to have the courage of them. But many problems have found him without clear convictions, or, at any rate, without convictions which the country could recognize as clear and unequivocal. Nor should this occasion any surprise. Many years ago when Mr. Harding framed a set of rules for the guidance of his fellow-workers in

the office of the Marion *Star*, the first of his axioms was this: 'Remember there are two sides to every question. Get both.' But the trouble with this rule, in its application to a man in high public office, is that a given situation may entirely change while the process of hearing both sides goes on.

That is what happened last summer during the shopmen's strike. The President edged to one side and then to the other, ultimately emerging with a compromise, after the psychological moment for it had gone by. Had he stood upon his initial position, which was that the rulings of the Railway Labor Board must be implicitly obeyed by all parties, he would have made a far better impression upon all concerned. The emergency created by this strike has passed without disaster to the country; but thus far not a finger has been lifted at Washington to ensure that a similar emergency will not come upon us again. The President desires, of course, that freight rates shall be reduced; and in this the members of the agricultural *bloc* can be counted upon to support him enthusiastically. But he has shown no indications of a readiness to tackle the other end of the transportation problem, which is the problem of deflating the high scale of wages now being paid to all classes of railway labor. Abolishing the Railway Labor Board, and transferring its functions to the Interstate Commerce Commission, will not achieve this end. On no problem of domestic policy is the country more in need of presidential leadership than on this; yet from no quarter is leadership in sight.

## VII

In American politics it is usually dangerous to make predictions. It is doubly dangerous when world-conditions are in so kaleidoscopic a situation as they are just now. It is a safe prediction, however, that, if the Republican party, in full control of the national government, can make no more impressive record during the next twenty months than it has made during the past twenty-four, its leaders will have a deal of explaining to do when the electorate calls for an accounting in 1924. This does not mean, of course, that a Democratic triumph is already in sight. Far from it, despite the obtrusive optimism that exists in the ranks of the Democracy to-day. The Democratic Party presents for the moment the outward semblance of harmony; but this is only because the party, as such, has had no occasion during the past two years to pronounce itself on any great issue of public policy. Put it to the test to-morrow, and what would be its attitude on America's participation in Europe's affairs? Would it be any nearer unity than it was in 1920? It is easy enough to say that Mr. Harding is not leading the Republicans along the forward path; but who is leading the Democrats in any direction? Nor is it to be forgotten that on one question of internal policy, which is steadily looming larger, namely, the relaxing of the Volstead Law, it will be more difficult to prevent defections from the Democratic than from the Republican ranks when the show-down comes.

There is no good ground, moreover, for the assumption that the Republicans alone will suffer from the disintegration of party allegiance which is now going on by reason of sectional and vocational unrest. The *bloc* movement, with all that it implies, is bound to cut both ways. When the Western farmer, a little more than a quarter of a century ago, broke clear of his old party allegiance it was not the Republicans who suffered most. In some respects the developments of to-day are headed toward 1896, rather than toward 1912.

# BOLSHEVISM AND RELIGION IN RUSSIA

BY R. O. G. URCH

## I

In the world and in man [says Merezhkovsky], there are two poles or contrasts: the passive and the active, the submissive and the heroic, the eternally feminine and the eternally masculine. In the perfect man, the Man-God, these two contrasts are combined. When the Son appeals to the Father, He is passive, submissive, feminine: 'Not my will, but Thine be done!' When He addresses the world, He is active, heroic, masculine: 'I have overcome the world!' In the Russian people there is only one of these two poles — the religious-feminine. In contrast to the Western Catholic masculine Christianity, the Eastern Byzantine Christianity is feminine. Thus, in the Orthodox religion and the Russian people, we have the doubly feminine, a combination of the feminine and the feminine.

ATTRACTIVE as this crisp definition may be, there are undoubtedly elements in the Russian nature which are not so easily explained — elements from the East, which have not fully blended with those from the West. Thus, we are often confronted with unexpected outbursts on the part of individuals, and sometimes of the whole nation, which speak of lack of balance, an absence of harmony among the ingredients that compose the Russian character. Facts may be quoted proving almost any of the theories that have been put forward to explain the attitude of the Russian people toward the process which has overthrown the autocracy of the Tsar, and is now attacking the foundations of the Orthodox Church; but, nevertheless, all theories are unsatisfactory. The average Russian may with truth be described as in a high degree either brave or cowardly, patient or impatient, honest or dishonest, tolerant or intolerant, humane or cruel. He is all this and more: he is, as has often been said before, a mixture of unblended extremes, from which the only thing that one may definitely and constantly expect is the unexpected.

The Russian writer Leskoff gives a picture of a typical Russian, who sits, day in, day out, behind the counter of his little shop, spending most of his time in quietly sliding backward and forward the balls of his abacus (a counting-frame used in all Russian shops and offices), alternating this occupation by sipping his tea from a saucer which he skillfully balances on three fingers. Here he is the most harmless, the most patient creature in the world. But once or twice in a year, an uncanny feeling steals over him: he becomes restless, just as if a thousand devils were tormenting him. At last his condition becomes unbearable, and he decides to exercise his tormentors. His one and only sovereign remedy is vodka. This he takes at first with caution; but his dose increases, and he is soon engaged in a real orgy, during which he smashes up furniture, hews down trees, tortures gypsies, and destroys whatever comes in his way. When the spell passes, he goes to the public baths, and thence to the Church. Here he penitently throws

himself before a Holy Picture, and with his forehead pressed to the mosaic floor, confesses his sin. He rises freed from all his devils, and the next day finds him behind his counter again, with his saucer of tea balanced on his three fingers as usual.

There is little hypocrisy about the average Russian; he is one of the sincerest of men. He is childlike in his faith; and when he has confessed and been forgiven, his sin troubles him no more. He has literally laid the burden of it all on his God.

Quoting Constantine Aksakoff and B. Rozanoff, Merezhkovsky continues: —

> The essence of Russian history is abnegation, renunciation of authority, religious anarchy within a political monarchy. Sovereignty never tempted the Russian people; the people never strove to dress itself in state authority; but by giving up this authority to its chosen sovereign, itself wished to remain in its own vital, feminine, submissive element. It is just as if the Russian people separated from itself all that it had of the masculine, and gave it up to the ruling autocrat. All that was masculine in Russia was concentrated in the Tsar. The Tsar fell, and this fell, too, leaving only the absolute feminine. Instead of conscience, remained instinct. The religious instinct of the Russian people had been deceived by orthodoxy and autocracy. The Tsar was from God; while there was a Tsar, there was God; the Tsar ceased to exist, God also ceased to exist. This is why the transition to complete atheism was as easy as going into a bath and bathing in new waters: unchristening was accomplished in a moment.

There may be much truth in what Merezhkovsky says, but all his absolutisms hardly seem to be borne out by historical facts.

The Tsar was nominal head of the Orthodox Church. He fell in March, 1917; but there is no evidence to show that the Church fell too, or that any considerable antireligious movement became general among the people. On the whole, the churches continued to attract worshipers; the people performed their devotions before Russia's many shrines; in Moscow, foot-passengers, cabmen, the fares in street-cars, continued to bare their heads and cross themselves on passing a church.

These were the ordinary outward signs of religious feeling, and, as such, may have been mere habit, which could not be thrown off in a moment; they are not conclusive proof that the heart of the people had remained unchanged. But, surely, if there had been a general change in the people's faith, these symbols of religion would gradually disappear, and there would arise some hostility toward the Church, which had proved such a deceiver. There were no great outbursts against the Church. Atheism was widely expressed, it is true, among the so-called 'Intelligentsia,' but this had been openly preached by them for two-score years, and was not a product of the revolution; and the Intelligentsia was certainly not the 'people.'

The March Revolution was rather unreligious than antireligious; the people acquiesced in it for economic reasons, but showed no hostility to the Church. Indeed, the Church itself was, in the main, with the people in this revolution: neither the one nor the other played any serious part in it, but just accepted it. The active antireligious elements came from abroad, later. Look even now at the leaders of Bolshevist Russia: Lenin, Trotsky, Zinovieff, Kamenieff, Radek, Litvinov, Chicherin, and the rest. Few of the men who grasped the reins of government were in Russia in the spring of 1917. Few of them are of Russian nationality. They are the men who made the October Revolution: the Russian people as a whole had little active part in it then, except as instru-

ments; just as they have had little more than a passive part since. Russia's great millions are being herded and persecuted by a few men, mostly aliens, suffering untold privations, slaughtered in their thousands, yet still clinging to their religion. Their strange passivity may perhaps be explained by the peculiarly strong 'feminine' characteristic which Merezhkovsky ascribes to them.

Many Russian writers emphasize the Russian's deep consciousness of his own sinfulness. He goes to the Church for relief, rather than for strength to help him resist temptation in the future. He is convinced that he cannot resist; but he is just as convinced that the Church will cleanse him again. How can a man bear a lasting grudge against such an indulgent church? He may scoff at religion for a time; but all the while he *knows* that he will eventually come back and be forgiven. It is just to this extremely indulgent attitude that the Church owes its power over the Russian people. The Church was, in the past, a bridge which spanned the gulf between the aristocracy and the peasantry: it was the one thing they had in common.

The Tsar was the nominal head of the Church. Under him the Church was governed by the Holy Synod, at the head of which was the Procurator, a layman, who was in fact the minister of religion, being a member of the government. After the March Revolution, the Provisional Government appointed V. N. Lvoff as Procurator of the Holy Synod; and a convocation of bishops met in Moscow on August 15, 1917. This convocation was one of the greatest things in the history of the Russian Church: it decided to revive the patriarchate, which had been abrogated by Peter the Great two hundred years before; and steps were taken to elect a patriarch.

Three candidates were chosen by the members of the convocation — the metropolitans of Kharkoff, Novgorod, and Moscow. The names were written on slips of paper, and placed in an urn before the Vladimir Ikon of St. Mary, which had been brought to St. Saviour's Cathedral. The choice among the three was left to 'the Will of God'; and while the whole convocation was bowed in prayer, a bishop drew out one of the slips: it bore the name of Tikhon, Metropolitan of Moscow, who was now proclaimed duly elected Patriarch of Moscow and All Russia. (Tikhon had spent some years in America as a missionary.)

The election took place while the eight-day street battle for supremacy was in progress at Moscow, between the Bolsheviki and the Provisional Government. It was fortunate that the election had not been delayed, for the Bolsheviki now had to deal, not with a Church without a head, but with an organized body, which had the universal support of the people. The patriarchate was not an innovation, but simply a return to the old constitution of the Orthodox Church; and there was no question that the restoration was popular. In the fall of the Tsar, the Church had lost its lay head, but it had regained its ancient spiritual head.

## II

Tikhon was enthroned on November 21, 1917. The ceremony took place at the Uspensky Cathedral in the Kremlin. The cathedral, throne, and vestments were the same used by Patriarch Nikon; and no one had worn the vestments or sat on the throne since Peter suspended the Patriarchate in 1721.

After the liturgy [says Proto-Hierarch A. Rozhdestvensky, in his description of the

ceremony] the new Patriarch, accompanied a procession round the Kremlin, which he sprinkled with Holy Water. The attitude of the Bolsheviki toward this ceremony was peculiar. They did not then feel themselves complete masters of the situation, and had taken up no definite aggressive position with regard to the Church, although their hostility was clear. The soldiers on guard at the Cathedral itself behaved very negligently; they did not bare their heads when the ikons and gonfalons passed; they smoked, talked loudly, and laughed. The Patriarch appeared from the Cathedral, a seemingly bent old man, in his round cowl surmounted by the cross, enveloped in the blue mantle of Patriarch Nikon; and I saw the soldiers momentarily bare their heads and rush toward the Patriarch, to receive his blessing through the railings. It was clear that their former attitude had been only superficial bluster, the fashion of the times; but now we saw their real feelings, the result of centuries of training.

The Church was very fortunate in their new Patriarch. Tikhon seemed to be an ideal man for his high position in those difficult times. He was as pacific as his name (which means 'peaceful'), but he was not weak, and he possessed an unusual amount of tact. He upheld the dignity and splendor of the Church; but in his private life and personal habits he was one of the simplest of men. The humblest as well as the highest had free access to their Patriarch, and they made such use of this privilege, that the archbishops advised Tikhon to 'make himself less cheap,' as his arduous round of duties would surely tell upon his health, and he must conserve his energies.

But Tikhon would not hear of any limitation to his accessibility: he received all, and gave them comfort, sympathy, and advice. He personally held services wherever he could, not only in Moscow, but also in other towns. The Soviet Government ordered that he should travel as an ordinary citizen, and he raised no protest; but the railway porters defied the Government, and on their own initiative placed a special carriage at his disposal. On his visit to Bogoroditsk, the industrial centre of the Moscow province, he was received by the workmen just as they had formerly received the Tsar. They erected a grand pavilion at short notice: the streets were literally full of people, among whom the Patriarch moved as freely as a shepherd among his flock. There had been fears that disturbances would be caused by the soldiery; but his visit was an unmixed triumph. The same must be said of his visits to Yaroslavl, Petrograd, and other places. At Yaroslavl the commissars themselves were forced to take part in his reception; they even dined with him, and all were photographed in the same group. The splendor of his reception at Petrograd, arranged by the people in spite of the Government, is reported to have been such as had never been witnessed there before.

The Bolsheviki moved cautiously against the Church. They began by placarding public places with the legend: 'Religion is a narcotic for the people,' and removing ikons from public places. Later, these ikons were, in some cases, allowed to be put back; and I can remember as late as 1920 seeing ikons in their usual places in such an official institution as the Academy of the General Staff at Vozdvizhenka, Moscow. The Bolsheviki seemed to recognize that the temper of the people was not yet sufficiently under control for drastic measures against the Church; so they declared that atheism and all forms of religion were private matters of conscience, and not to be disturbed so long as they did not interfere with the interests of the State. They organized regular antireligious

lectures at public places, and especially among the soldiers of the Red Army. At first, they removed religion from among the compulsory subjects on the school programmes, but left it there as an optional subject. Soon they found that practically all the children took this subject just as formerly, and they forbade its being taught at all in the schools. At the beginning of July, 1922, they decreed that the baptism of infants should cease, but that any person over eighteen might be baptized if he wished. They also issued another decree, that no children under eighteen years should be employed in any way on church premises, either for payment or voluntarily. Now they have issued a decree that all Bibles and books dealing with religious subjects shall be removed from schools and public libraries, 'so that the children and workmen shall not be subject to their pernicious influence.'

For the first four years of their rule, the Bolsheviki contented themselves in the main by carefully concentrating their efforts on the youth of the country and the Red Army. All the old elementary schools were closed in the course of 1918, or reorganized into the 'Uniform Labor School,' where religious instruction was strictly banned, and its place in the programme occupied by lectures on materialism and antireligion generally. Attempts were made by parents to give their children religious instruction at home; but it is difficult to estimate the success of their efforts, for, although the vast majority of the old teachers remained religious and anti-Bolshevist, the new Communistic teachers in the schools sought to undermine the influence of the home, and fostered among the children the spirit of insubordination to their parents. The general economic difficulties of parents also, with starvation literally staring them in the face all the time, deprived them of leisure in which they might look after their children's spiritual welfare. This applies more to the larger towns than to the country, and especially to Moscow and Petrograd, where the people had only one interest — how to obtain food and fuel.

This state of things lasted till the spring of this year, when the Soviet Government introduced their 'New Economic Policy,' which allowed private persons to buy and sell. The food situation improved in the towns; but the villages, which until now had been living on the products of the soil in their immediate neighborhood, were overwhelmed by a great calamity. They had been forced to relinquish their reserves, as 'taxes in kind,' to the Government; and now that the crops had failed, they were reduced to starvation. In the course of a few months, in spite of the relief work of foreign organizations, over a million persons are admitted by the Soviet Government to have died of hunger.

Under these circumstances, the Soviet Government saw their opportunity of dealing the Church a serious blow and destroying its authority with the people. They declared that the Church was indifferent to the sufferings of the people; that, although men were dying like flies, and the churches were stored with treasure which might go far to relieve the general distress, the 'greedy priests and monks' would not part with their wealth for such a humane purpose. Gold and gems, they said, had many times in the past been yielded up by the Church to the Tsars, to help them prosecute unjust wars, and even since the Revolution had been given to anti-Bolshevist forces, for the purpose of carrying on civil war against the people.

The Patriarch appealed to the Government for permission to organize relief for the famine-stricken people, for

which purpose the Church would realize some of the valuables with which the churches were adorned. The Government refused to allow the Church, or any other internal organization, to administer relief except through the Government. The Patriarch demanded some guaranty that the Church treasure would really be used only for famine relief, but the Soviet Government would not allow any form of supervision. A decree was issued by the Government that churches and monasteries should give up all their precious metals and gems. The Patriarch issued instructions that the Church treasures should not be delivered; and in March, 1922, the Government began to send commissars, supported by soldiers and militia, to the churches, in order to sequestrate all valuables. Most of the priests were against the Government's forcible measures, and either actively or passively resisted the sequestrating parties. Such a persistent campaign had been carried on by the Government through the press (which is a State monopoly), that the people were in great measure undecided as to what they should do. They were, on the whole, willing to strip their churches to relieve the famine districts; but most of them were convinced that a great proportion would be used for foreign propaganda, or find its way into the commissars' private pockets.

In many places fighting took place between the sequestrating parties and the people; but, as the latter had no sort of organization, all opposition was overcome by the soldiery, but at the price of much bloodshed. In the early stages of the sequestration campaign, in March and April, 1922, there were serious disorders, with considerable loss of life, at Shuya, Smolensk, Tver, Moscow, Petrograd, and lesser disorders all over the country. The Soviet Government had, however, gained many followers among the people and some among the Clergy, so that sections of the community generally took the side of the sequestrators. The Government had already taken stock of all the treasures in the various churches, which made concealment futile. Nevertheless, countless cases of concealment took place, but the Government had a simple course of action which suited all such occasions: they arrested all the priests and laymen connected with the church in question, and brought them before the tribunal, accused of stealing State property and, what was more serious, of resisting the measures of the Government. The most frequent penalty in such cases was death, and every day the Soviet official papers contained some such announcement as: 'Four priests (Svetozaroff, Rozhdestvensky, Yazikoff, Pokhlebkin) have been sentenced to death at Shuya for resisting the sequestration of Church valuables' (April 30); 'Twelve persons, including nine church dignitaries, have been condemned to be shot at Moscow for opposing sequestration parties of Church treasure' (10th May); 'Bishop Arsenius of Siberia has been sentenced to death by the Soviet Revolutionary Tribunal' (19th July).

These extracts have been taken purely at random. It is impossible at the present time to give any approximately adequate account of the martyred Russian priests and laymen who have died for their faith since the Revolution, as all records are in the hands of the Bolshevist authorities, and reports have been published of only some of their victims. In an article on 'Church and State,' written last April, Metropolitan Eulogius stated that, according to the Bolsheviki's own published statistics, they had killed twenty-eight bishops and over twelve hundred priests, up to that date.

## III

By means of the famine and their sequestration policy, the Bolsheviki had managed to split the Church into two camps; they now turned their attention to the Patriarch himself. Patriarch Tikhon's attitude toward the Bolsheviki had, in the main, been forbearing; but on one or two occasions he had boldly denounced them in public for their attacks on religion.

On the first anniversary of the Bolshevist Revolution, in 1918, Tikhon publicly anathematized all the members of the Bolshevist Government for their persecution of religion and priests. They had, at this time, 'nationalized' all the property of the Church, so that the priests were left to live on charity, with the Government agitating against them among the people. Private property of all kinds was at this time abolished, buying and selling was prohibited. The people were divided into categories for the distribution of food by the State, some categories receiving more, others less.

Religion had not been nationalized, therefore the priests were not included in any categories: they had no food-cards, and by living they were actually committing a crime, for they were forbidden to buy food or anything — they were left to starve.

Tikhon was then subjected to house arrest, and this continued with intermittent relaxation for three and a half years. He was allowed to carry out the functions of his high office, but his movements were restricted.

The Bolsheviki still seemed uncertain how far they might venture against the Patriarch. In the first week of May, 1922, they summoned him to appear as a witness before the Revolutionary Tribunal, in the trial of a number of laymen and church dignitaries. He was called and appeared under his lay name, Vassily Ivanovich Bellavin, a simple old man; but when he entered the court, all the spectators instinctively rose, and even the tribunal was awed for a time. From the witness-box, Tikhon blessed the spectators, and then submitted to cross-questioning. In a quiet, firm voice, but without defiance, he answered all questions and defended the attitude of the priests and himself. They acted, he said, according to the canons of the Church; it was not for him or them to judge whether these canons were or were not legal, as he and they were simply ministers, servants of God.

Even the Bolshevist papers were forced to admit that Tikhon bore himself with simple dignity in his humiliating position — the Patriarch of Moscow and All-Russia in a Bolshevist court! The Soviet Government did not gain any advantage from this cross-questioning of the Patriarch, and the chairman of the tribunal said, 'Citizen Bellavin, you may go.' Tikhon went home, but he was not left long in peace.

By their sequestration policy the Bolsheviki had seen what priests were inclined to side with the existing Government; and by appealing to the ambition and lower instincts of some of these, they induced them to agitate for a reform of the Orthodox Church. There were numerous arguments at the service of these agitators, but the strongest was addressed to the 'White Order,' inciting them to demand the same privileges, without the restrictions, as the 'Black Order' of priests.

Now the difference between these two orders is very great: the higher offices in the Church, from that of bishop upward, are filled by priests of the Black Order. These are celibates, and come from the monasteries. A

priest of the White Order may occupy only the lower positions, and he must marry once. If his wife dies, he may not marry again, but may enter a monastery and become a member of the Black Order, with all the privileges of a bachelor. All the parochial priests belong to the White Order. Before the Revolution they were poorly paid, and relied chiefly on the offerings of their parishioners. When the Bolsheviki nationalized all property, these priests were left destitute; but, in this respect, they were no worse off than the Black Clergy.

The most prominent among the agitators for reform were Bishop Antonin and a White priest named Krasnitsky. Bishop Antonin had already been publicly accused of atheism, and was of very doubtful character. His colleague, Krasnitsky, has since tried to prove him insane, and to have him placed in a lunatic asylum; but he is still at large and is at present head of the 'Church Administration' which the Bolsheviki have called into being. Krasnitsky is a clerical agent of the Soviet Government. In the name of religious reform, his task is to destroy religion, just as, in the name of liberty, the temporal Bolsheviki have destroyed liberty.

Now, when the time was considered ripe, a deputation of priests, including these two men, waited on Patriarch Tikhon and requested him to abdicate. What arguments they used is not known, but on May 12, 1922, the Patriarch is purported to have written and signed a paper to the following effect: —

> In view of the extreme difficulties of the Church administration, which have brought me before the secular court, I consider it in the interests of the Church, until the meeting of the Convocation, temporarily to place at the head of the Church administration one of the Metropolitans.

This came as a great blow to all Orthodox Russians. They had felt that, whatever happened, their Patriarch would not leave them, but would, if necessary, die at his post. The so-called 'abdication' seemed so unlike Tikhon's usual attitude toward his duty, that it took his flock completely by surprise. Yet it is noteworthy that among the people one seldom hears the Patriarch blamed: they wait for some explanation, with the great patience which Russians sometimes show. Their mild, but firm, Tikhon had on several occasions openly denounced the Bolsheviki, without taking any account of his own personal safety; surely no personal motives induced him to leave his post now.

They await an explanation of what took place between the Bolshevist priest-agents and the Patriarch, on that fatal May night. Their faith in Tikhon was so great that, if it were proved that he acted on unworthy motives, many would lose what remains of their faith in their God.

It is unlikely that Tikhon was moved by selfish or cowardly reasons: his whole irreproachable past promises us the contrary. According to the most likely rumors, Antonin and Krasnitsky convinced him that his immediate removal was certain in any case, and that he dare not risk leaving the Church without a head; but this does not explain why he appointed '*one* of the Metropolitans' as his deputy, and not one particular Metropolitan by name. The indefinite nature of the appointment was little better than no appointment at all; for it gave the authority to no one, and removed responsibility from all.

The Church was left without a leader, and Tikhon retired to the Donskoi Monastery at Moscow, from which, according to various reports, he will shortly be brought to trial before the

Bolshevist secular 'court,' on a charge of resisting the sequestration of Church property.

A few days after Tikhon's retirement, Bishop Antonin published a violent article written by himself, under the title, 'Bring Tikhon to Justice.'

The Metropolitans were ignored, and under the auspices of the Bolshevist Government a 'Supreme Church Administration' was formed, with Bishop Antonin at its head and Krasnitsky as his deputy. These two, with others, created a church-reform party, to which they gave the attractive name of 'The Living Church'; and they announced that a Convocation, a sort of 'Church Constituent Assembly,' would be called in the early autumn; but as yet there has been no such convocation.

## IV

Since Tikhon's retirement, the process of dissolution in the Church has been very rapid, and dissension has been fostered with great skill by the Soviet Government. The Supreme Church Administration contained elements which could not harmonize, and an occasional touch from the Government unbridled the passions of the unruly men who were nominally administering the affairs of the Church. Krasnitsky quarreled with Antonin, seized the seals of the Church, and issued his own orders, in spite of protests from his chief.

A 'Congress' was called at the beginning of August, not of the whole Church, but of the so-called 'Living-Church Party.' The Bolshevist Government placed the 'Third House of the Soviets' at the disposal of this Congress, which declared that it had the powers of a Church Constituent Assembly, and passed a resolution that, in future, the highest ecclesiastical authority should be the Convocation, which should meet every three years; and all the executive power should be concentrated in the Supreme Church Administration.

This was only a confirmation of the powers which the Supreme Church Administration had already usurped and exercised during the last two and a half months. It announced at the Congress that it had deprived twenty-four bishops of their sees; and the Congress formally dismissed thirty-six more. The number of priests who had been driven out of their parishes with the aid of the Soviet Red soldiers is not definitely known; but the isolated accounts of such methods which come through indicate that there are very many such cases.

Either before or after 'dismissal,' such bishops and priests are usually arrested and tried by the Soviet tribunal for counter-revolution, or obstructing the sequestration of Church property. They are shot, banished to remote parts of Russia, or sentenced to long terms of imprisonment with hard labor. A few are 'converted,' and agree to serve in the new party; but, on the whole, the priests have proved worthy of their holy calling, and meet their fate with the same unflinching courage as did the martyrs of old.

Where there are so many laymen and priests who have quietly died for their religion, it seems unfair to emphasize the fate of individuals, except to typify the bearing of the hundreds and thousands who face death like Nature's real gentlemen. The Western world is apt to mistake Russia's disease for Russia, and has no idea of the sterling self-sacrificing qualities which may be found in the average Russian individual. We hear much about Russia's extremes, and judge her by them; but Russia also abounds in types of the highest manhood.

These types, and others, are being

martyred in their thousands, while the rest of the civilized world remains comparatively indifferent, or interested in Russia only so far as she may, or may not, be or become a profitable market for merchandise. Just as we glory in what our fathers unselfishly did, or are said to have done, for the purpose of freeing the world of oppression, future generations may blush at the part we are playing, the paltry concessions we are trying to negotiate with the dregs of humanity, who are soaking Russia's vast plains with Christian blood and tears.

What does the world know of Mgr. Benjamin, Metropolitan of Petrograd? He was brought before the Soviet tribunal last June, condemned to death because he would not deny his religion, and shot. He is said to have been offered his life, if he would make a written appeal for it to the Central Executive Committee of the Soviets. He refused, saying that he was ready to render his account to his God, but had committed no crime against the Bolshevist Government. The Soviet's hired assassin placed a revolver at the back of his neck and shot him. He is merely a type of the Russian Christians who uncomplainingly die violent deaths while Christian Europe arranges her Genoas and Hagues, and Christian America looks on. Outside the court, the people stoned a priest named Vedensky for giving evidence against Benjamin; but the soldiers rescued him. He has since been made Red Metropolitan of Siberia, in the place of Arsenius, who was martyred.

The self-appointed Supreme Church Administration passed a resolution at the party Congress that all churches should cease to pray for the Patriarch, that his name should in no way be mentioned in the Church services, and that the coming Convocation should be 'instructed' to unfrock him.

But there were numerous scenes of uproar at the Congress, during which priests and layman hurled invective at one another. The priest Krasnitsky installed himself in the chair and opened the first sitting with a notable speech, in which he demanded that steps should be taken to 'clear away all the reactionary bishops and fill their places with the rank and file of the White Clergy.' Their tactics, he said, must be revolutionary: they must follow the example of the Soviet Government, and sweep away all their enemies. This was the reason why they had excluded all the reactionary elements from their Congress.

Bishop Antonin, the nominal head of the party, was present; but, strange as it may seem, he was allowed there only as an observer, without the right to speak or vote. He petitioned his subordinates, and at last was allowed to address the gathering.

Antonin began by complaining of the treatment he was receiving, and declared that he was against the admission of the White Clergy to the higher offices of the Church. But he was not allowed to proceed: the chairman Krasnitsky cut him short by fiercely declaring, 'We have thrown off the yoke of episcopal monks! Shall we be bayed by this remnant, this Bishop Antonin?' Antonin angrily left the Congress, resigned his position, and formed a new party, which he called 'The Church-Revival Party.' Many others, notably the priest Kryloff, left the Congress in disgust. Some returned to the main body of Orthodox believers, now an illegal body; others joined Antonin's new party.

As reflected by the press, the Soviet Government were in high glee at the discord they had produced in the ranks of the clergy. They now declared: 'Mischief, thou art afoot; take thou what course thou wilt! The Government,

being communist and atheist, can take no sides, but only deplore the fact that Christians are so quarrelsome.'

But they were not quite so easy about the effect of their measures on the people. *Izvestia*, the official organ of the Government, wrote: 'We have stirred up a hornet's nest; we have created a bedlam'; and continues to explain that

> whenever a leader of the 'Living-Church' Party appears in public, he is greeted with abuse. His sermons are interrupted; groups of disturbers ostentatiously leave the church and arrange meetings outside. If you go to any place where Bishop Antonin attempts to conduct a service or address a meeting, you may fancy you are in a madhouse.

'Some able hand is guiding the people's indignation,' said one of the Soviet newspapers; 'there are disturbances in every part of the country'; but it did not explain the rigorous and cruel methods employed to quell religious disturbances.

Shortly before this party Congress was opened, the Soviet press announced that the former Procurator of the Holy Synod, V. N. Lvoff, had been enrolled in the Supreme Church Administration. This man was present and made one of the most violent of the speeches.

> We must comb out the clergy [he said]. I failed in 1917, but I shall not fail again. I shall make a thorough clearance of all reactionary and 'black-hundred' members who have crept into our parish Soviets. Down with all counter-revolutionary elements! Long live the White Clergy and the new Church movement.

The Congress closed in disorder, having considerably increased the chaos which had so rapidly developed in the administration of the Church. Antonin appealed to the Soviet Government to support his new Church-Revival Party, and proclaim his administration as supreme in all Orthodox Church matters; but the rival administrations were left by the Soviets to fight it out between themselves. The result was that further splits occurred and new parties were formed. In the middle of October the Soviet Government announced that it had confirmed the establishment of a new Supreme Church Administration, composed of representatives of the Living-Church Party, the Church-Revival Party, and the Left Wing of the Living-Church Party, including both priests and laymen.

It has since been proved that the new administration is a sub-section of the Agitation Department of the Communist Party, and receives all instructions for reform directly from the Central Committee of the Communist Party, in Moscow.

## V

The Soviet Government has severely crippled the Orthodox Russian Church, but it has not abolished religion. On the contrary, there is unquestionable evidence to show that, independent of the fate of the Established Church, there is a great revival of religious feeling among all sections of the community.

The martyred Russian Church has become more powerful in Russia than ever it was in the recent past, when it flourished outwardly as an organ of the government. In the words of Professor Pitirim-Sorokin, the well-known sociologist of Petrograd University, who was among the first of the banished Russian Intelligentsia to cross the frontier, —

> The peasantry and factory workers now flock to the churches. But few of them will have anything to do with the priests of the new parties. The persecuted priests who have remained true to their faith are regarded by the masses with feelings akin to

veneration. The stoicism with which they are bearing their hard lot has won the general respect of all. The people visit the churches quite independent of the services, and pray before the Holy Ikons as of yore, but in greater numbers. Open opposition to the measures of the Soviet Government is not frequent, for the people are well acquainted with the ruthless hand of the godless authorities, and are, for the time being, cowed. But a great, though smothered, religious enthusiasm is growing in volume; and this in the Russian nature may easily develop into religious frenzy, which, in its turn, may sweep away the godless usurpers of power and spoilers of the Church, like so many flies.

But there is a still more notable thing, which may prove a factor in turning the tide. The remnants of the Russian Intelligentsia, who formerly adopted a negative attitude toward religion, or made irreligion their boast, are now seeking comfort in the Church, too. Many well-known men who were socialists and atheists now prostrate themselves before the Ikons in the churches, and feel no shame. These are the people who have been changed by the Revolution. They are extremely few in number, but they may yet play their part as leaders of the people in a spontaneous general crusade against the persecutors of the Faithful.

There is, however, one important fact, which should not be lost sight of. The youth of the country has for nearly five years been under the direct influence of the governing atheists, who have endeavored to teach them to scoff at religion. It cannot with any certainty be said what the results of this Bolshevist campaign have been; but it may be presumed that there are tens, perhaps hundreds, of thousands of children and young people with little experience of pre-Bolshevist life, who now regard Christianity as a creed outworn. These are the instruments with which the Bolsheviki hope to consolidate their usurped position. The results among children of their teachings of socialism, communism, and free love are reflected to some extent by the official figures regarding child-criminals; and it should not be overlooked that the Soviet attitude toward unpolitical and unreligious crime is very indulgent.

In 1921 the punishment of child-crime was distributed among three commissariats (Education, Health, Justice). The Government official paper, the *Izvestia*, stated in August that the Commissariat for Education had dealt with 54,424 child-criminals in the course of 1921. The numbers of adults and children brought before the Commissariat for Justice in 1920 and 1921 are as follows: —

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1920: | First half-year | 550,214 |
| | Second " | 618,898 |
| 1921: | First " | 699,572 |
| | Second " | 759,251 |

The following criminal adults and children were sentenced to various punishments: —

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1920: | First half-year | 258,098 |
| | Second " | 305,200 |
| 1921: | First " | 307,551 |
| | Second " | 451,657 |

No separate figures for children convicted at this commissariat are available, and the same may be said with regard to the Commissariat for Health; but the *Izvestia* states that, from 1920 to 1922, street crimes in Russia increased by 240 per cent; in 1920, the proportion of children to the total number was 6 per cent, in 1922, it was 10 per cent.

The rank and file of the Red army consists of young men who were from 14 to 16 years old at the outbreak of the Revolution; and among them the Bolsheviki have found fertile ground for their negative doctrines. All the soldiers on a peace basis are required to devote seven hours a day to training, of which two hours must be spent in attending political and antireligious

lectures, or studying political and anti-religious subjects. In their barracks and in their training they are cut off from religious influences; yet reports say that many of them find their way into the churches, where they worship before the holy pictures. It is impossible, however, to know the real attitude of the Red soldiers toward religion, as we cannot know how far the widespread display of atheism among them is real or feigned.

The Bolsheviki seem to realize that they cannot stamp out religion in the adult population of Russia: the most they can do is to sow discord among believers, so that they may have no considerable united body to threaten them.

With the rising generations they hope for better results, and that the total disappearance of religion from Russia is only a matter of time. There may be many opinions as to whether religion is to become the factor that will overthrow the present régime; but there can be little doubt that, if it were overthrown at the present time, the Russian Church would immediately become the greatest force in the country. The Church would be independent, and purified by its martyrdom; for the dissenting clergy have no real following among the people. The Orthodox Russian Church is the one, perhaps the only, institution to which all Russians owe allegiance, the most democratic thing in all Russia.

The autocracy of the Tsar [says Merezhkovsky] was a pyramid with its apex pointing upward: the individual enslaving all. The autocracy of the people is also a pyramid, but with its apex pointing downward: the individual enslaved by all. Orthodoxy, or the religious idea of the autocracy, was the axis round which autocracy turned, and it remained practically untouched by the Revolution, not understood. On this axis the pyramid easily turned over, pointing its apex downward; with like ease it will turn back, and point its apex upward again.

To-day, since writing the above, I have received news from Moscow that the Bolshevist Government is arranging a series of anti-religious meetings, burlesque religious processions, and blasphemous plays, on the occasion of the coming Christmas festival. The commission appointed to organize this Bolshevist Christmas is headed by the Bolshevist poet-laureate, Demian Biedny, and the prominent Communist Gorodetsky. The performances are to be given at Moscow, Petrograd, and other big towns.

A few days ago, Bishop Averkius was sentenced to two years' imprisonment at Zhitomir.

At Yekaterinoslav, Bishop Agafit and Bishop Jonathan have been arrested this week.

# FRANCE AND HER COLOR PROBLEM

BY PIERRE KHORAT

## I

When the World War became unavoidable, the German Government proposed that the colonies should be left out of the struggle. As they put it, the conflict concerned only states whose populations were European in race and mentality; numerous drawbacks would result if colored peoples were brought into the field. In principle, such a proposal was reasonable enough, and in several neutral countries France was blamed for demurring. But, while the Berlin Government was making this humanitarian suggestion, its agents in the Cameroon had assumed the offensive on the right bank of the Congo River.

Whether thoughtless or deliberate, their action justified every suspicion of duplicity. The French Government already had many grounds of suspicion, and could not disregard so unanswerable a reason for declining to enter into the covenant. Furthermore such a covenant was now impracticable.

Even if the Germans had been acting in good faith, — and perhaps self-interest made William II mean what he said in this case, — even if they had ordered their cruisers to make the bases at Tsingtao and in the Oceanian archipelagoes unavailable, guns and rifles would have gone off spontaneously in Africa. There were too many common frontiers, too many adjacent forts for commanders to remain inert, face to face, *in statu quo ante bellum*. So Britain brought her Indian warriors to Europe and France brought in her colored contingents, to fill the place planned for them in the initial mobilization scheme.

The war went on far beyond the term prophesied for it in the beginning by all the experts. The British Empire had to call upon its Indian troops for reënforcements sufficient to help Field-Marshal French's 'contemptible little army' to keep the front until volunteers from the United Kingdom and from the Dominions, and, later on, conscription, could bring the required strength into the line. From a few thousand men at the beginning, the number of fighting men — yellow, brown, and black — enlisted by France approached a million. Apportioned according to their natural abilities among battlefields, workshops, and corps at the rear, they neutralized the effects of the Russian Revolution until the arrival of the Americans. During the struggle, where numbers were of greater importance than formerly, colonial contingents, and especially the black troops, proved of considerable value in filling gaps. Of a surety they did not 'win the war'; but they rendered the French army's stand less difficult during the period that extended from the hecatomb at Verdun until the intervention of the United States.

Such a result went far beyond what had been hoped at first. When, before the war, General Mangin advocated that the 'black power' should be used,

he was thinking mainly of overseas theatres of operation; but when they saw their colonial auxiliaries fighting side by side with home forces against a redoubtable enemy, the French people did not stint their praise. Public writers, whose function was to keep up 'the morale at the rear,' did not fail to harp on the grateful 'Sons of the Desert rushing to the help of the mother country assaulted by barbarians'; and those who read events only through the distorting glasses of electioneering politics waxed so enthusiastic as to propose that all native fighting men from overseas should be made citizens and voters by a grateful nation.

Precious little do the black, yellow, or brown fellows care about this. A place may be allotted them in the home forces in peace-time, because France is compelled by the disturbed condition of Europe to keep up an army as powerful as the army of 1914; but unprompted they would never dream of considering themselves on a par with Frenchmen born in Gascony or Normandy. The slogan, 'France is a nation with a hundred million inhabitants,' which General Mangin hit upon to describe the country's resources and power, may be broadly interpreted, with this understanding. It sums up, in fact, the discussion which has so long divided French colonial circles into supporters of 'association' and supporters of 'assimilation.'

Despite the ascertained effects of the latter theory, not only in the United States of America, but also in the old French colonies, — the West Indies, Reunion, India, and Senegal, — the supporters of assimilation will not admit that they have the worst of it. They would not be sorry to avail themselves of this problem concerning the colored soldiers, to renew an experiment which, up to the present, has always proved the reverse of successful.

## II

Irrespective of the opinions of extremists, always on the decrease, who would submit the inhabitants of countries forced open to civilization by might of arms to a sort of slavery for the benefit of the conquerors, any colonial policy whatsoever can be designed only on the principle of *fraternity*, according to the Gospel, or on the principle of *equality*, according to J.-J. Rousseau. Recognized as a fundamental axiom for home consumption by nations with a European culture, the principle of equality has brought to them nothing but class-hatred, economic troubles, and revolutions. Inscribed in charters granted to colonies peopled with natives whose culture and mentality are different, it becomes, under the label of 'assimilation,' a ferment of demagogy; that is to say, of the oppression of minorities by might of numbers.

On the contrary, the principle of fraternity allows the continuance of social classes, resulting from individual abilities, qualities, and defects. It simplifies the problems of home politics by freely accepting the idea of reciprocal rights and duties. Applied to colonial management, it defines the task of the colonizing nation, which then readily considers the welfare of the conquered people as favorable to its own interest, and a part of its own problem.

To assimilate a nation means to transform it to the likeness of the assimilator. Until the two nations have achieved moral unity, genuine assimilation is not possible. In fact, a common patrimony of general ideas is necessary, in order that the codes, legislation, institutions, which seem suitable for the assimilator, may work harmoniously with the assimilated. Both will then, as it were mentally, speak the same language.

Although he had never traveled outside of France, our great minister Colbert drew up, by sheer power of reasoning, a colonization policy for Canada. 'Call the natives to a community of life with the French, but only after instructing them in the maxims of our religion, and even in our manners, so that they may ultimately make, with those of ours who migrate to Canada, one and the same nation.' Such were his instructions to governors of New France, inviting them to consider religious missionaries as their best helpers. This condition of mind obtained in all leaders throughout the kingdom, and was indeed common to all great colonizers descended from the Latin race. In a new settlement, the church and the fort were built at the same time.

Verily, religious unity is a powerful aid in making Christian civilization accessible to savage people since, in nations of European origin, religion and civilization have, in the course of centuries, become synonymous. But religious unity is effective only if it is sustained, so that time may fix the stamp of religion upon the mentality of the subject race. Home politics may, on the other hand, prevent or hinder the success of the work undertaken by the agents of religious propaganda. In any case, results are long in coming; for every passing generation transmits to the next one only a small part of its ideal.

Furthermore, this method of assimilation must be administered delicately. Except with primitive peoples, where the 'nation' concept does not exist, 'the foreigner's religion' is likely to be so stressed and fostered by the lay authorities as to repel the subjects whose loyalty these authorities desire to secure. To be served by missionaries and not to serve them, as a former Governor-General of Indo-China, Paul Bert, put it, would just amount to turning missionaries into the conqueror's political agents; they would be irretrievably discredited, and would gather round them only a mob of hypocrites, always ready to turn traitors or rebels.

The slogan of assimilation through religion is, therefore, applicable only if the time factor is fully allowed for; if religious propaganda is safe from distrustful and vexatious interference by lay authorities; and if the latter do not fret to transfer too precipitately into political institutions the social results of proselytizing. But nowadays such conditions are hardly obtainable. Christendom is too much rent by schisms, heresies, rationalism, and so forth; and these divisions, which influence home politics, chiefly in France, make it impossible to achieve moral unity in the colonies through religious commonalty.

## III

Let us, then, consider the colonizing countries, especially those which, while maintaining an established church, admit liberty of conscience. Will they object to the propagation of dissident confessions among the inhabitants of their overseas possessions? Of course not, since it would be a contradiction in terms to prevent representatives of a different faith from preaching and making converts, within the limits of moral and public order. The desirable unity preparatory to assimilation is, therefore, unattainable.

Sometimes, too, the requirements of foreign policy further complicate the problem. France, for instance, like the British Empire, has become, to use the adopted phrase, a 'Moslem power.' Whom, then, would her leaders favor, if they introduced the religious factor into the unavoidable struggle against the fetishism and barbarian practices of

her African Negroes — the missionary or the Marabout? Obviously, reason and sentiment plead in favor of the first; but there are numerous 'anticlericals' who think themselves clever in preferring the other.

Be that as it may, Frenchmen have given up all attempts to base the assimilation of their colored peoples on a community of religious faith. I am well aware that, according to a certain school, race and religion are inseparable, for every race has the religion that suits its own particular mentality; and that therefore Negroes cannot adopt the white man's creeds and conform to them closely enough to become morally and politically assimilable to white men. No doubt such creeds become rather distorted when dogmatic discipline is relaxed, or when groups of converts rid themselves too completely of their white pastors' guidance; the return of the Negroes of the West Indies and Louisiana to the Voodoo cult is proof of this. But no general rule can be drawn from such examples; for it is found that, in so-called 'missionary' countries, natives whose ancestors have been Christian for several generations have, as regards moral law, the mentality of white men. And they might be entitled to inquire, in their turn, how many white men have gone back, through regression, to savage mentality.

Assimilators, unwilling or unable to use religion for their political purposes, have resorted to the government school as a substitute. They seem to have expected official education, besides metamorphosing exotic mentalities, to put an end to the very traditions of race or of nationality, by inducing a voluntary, or compulsory, adoption of the conquerors' language by the conquered peoples. But an imposed language will speak only if habitually practised. It will become transformed, sooner or later, through the natural genius of the people which received it, and will become a dialect, like the Creole, as unintelligible to home folk as a foreign language.

As to the school, considered as an exclusive factor of assimilation, no one any longer questions its utter failure. Colored boys, taught according to the pedagogical methods obtaining in Europe, have not acquired a European mentality by cramming the rudiments of exact sciences, history, geography, and independent morals; a minority retains just enough of that intellectual baggage to scheme for berths in the administrative hierarchy. Genuinely 'uprooted,' they have only contempt for the field or the workshop from which they originate. Some of them — and their members are on the increase — take ship, at their own or the Budget's expense, and sail overseas, to pick up something of the white man's higher education. From their varied contacts with European civilization, they bring back titbits of knowledge and cargoes of pretensions. They claim, and proclaim, that adequate justice is never rendered to their merits, and that they are learned enough to emancipate their brethren from alien guardianship.

All colonizing peoples have been deceived by this mirage of education. All have built government schools, in which they have made a point of ignoring the pedagogy of volunteer educators, such as missionaries, whose experience was by no means contemptible. Placid Dutchmen, utilitarian Britishers, have not been clearer-sighted than overbearing Spaniards and French ideology-mongers. None guessed that, by broadcasting promiscuously a learning and ideas elaborated in the course of centuries in European societies, they were gorging weakling stomachs with food too rich; for 'no man putteth new wine into old bottles,' or 'a piece of new cloth unto an old garment.'

And this is why Japanese agitators, Indian baboos, Tunisian, Algerian, Egyptian, or Annamite young bloods are hostile to their teachers. They dream of supplanting them in the command of the masses, whose racial antagonisms these natives arouse and excite, the better to exploit and fleece them. Haiti, Liberia, and their like offer examples of what can be expected.

The army, too, has been considered as an agent of assimilation fully as efficient as the school by some military men daft on sociology. But the haunting remembrance of Rome calling barbarians to her legions has inspired attempts only in these countries where Romans and barbarians have been longest in agreement, that is to say, in the last theatres of the Punic Wars, where vestiges of Roman grandeur are impressive to this day. Frenchmen were the only ones to think that common life without any distinction as to races, in Algerian and Tunisian barracks and camps, would create indelible sympathies, and erase the differences of mentality between natives and settlers, so that there would be in Northern Africa a homogeneous people under common laws.

It must be acknowledged that the military failed as woefully as the pedagogues, yet with far less serious consequences. The failure hurts only sentiment, offended by the close promiscuity permitted between dissimilar races, and has no political after-effects. Native malcontents and reformers never come from barracks: they swarm from schools and universities.

Life in common, similar physical characteristics, the equity of the military status or charter, may attenuate the fundamental rancor of a conquered race; they are not adequate to bring about its assimilation. They would have to be supported by analogous morals and ideals. Now, Islamism has erected between Frenchmen and Arabo-Berber populations a barrier which certain governing authorities, who thought themselves profound statesmen, have even strengthened. In order to obviate conflicts of creeds, men prevented Christianity, first from penetrating among the more accessible Berbers, and afterward from spreading among the Arabs. Thus no durable alliance could be established by marriages between natives and immigrants whom the former never ceased to consider as loathsome infidels. And yet, in the light of the results obtained with Canadian Boisbrûlés, one can imagine what would happen in Northern Africa from the mixing of races far less different from one another than Indians and Palefaces. Europeanized Berbers, Arab and Latin crossbreeds, if they were many, would protect French Northern Africa against the always possible outbursts of Moslem fanaticism.

## IV

Supporters of association are less chimerical. They have realized that assimilators, always, like all ideologists, in far too great a hurry, would sow the wind to reap the whirlwind. The 'Indian Unrest,' so ably described by Sir Valentine Chirol, was in fact taken, by most colonials with an observing turn of mind, as a serious warning. Even previous to the World War, associationists were elaborating plans uninspired by orthodox doctrine, but in which the teachings of experience were taken into account rather than the dreams of theorists. Not being in office, they were unheeded. The tranquillity of the colonies during the struggle, despite the economical and general effort that war demanded of them; the fine behavior of the troops; the zeal of the laborers sent by the colonies to Europe; the conquest of a great part of

the Cameroon, were even turned by assimilators into arguments against association.

In France, however, people were thinking at last of the logical consequences flowing from the Wilsonian principle of nationalities. Spread among other folk after victory, it would be, sooner or later, put to the war-winners themselves, who by calling upon colored people for help could not but suggest to the latter comparisons with those ethnic minorities whose political bonds the Entente had cut, in the name of Right. No doubt, in accomplishing the work of justice, the Entente did show here and there that Might continued to be Right, but this selfsame Entente laid herself open to the misadventure of seeing her own exotic subjects claim against her the Right of Oppressed Nationalities. President Wilson did not, to be sure, foresee so remote and far-reaching an effect of his manifesto; a few colored agitators, who had acquired in the intellectual circles of old Europe, of America, and of Japan, a thin scientific veneer and formidable ambitions, realized that the moment was propitious to cut a figure, at any rate academically, as liberators or deliverers. Against their mouthings of theories founded on sentiment nothing can be expected; but appeals to interest are likely to be better listened to by such nations as will hear them.

It is, therefore, association for the development of the common demesne that should be resorted to for ensuring the political loyalty of 'inferior brethren,' whose inferiority, if indeed it exists, would be at any rate but a conventional phenomenon, and in any case quite a transitory one. An eminent professor in our Colonial School, Louis Vignon, teaches the necessary policy to future administrators and magistrates as follows: —

> Such a policy is the art of leading populations, through their natural chieftains as intermediaries, without perturbing their creeds, methods of life, and habits; of limiting interference to an invitation to reform their customs in so far as these are too inconsistent with our moral and judicial ideas; the art of making them accept contact with settlers, or at least of helping them to suffer as little as possible from the intercourse; it is again the art of leading them without haste, at their own gait, toward a better social, political, and economic condition — a condition, however, always in accord with their mentality, and suited to their developing intellectual capacities.[1]

And farther on: —

> In a family, the father — and if France is not the father, she is the guardian — the father gives orders, and for their own good, to his youngsters. He says: 'You must.' Later on, as they grow up, the father still gives orders, but vouchsafes reasons and explanations; later on again, when his boys have become men, he listens to their motives, discusses, tempers, resolves, gives way ultimately . . . unless, on the strength of his experience, age, and responsibilities, he does oppose his veto.

Unless, also, experience derives from routine or greed. For then the veto results in disagreements, lawsuits, and recovered independence; but this is another story.

Such a theory of government sets aside the utopias of its assimilators as they deserve to be set aside. It is wise enough to preserve France's colonial demesne for a long time from inner storms; and it indicates means through which our subjects and protégés may be inspired with faith in the excellence of our régime, so that they may not seek in themselves, or elsewhere, greater wealth and tranquillity than is found with us. But such wealth is not

[1] Louis Vignon. *A Programme of Colonial Policy: The Question of the Natives.*

as yet open to all; vast tracts are even doomed to poverty and hardship because of poor natural possibilities, or the miserable condition of the inhabitants. Despite their wisdom, the theories taught to future colonial leaders would run great risks of proving, as do so many others, little more than idle speculations, did they not beget some really practical conclusion.

Well, then, it has long been an ascertained fact that material progress follows but belatedly in the wake of intellectual and political reforms; there has been a lack of balance between the desires with which the natives should be inspired and the means of satisfying them. War itself revealed the inadequacy of the material transformations undertaken here and there in various parts of our overseas dominions. The recruiting of soldiers and of laborers, the development and transport of natural produce, so necessary for the mother country, were hindered, and sometimes rendered impossible, by distances, precarious means of communication, local ignorance or unconcern.

On a par, therefore, with shielding France from the surprises of an uncertain future, and with spreading among subordinate peoples a sentiment of loyalty, is the notion of interesting them in the development of a material prosperity, of whose benefits they themselves would partake. In the new order of things, they would not be considered as slaves, or as herds of voters, but as *associates*, as partners, whose gallantry and loyalty would help to defend the joint property, whose toil would contribute to increase the firm's assets, and who would reap returns in proportion to profits.

Such is the initial, the basic, principle of the Sarraut plan. The present Colonial Minister has laid before Parliament a vast scheme of Public Works, which would transform French possessions into centres of keen activity. Labor's wages would circulate among the natives as a great part of the capital invested; outside the yards, natives would readily 'make good,' because of the open markets which would foster the development of their own country's hidden riches. Medical assistance, sanitation, sanitary stations extended to remotest districts, would suppress the excessive ravages of mortality in which ignorance, superstitions, and routine are more instrumental than country and climate.

In professional schools and universities, established especially for its requirements, intelligent and industrious youth would study such sciences as are immediately practical for farmers, traders, contractors, and manufacturers. Through ports, railroads, telegraphs, canals, waterworks, a benumbed world would be awakened; situations less disappointing than the so-called liberal professions would be open to the future intellectual élite of our colored populations. By business practice, by systematic and sustained work, they would conquer what is far more satisfactory and substantial than a shabby and jaundiced mandarinate — the white man's respect. They would sit side by side with white men, not above or below them, in the mixed professional assemblies which governments consult and listen to because such bodies are more representative of the natives' and settlers' joint interests than are political parties. As to the masses, whence gifted individuals could rise into the upper classes, they would easily adapt themselves to their new circumstances; daily bread ensured, increased welfare, watchful justice, facilitated transactions, instruction sensibly given, would make them wary of spellbinders, and of the blandishments and trickery of politicians.

Grounded on the principle taught by

Louis Vignon at the Colonial School; protected by the armor forged by General Mangin; carried out according to Albert Sarraut's plan, the utilitarian policy designated by the term 'association' is obviously the one best suited for a colonizing nation anxious, as a sovereign power, to preserve the golden mean of government. At any rate, it is a convenient system of expediency, provided that, under pretense of neutrality or of respect for habits and customs, no forces inimical to the white man's educational guardianship are permitted to ferment and grow.

## V

Will not the living together of exotic people and Frenchmen in the home country generate the most powerful of such inimical forces, which, ceaselessly increasing, as natives are discharged and return to their own communities, will eventually overthrow a laboriously built social edifice? And in the metropolis itself, will not this same force have its effect on the mentality of the race, and on the government's general policy? Certain friends of France seem to have feared, and some Frenchmen too have apprehended, that this might be the issue. Such misgivings might be justified, if the exceptional safeguards imposed on the nation by necessity, during and after the war, were to be extended and long continued.

Despite treaties and ententes, our safety is more threatened than ever. The perturbed post-war condition of the world, a prophetic description of which was given in the 'Protocols of the Learned Elders of Zion,' contains the nucleus of even more violent catastrophes. The return of Alsace-Lorraine to the French does not make our population more numerous than it was in 1914. Military service has been reduced from three years to eighteen months as a result of victory. We have, therefore, to recruit from overseas about one sixth of the army's peace establishment. A hundred thousand Arabo-Berbers, Negroes, Malagasy, and Annamites are thus going to live our daily life, watch perhaps our domestic disputes, take pride in having become our defenders. They will be ceaselessly renewed, and will broadcast to the remotest limits of our frontiers in Africa and Asia the ideas suggested to them by contact with the European world. Well, is it not on the cards that what they will have seen will be so utterly different from what they were accustomed to see as to upset somewhat their judgment?

Frenchmen who have not lived among colored people eagerly express for them the benevolent curiosity and naïve admiration which Montesquieu so aptly described in his *Persian Letters*. Such feelings, which astonish and even disgust colonials, Creoles, and foreigners, who deem them inconsistent with traditional race hierarchy, influence in different degrees the Arabo-Berbers, Annamites, and Malagasy. The first-named, coming from a country where Europeans are numerous and where the interests frequently are inimical, accept with the condescension of the Believer for the Infidel those attentions and convivialities. The Annamites, despite their stout natural vanity, which is founded on historical records, a social fabric, a civilization quite independent of their present political condition, are more easily dazzled by the gratuitous and fulsome tokens of solicitude bestowed on them, but compare them, not without bitterness, with the social barriers that separate the two races in their own country. As to the Negroes, they bring to France the mentality of savages but little accustomed to reason. For the

present, it does not occur to them to demand the treatment accorded to their brethren hailing from the West Indies, Reunion, or the Four Communes, who are entirely assimilated, that is to say, considered by law as full-blown citizens.

The latter, those same full-blown citizens, combine an almost sickly touchiness with a boundless vanity. They are proud to send a few members to Parliament; they think it quite natural to be on exactly the same footing as white soldiers in the home forces; and to General Pershing's black regiments their condition appeared quite enviable.

Utterly different are the Africans recruited for Senegalese rifles battalions and colonial artillery batteries. The blemishes and vices of civilized folk are not yet grafted on their own deficiencies and vices; they have no heavy heredity of slavery, and demagogy has not yet visited them. Lastly, and chiefly, they are not left to themselves, uncontrolled, under officers of their own race. They are led by colonial army officers and noncommissioned officers, who know them and handle them in a way suited to their mentality. Besides, while Frenchmen and Arabo-Berbers are, according to the assimilation theory, very much mixed in home forces recruited from Northern Africa, the white race still keeps, in accordance with the association theory, its prerogatives as to command in all native regiments (Annamites, Malagasy, Blacks) appertaining to the colonial army in France and in French Colonies.

But whatever may be the ideas implanted in all those auxiliaries by their sojourn in France, it can be questioned whether these ideas are calculated to act rapidly as a leaven in the minds of colonized populations. The hundred thousand men supplied by those populations to the French army come from very diverse countries. They are not all quartered together on French soil: at least two thirds of them are employed in Northern Africa, Syria, Morocco. When they go home, they disperse almost singly among sixty million people, and immense spaces part them. Well-nigh all of them fall again at once under the influence of race and environment. They are not attracted in crowds to the factories, for industry is still nascent in those countries; and they thus escape the dangerous activities of professional agitators, or impressionable masses of workers. Before long, they will recollect their European life only as a dream or — perhaps — as a nightmare.

They cannot, therefore, be compared now to emigrants settling in an adopted country. They remain outside social life; the intercourse they have with the inhabitants is not sufficient to modify even slightly the physical and moral type of the race. Compared with the racial increase among other really European peoples, the ethnic current which they constitute would be too small to escape rapid and complete absorption.

## VI

Reciprocal reactions will be practically negligible, if not renewed for a great number of years. But persistence of that armed peace under the burden of which Europe staggers in unstable equilibrium must have a less stupefying effect. Within France, the influx of colored peoples will remain limited to a few garrison towns and a few manufacturing centres. It will perhaps manifest itself among local populations by a few modifications, analogous to the strain which, in the Mediterranean Languedoc, testifies to the long stay of Moslem Semites. Such reactions would be nothing like

the crossbreedings in the West Indies and Southern States, where the blacks, imported willy-nilly, and being more numerous than the white immigrants, constitute a particularist block, with political pretensions. But if, owing to circumstances, discharged auxiliaries gather in considerable groups in their countries of origin, they will carry back a queer mixture of longings and notions, with which fosterers of colonial development will have to reckon.

It is a fact proved by experience that exotic races, thrown into temporary contact with European civilization, perceive only their less admirable aspects, and retain chiefly the paradoxical rigmaroles which bamboozle the 'unconscious' masses. Should circumstances favor the gathering of crowds at some place where the economic metamorphosis of a region is being prepared for, discharged rankers and laborers back from Europe will be attracted thither by the advantages offered or promised. In mills and the yards of public works, they will constitute an élite of salaried nondescripts — exacting, caviling, impulsive; more engrossed with their rights than impressed with their duties; and thoroughly up to the latest methods of proletariat defense. White or colored employers, even if disposed to conduct their business and to treat their employees according to Europe's Christian spirit, will have to guard against a mob-psychology very much like that which paralyzes Europe's renascence or recovery. It is to facilitate France's recovery that Cabinet Minister Albert Sarraut wants to endow the Colonies, by means of his Development Works Plan, with the equipment they lack. Such works will bring together crowds of workmen and employees whose racial antagonisms will very soon embitter the labor disputes to be expected. And a mere glance at our British friends' affairs suffices to show to what lengths a Gandhi can, on racial grounds, beguile labor.

It is by no means light-heartedly, therefore, that France incurs such difficulties. Nor is it deliberately to humiliate her eventual enemies that she admits colored troops to her home forces. Let the influence of the 'mysterious conductor,' spoken of by Liebknecht, cease to be all-powerful in the origin, development, and sequels of the conflicts which constantly disturb old Europe, and the French will no more have to call to the rescue, on ancestral soil, their exotic auxiliaries. So long as she is exposed to German rancor or to Bolshevist scheming, so long will France have to rely on her soldiers' gallantry for her very existence. Whether most of them be Annamites, Malagasy, or Senegalese, matters but little: after all, it is again and always for the common salvation of Christendom that she will use them.

*(A companion article, dealing with the color problem which the British Empire faces in Africa, will appear in the April issue.)*

# THE CASTE SYSTEM OF NORTH AMERICA

BY RAMSAY TRAQUAIR

## I

THE purpose of this article is to demonstrate that a caste system already exists in North America, and to consider the possibility that the system may, in the future, be extended and organized.

Caste is very frequently used as a synonym for class — usually the class of which the writer disapproves. Properly the word indicates an organization of society based solely on birth; and the most complete example of such an organization is that found to-day in Hindustan.

Hindu society is classified by innumerable divisions and subdivisions, into one or the other of which every Hindu must be born, and out of which he cannot escape. He may, it is true, become 'outcaste,' but in that case he has lost his place in society altogether; socially he has ceased to exist.

A Brahman who looses caste does not become a Kshatriya; he does not fall to a lower caste. He becomes casteless, though he may, by appropriate rites and purifications, regain his old caste. So that even an outcaste does not lose caste entirely. His original caste, and no other, is still latent in him and can be restored.

There are four main castes — the Brahmans, Kshatriyas, Vaisyas, and Sudras, corresponding traditionally to the occupations of priest, warrior, trader, and artisan. But, though this would suggest that caste was at one time a class-distinction, yet at the present day a caste may include all classes, save that of priest, which is reserved to the Brahmans. Caste is no bar to any occupation. A rajah may be a Sudra; his cook may be a Brahman. The rajah is of a higher class than his cook, though of a very much lower caste; and though the Brahman will cook the rajah's dinner, he will not eat it with him, or permit his daughter to marry the rajah.

As it is easier for men of similar habits to work together, there will naturally be some tendency in the castes to monopolize particular employments; but every caste may have members in all classes, and of all degrees of distinction in society.

Though it is not looked upon with approval, marriage is possible between castes which are not widely separated. In particular, a legal marriage can take place between two contiguous castes. But in all such mixed marriages the children belong entirely to the lower caste. If, for instance, a Brahman marry a Kshatriya wife, the children will all be Kshatriyas. The blood of the higher castes may thus permeate downward into the lower, but that of the lower can never contaminate the higher. It is a valve-system, and works one way only. A Brahman can have no trace of Kshatriya, or any but Brahman blood. The least trace of any other would make him simply a member of the lower caste. But a Vaisya, or even a Sudra, might conceivably be one-half, three-

quarters, seven-eighths, or any other fraction, Brahman. He remains entirely of the lower caste.

As a result, while the Brahman blood remains pure, there must be a slow but constant tendency in all other castes to approximate to it.

Many authorities hold that the caste system arose from racial differences, long since obliterated by the gradual downward mixture of blood, — and, no doubt, by some upward mixture too, — and by long-continued similarity of life and environment. It is quite significant that the Hindu word for caste, *Varna*, means color, and that the castes are distinguished by color names — white, red, yellow, and black. To the Brahman the Sudra is a 'black man.' Experts, indeed, maintain that a difference in appearance can be seen between the fine-boned, light-skinned Brahman and the darker, coarser Sudra.

Certainly there are good grounds for regarding Hindu castes as color-distinctions.

I believe this to be a fair, though very incomplete, statement of caste, correct in its main outlines.

Such a system has never existed in Europe, because there has never been a race-competition sufficiently acute to justify it. Aristocracies have, from time to time, attempted to establish castes for the purpose of maintaining hereditary privilege; but the attempts have invariably failed. The races living in any one part of Europe have always been so similar as to amalgamate easily. Race in Europe is really homogenous, and, though a great deal is said about Teuton and Saxon and Celt, yet, in the first place, the terms are usually misapplied, and, in the second place, Teuton and Celt are first cousins at widest remove. The Huns, the only real aliens who ever invaded Europe, were beaten back and utterly destroyed.

All European aristocracies have been constantly renewed from below. In Saxon times the ceorl who owned five hides of land was compelled to become a thegn. A thegn who became sufficiently powerful became an earl. His descendants were noble.

Very, very few of the titled families of England can trace a descent of five hundred years, and all have received constant influxes of plebeian blood. Any artisan may become a brewer; a wealthy brewer frequently becomes a peer of the realm; in a generation, his children are indistinguishable from the scions of the oldest families. The reason for this is, of course, that there is no blood-distinction between classes in Europe and accordingly mixture in any direction not only is possible, but is constantly taking place.

In European society there are classes, but no castes; for no hereditary element is distinct enough to be able to isolate itself.

## II

But from the earliest times of European settlement a different condition has prevailed in America. We need not spend much time on the American Indian, for he has never been a part of the European culture of North America. He has been segregated and is dying out. He has never constituted a caste, because he has never been a fellow citizen.

But a second race was imported, with whom amalgamation was even less possible than with the Red Man. As they were required for labor, the Negroes could not be segregated; no geographical separation was possible between the farmer and his labor, as it was between the settler and the Indian. So the Negro became at once an inferior class, separated from the white by his color. The Red Indian has always remained outside the American polity; the Negro slave was from the beginning

inside it. His native culture was weak and easily destroyed, though it is said that to it we owe Jazz, and certain forms of the dance. In place of his native culture, he was given the usual culture of the American settler. He adopted a European language, religion, dress, and civilization, so far as he was capable—and was permitted. The American Negro is less African than the American white is European. He cannot be absorbed by the European; he cannot amalgamate, and he will not disappear.

The Negro, in fact, forms a true caste. This caste conforms in a curiously accurate way to the rules of Hindu caste. Marriage from below upward is forbidden, under penalty of the most cruel death devised by man. Intermixture of blood downward is, however, permitted, and is continually taking place without penalty. The child of mixed parentage belongs to the lower caste. He is Negro through and through, and the smallest trace of Negro blood is sufficient to constitute full negrohood. As a steady admixture of white blood is being introduced among the Negroes, while no fresh Negro blood can ever be introduced, the Negro is bound to approximate ever closer and closer to the white man. Even now there are many Negroes who can be detected as such only by one very intimately acquainted with the caste marks. But no matter how like a white man he may look, a Negro remains a Negro. He belongs to an inferior caste, contact with which contaminates. He may not occupy the same carriage, or sit at the same table. Certain occupations, such as sleeping-car attendant, are reserved to him. These are caste-distinctions.

But, you may object, the distinction between white man and Negro is a racial distinction. The white man must protect his race from degradation in the presence of a large inferior race. This, you may say, is not Hindu caste. Hindu caste is an artificial division between members of the same race. And so we send missionaries to India to abolish caste.

We are apt to despise and ridicule what we are not familiar with. From the Hindu point of view, the Brahman is as far separated from the Sudra as the white man is from the Negro. The Brahman must protect the purity of his race from degradation by the inferior race of the Sudra. To the Brahman, the Sudra is a 'colored man,' and he protects his race by caste. What should we think if the Brahmans sent missionaries to abolish the distinction between a white man and some very white Negroes?

Caste is the natural protection of a higher race in the presence of a lower, and occurs whenever two races are compelled to live intermingled.

So there are already two castes in North America, the Negro and the white man. There are signs of more.

A very great number of books have been written on the 'New Immigration,' or the 'Alien Immigration.' Under these names is considered the recent large immigration into North America of Orientals, and of natives of eastern and southeastern Europe.

American writers have pointed out the anomaly of calling these immigrants 'aliens,' seeing that all inhabitants of North America, excepting the Red Indians, were originally aliens. But the word corresponds to a very real fact. The tradition of American civilization in the North is English, and any body of immigrants who are felt to be alien to that tradition are felt to be 'aliens.'

If the immigration had been entirely of English-speaking people we should never have heard of the alien. If it had included only Germans, French, Norwegians, and Northern Europeans, of

substantially the same breed and culture as the English, we should have heard very little of aliens.

It is precisely because he is felt to represent a race and a culture foreign to the English tradition, and difficult of assimilation, that the new immigrant is an alien.

## III

There are three quite different kinds of aliens — the Oriental, the Eastern European, and the Jew. Of these the Oriental presents the simplest problem and may be considered first.

Orientals — Chinese, Japanese, and Indian — have settled in North America in considerable numbers. There are in the United States 426,574 by the last census, and the proportion in Canada must be about the same. They are naturally most numerous on the Pacific coast — in British Columbia and California. They concentrate in the cities, so that there is not a considerable city on the continent which has not its Oriental colony. They do not intermarry with the white population, since, on one side at any rate, intermarriage is regarded as degrading. They have appropriated the vocation of laundryman and, in some degree, that of market-gardener.

The Japanese take on Americanization very easily; and, although the Chinese are more tenacious of their national culture, yet they too are being naturalized, so that a few generations will produce Oriental-American citizens, who will be fully American, but who cannot be absorbed by the older American stock, since absorption can take place only through intermarriage.

In those parts of the country where Orientals are most numerous, the usual efforts for separation are already being made, and the next generation of Oriental-Americans will constitute a small caste. Its small size will not, however, give any hopes of its extinction; for abundant fresh white blood will be poured into it, without, according to the invariable rule of caste, in the slightest affecting its Oriental nature. A half 'Chink' is a full Chink.

One point in Americanization should perhaps be emphasized here. So long as an alien remains alien; so long as he remains a possible citizen of his country of origin, he and his fellows will not form a caste. Caste appears with Americanization; for that process produces, in the case of a race which cannot be assimilated, American citizens who cannot be absorbed into the traditional American race-type. Like the Negro who has ceased to be African, the Oriental will cease to be Chinese or Japanese, and become American, but never Anglo-, or even Europeo-American.

The two remaining types of aliens, though very different, yet have one apparent point of resemblance. They are conceivably capable of being assimilated. We should not feel the same objection to our daughter marrying a Bulgar or a Jew, that we should feel to her marrying a Chinaman or a Negro.

But this is not the whole story. The Anglo-Saxon stock, as it is called, still constitutes fully two thirds of the population, and almost the whole of the rural population. This stock is quite certain that it intends to remain dominant, and to remain Anglo-Saxon. But, if it absorbs the present thirty-per-cent-alien population, it will certainly cease to be Anglo-Saxon. It is hardly possible for the present Americans to absorb the mass of Poles, Lithuanians, Russians, Greeks, Bulgarians, Italians, Hungarians, and Jews, and to emerge unchanged. These peoples have a strong culture of their own. They have their own ideals of politics and government, and they are very strongly attached to them. Though they may learn to speak

English, and to use electric toasters, that will not make them New Englanders. Do the Americanizers fully realize that they are not merely Americanizing the alien — they are also on the road to alienize the American, or to institute caste?

There are abundant signs that the older American stock does not want to absorb these aliens, and that even the aliens are strangely blind to the advantages of absorption. The American workingman is refusing to work beside 'Dagoes'; and in every industrial city of America there is an unabsorbed body of American citizens who are not Anglo-Saxons, and who do not wish to become so.

On the other hand, it has been said that some of the universities are attempting to limit their students on racial lines. The rumors may be false, and indeed have been denied; but the fact that they are current shows the trend of opinion. The old stock of America is beginning to realize that, if it wishes to preserve itself, it can do so only by forming a caste. Caste is the protection of one race against another which it regards as inferior.

A great deal of confusion has been brought into the question by this idea of Americanization. It has already been mentioned, but, even at the risk of repetition, it is necessary to describe the process and its ideals clearly.

We have numerous excellent societies devoted to the Americanization of the new immigrant. Here he is to be taught the English language, the accepted code of morals, the accepted culture of his adopted country, and is to be made in every way into a good American or Canadian citizen. Once this is achieved, it is assumed that he will at once amalgamate with the older stock.

Now he does assimilate superficially. In about two generations he becomes externally an American, and would feel himself a foreigner in the home of his ancestors. But it is not sufficient to assume the externals of the old stock, in order to become identical with it in culture. The Americanization of the alien does not mean, to the average American, that he, or his children, are to become partially alien, or that a blend is to be produced; it means that the alien is to be totally absorbed, to abandon his own culture in favor of the English culture of America. This the alien cannot do. He is what he is, because of his blood, his race, and he can no more change that than the leopard can change his spots. Even the Negro, whose native culture was very weak, and who for generations has been exposed to the American culture, is still mentally and culturally distinct from the white man. He has not become an inferior kind of white; he remains a Negro, with the peculiar mind of a Negro. He thinks and feels differently. And if the Negro cannot entirely lose his racial culture, how shall we suppose that vigorous races like the Slavs or the Jews will lose theirs? Americanization is possible, but it does not mean absorption. It means throwing into the melting pot the whole constitution and ideals of historic America.

Now we must consider the most interesting of all our new immigrants — the Jews. Although they have no geographical home, yet they constitute a distinct nation, an international nation, as it were. They are a proud, tenacious race, with an ancient and highly developed culture. They are fully the equals of the European in many respects; they, indeed, consider themselves the superior of the European in all respects; and they have not the slightest intention of losing their culture, or of allowing it to be contaminated, as they would consider it, by what is to them, the inferior culture of the European.

This attitude of superiority is fully reciprocated by the European. He thinks of the Jew very much as the Jew thinks of him. Under these conditions there may be mutual respect, mutual admiration even, but absorption — never.

A lady of Anglo-American descent was, by chance, staying at a hotel frequented by Jews of position. Two Jewish ladies near her were discussing a pleasure resort at which one of them had been staying. 'But, my dear,' said the other, 'were not a great many Gentiles there?'

'Oh, yes! there were a few. Just enough to be disagreeable.'

This is a perfectly natural attitude. The opposite of it is equally natural and equally common. But it is the spirit of caste.

For Judah is more than a religion — it is a nationality, with a national pride. The Jews at present constitute more than a quarter of the population of New York. They are segregating themselves in all the great cities. They neither convert nor are converted. If you are a Jew, you remain one, with all the great traditions of your race. If you are not — you can never be one. So that the Jew is constituting a caste, and, what makes it difficult for the European, he will consent to constitute no caste excepting the highest. Accordingly, the American caste system in its present condition has two highest castes: one, the European, has numbers: the other, the Jewish, has the greatest racial tenacity in history.

## IV

The races, then, which appear to be tending toward a caste organization in North America are the Old Anglo-Saxon American, the Jewish, the Eastern European, the Oriental, and the Negro. There remains one nationality which should not be forgotten, because it illustrates from the opposite side the factors which go to form a caste: I mean the French population in Quebec and in Louisiana.

The French Canadians of Quebec are a virile and flourishing race, with a well-preserved French culture. They keep themselves separate from the English; but the two nationalities live side by side on very excellent terms, only emphasized by occasional little squabbles. But the French Canadian does not constitute a caste, and never will. He preserves his national characteristics by strict segregation, and without this artificial aid would lose them in a very short time. Members of the French community who settle in non-French parts of the country tend to be absorbed by the English stock with which they live. Members of the English community who settle in Quebec tend to become French. Quebec is full of French MacDonalds and Rosses, descendants of Scottish soldiers who settled there at the English occupation.

In Quebec we have a culture which is national and local, but not founded on any distinction of race. So it cannot form a caste.

In Nova Scotia, where the French are in a minority, they have been absorbed in great numbers by the English population, without in any way interfering with the prevailing English culture. The few Negroes in Nova Scotia, although they have been there for generations, have never been absorbed. They constitute a caste, and a caste which is very rapidly getting whiter, without of course getting any less Negro.

Owing probably to the wide misuse of the word, caste, there is in this country a strong prejudice against anything supposed to resemble it. It is supposed to be undemocratic, although caste has nothing to do with political or religious

freedom and equality. Caste is not in itself necessarily a bad thing. Indeed, disinterested students of Hindu society claim that caste has given stability and tranquillity to the mixed races of Hindustan as no other institution could have done. They assert that Hindu culture is quite inconceivable without it. Under its rules the various races of India have attained nationhood. They made caste for themselves, as a remedy for their own difficulties; and we have no right to proclaim it bad because Europe, under entirely different circumstances, did something entirely different.

So, when we find a social system, closely resembling the Hindu caste system, growing up in North America, not as the result of legislation or reforms imposed from above, but apparently in spite of opposing legislation, and as the natural expression of the popular will, is it not best to realize that caste may after all have some good in it? Of course, you may not like the word. If so, call it by some other name, — purity of race, or what you will, — but do not pretend that it is not there.

At present we are living under an unregulated and unrecognized caste system, in which the caste rules are administered by lynch law, and in which the duties and obligations of the castes are undefined. We go about explaining what an undemocratic thing caste is, especially in Europe, where it does not exist; and then we enforce caste rules of unexampled ferocity on the Negro. We tell him one thing, and we do to him another.

Law is, we are told, the expression of the people's will. At present the people's will is caste. We do not call it by that name, but we have got the thing; and, if the races of North America are to preserve their traditions and culture, combining them into one great national culture, to which each may contribute its full quota without fear of destruction or of contamination, it is difficult to see what organization is better than that which is at present being elaborated — the organization of caste.

But please take particular note that this is not a plea for more legislation. It is all coming of itself.

## A PROGRAMME FOR PRISON REFORM

EDITOR OF THE *Atlantic Monthly*
DEAR SIR, —

The time is ripe for an effort toward improvement in the prisoner's condition which is solidly based and free from emotion. This must lie in making it more generally advantageous to treat the prisoner well. The doctrine is not novel. In fact it is a hundred years since Elizabeth Fry first set forth the truth that the lot of the prisoner could be made tolerable only by giving him productive work to do, and practically every step of progress in improving the lot of prisoners and lifting the level of prison administration has been brought about by applying Elizabeth Fry's doctrine. Productive employment in prisons is the only sound basis for their steady progress toward sound conditions. Furthermore, the productive employment must be organized in such manner that gradually the prisons will become self-supporting. As a business man I can see no necessity for the heavy

taxation imposed on law-abiding citizens in order to maintain able-bodied, mentally sound law-breakers.

The goal at which all efforts for amelioration should aim is that every prison shall be a workshop for restoring prisoners at the end of their term to civil life in condition to be useful members of the community. Unless the prison fulfills a remedial function; unless it brings about an actual improvement, physical, mentally, and morally, in those who are subjected to its treatment, it is, in a very large sense, a failure.

Happily progress has been made during the past ten years toward giving the prisoners productive labor, and enabling them to recover at least a part of their economic self-respect.

There is still an immense work to be done in this direction, and a little observation will show how serious are the obstacles. The prisoner cannot be occupied properly at productive labor unless there is a market for what he produces. Here there have arisen a great number of obstacles. Where can such a market be found in which prison products will not compete unfairly with the products of free labor? The logical market for prison products is in the commodity requirements of state institutions and departments — for only when the state sells its products to state institutions and departments is its selling department adequately protected from the manipulations of the politician. Unfair competition with the products of free labor is also eliminated by governmental consumption of prison products, and in working to better the condition of the prisoner we should not forget the welfare of the workman outside the prison, to say nothing of the welfare of the employer.

How can prison labor be directed so as to produce what the institutions can consume when, as too often has been the case, those institutions are numerous, heterogeneous, and under diverse management? If you have, as was the case in the State of New York until recently, fifty-eight purchasing agents, each one exhibiting originality, or at least variation, in his requirements and standards, it is clear that the prison will hardly stand any chance of producing goods suitable for such an immense and unpredictable variety of commodities. This has wrecked many an attempt to employ prison labor on a productive basis and herein has lain one of the great obstacles to prison reform.

Some years ago efforts were begun to bring about uniform standards and centralized purchase within the states, so as to obviate the unreasonable variety of demands and multiplicity of purchasing agents. This movement, so obviously reasonable and economical, has made much progress. It has been embodied to a greater or less extent in the legislation of all but eight of the states, while twenty-three have the full provision, and there are grounds for hope that it will be pressed to acceptance and adoption in all the states of the Union. It is simply the application of the purchase methods adopted by all successful business corporations to the purchase methods of governments. A mere glance will show the advantages to be obtained from uniform standards and central purchase. They make it possible for the requirements of state institutions in such simple matters as shirts and shoes to be made uniform, and so enable the production of these articles by prison labor in such quantity and on such simple standards as to make their production economical.

An adequate market for prison products makes possible the payment of adequate wages to prisoners. If there is an established market and demand for the product of the prisoner's labor, and if he can produce the articles required at a reasonable price, he has already

taken his place among the profitable workers. It follows that he may, and in justice should, receive payment for his work. He is lifted from the level of a mere burden on society, and in some cases a menace to its welfare, into the class of the producer. If this can be recognized in the only proper manner, — by payment for his work and by giving him the conditions of labor in which self-respect will be possible, — plainly a very great step has been taken in the direction of making him once more a safe, useful, and self-respecting member of society.

That is the goal which enlightened and humane persons have kept before themselves from generation to generation. It is, of course, intolerable that men should be incarcerated under such conditions as are almost certain to degrade, if not to brutalize, them and which tend to make them thus a greater menace to the society which they have already injured. The very self-respect of the community, as well as the instinct for self-preservation, demands that it prevent the degradation of the prisoner and do all that is possible to bring him into sound and decent relationship with society. But the goal is still a long way off. The ideal set by the National Committee on Prisons and Prison Labor is in brief: —

1. The administration of penal institutions by competent men and women, selected for their fitness to train prisoners and to conduct prisons on a basis so fair and just that the prisoners receive incentive to become law-abiding members of the community when released from prison.
2. The remanding of every person convicted of crime, after conviction and before sentence, to a classification station for thorough examination, physical, mental, and according to work record and other previous experience in life.
3. The fixing of sentences according to the report and recommendations of this examination. The distribution of men and women physically and mentally capable of work to industrial prisons and of those physically and mentally diseased to hospitals or other custodial institutions.
   The release of men and women from the industrial prisons only when so trained that they are competent to take a useful place in society.
4. The employment of all persons confined in industrial prisons at work as nearly as possible adapted to their capabilities and for which they receive adequate wages from which shall be deducted the cost of their keep — the balance of wages so paid to be the property of the prisoners and available for the support of their dependents or funded against the day of their release.
5. The abolition of the practice of confining persons sentenced for crime in jails under county control, with the resulting idleness and degradation, and the substitution of a system of state control over all persons convicted of crime, so that they may be taken care of under the state penal system.

Let us work together for an American prison system which will answer the age-long challenge — What shall be done with the men in prison?

Yours truly,

ADOLPH LEWISOHN.

# THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

## SUPERVISED SUICIDE

One hears sometimes of Myopia Clubs — Myopia Hunt Clubs, for example. The name pleasantly suggests little troops of nearsighted cronies going about their sports together, secure in the equality of their handicaps. Similarly, I have for years wished to start a club for those who cannot learn to swim. I should like to name it with some word as sonorous as Myopia, and as popularly understood; some good Greek root by which the Athenians described those who could not get about in deep water. But I find that the Greek vocabulary for water sports is entirely positive and successful. Doubtless every Greek could swim. The Anglo-Saxon tongue is equally disappointing. It offers the ancient word *swimman*, but no term for those wights who could not float in the path of whales. The Latin is no better. Everyone remembers that Galba and the sailor always swam. In one old grammar even the farmer swims. 'Agricola natat. Natatne agricola?'

We seem to have no historical background, we non-natty folk. Yet, though our club is hard to name without circumlocution, its fellowship is delightful.

I used to be eligible for high office in this club. I am eligible now, but with a difference. I very nearly disqualified myself last July.

I had not known that my husband and all his relatives were such swimmers when I inadvertently married into their clan and went to spend the summer at their beach. To be on the safe side, I had carefully left my bathing-suit at home. If I thought of the bathing-hour at all, I saw myself as a graceful social adjunct, with a parasol which would cast a little patch of cool-colored shade for tired swimmers who cared to loaf beside me.

'Of course, you 'll have Phineas teach you to swim,' said his sister Veronica at breakfast.

'I 'd love to,' said I, 'but I 'm sorry to say I left my suit at home.'

This excuse was poorly chosen. Phineas's sisters offered me an assortment. Their husbands offered their services as assistants for the lessons. 'The last girl we taught,' said one of the brothers-in-law encouragingly, 'won the fifty-yard back-stroke.'

'Well,' said I tersely, 'I shall win the fifty-yard sink.'

Phineas and Veronica conferred. Then Phineas interviewed me.

'You say,' said he, 'that you 've *tried* to learn?'

'Every summer,' I told him, 'since I was three.'

'And you sink?' queried he, professionally.

'Like a pair of scissors,' said I.

'Let me see how long you can hold your breath,' demanded Phineas unexpectedly, getting out his watch.

This had been my one accomplishment at college. In gymnasium examinations I broke the record every time for blowing up the little device that registers the capacity of the lungs. So, sitting on a pile of bleaching seaweed, with Phineas's watch twinkling in the bright sunshine beside me, I held my breath.

'Very good,' said Phineas. 'Now just walk up and down at a fair speed,

and see how long you can hold it while exercising.'

I obediently strode up and down the sand at a spanking pace, and held my breath again.

'All right,' said Phineas when I returned to him. 'One minute and seventeen seconds. We 'll teach you first to swim under water. If you sink well, you 'll be good at going down to the bottom and picking up pennies.'

I consulted Veronica. 'If a person is really desperate,' I began, 'and knows the strokes intellectually, would n't it be possible to dash in and swim off, just as an act of Faith?'

'Oh, do try it!' begged Veronica, charmed with the idea. 'Just plunge in, put your arms out like a prow, and there you 'll *be*.'

As I swathed up my hair in layers of rubber, I thought of all the aquatic miracles: of Leander, and the Three Wise Men of Gotham, and the axe-head that swam. I waited until all my friends were well out beyond their depth, before I staged my *coup*.

'Come on in,' called Phineas, waving a periscopic hand.

'No,' I shouted. 'You and everybody else come ashore and stay ashore, and *then* I 'll go in.'

Obediently they all swam in, and drew themselves up dripping, like trained seals on the sand.

Taking a running start, I dashed in, thrusting my arms ahead, as instructed, like a prow.

Perhaps a little champagne should have been broken over me. Something at least I lacked; certainly not faith. I knew that I was *not* swimming, but with that company watching, could I not simulate the act? If I made firm strokes with two hands and one foot, might I not urge myself along with the remaining foot on the sand, so as to look sufficiently expert? At least, I would affect the manner.

I made amazing headway. As I took long, luxurious strokes and long, convulsive leaps, I thought of those early pterodactyls that are said to have had a long, oar-shaped extra limb, which they used as a swimming-paddle at will.

My spectators rose up and waded in to observe me. 'What *is* that stroke?' I heard one ask. 'It looks a little like the dog-paddle to me.'

'Hum,' said Phineas. 'It looks a little like the fox-trot to me.'

To be taught to swim under water, day after day, by a family in whose eyes one would wish to appear always at one's best, gives one feelings that Mr. Pecksniff would call 'Mingled.' Politely each morning I begged my companions not to stop their sports for me. But when Phineas and I appeared for our dip, the entire diving, raft-racing, pole-climbing tribe gathered to attend my obsequies.

'Now fill your lungs about half full,' directed Phineas, 'and put your head under. Let your feet float up, hold your breath, and do the Dead Man's Float.'

'Show me,' gasped I, to gain time.

Instantly the whole family dropped beneath the waves. Toward me floated their submerged corpses, face down. Then I drew my long breath and went under, and sat completely down among the pebbles at the bottom of the bay. Death, I reflected, would have its little compensations: there would be no more sea. Vindictively I resolved to stay under forever, like a planted mine.

Much may be done for pride, but the love of life dies hard. I eventually came up. The cheering crowd approved me. 'Now,' said one of them, 'at least she is wet.'

Why they did not tire of me at this point, I do not know. They regretted only that they had not taken me in hand earlier.

As for myself the only course open seemed to be suicide. By this time I was happy to submerge. It is comparatively easy to say farewell to a kindly world, and to go and be a brother to the insensible clam. It is quite another thing to lift up the feet and swim.

'You don't *have* to lift 'em,' protested Phineas. 'Just *let* your feet come up, and you 'll swim in spite of yourself.'

I cannot say that I ever yet swam in spite of myself. But one afternoon I had an experience that taught me many things. I know now the sense in which an older generation spoke of 'experiencing religion.' I experienced the sea.

It happened in the windless calm of one of those late summer afternoons, when time and tide stand still. The seaweed underwater hardly stirred. We waded out far beyond the tethered dories, to a place where there was a clear area of deep water over white sand and feathery weeds.

'I 'm going off a good distance,' said Phineas to his sister, 'and let her try to swim under water to me. You stay near and save her if she drowns.'

'How shall I know when she drowns?' asked Veronica, advancing to position.

'Watch her expression,' said Phineas. 'When she begins to look happy, she 's drowning.'

As to drowning, I did not care. I wanted to swim far more than I wanted to live. I took a last look at the fair sky and the friendly boats at anchor, and then I dipped my head deep down into Buzzards Bay. The still soft water received me, and I felt for the first time the light lift of the sea. I let my feet drift lazily while I made my first true swimming-stroke. And then I opened my eyes under water, face down.

There is an advantage in deferring certain elemental experiences for mature years. Opening the eyes under water is one of these. One sees more if one waits. Suffused unearthly lighting, wavering fronded things floating far down, the sense of wide, unfocused eyesight — one's vision takes on a larger, more suspended gaze. It is not so much what one sees: it is the novel sense of absolute sight that is astonishing.

Nine good strokes I made, and then Phineas scooped me up.

In the weeks that remained, I swam under water consistently. Guests at the beach considered me an expert performer, showing off. They looked on my submerged habit as a proof of my proficiency.

I considered it honorable to explain; whereupon the guests arrayed themselves with my already considerable consulting staff, and preached the gospel of fresh air. Another week, they said, and I would be swimming with my nose out.

Perhaps. When I think about it now, on cozy winter evenings safe ashore, it seems as if I might. If we were only all together again, on a summer morning, with a land breeze to flatten out the surface and a full tide ready to turn, could I not come up from my submarine practice and swim as I should? Mentally, I thrust my head up through the leisurely waves, and glance about. In imagination I take calm proficient breaths and go slipping along the water, like an eel.

In imagination only. That is all. I need not yet resign from that exclusive little club of those who cannot swim. But my standing is irregular, and I may be asked at any time to give up my member's badge, with its neat design of full-blown water-wings. For I have one memory that a non-swimming mortal cannot share — the memory of moving swiftly forward, face downward, wide-eyed, submerged, and horizontal, through the sea.

# THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

FROM *time to time inquiries reach this office concerning the 'sale' of the* Atlantic. *In any and every case we should like to state that such rumors are utterly without foundation. We ask our readers to deny upon our authority that there is a vestige of truth in any such report.*

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A SEA change has come over biography in our day. We are no longer content to praise famous men, in the manner of Plutarch, as an example to the younger generation. With the advent of *Eminent Victorians* and *Queen Victoria*, our heroes grow human — all too human. Is it 'Satan among the Biographers'? **Samuel McChord Crothers** has been minister of the First Church (Unitarian) of Cambridge, Massachusetts, since 1894. **Arthur Clutton-Brock** is an English man of letters, lecturer, essayist, gardener, philosopher, and, incidentally, the art critic of the London *Times*.

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The militant progress of the Roman Catholic Church, patent to all serious observers of the New Era, was recently signalized by the important conversion of Mr. Chesterton. Since it is evident that the aspirations of the Church to universal Christian dominion depend upon the success achieved in converting Anglo-Saxon peoples, it has seemed to the *Atlantic* an opportune moment to publish a discussion on this absorbingly interesting subject. It would be idle to seek a critic devoid of personal predilections, and the *Atlantic* has invited **Hilaire Belloc** to speak for his Church. Mr. Belloc is an historian of eminence, who has lived actively in the world and made his influence widely felt. In the next issue of the *Atlantic*, Dean Inge of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, will discuss the same issues from a widely different point of view.

* * *

Of the days when the *Saturday Evening Post* had a circulation of two thousand, and was sold to its new publisher, Cyrus H. K. Curtis, for $100 down and $900 to be paid in $100 installments, **Edward W. Bok** writes with a peculiar intimacy, born of his many years' association with Mr. Curtis in publishing the *Ladies' Home Journal*. **John A. Johnson,** whose first story appears in this month's *Atlantic* writes us as follows: —

> I have been a bank clerk, a business man and a school teacher, but all along I have had a secret ambition to be a writer. Last summer, I fitted up a one-room cabin in the woods, with a sleeping porch overhead, where I had the quail by day and the hoot-owl by night, and here my time was my own for three months. I read Russian novelists and wrote.

* * *

Hunter, naturalist, and philosopher, **Hans Coudenhove** sends us another paper from Nyasaland, Africa. Some time ago he remarked in a letter ' . . . since 1905 I have not left the tropics. I have been hunting, chiefly for the pot, and prospecting; but the most passionate pursuit of my life, and the chief interest of my existence, is the study of the animal kingdom, not from a biological, but from a psychological, point of view.' **Abbie Farwell Brown** is a writer of stories for children, a successful novelist, and a poet not unfamiliar to our friends. **Carl Sandburg,** who among his other achievements has made poetry out of steel mills and the Chicago stockyards, is as authentic and autochthonous an American poet as any man living. He tells us, in this number of the *Atlantic*, among other things about poetry, that it 'is the capture of a picture, a song, or a flair, in a deliberate prism of words.'

* * *

**S. J. Whitmee,** for fifteen years a missionary in Samoa, was obliged to leave on account of the ill health of his wife. In 1891 he returned to the islands. On his arrival his very first caller was Stevenson, and during his ministry the friendship between

the two men was very close. Every week the author came to the missionary for a lesson in the Samoan language. **Elizabeth Choate** is a young Boston writer, whose first paper, 'Pilgrimage,' appeared in the *Atlantic* for March 1922. **Robert M. Yerkes,** formerly professor of psychology in the University of Minnesota, is a member of the National Research Council at Washington, and editor of the Journal of Comparative Psychology. He was in charge of the army mental tests during the war. **L. Moresby** is an English author, a modern-minded and analytic writer of fiction, whose first story, 'The Coming Queen' appeared in the *Atlantic* for January 1922. **George Villiers** is an English poet, as yet quite unknown in America.

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**William Bennett Munro,** professor of municipal government at Harvard University, is the author of several standard books on government. As correspondent of the London *Times*, **R. O. G. Urch** has his present headquarters in Riga. From 1915 to 1920 he lived in Moscow, and while there spent several months in prison, in company with a number of Russian priests. He has been on friendly terms with several members of the Provisional Government. The paper which Mr. Urch sends at our request is written largely from first-hand knowledge. To everyone who holds high the interests of Christianity, this article is of great and terrible significance. The name of **Pierre Khorat** has long been known to readers of the French press as that of an authority on the subject of the French empire. **Ramsay Traquair** is a professor in the department of agriculture at McGill University, Montreal. **Adolph Lewisohn** is head of the firm of that name in New York City, president of the Tennessee Copper and Chemical Corporation, and of several other mining enterprises. He is President of the National Committee on Prisons and Prison Labor.

* * *

Recalling our 'Humor with a Gender' (December *Atlantic*), a reader sends us an example of humor neither male nor female.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

So provocative is Elizabeth Stanley Trotter's differentiation of masculine and feminine humor that the tongue trips in its eagerness to query, discuss, confirm.

May I suggest that the sense of the ludicrous of each sex meets at one point? At the theatre, although the cleverest repartee may call forth a chortle only from the subtle few, both matrons at the matinée and men in the evening ripple or roar at the same place. Many an actor in many a play (as I have always believed was the case several years ago with Cyril Maude in 'Grumpy') owes much of his popularity to his intonation of a monosyllable. The confluence of the humor of the sexes is found in one word. The word is *Damn.*

A. H. D.

* * *

It is interesting to receive a personal letter about that 'European Chaos' we read of so much in newspapers and magazines. An *Atlantic* contributor writes us from Vienna: —

The one thing which one does not see in Europe is work. In Vienna, the chief end of man and of woman appears to be to spend as much time as possible in the cafés — with the crown worth one seventy-four-thousandth of a dollar! In the Rhone valley the only work visible is that of the women washing clothes in the river in the manner of the stone age — almost no cattle in the fields, almost no boats in the stream. In Italy one has the Fascisti — a hopeful band in one respect, for they have at least discovered that nothing can be accomplished by sitting around a mahogany table and talking. Everywhere the 'laboring classes' are making most of the money, but with their hearts full of hatred they seem even unhappier than the deposed bourgeoisie. There is a strike every day. For nearly two weeks now Vienna has been without a newspaper. The cost of living mounts continually, even when reckoned in dollars — though it is still cheap according to American standards. Turkey is even more *agonisante* than when Loti wrote his beautifully just defense of it, and the least said about the unspeakable Greek the better. Can anything be hoped for from England, with *swaraj* rampant in India? Or from the United States now that it has been discovered that propaganda, properly concentrated upon one state legislature after another, can change the National Constitution at will? No, I am afraid that George Moore is right when he has Mr. Husband say, 'The world must continue its breakneck pace till it topples over into barbarism, emerging, much reduced, a smaller but more beautiful planet.' Too bad that Mark Twain's idea of giving extra votes to the intelligent could not be carried out — but I see no politician pro-

posing such a measure. And who would pick out the intelligent?

HARVEY WICKHAM.

* * *

Here is encouragement with reference to the literary taste of the younger generation.

BRYN MAWR COLLEGE

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

In an article entitled 'Literature in College,' published recently by you, Miss Elizabeth Drew confidently makes an assertion, concerning the literary taste of college undergraduates, which many of them are quick to refute. She says that over fifty per cent honestly prefer *If Winter Comes* to *Far From the Madding Crowd*. Certainly among those groups in several colleges with whom I have come in contact this is flagrantly untrue. And why does Miss Drew think that we who prefer Hardy are unable to give reasons? It is more often our elders who say, 'I don't know why I like it, but I do.' Youth, particularly college youth, generally defends its position to a fault — as I should now, did space permit.

I might add that our critical elders see us for the most part only in our hours of recreation, when the *joie-de-vivre*, the cynicism, the delightful caprices and inconsistencies of youth jingle in their ears like the bells of Folly; while our critical professors as a rule see us only through the hurried artificiality of examination papers. Could they both but listen to a few post-midnight discussions in our studies they might succeed in analyzing us more accurately.

LOUISE M. SANFORD.

* * *

We hope all our readers cultivate their little gardens as intensively as does Dr. Blue.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

One year ago to-day my daughter made me a birthday present of the *Atlantic*, for one year, and to-day she has done the same thing. Meanwhile she has taken a trip around the world. In India the guide faithfully placed an *Atlantic* in her room every night.

It is the only monthly magazine that comes to the house, which I read through every month. My wife reads it, then it goes to a pastor friend of mine, who gives it to a retired Major of the Regular Army, then to a retired minister, who returns it to me. The maid reads it, and then it goes to a family who take it to a church reading-room in Los Angeles.

You will probably think that I am doing more for the circulation than for the subscription department.

(DR.) JOHN G. BLUE.

One of the most useful and important letters that have followed in the wake of Earnest Elmo Calkins's article on 'The Technique of Being Deaf,' is the following: —

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

As a friendly supplement to Mr. Calkins's article on 'The Technique of Being Deaf,' in the January number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, may I add advice heretofore unpublished?

Years of contact with those who suffer from impaired hearing have taught me an easy, satisfying method of communication. It is as follows: Use an exaggerated lip movement when pronouncing your sentences. Let your facial expression magnify the thoughts you are trying to portray to your listeners. Remember they are doing you a favor in trying to listen to your conversation. Reward the effort by waiting until their eyes are upon you, thereby making it easier for them to understand. A deaf person knows more than you think he does. His expression is deceiving and he listens in a manner unknown to the normal head. Actions speak louder than words, so let your movements talk. Never shout to a deaf person. Outcries are injurious to the speaker and most humiliating for the listener. If a pocket device or hand invention is offered you to talk into, remember to hold it far enough away from your mouth so your auditor may watch your lips.

A wonderful teacher at the Speech Reading Guild on Commonwealth Avenue, in Boston, asked me if anyone in my household had impaired hearing. I asked, 'Why?' She replied I had an open face. For a moment I did n't know whether I was unreserved, or maintained too expanded a mode of speech. Her second remark brought relief to my troubled mind. She said she could understand every word spoken!

'WANO.'

* * *

We believe that we are doing notable historical service in collecting data on that wretchedly neglected figure in human history, Mrs. Noah. It seems that the patriarch Noah was her nephew as well as her husband.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Mrs. Noah's nobility of character becomes all the more noteworthy in the light of Mr. Gay's evidence that she was the daughter of the godly Enoch, thus making her Noah's great-aunt and, at the very least, sixty-eight years his senior. There was probably more difference in their ages, for this figure is based on the assumption that she was her father's youngest daughter, born

just before his translation. After begetting the distinguished Methuselah, at the age of sixty-five, Enoch lived three hundred years 'and begat sons and daughters,' so Mrs. Noah might have been anywhere from sixty-eight to three hundred and sixty-eight years older than her husband. In any case, a lady who married her great-nephew must often have found need for patience and forbearance. She probably had dandled him on her knee when he was a baby and even administered such corporal punishment as she saw fit. The building of the Ark and stocking it with all the animals must have seemed to her a childish prank.

MARJORIE PAUL.

* * *

We suggested in a recent *Atlantic* that, in view of the repeated mistakes of authors upon the times and motions of the moon, a Moon Censor be appointed to pass upon all manuscripts. But we find ourselves violently attacked in the name of freedom.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I object — as usual! No censors, moon or mundane. Give 'em rope, I say. I detected that false moon last June and it confirmed my suspicion that I was reading fiction and not plain fact. The moon is the acid test. No censors.

HENRY W. KEIGWIN.

* * *

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I think the outraged teacher from Seattle who objected to 'Oh, leave me lay' must be related to a neighbor of mine.

An ignorant but — as he would say — 'airified' negro boy asked me for some books to read. I said, 'Well, Theophilus, what sort of books do you want?' His reply was, 'Oh Mis' Cater, I reads everything from Jesse James to Plato.'

Upon my relating this story to my neighbor, she looked at me inquiringly and said, 'Of course he meant William James.'

A READER.

* * *

The Christian Church has something to say about 'The Return of the Turk' (January *Atlantic*).

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

The article by Mr. Masterman in your January number, entitled 'The Return of the Turk,' is enlightening and impressive, but he does not do justice to the action of the Christian Churches in America. The Episcopal Church, in its general convention and afterwards in its National Council, the Federal Council of Churches, the Roman Catholic Church through Archbishop Hayes, and the Methodist Church have used their 'influence and organization' to convince the Administration that it ought to intervene in Turkey and give police protection to American citizens there and their work in the schools, colleges, and hospitals. Protection to them and to their work would protect the native Christians also. Thus far the Administration has refused to do anything more than remonstrate. It has remonstrated vigorously, but the churches are not responsible for the failure of the Administration to do more.

EVERETT P. WHEELER.

* * *

Jazz shows no sign of abating, and the literature upon it grows. Here is an acute argument for the defense.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

This evening I happened to pick up an ancient copy of the *Atlantic*. It was the June 1922 issue. I cannot resist the call to exhume one sentence that was found between the covers of that number and comment upon it.

G. Stanley Hall, in his 'Flapper Americana Novissima,' a rather flippant title for staid old *Atlantic*, refers to 'jazz, with its shocks, discords, blariness, siren effects, animal and all other noises, and its heterogeneous tempos, in which every possible liberty is taken with rhythm.' I protest. But it is to only half of this right ponderous sentence that I take exception. I agree with the assertion that jazz is *not* music — from an artistic point of view. The antonym for symphony is a horrible sounding word, but it is descriptive of jazz to a degree.

But difficult as it may be for the minuet mind of a schottische æsthete to grasp, there *is* a reason for the continued existence of jazz: and that reason is Tempo. In jazz anything, everything, if you like, is sacrificed to time except Time itself. Jazz exaggerates, emphasizes and accentuates tempo, but it holds time as inviolate of variation as Damrosch holds symphony of discord. Rhythm, 'the regular succession . . .' (*Webster*), the one, two, three, four of jazz holds its course as straight and true as the World in its present day trend toward the Dogs. The principal beats of the measure, one might observe, are spaced evenly with an accuracy that has been developed to an art.

And it is an art, I venture to say, that has come to stay at least until the time when we, in turn, are scandalized by the radical departures of the next succeeding 'Younger Generation' some few years hence.

ALFRED W. POND.

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*APRIL, 1923*

# REALISM ON THE STAGE

BY GEORGE ARLISS

## I

THERE are few subjects, perhaps, on which one can write, that expose the writer to more varied criticism than 'The Stage.' An actor, particularly, takes his life in his hands if he venture into print on the subject of acting, or play-writing, or producing. Other actors of different convictions, who have always regarded him as an intelligent individual, are amazed to find that he 'knows nothing about it.' And so, in giving my opinions, I give them merely as a result of my own experience, without any considerable hope that they will be acceptable to other men and women in my own profession or to other students of the theatre.

It is this difference of outlook that makes the stage so fascinating. The lock that opens the door to public approval has a very tricky combination, which is frequently stumbled upon only by chance. But that does not, and should not, prevent the more expert craftsman from endeavoring to discover, by gentle taps, the secret of the combination, so that he may be able to open at will. The chances are dead against him, but it is a very good thing to keep on trying.

In discussing realism from an actor's point of view, it is necessary to take into consideration the audience, the play, the scenery, and the theatre. Let us for a moment consider the audience. Why is it that, in the seclusion of his own study, a man's response to humor or sentiment is likely to be entirely different from what it is in a theatre, when he is surrounded by other men, although he cares nothing for their opinion, and has had no previous communication with them? Why is it that the thing that goes so well in the library is likely to fall so flat in the theatre?

It is well known by the profession that any scene which, during the preparation of a play, makes the actor scream with laughter at rehearsal, frequently brings but a very mild response 'at night.' This is not to say that the actor is stupid, but that the crowd can never be depended upon to respond in the same way as the individual. The experienced manager as a rule refuses to have a play read to him; he prefers to read it himself, because he feels that he can, in a measure, place himself in the mental attitude of an audience — the crowd; whereas, being a lone auditor, he would be played upon as an individual.

We are perpetually hearing that the latest phenomenal Broadway success

was hawked around for years and declined by nearly every New York manager; of course, the author of that play will naturally regard all managers except the one who produced it as a parcel of idiots — every author feels like that toward the person who declines his play. But the onlooker, who knows the game, is aware that the men who declined it are probably much better judges than the manager who actually produced it. Its success was what is known as a fluke. It is the audience again that is acting strangely. The audience has no right to like it, but it does. And the experienced manager often becomes bewildered, and feels like rushing back to his office, standing in the midst of those bunches of plays which have been thrown by the authors like bouquets at his feet, — all varieties, from the wild exotic to the simple domestic, — and making his selection by that process of elimination which we associate with the lines, 'she loves me — she loves me not.'

The novelist writes to be read by one oblivious of all things but the printed page; he can play upon the emotions by descriptive words; he knows that the individual reader will be patient while the author creates the atmosphere and leads that reader into the frame of mind necessary to make the story effective. He does not have to give instructions such as, 'The reader will kindly turn the lights down before he reads this chapter'; or, 'The following pages should be read, if possible, in a thunderstorm.' He knows that he has all the time he needs to create the impression of the half-dark or the wild night. And he knows how to do it, because he has got his reader in a corner by himself.

But the dramatist has to write for that elusive crowd — an audience. And it has to be for an audience that has got up and made its way to the theatre and paid its money for its seat. It is as if the power that regulates the verdict of the theatrical public were an officer of some sort of psychological trades-union. It is of no use to attempt to test your play by inviting a large number of people to come free of charge, because they will not behave a bit like the crowd that has paid. They may try to, but they can't do it. That psychological trades-unionist won't let them. So the only way to try a play effectively is to produce it in the regular way of business. That is the difficulty.

I do not wish to create the impression that I believe everything connected with dramatic representation to be a matter of chance. Obviously, those people who live by and for the theatre have learned something of the requirements of the public — although they may constantly be receiving rude shocks. It is, for instance, generally admitted that no play can be a success which does not act upon the emotions. It must seem obvious to the ordinary theatre-goer that it is the duty of the actor and the dramatist to be true to nature. But, if we are going to examine the stage at all intimately, we should stop to consider just how far this reality, or realism, may be carried. I entirely agree with what my friend, Professor Brander Matthews, has so often insisted, that the writer of a play should remember that his work is to be presented in a theatre, before an audience, by actors. (He puts it better, but that conveys his meaning.)

If we consider the limitations of a theatre, and the restricted time allowed for the telling of the story, it would seem plain that the author cannot permit himself to be absolutely true to nature. Writers of great distinction often resent these limitations, and frequently disregard them, with failure as the inevitable result. There are few novelists — even the most dramatic writers — who succeed as dramatists,

because they cannot curb their pens; and a large percentage of those novelists who have produced good plays owe their success to the 'ruthless cutting' and valuable suggestions of the experienced producer. I wonder how many authors realize how much of their success is due to the advice of the man who is putting on the play?

Some plays lend themselves more easily to natural dialogue than others, by reason of their plot. If the story of the play begins with the rise of the curtain, and develops before our very eyes, without any need of a knowledge of the life or adventures of the characters before their introduction to us, then it is possible to write dialogue that may be fairly close to the way people would speak in ordinary life; but there are comparatively few plays of this kind, and they are generally very slender. Most of the best plays demand that their characters shall construct the past life and important events that lead up to the play itself. The soliloquy has passed away during my own time on the stage; I should say, roughly, within the last twenty-five to thirty years. That is generally regarded as a step forward in construction; whether it is, or is not, seems to me open to question. It is true that the soliloquy was artificial; but was it any more so than the thing that has taken its place? In the old days, the returned hero could come on and say, all by himself, 'There is my old home, just as when I left it twenty years ago, poor father and mother both waving good-bye to me. I little thought then that I should never see either of them again. Of what use is all my wealth? And Laura — little Laura!' And it is over. You know that he lived there in his boyhood; that he has been away twenty years; that his mother and father have both died during that period; that he is rich and lonely; and that there is going to be something doing between him and Laura. After that, one could write some really natural dialogue when Laura came on. But without the soliloquy we probably start with an old servant and an aged countryman, for whom we have no earthly use afterward; and we consume several minutes of valuable time with dialogue such as: — 'Marnin', missus.' 'Oh, good morning, George.' 'It be a fine day,' and so forth; leading up to, 'I suppose you never hear nothin' of Master John,' and so forth; leading still further to, 'It must be nigh on twenty years since I see him leave this house, as smart a young feller,' and so forth. Or, if you are writing a high-brow play, after Laura comes on and they both give a startled cry, you have to get to work on: —

*Laura.* — The same — but older.

*John.* — How much older, Laura?

*Laura.* — Your eyes are young as ever.

*John.* —No, no; Laura. I am old — old.

*Laura* (*smiling*). — Old? Why, you were a mere child when you left here.

*John.* — I was seventeen, Laura.

*Laura.* — And now —

*John.* — I'm thirty-seven!

*Laura.* — Twenty years!

*John.* — Twenty years.

And now we have only established the fact that he has been away for twenty years. We have still to deal with the loss of his mother and father and the acquisition of his wealth. Of course, some authors are cleverer than others in giving such information to an audience; but at best the dialogue supplying a knowledge of earlier times is likely to be of the machine-made order.

It would not surprise me at all if, in time, we came back to the soliloquy and the 'incidental music.' Both very useful. Who can remember the old days

without recalling the feeling of exhilaration that we experienced when we heard the entrance-music of the dashing young leading man, or the thrill that we got in anticipation of the entrance of the villain? That music served a very distinct purpose: it got the audience into the atmosphere; it stirred their emotions. He who had once seen *The Corsican Brothers* in days gone by could never bear to see it to-day without its palpitating incidental music. The value of this method of stirring the emotions is realized and taken full advantage of by the directors of moving pictures. Most screen artists cry to music. It is a perfectly legitimate device. It has been taken away from the audience and given to the actors of the screen.

## II

If realism mean truth to nature, then I am bound to admit that I have never met it throughout any play or any performance in my experience as an actor. Dealing for the moment with the playwright's share in the theatrical production, let us see how far Ibsen was able to be true to life. He is, I believe, acknowledged to be the master of construction. We will take *Hedda Gabler*, which is frequently spoken of as his best play. It contains no end of tricks and artificiality. The repeated allusions to General Gabler's pistols — mostly dragged in by the hair — are merely to lead up to the tragedy of Lovborg and the final shooting of Hedda, which I firmly believe Ibsen himself must have regarded as an artificial device for bringing the play to an end. Hedda Gabler in real life, with her fear of scandal, would never have dared to commit suicide at that moment, and leave her character behind her, to the mercy of Brack and the others.

But Ibsen was a great playwright, and he chose the best and most dramatic way of bringing his play to an end. The only reason that I can find for Brack calling at the house at seven o'clock in the morning (Act III) is that the author wanted to show Hedda at that hour, and also needed a scene between her and Brack. And there surely can be no relation to real life in the action of Mrs. Elvsted, in the last act, when she hears that Lovborg, the man with whom she is in love, has shot himself and is at that moment lying at the point of death in the hospital. She does n't fall into a dead faint — she does n't rush out of the house with the determination of seeing him once more. Either of these things she might conceivably have done; but in both cases she would have been unavailable for the rounding out of the story a few minutes later. Ibsen needed her on the stage. So he makes Tesman refer to the immortal book that Lovborg is supposed to have destroyed before his suicide, and Mrs. Elvsted says: 'Oh, if only it could be put together again!' and Tesman says, 'Yes, if it only could!' And then Mrs. Elvsted produces from her pocket the notes from which the book was written, and she and Tesman sit down at a table and commence to piece them together.

I do not offer this as a criticism of Ibsen's work. I am merely trying to point out that it is next to impossible to maintain reality while writing a good play. It is quite possible, if you are content to write a bad play. But I should say that the art of the dramatist is to appear as natural as possible while continuing to hold the suspense of the drama. If you cannot get drama and realism both at the same time, then there is nothing to do but to discard the realism and hang on to the drama. But you must so cunningly contrive it that you deceive your audience while they are in the theatre. It must seem

real at the time — just as real as *Hedda Gabler*. I am all in favor of truth to nature — so far as it is possible to pursue it.

There is a certain public, especially in New York, who decides that anything different is bound to be better. It is for the most part unthinking and unintelligent — I mean in things appertaining to the theatre; but it serves a good purpose, inasmuch as it is a sufficiently large and noisy public to call attention to, and create discussion of, the plays which it supports. And, therefore, plays that are different are not immediately condemned to death because they do not conform to accepted principles, but are given some chance to live their own life and to become leaders.

This public is terribly up-to-date; very 'New Art.' It looks with scorn upon all the old stuff, or at any rate with a feeling of superiority; much as a youth getting on in his teens may regard his living grandmother as a dead one, and his father as a back number — and himself as the real thing. I heard one of this up-to-date set say recently: 'Thank God we are getting away from all that Henry Arthur Jones and Pinero stuff.' Those are the people I mean. And they have made, and are making, such a clatter, that even some of the good authors have become uneasy and have decided that they ought to try to write something different — something fresh and away from the old lines.

And some of them have done it, with the result that we have had a number of plays that seem to be the outcome of collaboration between an able dramatist and an up-to-date yearner after something higher. These plays suggest to me, as I watch them, that the dramatist has settled down and done some solid work, and then the yearner has come in, and after glancing at the MS., has said: 'But, my dear fellow, why all this crude dialogue? What we want is symbolism. What we are craving is opportunity for the expansion of our imagination. We do not need to be told things. We want stimulus for our imagination and no more. Something like this: — '

He dashes off a symbolical scene in pencil. The dramatist reads it and says: 'But will they know what it means? Of course, it's symbolical; but will the public understand what it is symbolical of?'

And the yearner replies: '*Our* public will understand.'

And apparently it does. Not all understand it in the same way, but it stimulates them and makes them feel much cleverer than before they took it. And the dramatist becomes immensely popular with the yearners; but, strange to say, he loses ground with the less noisy public, the people who are really the backbone of the theatre.

As one of those who love to go to the theatre and to enjoy and study plays, I would suggest to these authors that they be not led away by idle clamor. If they set out to write a play of life, let it be as much like real life as possible. If it is to be a symbolical play, let them acquaint us with the fact before we have had time to misunderstand them. Surely it cannot be good art to mix up the real and the symbolical: to introduce us to human beings, who behave for all the world like real men and women, and then bring on more human beings, who proceed to behave as no living creature has ever behaved on earth, with the excuse that that is symbolism. It is cheap. It is worse than the soliloquy and the incidental music and the transparency on the back flat, all rolled into one. It is not necessary for an author to feel himself bound by the conventions; but to fight against them is futile, and such antagonism is doomed to defeat.

## III

Two or three weeks ago, the author of an exceptionally successful comedy (who is also an actor of long experience), which is acknowledged by most critics to be one of the best plays that have been written in America for a generation, and by some to be unquestionably the best, was asked to give a short address to some students on how to write a play. He said he could n't, because he did n't know. He was urged to tell them how he wrote his great success. He said: 'Well, I got the idea and I just wrote it.' Being further pressed, he at last consented to give the address, which he did most successfully. I have it on unimpeachable authority that, immediately upon fixing the date for the lecture, he went to the bookseller's and bought William Archer's book, *How to Write a Play.* He found that in all essentials he had written it just that way, and he told the students so.

His success as a playwright was not a matter of chance. He had absorbed during his long association with the stage the knowledge of form necessary to present his story to an audience in the theatre. He was not bound by Dame Convention, but he was, nevertheless, in her gentle embrace, which answered just as well. His method proved to be the same fundamentally that was used in the successful plays of Ibsen, Pinero, Augustus Thomas, Henry Arthur Jones, and Bronson Howard.

An audience in the theatre should be carried away by the play; it should not be unduly puzzled, or otherwise distracted, by tricks or fads of author or actor or scene-painter. In my opinion, it is the duty of the author to construct his scenes so that they are vividly remembered until the curtain is down; and it is the business of the scenic artist to build his so that they are forgotten as soon as the curtain is up.

There was recently a somewhat amusing editorial in one of the London newspapers, apropos of an objection raised, or reported to have been raised, by the English actors against the employment of real Chinamen as atmosphere in Mr. Somerset Maugham's play, *East of Suez.* It was contended by the manager that the illusion could not have been created by Englishmen made up as Chinese. The writer of the editorial asks how far this realism is to go. He recalls the actor who played Othello, and was so devoted to realism that he painted himself black all over. He asks whether the part of a prominent English politician will not demand the exclusive services of Mr. Lloyd George. He asserts that this realistic movement is bound to spread.

I believe that there is not the slightest cause for alarm. In this particular instance the manager was right. The imported Chinamen were better than the domestic variety, because their contribution to the play merely required them to look Chinese. They did n't have to speak. They were just a crowd in a picturesque setting, put through a series of actions intended to transport the audience direct to China before the opening of the actual play. A device of debatable value, but of great beauty in itself.

But it is my opinion that, when there is a foreign part in a play, which is required to be spoken in broken English, it is a mistake to entrust it to a foreigner. In my own experience, I may say that I believe I have never known a broken-English part to be played as effectively by a foreigner as by an American or an Englishman. Even Scotch parts are far better done, speaking generally, by a good English 'dialect' actor than by a Scotsman.

Scotch actors will, I know, hotly dispute this assertion; they will probably insist that nobody but a Scotsman can speak real Scotch. I believe that to be true. But can they speak stage Scotch? That's the point.

When I revived *The Professor's Love Story*, in New York, I made a desperate effort to be realistic and have real Scotsmen. One after another, I tried them in those amusing Scotch parts; but they were all so delighted to have an opportunity of speaking their own native dialect, so imbued with the fact that no one could do it unless born and bred in Bonnie Scotland, that all the point, all the humor of the scenes was drowned in a veritable deluge of Scotch. And when, at last, I conferred with my stage-manager and decided that we should have to get American or English actors for the parts, I heard an old actor murmur in the wings, 'I could have told him that at the start.' The difficulty was that their Scotch was so good that no audience could understand it, except with an effort. Every scene became a sort of stunt, and refused to conform to the balance of the play.

Frenchmen for French parts are generally far less effective than the English or American actor who speaks a good stage-French dialect. We can easily find brilliant exceptions, but that is the rule, so far as my experience goes, and it applies to all broken-English parts.

The fact is that the actor cannot be real on the stage: he is artificial almost every moment. The very fact that he has to speak a great deal louder than in ordinary life compels him to depart from the purely natural way of making effects. That natural acting that 'gets across' and impresses an audience is the result of training, experience, and study. I have met a good many youthful reformers in my time, who insist upon being really natural; but their acting never gets beyond the footlights. These, too, belong to the school that will not be bound by conventions. If we could find some way of freeing the audience from the conventions of the theatre, we might, perhaps, hope to escape from them ourselves. But one of the conventions is that they have to pay for their seats, and another, that they have to sit where they are put. Now, if an actor is going to turn his back to an audience just whenever he feels it's natural, because (as I have heard so many of the reformers say) 'we do not always sit down and face one way in a room,' then the audience should be allowed to stroll around after him, if they feel that they would like to hear what he is saying.

We hear of great actors and actresses being so carried away by their parts that they lose themselves entirely. I like to read of that, because I know what it means. I know those wonderful moments of exaltation, which an actor has occasionally, when he ceases to be himself and is entered by the very soul of his character. That happens now and then. But, of course, he does n't really lose himself. If he did, there is no reason why his emotions should not get into his legs and carry him clear off the stage and into some remote corridor of the theatre. Obviously, he is all the time aware of the limitations imposed upon him by the architecture of the theatre. He not only is aware that he must remain within the frame of the stage, but he also knows that, at a certain and prearranged moment, he has to cross right or left or centre or up-stage, and that if he does n't do so, he probably mars the performance of some other character equally necessary for the presentation of the play. There are instances when leading actors, in giving full play to their emotions, disregard these care-

fully rehearsed arrangements, to the confusion of the other actors performing with them; but that is not so much because they forget that they are acting, as it is that they remember they are stars.

In pointing out that good actors do not, or should not, forget the presence and the right to consideration of their audiences, and that they do not find it necessary to live their parts during the whole of their waking hours, I trust it will not be assumed that I am attempting to belittle the calling of the actor. I wish only to insist that the best acting is an art which can be attained only by years of study and active work on the stage, combined with a great respect for the conventions. The art of the actor is to learn how not to be real on the stage, without being found out by the audience.

# CATHOLIC CHURCH AND ANGLO-SAXON MIND

BY WILLIAM R. INGE

## I

THE opinion is freely expressed that Protestantism is a spent force, and that the Christianity of the future, whether it is to count for much or little in civilization, will be Catholic Christianity. My object in this article is to examine this opinion. I shall confine myself to the English-speaking nations, which are the backbone of Protestantism, and I shall deal chiefly with my own country, because I know it best.

The easiest, but not the most satisfactory, way of determining whether Catholicism is increasing at the expense of Protestantism is to count heads, comparing one census with another. But we have no religious census, and statistics are not available. There is a very thin trickle of conversions to the Church of Rome; and, though it is generally true that from Catholicism, as from Epicureanism in antiquity, there is no return, an appreciable number of converts come back. I have myself known five clergymen who have done so.

In the United States there has been a flood of immigrants from South Ireland, Italy, and Poland, increasing the Catholic population. Such information as I have received does not lead me to think that conversions there have been very numerous, and it is probable that the American government will, in the future, discourage immigration from the less advanced European nations.

Too much has been made of the greater fecundity of Roman Catholics as compared with Protestants. It is true that the priests condemn, and endeavor to prevent, the voluntary restriction of the family; but in these intimate relations of life men and women are apt to be refractory to priestly dictation. In the two most civilized Catholic countries of Europe, France and Belgium, the birth-rate is actually lower than in Protestant coun-

tries; the exhortations of ecclesiastics have been quite impotent to check a movement which in Belgium is necessitated by the saturation of the country with population, in France by the system of small proprietorship.

A high birth-rate always indicates a low state of civilization; the law is exemplified in Ireland, in South Italy, in Poland, and in other Catholic countries. It is certainly no accident that Catholic countries have remained in a backward condition; and, where free immigration is allowed, the Catholic workman, with his low standard of living, may squeeze out the Protestant; but the same deficiency in education and in the industrial virtues, which keeps Catholic populations on a low level, also prevents them from being fully industrialized; or, if they become industrialized, they throw off Catholicism. Hence no genuinely Catholic country has been able to support a dense population. Rapid multiplication is found only among the submerged sections of industrial communities and among agriculturists in half-empty countries. In neither case has religion much to do with the large family. Examples of the last-mentioned case are furnished, not only by the Catholic French Canadians, but by the Protestant Boers, and by the English settlers in North America in colonial days. In the eighteenth century there is reason to believe that the New Englanders increased as rapidly as do the French Canadians now. There was then no motive for restricting the family. It is a mistake to suppose that the Australians and New Zealanders are not increasing rapidly. Their birth-rate is higher than in England, and their death-rate is the lowest in the world.

The threatened decay of the Nordic race, of which some American writers have given timely warnings, certainly affects the problem of the future of Protestantism. But I am not such a pessimist as to believe that the Anglo-Saxon stock will ever be swamped by the residuum of the 'Mediterranean' race in England; I shall assume that England will remain the land of the English. Taking this for granted, I wish to consider whether there is any likelihood of my countrymen reverting to Catholicism.

Many will point to the Catholic revival within the Church of England, which has even influenced the Presbyterians of Scotland, and a few Free Church congregations in England. The change which has come over the Church of England within my lifetime is truly remarkable. The Anglo-Catholics have now captured the machine, and in the Province of Canterbury (not at all to the same extent in the North) have imposed their doctrine and their ritual upon perhaps the majority of the parishes. They have annexed nearly all the theological colleges, and dominate church assemblies and diocesan conferences. Nevertheless, I believe that the importance of this movement has been greatly exaggerated. It has been from the first a theory of the ministry rather than of the Church, and its hold on the mass of the laity is weak. It looms large in ecclesiastical politics by its characteristic zeal and adroitness in organization and party management. Its propaganda work in the universities is as clever as that of its models in the Roman Church. It makes several powerful appeals which will be noted presently. But it has not prevented the rapid decline, both in quantity and quality, of ordination candidates, or the progressive loss of prestige and influence which the Church of England has suffered since the movement began. In spite of the admirable work of the Anglo-Catholic clergy among the poor, there is probably no constituency in the kingdom, except

perhaps the universities, in which a parliamentary candidate would think it worth while to bid for the Anglo-Catholic vote.

The movement has obvious weaknesses if, indeed, illogicality is a drawback in dealing with Englishmen. A schismatical Catholic Church is a contradiction in terms. It cannot enforce the military discipline which is of the essence of Catholicism. It is lawless and contumacious. Its priests manage to combine a superstitious reverence for the episcopal office with an entire readiness to slap the face of the particular bishop to whom they have promised canonical obedience. In this attitude they show themselves good Englishmen, but bad Catholics. The Englishman is reasonable and law-abiding enough if he is approached in the right way; but if he is told that anything is *verboten*, whether it be to wear a chasuble or to drink a glass of beer, his first impulse is to go and do it. This is not the stuff out of which real Catholics are made. The movement has already lasted longer than was generally expected, and externally it appears more flourishing than ever; but it will probably end by enriching Protestantism with such romantic and æsthetic accessories as are compatible with its principles; the real Catholics will end by joining the Church of Rome. The struggle of the future will be between the great Catholic Church and the allied or loosely federated Protestant churches.

## II

In endeavoring to predict which side the English people will take in this conflict, we must go deeper, and consider whether the well-defined modern type of civilization, which has developed in those countries that are politically and socially most advanced, — France, the United States, England, Canada, Australia, and Argentina, — is compatible with Roman Catholicism.

Historically, Catholicism is the religion of the Roman Empire. Christianity had its origin in Palestine; but before the end of the first century it had been finally rejected by the Jews, and had been launched upon its career of conquest in the Græco-Roman world. The least Oriental of all religions, it has never appealed to Asiatics. Semitic Christianity — what there was of it — fell an easy prey to Islam, while the Jews held fast by the religious traditions which kept them a nation, though a nation without a country. Catholicism began as an *imperium in imperio*, a society which the secular power, now passing into the Byzantine type of absolutism, justly regarded as dangerous, and attempted, in a stupid and half-hearted way, to suppress. Hardened by persecution, and stiffened in conflict with heresy, the Church, at the beginning of the fourth century, was a formidable militant organization, with which the Empire, after a last attempt to crush it by violence, was compelled to come to terms.

The Catholic Church split, like the Empire, into a Greek and a Latin branch. But while the Eastern Church remained the right hand of the imperial power, subordinate to it and in close alliance with it, in the West the secular power crumbled and collapsed, leaving the Church supreme. The former, the Byzantine type of theocracy, survived till lately in Russia; the Western Church has steadily developed, in accordance with the inner logic of its principles, into an autocratic, militant empire, claiming universal sovereignty. It is a Mediterranean religion through and through. It absorbed the ancestral paganism of the Southern European peoples, who have remained far more pagan than their service-books, as anyone who has traveled in the Medi-

terranean countries must have observed. Catholicism corresponds to the idea of religion in the South of Europe; it still suits the people, when they wish to be religious at all. No other type of Christianity is attractive to the Mediterranean race.

But it has never suited the Nordics, who rejected it as soon as they developed a national life and self-consciousness of their own. The Northern races were willing to go to school in Italy, to learn the arts and sciences; but they did not, like the South, think it a law of nature that they and the whole world should be subject to Rome. Before the end of the Middle Ages, Englishmen had begun to claim that 'this realm of England is an empire, and so hath been accepted in the world, governed by one supreme head and king, having the dignity and royal estate of the imperial crown of the same.'

An 'empire' at this time had nothing to do with overseas dominion; the word implied simply complete independence of the Holy Roman Empire. So in relation to the Papacy: 'The Church of England hath always been thought, and is at this hour, sufficient and meet of itself, without the intermeddling of any exterior powers, to administer its own offices and duties.' The nation which thus formulated, in sturdy English fashion, its determination to manage its own affairs, both sacred and secular, is no more likely to submit to an Italian priest than to a German Kaiser.

This spirit of independence is absolutely irreconcilable with Catholicism. When Hobbes called the Roman Church the ghost of the Roman Empire, he was speaking the literal truth. Harnack quotes the verses in which a Roman prelate fired the enthusiasm of Gregory VII in his struggle against the imperial power.

What with blood in Marius' day
Marius and his soldiers brave,
Or by Julius' mighty sway,
Romans did their land to save,
Thou canst do by simple word;
Great the Church's holy sword.

Rome, made great again by thee,
Offers all thy meed of praise;
Not for Scipio's victory
Did it louder pæans raise;
Nor entwine the laurel crown
For a deed of more renown.

And he asks, 'Who is it that is thus addressed, a bishop or a Cæsar? A Cæsar, I imagine; it was felt to be so then, and it is still felt to be so to-day. It is an empire that this priestly Cæsar rules, and to attack it with the argument of dogmatic polemics alone is to beat the air.'

The Roman Church is the last survivor of political autocracies. It claims universal dominion; it treats all dissentients as rebels; 'schism' is high treason. Accordingly, every true Catholic is only conditionally a patriot in the nation where he lives, and the conditions are of the political, not of the moral, order. The Catholic Church is an 'International,' like the conspiracy of the Communists. It is everywhere a powerful solvent of state loyalty, though in certain countries, such as Ireland and Poland, it finds its interest in fomenting sectional animosities, and inciting one part of a political aggregate to separate itself from the rest. In this way it increases its hold upon the discontented province, without really identifying itself with the cause of the insurgents. For it is the continuance of rebellion which it desires; in Ireland, for example, the priests have hitherto wrecked every attempt at a settlement, except the last, and in face of the new situation they have not yet defined their policy.

In great struggles, such as the late war, the natural sympathies of the Vatican are anti-democratic; Cæsaro-

Papism is the form of government under which the Church could flourish most easily. It can, however, up to a certain point, show sympathy with Labor against Capital, and advocate a kind of Christian Socialism. Nevertheless, since the revolution is fiercely anti-Christian, and since private property cannot be successfully attacked without destroying the monogamous family, a limit is set to the possibility of a *rapprochement* between the Church and militant Socialism. A rival International, such as the Bolsheviki wish to establish, could not be tolerated; quite consistently, the Church forbids Catholics to have any dealings with Bolshevism.

The Roman Catholic Church was not the creation of the Middle Ages: it was the last creative achievement of classical antiquity. But it was the determining force of mediæval civilization, which was essentially a civilization of subordination and authority. At the summit of the hierarchy stands the 'supernatural' — the active power of God, which is conceived as intermingling constantly, by means of miracle and the *charisma veritatis* vested in the hierarchy, in the affairs of the world. The 'Law of God' is composed of the Law of Moses revised by the Law of Christ, the Law of the Church, and the Law of Nature, under which much of the Stoic ethics was preserved by the Catholic Church. The model life, that of the ascetic monk or priest, is not imposed upon all; but those who accept the freer life of the world must not aspire to meddle with the government of the Church. Authority comes from above, as in all autocracies; each grade is responsible only to its superiors.

The idea of progress has no place in this scheme. No importance is attached to the discovery of new truths. Even scientific discoveries are accepted only with the greatest reluctance. The object of education is to protect the minds of the young from the influence of secular ideas which might disturb the compact framework of dogmatic belief. The children are imbued with a horror of 'heresy,' which, it is hoped, may be permanent. Even adults are not allowed to browse as they will among modern literature. The *index librorum prohibitorum* is characteristic of a purely authoritative religion. In the latest edition of this interesting document, Dante's *De Monarchia*, Milton's *Paradise Lost*, Grotius's *De Iure Belli et Pacis* have at last been removed; but the forbidden list still includes Kant, Descartes, Spinoza, Comte, Mill's *Political Economy*, von Ranke, Victor Hugo, and Balzac.

Speaking generally, the most characteristic thinkers of modern times are banned as poisonous.

The Vatican, with a courage and candor which may even move the envy of mealy-mouthed Protestants, declares war against modern civilization in the most uncompromising manner. The Papal Syllabus of 1864 declares: 'If anyone says that the Roman pontiff can and ought to reconcile himself and come to terms with progress, with liberalism, and with modern civilization, let him be anathema.' Undeterred by its unfortunate declaration about Galileo, out of which it has recently shuffled with no good grace, the infallible oracle in 1877 pronounced that the system of Darwin is 'contradicted by history, by the tradition of all peoples, by exact science, by observed facts, and by reason itself; it is in fact not worth refutation.' There is more in this attitude than mere reluctance to accept any teaching not stamped by the ecclesiastical mint. The Catholic universe of truth is static. As Newman says: 'The Fathers anathematized doctrines because they were new; the very characteristic of heresy is novelty and

originality of manifestation. I need not insist on the steadiness with which that principle has been maintained ever since.'

## III

The attractions of Catholicism are numerous and potent. In the first place, it makes a strong appeal to loyalty and *esprit de corps*, one of the most fundamental instincts of humanity in its efforts for self-preservation. '*Melius est ut unus pereat quam unitas*' is a Catholic maxim. The word 'Church' has properly no plural. The disciplined enthusiasm and self-devotion which that Church demands, and often obtains, are essentially of the military order, and as effective as militarism always is in this world of strife. The Catholic corps of janissaries — the celibate priests and monks — has won many victories over less disciplined opponents, and the whole corporation is filled with a more than Roman pride in its citizenship of a conquering empire.

Next, Catholicism is a religion of the traditional, human sort. It is in touch with human nature at almost all points, and especially with those deep-rooted racial habits of thought and belief which are discredited by modern culture. Men and women — especially women — still love magic and miracle and wonder-working sacrament; they like their religion to be full of interest and incident; they like it to be even amusing. Catholicism has taken art and music into its service, and its ceremonies awaken that glow of reverence for sheer antiquity which, though difficult to analyze, is not an ignoble emotion.

Here is an institution which stands where it did when the Britons painted themselves blue, and when America was the unknown hunting-ground of wandering savages.

It is also a definite religion. Liberal Christians are apt to think that the residuum which they have strained out of 'the best that has been said and thought in the world' is the essence of true religion. They prefer sometimes to be honorary members of all religions, rather than adherents of one. But it is no more possible to be religious without belonging to any particular religion than it is to speak a dialect which is no language in particular. The religion of all sensible men is as great a failure as Esperanto. Like Esperanto, it is suited only for congresses of religions, of which nothing comes. The impossibility of inventing a new religion is generally acknowledged. One might as well try to build a tree.

Further, Catholicism gives expression to the mystery and pathos of human life. In moments of grief and anguish, when the soul craves comfort, not reason, the Church is at hand with its well-tried anodynes. When a Protestant loses his self-reliance, and cannot feel the hand of God over him, he is plunged in despair; but the Catholic abases himself, ceases to struggle, and finds relief.

Lastly, in this world of practical Pragmatists, it counts for much that Catholicism is an art which makes good its claims. One might say brutally: there is only one thing against Catholicism — it is an imposture; and there is only one thing in its favor — it works.

Soldiers in the field noticed how much more direct and effectual was the influence of the Roman priests over the average soldier than that of the Protestant ministers. I have myself handed over to the charge of Anglo-Catholic priests cases where the patient was struggling in vain against a degrading vice. Their methods would be in part such as I could not conscientiously use myself; but they would be more likely to effect a cure. Protestants who have

gone over to Rome are in the habit of boasting of their happiness. We may think such happiness is too dearly bought; but the offer of happiness is a strong inducement to most people.

## IV

As against these attractions and the prestige of a venerable and august institution, what is to be said for Protestantism? At first sight, the condition of the Reformed churches, split up into a hundred sects, undisciplined and chaotic both in organization and doctrine, may seem almost contemptible. A half-way house between faith and unbelief — such is the opinion which Catholics express about us. They think that we shall die out like the Arian heresy, which for several generations seemed to show great vitality.

But this is not a judgment which a student of national character would easily endorse. Catholicism sat like a sister of mercy by the death-bed of its mother, the ancient culture. Protestantism was the nurse of a lusty child, modern civilization. Its affinities with the original Gospel are stronger than those of Catholicism, because Christianity began as a prophetic revelation in hostility to the hierarchy.

Christ and his apostles were laymen, and they preached a lay religion of personal devotion, with no human mediators. On this basis the Northern Europeans built up a system of worship and theology which suited their dawning national consciousness, as Catholicism suited the very different mentality of the Mediterranean race. They looked back for their credentials, but forward for their aspirations. Their religion, like their nationhood, was in the making.

Toward the making of their religion a large ingredient was supplied by the ethical ideal of the North, which is very different from the ideal of the South. The week-day religion of the 'Goth' is an ideal of valor and honor, of truthfulness and fair dealing. This type, perhaps we may venture to say, is seen at its best in the character of the English or American gentleman. It has been encumbered by alien accretions, such as an adventitious connection with heraldry and property in land; but in its essence it is a national character quite distinct and recognizable, the ideal of all classes in the community for many centuries of its history. The one unpardonable sin in England is to be a 'cad': that is to say, to fall short in courage, personal honor, self-respect, truthfulness, generosity, and fair dealing. These are the qualities which have made the English race respected in the world, and if we lost them, we should have nothing else to fall back upon. We could not acquire the virtues of the Southern nations. The Italians, who are our very good friends, do not at all wish us to try to copy them; they like us better as we are. 'An Italianized Englishman,' they say, 'is an incarnate devil.'

The Northern ideal of chivalry, which is an integral part of our religion, is neither Jewish nor Greek nor Roman nor mediæval; but neither is Catholicism the religion of Palestine. It is compatible with Protestantism, which it has helped to mould; it is hardly compatible with Catholicism. The Catholic priest may be something higher than a gentleman; but a gentleman, *qua* Catholic priest, he is not. Frankly, he cannot be trusted to observe the code. Kingsley bungled his attack upon Newman's truthfulness, and put himself in the wrong; but Kingsley had a sort of 'horse sense' that there was something radically amiss, from his point of view, which was that of an English gentleman, in the operations of Newman's mind. As another English

critic said: 'After reading Newman, I lose all power of distinguishing fact from fiction.' And yet Newman was an honorable man, who would never have stooped to the tortuousness of many Roman ecclesiastics.

One example will illustrate the difference of ethical standard. A Roman Catholic, tried by a Protestant jury, would be secure of even-handed justice; but in Australia, I am told, it is very difficult to get a conviction against a Catholic, when any of his coreligionists are in the jury-box. I have not space to develop this argument in detail; but I think that all who have had dealings with Roman Catholics must recognize the wide divergence from the chivalric ideal which they display. This is not said in order to disparage the many fine qualities of the Catholic type. I maintain only that it is quite different from our own.

Accordingly, I agree with a brilliant American writer, Professor George Santayana, — who was caught by the outbreak of the war while traveling in England, and remained among us while we walked through the valley of the shadow of death, — that 'the Englishman can never really be a Catholic, whether Anglican or Roman.' Professor Santayana came to know us well; and, like Ambassador Page, whose name will henceforward be as much honored in England as in the office of the *Atlantic Monthly*, he acquired a warm and understanding sympathy and affection for the land and its people, in return for which we will allow him to laugh as much as he pleases at our oddities and absurdities, without taking offense. The Englishman, he says, can never really be a Catholic. 'If he likes to call himself one, it is a masquerade, a fad like a thousand others, to which his inner man, so seriously playful, is prone to lend itself. He may go over to Rome on a spiritual tour, as he might abscond for a year and live in Japan with a Japanese wife; but, if he is converted really and becomes a Catholic at heart, he is no longer the man he was. Words cannot measure the chasm that must henceforth separate him from everything at home. For a modern Englishman, with freedom and experiment and reserve in his blood, to go over to Rome is an essential suicide; the inner man must succumb first. Such an Englishman might become a saint, but only by becoming a foreigner.'

Protestantism, as studied by Santayana, is 'the natural religion of the Teutons (but we no longer use this word!) raising its head above the flood of Roman and Judæan influences.' Its three leading motives are: to revert to primitive Christianity, to inspire moral and political reform, and to accept the religious witness of the inner man. Of these the third is the most essential; but it is its combination with the other two which makes Protestantism what it is.

Protestant asceticism consists in hard and productive work, work which tends to become an end in itself, so that in Protestant countries material achievement, sometimes of an unintelligent kind, outstrips the higher culture. But it enters into relations with secular civilization, its ideals and methods, in an entirely different way from Catholicism.

The emphasis laid, especially by Calvinism, on successful production as the normal way of serving God, fell into line easily with the material progress of modern times, and with the belief in progress as the will of God for the human race. It is easy to deride this ideal as a base degradation of the Christian hope, which is based on the Platonic vision of a perfect eternal world; it is easy to show that unending progress for humanity is a dream;

easy, too, to brand Protestantism as the creed of the money-making middle class. But this is not the whole truth, nor half of it. The Protestant doctrine that the struggle is the prize is applied not only to tangible results, but to the pursuit of truth in all fields. When Lessing said that the search for truth was better than the unsought possession of it, he picked out, as Troeltsch says, that thread in the web of Protestantism which the modern world is eagerly weaving into its fabric.

Protestantism is the religion of the genuinely modern culture, the civilization of experimental science and hopeful political experiments. Now that it can feel its foothold, it has taken back to itself the humanism which it formerly mistrusted; and, resting itself no longer upon the verbal inspiration of the Bible, but on the inner light, the personal inspiration of the individual, which is its true foundation, it is willing to welcome every advance which philosophy, Biblical criticism, and natural science may make. This religion of personal revelation and conscience, as Troeltsch says again, basing itself upon history, but not petrifying history into dogma, is the form of religion which is homogeneous with and adapted to modern civilization.

## V

I am, therefore, far from believing that Protestantism is a spent force. It must pass into new forms, but it can do this without breach of continuity, whereas Catholicism stands or falls with the Latin culture of the past. It is already conscious of standing in antagonism to modern civilization; and while this clearly defined hostility makes it the rallying-ground of those forces in modern life which resist the main currents of human thought, it is condemned, it seems to me, to fight a losing battle in the more advanced nations, and must content itself with the allegiance of peoples whom it can screen from contact with progress and enlightenment. The Romantic revival, which carried Catholicism once more into power during the reaction against the French Revolution, has not yet ebbed very far; but it has apparently shown all that it can do, and that is not very much. Even in Italy and Spain, not to speak of France and Belgium, clericalism is more like a permanent conspiracy than a dominant power.

A Protestant would be foolish to rejoice at the weakness of any branch of the Christian Church; and many may think that, though Mediterranean Christianity is in a bad way, Nordic Christianity is in a still worse case. But the comparison is not a fair one. The Catholic Church is an organized theocracy; its strength is that of a political aggregate. It is a religion, but many other things besides. Protestantism, on the other hand, uses the Church as a means, not as an end; the end is strictly independent of the fate of any ecclesiastical institution. Accordingly, it works like a leaven in society, mixing itself with every secular activity, and not trying to separate itself from the social life of the people.

The Protestant Church is the Christian part of the nation; it has (or should have — I am speaking of ideals rather than facts) no 'interests' apart from the highest welfare of the nation. Its triumphs are to be looked for, not in the return to Parliament or Congress of so many members pledged to support the policy of an international corporation, not in the splendor of its buildings or the circulation of its newspapers, but in the extent to which Christian principles are apparent in the life of the community. While Catholicism seeks to establish Catholic schools, colleges, seminaries, even Catholic li-

braries and hospitals, Protestantism makes no attempt to withdraw either children or adults from the atmosphere breathed by the nation at large. The result is institutional weakness; there is no 'Protestant vote' for candidates to buy by promises; but it would be a very shallow judgment to infer from this that Protestantism has no influence upon the life of the nation. It is an integral part of that life; few, I think, would say that Christianity as a moral force has less power in England or America than in Spain or Peru.

The danger of secularism is always present, and the best Catholics make, by their lives and teaching, a noble protest against it. There is perhaps less of the beauty of holiness in the Protestant saint. Nor can we deny that Protestant zeal too often runs off into silly 'fads,' which the maturer experience of the Latin races escapes. We are not comparing the two types in order to exalt one and disparage the other. Our object is to consider which of the two is most in harmony with the present currents of thought and life, and especially which of the two is most in accordance with the mentality of the English-speaking race.

And our conclusion is that these peoples can never accommodate themselves to Latin Christianity, but must develop their religion with reference to their own needs and their own character. These needs and this character prescribe a form of Christianity which may easily and justly appeal to the authority of its Founder.

For Christ always spoke to the hearts of individuals, never to men in the mass. He banished political methods from his teaching. He organized no institution, established no hierarchy, left no code of legislation or writing of any kind; He declared that from within, out of the heart of man, come all things that exalt or defile him; that we need no intermediaries in our access to our heavenly Father; that faithful service is the only test of discipleship; that private prayer in the bedchamber is the best form of devotion, and love of the brethren the fulfilling of the law.

This, we may venture to predict, is the Christianity of the future, as it was the first Christianity. It would not be helped by the adoption of Latin forms and ideals, which are alien to the character of our people; and it will not be hindered by giving a large place in our religion to the Northern code of honor, which must always be enshrined in the English heart, unless indeed our race is destined to decay.

# MR. MOORE TALKS TO MR. GOSSE

BY GEORGE MOORE

GOSSE (*unlocking the wicket*)

WE shall find a pleasant seat by the lake at the other end of the gardens.

MOORE

It will be delightful to sit discoursing by an evening lake, watching oars plying on a last voyage round the island, whilst other boats return to the boat-house, beguiled by thoughts of supper.

GOSSE

A thought that they will share with the crowd over yonder.

MOORE

But why was I never invited before to participate in the pleasure of this garden? At every moment it opens up into fairer aspects, and I shall be disappointed if the seat by the brimming lake is not overhung by an ilex.

GOSSE

In the beginning these gardens were reserved for the residents of Hanover Terrace; but the County Council has decreed that such exclusiveness is out of keeping with the age we live in, and a few months hence people will share our delight.

MOORE

We shall suffer and the people will not be happier, for nobody cares to go where all may go.

GOSSE

The individual withers and the world grows more and more.

But here is the seat, and though there be no ilex boughs above it, there's a handsome beech, and you are not one of those who would transform England into Sicily.

MOORE

Ilexes are as common in England as in Sicily.

GOSSE

The ilex is not one of our indigenous trees; and if it were, I doubt if our pleasure would be increased. It might, indeed, be lessened, for the classical associations of the ilex would draw our thoughts away from ourselves. Man is man's legitimate study, and perhaps in talk by this brimming lake we shall learn something that we did not know before of ourselves, and indirectly something we did not know of Theocritus. We have not had the pleasure of your company for more than a month, an absence that can be explained and atoned for by an account of the literary eggs you have been laying; some of the chicks within them must have broken their shells and are now running hither and thither pecking voraciously.

MOORE

Pecking in my soul's garden till they have got wings to fly into other gardens — a hint of plagiarism.

GOSSE

A vindictive twist given to my thought, which was then brooding in a little jealousy, for I have read in the newspapers that you are engaged in a play with Saint Paul for a hero. And as we have always been literary confidants —

MOORE

Do not speak of this play, for it has come to naught; and, to put Theocritus and Landor behind us, I will drop into the language of *Esther Waters*, saying that I broke down about fifty yards from home; but whether the breakdown occurred in the back sinews or in the suspensory ligament, I cannot tell.

GOSSE

Look upon me as your vet.; confide the circumstances. Was it on the near or the off?

MOORE

My dear Gosse, I cannot expatiate on the story of my breakdown; it is altogether too sad. How sad it is, you may judge when I tell you that tomorrow I shall send two telegrams to America withdrawing the play from publication and a possible performance.

GOSSE

This is indeed stern criticism; and has been acted upon without friendly consultation.

MOORE

It is true that I am always seeking opinions, but I only act on yours; and if I did n't ask you about my play, it was because I was afraid of boring you.

GOSSE

Have I ever shown any signs of boredom when you consulted me? If you had, I should have advised you to put the manuscript away in a drawer. But you dictate and have no old-fashioned manuscript.

MOORE

I have withdrawn my play for the present, till I more fully realize Paul in the circumstances; for to some extent circumstances heighten or lower the man.

GOSSE

So Paul has been turned out to grass, and now you are at a loose end.

MOORE

By no means. After a few sighs, a groan, a lamentation on the sordidness of the human lot, I bade farewell to him who has influenced the Western world more than any man that ever lived. The influence of Napoleon — what is it? And all the English poets — what influence have they exercised comparable to Paul's?

GOSSE

In the epic he was manageable, but in the drama he has proved unmanageable. And your thoughts have turned — whither?

MOORE

To the editing of the twenty-volume edition which is in preparation in America.

GOSSE

I hope you limit your literary activities to the editing of your old books. I shudder at the thought, lest you should alter a single word of your imaginary conversations with me.

MOORE

I am glad, Gosse, that you are satisfied with my interpretation of your ideas. But you can reassure yourself; I am thinking of adding and withdrawing nothing.

GOSSE

Additions trouble me less than omissions; but I am troubled. Now, of what new writer will you speak? Not of any of our contemporaries, I hope! So long as I do not express any opinions derogatory to — I need not mention names.

MOORE

No contemporary writer is the subject of my additions. You will remember that in the original conversations I made but a brief allusion to Anne Brontë, attributing my awakening to her story, *The Tenant of Wildfell Hall;* or was it Shelley who awakened me in the cave of dreamy youth? There are,

of course, almost as many mental awakenings as there are physical. In *Confessions of a Young Man*, a book you have never read, perhaps, I tell how, whilst driving in the family coach from Mayo to Galway, I heard my parents talking of *Lady Audley's Secret*, and *Lady Audley's Secret* led me to read other books by Miss Braddon. After *Lady Audley's Secret*, I read a book called, I think, *John Marchmont's Towers*, and then an adaptation of *Madame Bovary* — a seeming vanity; but what would have happened to me if I had not read this vanity I cannot imagine, for the doctor's wife read Byron and Shelley assiduously. I am afraid I have told the story before, but it is difficult to avoid telling it here, for my age could not have been more than ten or eleven when I read *The Tenant of Wildfell Hall* and *The Sensitive Plant*. Shelley I discovered in our library; *The Tenant of Wildfell Hall* belonged to my governess, and it was for the sake of the wonderful name of Wildfell that I borrowed the book from her. In our published conversations, Gosse, I confessed (if I did n't, I should have confessed) that Anne's story of a passionate love that came to naught sent me to Castle Carra a little scared lest I had been born into a world in which nobody transgressed. And it is with my boyish dread of a sinless world that Anne is associated, with pity for her early death, coming before any taste of life; for a virgin's death is the very saddest thing that can befall. It was Anne who revealed this sadness to me, and I take this opportunity of paying my debt.

GOSSE

We have a vison of our own;
Ah! why should we undo it?

are the words of a poet whose soul has passed into ours; and we should hearken to the wisdom that enjoins us not to return to Yarrow.

MOORE

It is long since I read the poem, and would ask you if the poet found Yarrow revisited merely dust and ashes.

GOSSE

How long is it since you read *The Tenant of Wildfell Hall?*

MOORE

More than half a century; but soon after our published conversations I sent to the library and was rewarded by the discovery —

GOSSE

That Anne Brontë was a greater writer than Balzac or Turgenev?

MOORE

Despite the beauty of your prose, you fail to anticipate me. I did not think once of Balzac or Turgenev, and very often that, if Anne Brontë had lived ten years longer, she would have taken a place beside Jane Austen — perhaps even a higher place.

GOSSE

I think she died when she was seven-and-twenty, of consumption.

MOORE

Anne had all the qualities of Jane Austen, and other qualities; she could write with heat, one of the rarest qualities. Paul introduced heat into literature —

GOSSE

I would sooner hear you speak of Anne Brontë than Saint Paul.

MOORE

Well then, Gosse, since you insist on directing my conversation, I will say that a young farmer is in love with the tenant of Wildfell Hall, with a passion —

GOSSE

Forgive me for interrupting you again, but the last time I came to Ebury Street you read some lines from

a paper you were writing about Miss Austen; and in speaking of *Sense and Sensibility* you say: 'Marianne reveals the burning human heart in English prose narrative for the first and the last time.'

MOORE

Your visits are celestial, Gosse, few and far between; but it was since your last visit that I reread *The Tenant of Wildfell Hall.* Anne broke down in the middle of her story, but her breakdown was not for lack of genius but of experience. An accident would have saved her; almost any man of letters would have laid his hand upon her arm and said: 'You must not let your heroine give her diary to the young farmer, saying: "Here is my story; go home and read it."' Your heroine must tell the young farmer her story, and an entrancing scene you will make of the telling. Moreover, the presence of your heroine, her voice, her gestures, the questions that would arise and the answers that would be given to them, would preserve the atmosphere of a passionate and original love-story. The diary broke the story in halves.—As you have n't read the book for a long time, Gosse, you will allow me to recall to your remembrance the theme.

The tenant of Wildfell Hall is a young and handsome woman, who has rented the Hall and lives in almost complete seclusion, making no acquaintances; she is rarely seen except when she goes forth to paint. The lonely figure painting woods and fields becomes a subject of gossip; and it is not long before the imaginations of the people discover in her the heroine of a sinful story — a discovery which helps, I take it, to plunge the young farmer headlong into that torment of passion which men rarely, if ever, have the power, I will not say of feeling, but of transferring to paper. Paul had it and was the first to translate the heart's heat without loss. The Lord Jesus was Saint Paul's inspiration, and the Lord Jesus was also Saint Teresa's inspiration; in her we find the same heat that we do in the Epistles. Héloïse's letters to Abélard shrivel up, so intense is the heat of her passion. I must not be afraid of repeating the word heat; it is essential that I should repeat it, for what I am thinking of is heat, and not violence, rhetoric, or vehemence.

You were good enough to remind me a few moments ago that I read you some lines from a paper I was writing about Miss Austen, and you complimented me even to the extent of remembering my very words, that we find the burning human heart in English prose narrative for the first and the last time. When I read you those few lines, *The Tenant of Wildfell Hall* was a dim memory going back more than fifty years — a child's appreciation of a book he got from his governess. But on reading it again, I said: The farmer goes to the Hall consumed by the same almost animal emotion that consumed Marianne when she went up to London in search of Willoughby.

GOSSE

But surely there are more than traces of the heat you speak of in her sisters' works?

MOORE

*Wuthering Heights* is written with vehemence, with eloquence, but there's very little heat in it, if any. The quality of heat I don't put forward as a very high literary quality; it does n't exist in Shakespeare, in Dante, in Homer; but it 's the rarest of literary qualities.

GOSSE

An emotion enkindled by spiritual or physical love. I think you exaggerate its rarity, and that were an adequate search made for it in the works of religious reformers, you would have to add to your list. I am not sure you would

not have to add Saint Augustine. In your story, *The Lake*, you give some stanzas from an Irish poem. A peasant, I believe you say the author was, a native of County Cork, who wandered demented about the country and expressed his sorrow in at least one beautiful poem, if I may judge by the extract.

MOORE

A very beautiful poem indeed it must be, if we may judge it by T. W. Rolleston's beautiful translation.

GOSSE

But Saint Augustine — what have you to say about the passage where he and his mother stand by a window overlooking the river — the Tiber, I think? Or was it when he visited his mother in Milan? If so, it was the Olona.

MOORE

I remember the passage as you do, vaguely. I think the scene you speak of occurred at Ostia, where his mother died. But may we not leave the question of heat in literature to be decided another day, and return to Anne Brontë, whose weaving of the narrative in the first hundred and fifty pages of *The Tenant of Wildfell Hall* reveals a born tale-teller, just as the knotted and tangled threads in *Wuthering Heights* reveal the desperate efforts of a lyrical poet to construct a prose narrative. I heard you once say that outside of his special gift a man is often a poor creature. The remark was instigated by Swinburne's attempts to write prose tales; and a story is told of Beethoven, who, after a quarrel, said: 'Whosoever can write a symphony can cook a dinner.' His friends did not think so, nor do I think that Emily, whose poems are above Anne's as the stars are above the earth, was intended by Nature to write prose narratives; and for different reasons Charlotte failed, too; she wrote well, — all three wrote well, — but good writing did not help her, for she was afflicted with much congenital commonplace. The true artist is neither esoteric nor commonplace; he captures the world with broad human sympathies, and wooes and wins his fellows with his craft. Mrs. Gaskell, the most commonplace of all English writers —

GOSSE

That seems rather hard.

MOORE

I only read one book of hers, a story called *Phyllis*, a very lack-lustre story indeed; out of the pages rises the image of a meek-voiced, almost witless widow sitting by her fireplace, a kettle singing on the hob.

GOSSE

As I think I have told you before, you very often have something to say that's worth saying; but you are apt to spoil it by exaggeration. I agree with you that the diary was a mistake, and that it would have been better if the heroine had told her story herself; but I think Anne would have answered the literary friend who laid his hand on her arm that, if she had allowed her heroine to tell her story, it would not have filled more than a couple of pages; and for Anne to get her book published, she had to fill at least two hundred more.

MOORE

Whosoever is possessed of the gift of narrative can fashion a story as it pleases him; and I have no faintest doubt that Anne would have discovered new matter for the required length. I prefer to think that she fell into one of those pitfalls — I know them well — with which tale-telling is beset. But you may be right.

GOSSE

I hope I am not right, for yours is the nobler explanation. But do you find

sufficient support in the first half of *The Tenant of Wildfell Hall* to justify you in saying that Anne's genius exceeded her sisters' genius; and that, if she had lived for ten years more, we should all be speaking of her as a rival to Jane Austen?

MOORE

No, indeed. If Anne had written nothing but *The Tenant of Wildfell Hall*, I should not have been able to predict the high place she would have taken in English letters. All I should have been able to say is: An inspiration that passed away like the wind. But, in my opinion, her first story, *Agnes Grey*, is the most perfect prose narrative in English literature.

GOSSE

The most perfect prose narrative in English literature, and overlooked for fifty-odd years!

MOORE

The blindness of criticism should not surprise one so well acquainted with the history of literature as you are. You have noticed, no doubt, that I avoid whenever I can the word fiction; for the word has become degraded by association with circulating libraries, and has come to mean novels that sell for six months and are never heard of afterward. *Agnes Grey* is a prose narrative, simple and beautiful as a muslin dress. I need not remind you, Gosse, that it 's more difficult to write a simple story than a complicated one. The arrival of Agnes at the house of her employer (she is the new governess) opens the story, and the first sentences, the eating of a beefsteak is among the first, convince us that we are with a quick, witty mind, capable of appreciating all she hears and sees; and when Agnes begins to tell us of her charges and their vulgar parents, we know that we are reading a masterpiece. Nothing short of genius could have set them before us so plainly and yet with restraint — even the incident of the little boy who tears a bird's nest out of some bushes, and fixes fish-hooks into the beaks of the young birds, so that he may drag them about the stable-yard. Agnes's reprimands, too, are low in tone, yet sufficient to bring her into conflict with the little boy's mother, who thinks that her son's amusement should not be interfered with. The story was written probably when Anne Brontë was but two- or three-and-twenty, and it is the one story in English literature in which style, characters, and subject are in perfect keeping. In writing it Anne's eyes were always upon the story itself, and not upon her readers; a thought does not seem to have come into her mind that a reader would like a little more drama, a little more comedy; that a picnic or a ball would provide entertainment. Whilst writing about Agnes Grey's first set of pupils, she had in mind Agnes's second set, and was careful that the first situation should lead up to the second. Agnes is not dismissed, nor does she even, as well as I remember, leave for any definite reason. The house has become disagreeable to her, and she leaves, rests for a while at home, and hearing of a situation in which she would have the charge of two growing girls, she accepts it, and the reader is relieved to find Agnes, whom he has begun to appreciate, among less harsh surroundings. One of her pupils is about to pass out of the schoolroom into the world, the other is a sort of tomboy who likes kittens and puppies, and the society of the stable-yard and harness-room, better than that of the drawing-room, her hour not having yet come. At the end of the first term, a term of six months or a year, Agnes Grey goes home, and after a short holiday she returns to her pupils, very tired, for the journey has been a long

one. But whilst Agnes has been resting at home, Miss Murray has been to her first ball, and Agnes must really come to the schoolroom at once to hear all about it. And so absorbed is Miss Murray in herself, in her dress, in her partners, in the flowers that were given to her, in the words that were spoken to her during the dances and the sitting-out in quiet corners, that she fails to perceive how inappropriate the occasion is for the telling of her successes. Agnes Grey gives all the attention she can give to her pupil, but is too tired to respond, and Miss Murray, feeling, no doubt, that Agnes thinks she is exaggerating her successes, insists still further: 'As for *me*, Miss Grey — I'm so *sorry* you did n't see me! I was *charming* — was n't I, Matilda?' And the younger sister, who has not been to the ball, answers: 'Middling.' — The word lights up the narrative like a ray of light cast by Ruysdael into the middle of a landscape.

GOSSE

I am afraid you writers of prose narratives appreciate other people's narratives only when you find your own qualities in them.

MOORE

What you say is most unjust. You have read a great deal of poetry, but your appreciations of poetry are not limited to the exact qualities you possess yourself. Why, therefore, should you think that I cannot appreciate anything that is not part of my own possession?

GOSSE

I don't think it 's quite the same thing. But tell me what becomes of the governess.

MOORE

She makes the acquaintance of a curate and visits the almshouses with him; and here Anne rises to greater heights in patter than Jane Austen; for Jane's patter is drawing-room patter, whilst Anne's patter is in Yorkshire jargon. I don't know if you will acquiesce in my belief that the language of the fields is more beautiful than that of the town, and that the cottage supplies better stuff for art than the drawing-room.

GOSSE

Not better than the palace. Shakespeare —

MOORE

Would n't it be just as well to leave Shakespeare out of this argument?

GOSSE

You have n't told me yet what becomes of Agnes Grey.

MOORE

She leaves her situation and goes, I think, to recover her health by the sea; and meeting on the esplanade the parson with whom she visited the almshouses — he has gone there for his vacation —

GOSSE

The end of the walk is an engagement!

MOORE

And why should n't it be? The simple is never commonplace.

GOSSE

The commonplace is yesterday's artifices, and I will admit that I have often wondered why criticism should have depreciated Anne so flagrantly, exalting Charlotte and Emily into princesses of literature and looking on Anne as a sort of Cinderella; and stranger still is your quarrel with critical blindness, since it has cast you for the part of the fairy godmother.

MOORE

Critics follow a scent like hounds, and I am not certain that it was n't Charlotte who first started them on their depreciation of Anne. I cannot

give chapter and verse here, but in one of her introductions she certainly apologizes for *The Tenant of Wildfell Hall.* I am not certain that moral reasons are not put forward, and I feel sure that extenuating circumstances are pleaded: Anne's youth, her sickness, her inexperience of life. Three phthisis-stricken sisters living on a Yorkshire moor, and all three writing novels, was first-rate copy, and Charlotte's little depreciations were a great help; for three sisters of equal genius might strain the credulity of the readers of the evening newspapers. Such insight as would enable the journalist to pick out the right one would be asking too much.

GOSSE

Could you have picked the right?

MOORE

Not at the time of the publication of Anne's books; but fifty years is a long while to wait. My case against Charlotte does not end with an implicit defamation of her sister, for in her novel *Villette* she is guilty of the most barefaced plagiarism that I know of. Like her sister, Charlotte wrote well, but she lacked imagination; she could describe only what she had seen; and the first volume of *Villette,* being no more than a relation of scenes she herself had lived through, is excellent. But the moment the story called on her to supply characters and events, it began to droop and wither, and to revive it, she found herself obliged to borrow from her sister's novel — a thing she could do without anybody crying out: 'Stop thief!' for none had read *Agnes Grey.*

GOSSE

Love is said to be blind; but if all that you say is true, criticism is even blinder; for though many charges have been brought against Charlotte, plagiarism is not one of them.

MOORE

The critics of the Brontës were interested more in Charlotte's flirtation with the schoolmaster in Belgium, which, if it were true, mattered very little, and if it were n't, did n't matter at all. But a literary critic like yourself, Gosse, should not have allowed Charlotte to climb the wall by means of somebody else's ladder and then to kick it shamelessly away.

GOSSE

As I have not read *Agnes Grey,* I must take your remarks on trust, but I will read the story.

MOORE

I wish you would, and write an article about Anne, for then the truth would become known.

GOSSE

Why not write it yourself? The story is true to you, and to me it is only a partial truth.

MOORE

Were I to write it, it would be looked upon as one of my paradoxes, or a desire to tread upon somebody's corns. But as soon as you begin to read, the story will possess you, and you will long to reveal the true Charlotte and her patrons, the dinner at the publishers and the dinner at Thackeray's, a dozen pompous men standing before the fire, their coat-tails lifted, their eyes fixed on the timid girl who had discovered bigamy and written it out all by herself. The nostrils of the twentieth century like not the smell of these broken victuals, and yet —

GOSSE

And yet the lake darkens and the loiterers along the waterside have disappeared; probably gone home to supper, every one. I 'll let you out at the farther gate.

# A QUESTION FOR CHRISTIANS

BY H. H. POWERS

## I

Not long since, following a lecture in which I tried to project the orbit of modern imperialism somewhat into the future, I received a letter from a thoughtful listener, which contained the following question: 'What part is Christianity to have in the coming greater conflict of the nations, which you fear is ahead?'

My first impulse was to ignore the question, or to evade the issue. For years I have avoided discussion of this subject. It is not because I lack interest or sympathy; it is rather because I have both. If I had only interest, I could discuss it cold-bloodedly, as I can discuss Buddhism or Plato's philosophy. If I had only sympathy, I could discuss it, or at least eulogize it, with undiscriminating fervor. But having something of both, I have felt little disposed, either to analyze or to rhapsodize, at least in public. And so, after long years of active interest in religious philosophy and church activities, I have withdrawn from active participation, breathing freely at last in the presence of my own thoughts, now that I am conscious that no one else is to be troubled by them.

With a Buddhist, with any not indifferent outsider, I could talk freely; but not with a Christian devotee, still less with one alienated from Christianity, or with one living heedless and unconcerned in the midst of all-pervading Christian influence and activity. You cannot discuss anatomy with one whose child is on the operating table; nor with an enemy of the patient, who wants the surgeon to knife him; nor yet with one wholly indifferent to the subject. So I have learned to look on and be silent. And with this attitude there has come something of detachment without alienation. I have stepped out of the procession without shaking the dust of my feet off against it. I know where it is going, — or trying to go, — and am glad. Meanwhile, from my position on the curb, it seems to me that I can see a little better than before the chance of arrival at the goal.

And so, as my friend challenged me from the ranks, I at last broke silence and answered as best I could. I do not know how my friend took it, but the result to myself was a renewed interest, a deepening consciousness that this is in a sense the question of the hour. We are Christians, we of the Western world, who are passing through deep waters, perhaps with deeper waters to come. We have pinned our faith to Christianity: some, as to a lamp which, if rubbed, will bring the genii; others, as to a lamp that will merely light our path. Is our faith justified? What has Christianity to say about such problems as now perplex us?

As regards war, the answer at first seems easy. Christians everywhere profess to regard the words of their Founder as authoritative. The words of his early followers and other worthies are likewise held in high esteem, by many even

regarded as authoritative. It should be possible, therefore, to find in this body of teachings, and more particularly in the words of the Founder Himself, a reliable indication of the attitude of Christians on this subject. It is a subject upon which He spoke with directness and emphasis on more than one occasion. His first recorded address is one of the most pronounced pacifist documents in existence. Resist not evil; but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also. The intent of these words is unmistakable. So far as I know, this meaning has never been denied by Christians, nor any attempt made to show that it was intended to be of limited application. The pronouncement is, in fact, exceedingly sweeping, seemingly denying even the right of self-defense.

And yet this fact strikes the observer at the outset of his inquiry. No considerable body of Christians has ever at any time accepted this doctrine. Individuals have done so, and a single small sect, living mostly under the protecting ægis of powerful military governments, has given it consistent verbal endorsement. But Christianity has remained throughout its history unmistakably militarist, not loving war for its own sake, but ever ready to use it for what it considered to be worthy ends. Nor has there been any seeming sense of inconsistency in so doing. The thief and the perjurer have had to do penance, but never the soldier who fought according to the rules of the game. He has never been shamefaced or apologetic. The Church has consecrated him for his task, and has honored him for its performance. His flag has been draped above the altar, and his bones laid beside those of the saint. It may be doubted whether this temper is changing. Never was divine aid more confidently invoked in the interest of irreconcilable causes than in the recent conflict.

A conflict so obvious between accepted doctrine and words recognized as authoritative calls for explanation. This may be sought in a more complete examination of the words and acts of Jesus. This is the more necessary when we recall that the extreme pacifism already noted is found in the early utterances of Jesus, when He had but recently returned from a long sojourn in the wilderness where, as is well known, He was under the influence of the Essenes, the most extreme of all pacifist sects. The ideality and spirituality of their faith naturally appealed strongly to much in the character of Jesus, and it should not surprise us that, on his return from this sojourn, He reflected their sentiments.

But if the nature of Jesus was spiritual, it was also extremely aggressive. In the wilderness, among the harmless Essenes, He could be a pacifist, but in the rough-and-tumble of active campaigning, in a commercial town like Capernaum, or a bigoted capital like Jerusalem, antagonism and aggressiveness were speedily developed, and we hear no more of turning the other cheek. To be exact, we do hear one more allusion to it — a retraction. On the last night of his life, He recalls among changed conditions his early pacifist dream. Definitely contrasting the present with that early happier time, He says: 'But now he that hath a purse, let him take it, and likewise his scrip; and he that hath no sword, let him sell his garment and buy one.'

Such words are not very conclusive, and I have never heard them quoted in defense or extenuation of militarism. According to another evangelist, they were followed a few hours later by the seemingly contradictory generalization: 'All they that take the sword shall perish with the sword.' Such utterances

betray the changing moods of a sorely perturbed spirit, rather than clear conviction or settled purpose.

The acts of Jesus are somewhat more suggestive in this connection. The clearing of the temple was not war, but it was not pacifism. The whip of small cords was not an efficient weapon, but neither was the bamboo cane, with which Chinese Gordon led the ever-victorious army of China. Jesus had at his back a powerful up-country following, which even the Jerusalem authorities dared not affront, and which could have made short work of the den of thieves, had they offered resistance. Whatever the means employed, the principle was coercion, and the spirit far removed from that of the injunction — resist not evil. Nor can the denunciation of the Jewish oligarchy to the multitude in the temple area be harmonized with the quietist principle.

To sum up, the attitude of Jesus on this subject seems to have undergone an altogether natural development. He begins with views that are theoretical, largely inculcated, and but imperfectly in line with his temperament. As a teacher, He at first deals in abstract generalizations, sweeping and extreme. Under the hard knocks of his active ministry all this changes. He becomes concrete, and learns the marvelous art of teaching by parable. Handicapped and thwarted by selfishness intrenched in privilege, He becomes uncompromising, aggressive, belligerent. Out of it all there emerges no clear rule of thumb that can save us the trouble of learning to live in the old toilsome way that nature has ordained. His followers, even though recognizing his teaching as authoritative, may well be excused for finding it inconclusive on this point. It is none the less significant that, without clear warrant in his words or acts, Christians should have taken a stand so definitely militarist.

## II

Perhaps the significance of this independent attitude will be plainer if we turn to another case, in which both the teaching of Jesus and the independence of his followers are somewhat more pronounced.

The story of the woman taken in adultery occupies a peculiar place in the narratives of the life of Jesus. Most of the early manuscripts of the Gospel omit the story. Whether this means that it is a later addition, or that it is an original element which there was a later effort to suppress, matters little. The story is universally regarded as genuine. The incident undoubtedly occurred, and Jesus doubtless expressed himself essentially as stated. The hesitation on the part either of the writer of the Gospel or of later copyists has a significance which we shall note later.

The attitude of Jesus toward the sin of adultery is not in question. His last words to the woman make that clear, and we have other and more explicit evidence. The story is complicated, too, by the fact that a trap was laid for Jesus, which He skillfully forced into the foreground of attention. But it is none the less impossible to deny to his words, 'Neither do I condemn thee,' a startling significance. At those words, the writer or his early biographers baulked. At those words, later Christian teaching has always hedged. We are told that it was an exceptional case; that Jesus read her heart and saw that she was penitent. Concede it, though the story gives no hint.

The fact remains that Jesus refuses to put the adulteress beyond the pale, and healthy society always does so. It did so then, and it does so now — never more than now. Imagine near at home a case such as appears from time to time in almost any community — a

woman upright, cultured, high-minded, the victim of an unconscious fascination and an illicit love. It is the commonest of human experiences that all this may happen, and character and even moral instincts remain essentially intact. Reinstate the offender in the esteem and favor of society, and she is perfectly salvable. But society will not reinstate her. Friends may feel for her the keenest sympathy, may even give her furtive assurance of undying friendship, but restore her to her old place in the social circle they dare not, cannot. The social circle that will lift its ban is a circle that is off color. And yet, the enforcement of this pitiless social ostracism means almost certain doom to a perfectly salvable individual.

This is but one of many indications that Jesus refused to recognize the organic character of society, a doctrine upon which Paul laid the greatest emphasis and one which is fundamental in the social philosophy of our time. He insists upon regarding primarily the individual and in claiming salvage for the salvable, irrespective of social reactions. He distinctly enunciates this policy in the well-known words, later fantastically denaturalized by theological interpretation: 'The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost.' In a word, He stands for individual salvage, while conservative society has always stood for social quarantine. Confronted with a victim of moral contagion, He urges that the case can be cured, to which society replies: 'Yes, but with cost and risks which we cannot afford to incur.'

I am not here concerned to show which is right, but only to point out the perfectly obvious fact, that careful society stands to-day where it has always stood, and Christian society most of all. The words of Jesus are honored, but given a post-mortem application. The duty of salvage is admitted, but in strict subordination to the principle of quarantine. We have our refuges and our rescue work, but our wives do not associate with the adulteress, no matter how penitent and how morally intact, unless as angels of mercy to a lower class, where all possibility of social relations is excluded.

## III

If my argument in this case is not convincing, I will try another. What were the economic doctrines of Jesus, and what does the Christian world think about them? He was by no means silent on some of the main issues. Not only did He have concrete situations to deal with, but He indulged in numerous generalizations on the subject, of a somewhat startling character. In beauty of expression these utterances are unsurpassed — so much so that they have won the suffrages of multitudes who have given little heed to their purport. We will first examine these generalizations.

Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal.

Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body what ye shall put on.

Behold the fowls of the air; for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they?

And why take ye thought for raiment? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin: and yet I say unto you, that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. Wherefore if God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?

Take therefore no thought for the morrow: for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.

Let us read these words, if possible, as if they were the words of a stranger, to whom we are nowise committed in heart. What should we say was their economic purport? There is but one possible answer. There is in them all a disparagement of thrift and forethought, and an encouragement to a care-free, hand-to-mouth existence, which nothing in situation or context can mitigate. So absolutely do these injunctions contradict our most cherished convictions, that we should quite discredit their literal intent, were there not abundant proof that Jesus practised what He preached. His followers in many cases forsook their occupations, put their capital into a common consumption fund, and frankly threw themselves upon charity, as Jesus encouraged them to do.

The little fellowship that survived him was communistic, unproductive, and soon pauperized — a burden upon the churches organized by Paul, who vehemently opposed their adoption of the communistic principle. When Zaccheus, of doubtful antecedents, makes good his extortions and gives half his goods to the poor, Jesus declares: 'This day is salvation come to this house'; but when the rich young man, pattern of all the virtues, cannot see that it is his duty to sell all that he has and give to the poor, we are told that Jesus loved him, but commented sorrowfully, 'How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God!'

The meaning of all this is perfectly plain to those who are not theologically estopped from recognizing it. Jesus was one of those rare idealist natures who, by an inner law of their being, are incapable of realizing the laws of economics. Spiritual forces are so immeasurably more important, and the economic struggle is so confusing, so harsh, so shot through with greed and oppression, that it forfeits their sympathy and fails to enlist their patient attention. Continually caught in its toils, and from sheer ineptitude usually its victims, their judgments of its workings are as untrustworthy as they are unsympathetic. It is folly to take seriously their pronouncement on matters so entirely beyond their purview. In truth, the world never does.

But the founder of a religion invariably comes to play a dangerous rôle. He loses the privilege, accorded to other men, of not knowing things and of being excused for his ignorance. His words acquire a talismanic virtue, and are forced to yield solutions of impossible problems. If surface meanings are unavailable, they must be disposed of and hidden meanings extracted. There is no mental jugglery that the devout mind will not permit rather than recognize the most obvious of limitations on the part of the object of its devotion.

So we are told that Jesus did not mean that we should take no thought for the morrow, but only that we should not take too much thought, the question of too much being necessarily left to the individual judgment, and placed by a consensus of Christian opinion at a point which presents no analogy with the case of the lilies and the birds. We are assured that Jesus meant the injunction to sell all and give to the poor, only for the rich young man whom He saw to be covetous, though the narrator goes out of his way to prevent such an aspersion. And so on, indefinitely.

I have all respect for those who feel the need of these far-fetched interpretations, but I do not myself feel the need of them. They are to me clear evasions of meanings which there is no occasion to evade. The words of Jesus, with all their mistaken disparagement of thrift and injunctions to unlimited charity, are words that do him honor. Their very extravagance demonstrates the splendid passion for humanity which

prompted their utterance. Does not the world honor Michelangelo the more, that art left him no room for the canny thrift of a Titian? I claim for Jesus the glorious economic irresponsibility of the idealist and the prophet. I claim for myself the right to distinguish between the message of the Most High and the maxims of Poor Richard.

But this is a digression. Again, it is not my purpose to decide who is right, but to note the fact that between Jesus and his followers there is a pronounced, though unconfessed, difference of opinion. The Christians of to-day, those recognized as most honoring the name, do not live like the lilies or the birds, or beg from door to door. They believe in taking thought for the morrow — even anxious thought, on occasion. They agree with Paul that he that provideth not for his own hath denied the faith and is worse than an infidel. They recognize, with Adam Smith, that the capacity for forethought and effort for long-deferred ends are the best criterion of the development of a people. They see in the accumulation of wealth, not the hoarded indulgence of greed, but the elaborated mechanism of social service. They ask the rich man of to-day, not to dissipate his fortune in charity, now recognized as rarely beneficial, but to organize it for the honest service of society. They enjoin, even upon societies for the propagation of his gospel, economic foresight and anxious prevision. It is impossible, without stultifying ourselves, to torture the words of Jesus into an endorsement of this accepted economic faith.

It would be easy to trace further this antithesis — to note our hesitating but conscientious rejection of his teachings upon divorce, upon titles indicative of religious distinction, upon the ritualizing of religious worship, the recognition of convention in morals, Sabbath observance, and the like; but as our purpose is to illustrate a principle, rather than to enumerate its applications, we need not make our inquiry exhaustive.

Such an inquiry would reveal everywhere something of divergence — often a complete conflict — between the teachings of Jesus and the slowly matured conclusions of his sincere followers; everywhere the same naïve unconsciousness that any divergence exists, and the same conventionally sanctioned interpretations to win for necessary conclusions the countenance of his authority. We should find the same in any other religion. The teachings of Zoroaster, of Confucius, of Gotama, of Mohammed, and, I presume, of Mary Baker Eddy, all retain the reverence and homage of their votaries, on the same inexorable condition that they lend themselves to the interpretation which experience shall dictate. This process is facilitated by the familiar fact, so well stated by George Eliot, that 'the human mind is hospitable and will entertain conflicting views and opinions with grave impartiality.'

All this is perfectly natural, perfectly as it should be. The correlations of life, and of religion in particular, are emotional, not intellectual. Out of the heart are the issues of life. In choosing our path through life's maze, we are necessarily compelled to feel our way, to deal with unforeseen conditions, and to correct unwise procedure. From this duty of painful experimentation there is, and can be, no miraculous exemption. The most faultless precepts have no power to furnish the necessary guidance. If of universal application, they are necessarily generalizations so broad that the problem of application has difficulties hardly less than those of the original problem. If, on the other hand, they are of immediate application, they can never have universal validity.

This is not a criticism upon any particular precepts. It is a statement of a limitation inherent in all precepts from their very nature. Precepts can never serve as substitutes for experience.

## IV

This, then, is the principle to which our inquiry leads. The vital beliefs of Christians, as of men of all religions, are simply formulations of their social experiences. These beliefs are, so far as possible, stated in the words of the founder, or early worthies, of the faith, but with a freedom of selection, arrangement, and interpretation, which permits of any degree of divergence from the original teachings of these persons. This process, continually challenged by the cynic who calls religion a sham, and by the fanatic who summons us to a preposterous literalism, is perfectly natural and wholesome. It rests upon certain permanent conditions of life in the social state.

First, it is necessary constantly to revise the laws of conduct to meet changing conditions. The rule of no divorce except for adultery is doubtless sound under certain conditions; but the best judgment of our time agrees that, under present conditions, its enforcement would be injurious. The precept of Jesus has, therefore, been quietly set aside. Paul said, 'Let your women keep silence in the churches' — a rule of the utmost practical wisdom at the time when it was enunciated, but one the mere mention of which to-day is greeted with a smile. The one rule is too ideal and ultimate, the other too local and temporary, to meet our needs. The necessity for this revision is constant and universal. No rule of conduct is exempt from adjudication in the court of experience.

Second, this necessity for constant revision of procedure coexists with an equal necessity for unchanged emotional relations. We must depart from the teachings of the past, yet we must not break with the past. We must revise, even reverse, the teachings of Jesus, yet we crave his countenance in so doing, and cherish the consciousness of unbroken loyalty. The result is that we confront this necessity of revision with a certain perturbation of spirit. The healthy soul is a reverent soul, deeply conscious of its own limitations. Confronted with the necessity of departing from time-honored precepts, it says: 'Who am I, that I should innovate upon the wisdom of the great past?' Trust not the man who lightly turns his back upon the past. Trust rather him who comes not to destroy, but to fulfill. Fulfillment means destruction just the same, but oh, such a different destruction!

The result of this conflict is that the revision of social procedure is necessarily made under disguises, and in a manner which, *merely intellectually considered,* is essentially disingenuous. The Greeks, unable to give innovation free rein, made their advances under the plea of restoring the long-vanished Golden Age. The institutions of Lycurgus, to which the philosophers of Athens were ever pointing as the model to which a degenerate world should strive again to conform, were almost a pure fiction, a dream of the innovator, which he commended to his public by clothing it in the habiliments of a revered past.

The same process is in constant use to-day. It was the salvation of our American Constitution, and possibly of our Republic, that for the first century of our existence the required changes were effected almost wholly by interpretation rather than by amendment, thus ensuring the necessary adaptations, without impairing the sense of continuity and stability so essential to our safety. The same proc-

ess as applied to theology and ethics is too familiar to require comment.

It cannot be too strongly insisted that this unconscious inconsistency, which characterizes all progress in matters where our feelings are deeply concerned, is in no sense to be reprobated or regretted. Advance is possible in such connections, only on condition that the sensitive life-centres are protected from the raids of consciousness by an elaborate camouflage. It is a necessary condition of vitality and usefulness on the part of religion that it accustom itself to these disguises; that it learn to retain the sayings, the maxims, the early formulas of faith which have attracted to themselves the veneration of the ages, while freeing itself from their intellectual dictation. There is no person living who, if rescued by a sudden aphasia from the tradition of the Apostles' Creed or the Westminster Confession, would phrase his own belief in anything resembling their terms. Yet they are assets of inestimable value to religion and to society. As concert exercises, scarce ruffling the surface of quiescent thought, they weave a spell more precious, and come laden with a meaning more vital, than any intellectual revision can ever give. They should not be revised, they should not be scrutinized. They should be still farther intoned and deintellectualized, until they become but mystic tokens, connecting the living heart of the present with the undying soul of the past.

It is the peculiar merit of Christianity that it has retained this freedom of judgment, this power of adaptation, this ability to accept the teachings of life, without losing reverence for its Founder, or coming into conscious conflict with his teachings. It has avoided the casuistry which fossilized Mohammedanism, and has thrown off the yoke which church infallibility for a time laid upon it. It has even rescued its Founder from the ossification of theology, and won Him back to life and personality. It is astounding, how real is the freedom with which the Christian judges the relations of life, untrammeled by word or act of his Lord, while bowing in sincere reverence before Him and finding in his words an unfailing inspiration. The empty of heart will call this hypocrisy, and the timid in thought will deplore it as the decay of faith. It is, in fact, the development of man in true balance, the supreme triumph of religious evolution.

I suppose someone will ask the inevitable question: 'What is the use of a leader if his teachings are not to be followed?' The mere asking of such a question gives us a feeling of the futility of reply. It takes us into a domain of tremendous realities, which refuse to be weighed or touched. What is the good of a friend if he bestow no gifts and bring no answer to the riddles that perplex you? In sooth, I cannot tell, but I still prize my friend above all other good.

And yet the craving for the substantial is not wholly wrong. We ask instinctively that spiritual relations translate themselves into concrete services. Even Jesus asked it. 'Why call ye me, Lord, Lord, and do not the things which I say?' We can sympathize with the impatient expostulation of one who found it so hard to lead devotion over into action. And yet with all reverence I confess to a fellow feeling for those thus chidden. I fancy that the rich young man, who could not accept the hard precept, went away cherishing in his sorrow the memory of one whom he had found a lord among men — a memory that went far to effect that salvation of which Jesus despaired. Who knows with what reverence and transforming love he contemplated the figure of the great Galilean down the

lengthening vista of the years, the while, it may well be, that the impulsive Zaccheus suffered the pangs of disillusionment and reaction in the days of Ananias and Sapphira?

I recall one whom I knew in my youth, at whose feet I sat with a devotion like unto that of the twelve. I have shed his philosophy, I do not vote his ticket, I question his precepts, but I still call him the only great man I ever knew, and acknowledge in him a lordship that defies all loss and change. Is there one of you who cannot duplicate that experience? If so, I am sorry, for you have missed one of life's supreme benedictions.

And now let us return for a moment to the question with which we began. What part will Christianity play in the great struggle of the present and of the future? Will it define the issue and adjudicate conflicting claims? I doubt it. The answer will be as of old: 'Man, who made me a judge or a divider over you?' Will it make us soft hearted and yielding, ready to sacrifice just interests rather than resist aggression? Not by his warrant. There will still be the whip of small cords. But if Christianity means in any degree the spirit of its Founder, — and, in no small degree, it does mean just that to-day, — it will promote reasonable and kindly settlements among men.

Let us resort for a moment to the familiar and much abused device of summoning the great Galilean into our midst. What would happen if Christ were at Lausanne and those gathered round the council table were imbued with his spirit? Would He have a formula which would remove the difficulties of the situation? Would the darkness vanish in the miraculous light of his presence? Nothing of all this. There would still be need of subcommissions and weeks of patient toil. There would still be difference of opinion and warmly contested proposals. There would still be the conflict between idealists and hard-headed men with their unequal appreciation of vision and fact. There might still be deadlocks, possibly even new recourse to arms. Even a regenerate Caiaphas might not have seen eye to eye with James and John.

But does anyone doubt for a moment that if the peace-makers at Lausanne were dominated by the spirit which Jesus habitually manifested in his walks among men, the chances of a satisfactory solution would be immeasurably increased? Instead of the bullying of a Chicherin and the crafty diplomatic fencing which present conditions necessitate, imagine Venizelos and Ismet, Curzon and Poincaré, coming together with no other thought than to conspire for the welfare of all their peoples, as unwilling to secure an unmerited advantage as to inflict an unmerited injury. Imagine a spirit of candid inquiry, of unfailing kindliness and mutual trust pervading the conference. Would you and I have much anxiety about the issue at Lausanne? Imagine still farther that this temper had been widely dominant in recent years. Would there have been any Lausanne to be anxious about?

Christianity offers no talisman, provides no magic formula, no convenient rule of thumb. It leaves us still to discover the hidden knowledge and solve the hard problems. It involves no emasculation of character, no supine surrender of rights, no weak recoil against hardship and pain. It merely means that we are to solve our problems and assert our rights and endure our hardships in the spirit of Christ. The triumph of Christianity is nothing else, at last analysis, than the triumph of reasonableness and kindness among men.

# PHŒBE

BY ALICE HEGAN RICE

## I

PHŒBE began disturbing the peace before she was born. The news of her anticipated arrival was nothing short of a cataclysm. Brother Elhannon Stout and Sister Dosia, his wife, had lived for twenty years in the Quaker community without having added to its population; and now, when they were regarded as venerables, they produced an offspring. The chagrin of the village was nothing, however, compared to their own when they found that the little son, for whom they had prayed these twenty years and whom they had already dedicated to the service of God, turned out to be a lusty little daughter.

In time they became reconciled; but not so Phœbe. With each succeeding year she felt and looked more and more like a mistake. Her bullet head seemed to call for a cap instead of a beribboned hat; her muscular legs demanded the freedom of trousers instead of the confinement of skirts. When she spoke, her deep voice and her short, abrupt sentences gave yet further evidence that Nature had blundered.

The first intimation that she had a grievance had come when she was a year old. A neighbor brought a boy baby to call, and in the baby's hand was a ball. Without hesitation Phœbe flung away the rag-doll which she held and laid forcible hands on the ball. In vain did the two mothers strive to arbitrate the matter. The boy went home with the doll, and Phœbe remained in triumphant possession of the ball.

The habit of going after what she wanted grew with her years. By the time she was six, she had reduced her parents to such a state of subjugation that they trembled at each new ultimatum, and hoped, at most, for a compromise.

'I want a vest,' she announced one evening at the supper table.

'Vests are for little boys,' said Brother Elhannon.

'They shan't have 'em all,' said Phœbe belligerently. 'I can have one too; can't I, mother?'

'I'll get thee a pretty sash,' suggested Sister Dosia.

'I won't wear it!' cried Phœbe. 'I want a vest with pockets. Why can't I have a vest?'

Sister Dosia tried to divert her by serving her a third saucer of ice-cream.

'The child's shaking with cold now,' remonstrated Brother Elhannon. 'I'll put her chair by the fire, the while she eats it.'

'I would n't be cold if I had on a vest,' wailed Phœbe, between mouthfuls.

The next day she appeared at the livery stable at the corner, her father's gray vest buttoned over her dress.

'Hullo, Phœbe!' said Mr. McAllister, a squint-eyed old Scotchman; 'where did ye get yer weskit?'

'Out of the wardrobe. See my pockets?'

'Ye'll be wearing pants some day,' said Mr. McAllister.

'Whose?' she asked hopefully.

'Yer husband's, most like!' said Mr. McAllister, with a chuckle.

Like Timothy of old, Phœbe was brought up in the fear of the Lord and was well instructed in Holy Scripture. Next to the Bible, the book that played the most important part in her education was an oblong volume of worn yellow calfskin, on which was printed 'Rules of Discipline, 1849.'

Brother Elhannon had been brought up on it, and he considered the result sufficiently satisfactory to repeat the experiment with Phœbe.

Strange to say, Phœbe took kindly to many of the old Quaker precepts. She was perfectly willing to 'refrain from adorning her person'; she greatly approved the passage which advised that 'Friends exercise plainness of speech, and not baulk their testimony by cowardly compromise'; it suited her mightily not to 'bow her body by way of salutation'; and, above all, she enjoyed the duty enjoined of 'passing righteous judgment upon all.'

Calling offenders to task became her favorite occupation. The moment she learned a new Scriptural injunction, she insisted that those about her live up to it.

'Jimmy Sands would n't turn the other cheek when I slapped him!' she complained indignantly to her father. 'I *told* him it was in the Bible. He'll go to hell — that's where he'll go; and I'm glad of it!'

Once, when she was taken to the Sewing Society, she almost created a riot. After a long period of watchful waiting she announced in triumph: —

'Ever' single one of thee has broke the Ten Commandments! Miss Meeker took the name of the Lord thy God in vain, and Mrs. Burke stole Miss May's spool of thread when she was n't looking, and Mrs. Wilson coveted ever' single thing that was her neighbor's; and ma, she bore false witness against her neighbor when she said the Gills never did wash their windows!'

Her terrifying honesty and directness became a scandal to the town. Transgressors trembled in her presence. Not even the cloth of the ministry was exempt from criticism. A Methodist minister, visiting her school, allowed his imagination a free rein in depicting the domestic life of Santa Claus. Phœbe, sitting in hypnotized absorption on the front bench, suddenly lifted her deep voice and demanded sternly: —

'Is that the truth? Or is it a lie?'

The only person except Mr. McAllister whom she admitted to her intimacy was Miss Vermiger, a spinster of sixty, who kept a small notion-store and knew how to stuff animals.

Miss Vermiger was large and taciturn, and her chief fascination for Phœbe was her incipient moustache. Phœbe had secret ambitions in that line herself; but frequent applications of lather and subsequent shaving with a paper-cutter had as yet produced no results.

## II

When Phœbe was ten, the entire course of her life was changed by the arrival in town of Claudie Morton. The first time she saw him he was on his grandmother's porch next door, playing paper dolls with two little girls. Dolls of any kind were abhorrent to Phœbe, but she could at least knock the sawdust ones around a bit, and had on one occasion derived some satisfaction from burning a flaxen-haired wax heroine at the stake for a witch. But how an intelligent human being, and a boy at that, could extract pleasure from paper dolls, was beyond her comprehension.

Her own occupation of the moment

was tattooing her legs with indelible ink. It was a most congenial task, and at any other time would have absorbed her entire attention. But to-day her glance frequently wandered to the porch next door.

Her contempt for the newcomer was equaled only by her curiosity. She had never before seen a boy rigged out in white from head to foot; she had never seen one with curly yellow hair that rayed out like a golden halo. Phœbe's own architecture was pure Doric. There were no Corinthian flourishes on her capital. Her hair was dark and straight, and at the present moment held firmly back by a stocking top.

The design she was so laboriously working on her fat leg consisted of two clasped hands over the word 'Singapore.' She had n't the faintest idea what it signified, but it was an exact copy of what she had seen on the arm of the sailor who came to Miss Vermiger to have a parrot stuffed. It was very hard to do, for she had to sit on one foot, and twist the other at an awkward angle.

But her chief difficulty was Claudie. When he moved, she moved; when he got up, she had to get up, too, to see what he was doing; when he laughed, she made a blot.

At last, disgusted with herself and her achievement, she pulled up her stocking and, flinging her utensils behind the storm door, swaggered out of the gate. Nobody noticed her, so she called out in taunting tones: —

'Look at the babies playing paper dolls!'

The sally was greeted with dignified and crushing silence, and Phœbe changed her attack from the general to the personal.

'Who is the new girl?' she asked.

The boy's round blue eyes were lifted, with the gentle patience of one who meets an old insult.

'I am not a girl,' he said. 'My name is Claudie Morton, and I'm a boy.'

Phœbe's critical glance measured him from crown to toe with withering contempt; but the verbal shaft she was about to let fly remained unspoken. Something in the appealing eyes lifted to hers reminded her of her kitten when the dogs were after it. Good sportsmanship forbade her engaging in combat with a weaker foe. Reluctantly she moved on, pursuing her gloomy way down the street.

At the corner she spied Jimmy Curtis and Bud Horner, playing marbles. Her interest in life revived. But when she hurled herself between them and dropped on an experienced knee, she was greeted with a volley of protests.

'Naw! We ain't going to play with you, Phœbe Stout! You win all our marbles!'

'I'll give thee back the alleys!' pleaded Phœbe eagerly.

They were firm. Professionals were barred from their game, and further argument was useless.

Phœbe trudged down the maple-bordered streets, and in her soul rebellion raged. Why had n't she been born a boy? Why could n't she stand around the livery stable, or sit on a barrel of oil down on the wharf, and listen to the sailors tell funny yarns? Why had n't she been named something that could be shortened to 'Joe' or 'Bert,' instead of that silly name of Phœbe?

One by one all avenues of escape from boredom were being closed to her. She was not even permitted to read books of adventure. The *Book of Discipline* clearly stated that 'No Friends should suffer romance, play-books, or other vain and idle pamphlets in their homes.'

At the drug store, in the public square, Phœbe paused aimlessly, and looked in the window, where Black

Jack, all-day suckers, and stick peppermint were interspersed with toothbrushes, combs, and hot-water bags.

'Come on in, Phœbe!' called one of the three giggly young ladies seated within at the soda fountain; 'what on earth have you got on your head?'

'The same thing thee has on thy leg,' announced Phœbe defiantly.

'But why do you want your hair to lie down?'

'For the same reason thee wants thine to stick out like a porcupine.'

A peal of laughter greeted this retort; and even the white-coated clerk detached his attention from lemon-orange-strawberry-chocolate-and-vanilla, to join in the town's favorite pastime of baiting Phœbe Stout.

'Say, Phœbe,' he said, 'these girls are jealous of you. Why don't you put on some of their frills and feathers and cut 'em out?'

'I'm no Daughter of Zion,' said Phœbe.

'Daughter of Zion? What's the child babbling about?'

'If thee read thy Bible, thee would not have to ask.'

'What does the Bible say?' demanded one of the girls, with a wink.

Phœbe rammed her hands in her pockets and, standing with feet far apart, recited in a loud tone: —

'The Daughters of Zion are haughty, and walk with outstretched necks and wanton eyes, walking and mincing as they go, and making a tinkling with their feet.'

And having thus spoken, Phœbe extended her tongue as far as Nature permitted, and strode out of the store, slamming the screen door violently behind her.

She was still hot with resentment when old Mrs. Morton stopped her.

'Wait a moment, dear,' wheezed the old lady; 'I want to ask a small favor of you.'

'I hope it is n't coffee,' said Phœbe. 'The last time thee borrowed some, thee sent us back chicory.'

'You foolish child!' said Mrs. Morton. 'I don't want to borrow anything. I want you to take my grandson to school to-morrow. He's never been to a public school, and he's timid about starting in.'

A small favor, indeed! Phœbe stood aghast at the prospect. Introducing that pink-and-white cherub into the rough-and-tumble of the fifth grade was like leading a lamb into a bull-pit. She foresaw the jeers, the taunts, the fisticuff encounters which were bound to ensue if she undertook the charge. But for some reason, wholly unknown to herself, she accepted the responsibility.

For the next three months Phœbe's life was an active one. She was Claudie's champion, his private policeman, his militant guardian angel. The taunts that were hurled at him were met by a return volley of invectives from her. Satisfaction was immediately demanded for any insult; and as Phœbe was the largest child in the school, and knew how to use her fists as well as her tongue, Claudie was soon beyond the danger of persecution.

With his dawning sense of security, he began to pluck up courage, and to make a few feeble efforts to assert himself.

But with his first venture in independence, he discovered the price one pays for patronage. Phœbe discouraged every effort on his part to throw off her imperial domination.

The only time Claudie breathed the air of freedom was on Sundays. Then he went with his grandmother to the Unitarian Church, while Phœbe went to the Meeting House.

'I like Sundays better'n any other day,' he declared on one occasion.

'That's as should be,' said Phœbe

complacently; 'only if thee had been brought up right, thee would say First Day instead of Sunday. Sunday is the name given by the heathen in honor of an idol.'

'I don't care what you call it,' said Claudie, 'so long as I don't have to go to school.'

Phœbe little guessed from this innocent statement the real reason for Claudie's predilection for the Sabbath. In the pew next the Mortons' sat a little girl who wore a velvet bonnet of forget-me-not blue, beneath the brim of which dangled six golden curls. When Claudie peeked at her, she looked coyly out of the window; but when Claudie looked out of the window, she peeked at him.

Once, in an excess of boldness, he put a piece of chocolate on the seat between them and shoved it toward her with a shy forefinger. She had treated this audacity on the part of a total stranger with the indifference it deserved. But when Claudie sat down after the second prayer the chocolate was gone.

Of this clandestine affair Phœbe remained in ignorance. Serene in the belief that she owned Claudie, body and soul, she continued to exercise her benevolent despotism. The fact that he no longer needed her protection in no way affected her suzerainty.

During the Christmas holidays the younger element of the town was thrown into great excitement by the announcement that Mrs. Morton was going to give Claudie a birthday party. The news had an immediate effect on Claudie's social standing. The boys became propitiatory and the girls ingratiating. Three children whom he did not know sent him Christmas cards.

To Phœbe alone the prospect of the party brought no thrill. She had been taught that 'balls, horse-races, and play-houses were nurseries of sin.' She disapproved of the party, and she disapproved even more of Claudie's grandmother for giving it.

'But this is not a ball, Phœbe,' explained her mother. ''T is merely a friendly gathering of little children to celebrate a neighbor's birthday. Thee must not be overstrict in the interpretation of thy duty.'

'I shan't go,' said Phœbe stubbornly.

But when the day came, and the bustle of preparation was at its height, she changed her mind. The thought of Claudie exposed to feminine blandishments, when she was not present, was more than she could endure. Her red merino dress was pressed for the occasion, and Sister Dosia took her uptown and bought a pair of new boots with round-toed patent tips, and a round comb to hold her hair back.

At half-past seven she sat in solitary state in the Mortons' parlor, waiting for the party to begin. Claudie was having the finishing touches put on his toilet, and presently emerged, resplendent in black velvet and wide lace collar. Even the stoical Phœbe experienced a thrill of admiration. His cheeks were flushed and his eyes shining with excitement, and he stepped about in his silver buckled pumps with the air of a courtier.

'There's a hole in thy stocking,' said Phœbe, in a vain attempt to nip his growing bud of vanity.

The effort was wasted. In the warm rays of flattery that enfolded him with the arrival of the other guests, her chilling criticism was forgotten.

'Does n't he look cute?' — 'Did you ever see such coloring on a boy?' — 'Has n't he the most perfect manners?'

Phœbe sat upright against the wall, her hands extended upon her merino knees, her booted feet firmly together, in the posture of a cold impersonal Ramesside. Only her eyes moved, taking in the fluttering, beribboned little

girls, the giggling boys, and the voluble chaperons. Never did one chair hold so much concentrated disapproval.

In vain did the hostess endeavor to engage her in the festivities. Not even when the refreshments were served did she lend encouragement to what seemed to her a wicked and foolish pastime.

'Why Phœbe Stout!' cried Mrs. Morton, spying her untouched plate, 'don't you like ice-cream?'

'Not when it's got salt in it,' said Phœbe.

After supper boredom gave place to a much more poignant emotion. From her point of vantage she had been noting with growing uneasiness the attention Claudie was bestowing on a strange little girl in a blue tulle dress, whose golden curls bobbed up and down when she danced. Every time the couple circled past her, she heard someone say: —

'Did you ever see anything cuter than those children?' or 'Don't they dance perfectly together?'

The flood of Phœbe's wrath rose to the danger-mark. Never once during all those interminable hours had Claudie so much as looked at her. The fact that no other masculine eye had strayed in her direction was a matter of total indifference to her, but the defection of Claudie was more than she could endure.

When the man with the saxophone announced that the next number would be 'Ladies' Choice,' Phœbe saw the golden-curled fairy making straight for Claudie. At that moment she became a cave woman! Bolting from her chair, she plunged into the circle of dancers, and sweeping everyone out of her path, seized Claudie by the arm that was in the very act of encircling a blue-clad waist. With bold dexterity she swung him out of the maiden's arms and into the hall, where she thrust him savagely into the dark corner under the stairs.

'Claudie Morton!' she breathed hoarsely, 'thee shan't dance with that little silly all the time. She's got no sense.'

'She's the prettiest girl at the party,' pouted Claudie, in indignant protest.

'Pretty! Pouf! Little wax doll! What's her name?'

'Amy,' said Claudie, lingering over the vowels.

'She's nothing but a baby. What does thee like about her?'

Claudie gave an involuntary glance at Phœbe's head.

'I — I — like her curls,' he faltered.

The immitigable law, that a woman's desire to attract is roused by a disregard of her charms, was immediately manifest.

'Claudie,' whispered Phœbe in unnaturally chastened tones, 'thee does n't like her any better than me?'

'N-no,' said Claudie loyally; 'I guess I don't.'

At that critical moment Grandmother Morton swooped down on them, and led Claudie back into the spotlight.

Phœbe brooded for a while alone in her corner; then, seeing a chance to escape, slipped out the back door and, in spite of her best dress and her new shoes, climbed over the side fence and went home.

All the next morning she went about the house very low in her mind. Sister Dosia confided to Brother Elhannon that she thought it was a case for physic.

But the barometer rose when Claudie came over after lunch to announce that his grandmother had given him a pony and a cart for a birthday present.

'An' she says you are to teach me to drive!' he added excitedly; 'will you come now?'

For the next hour Phœbe was supremely happy. Round and round the

square she drove, showering verbal instruction on her pupil, but refusing to let him have the reins except for a few moments at a time.

When the novelty of the proceeding wore off, Claudie began to get restless. He fidgeted and sulked because Phœbe would not let him drive, and was actually threatening to get out and go home, when he spied a flounced petticoat at the end of the block.

'Amy!' he shrieked, 'come see my new pony! Come go riding with us.'

Phœbe's impulse was to apply the whip to the pony; but she magnanimously drew rein instead, and allowed the small girl to climb into the cart.

'I'll sit on the back seat with her,' cried Claudie eagerly, suiting the action to the word.

Phœbe stared straight ahead of her and said nothing. She still drove round and round the square, but the zest of the adventure had departed. The whip had lost its jaunty angle, and the reins were no longer held aloft with professional pride.

'See here, Claudie Morton,' she said sharply when the giggling intimacy on the back seat was no longer to be tolerated, 'if thee is going to learn to drive, thee'd better come on and do it.'

'I don't want to learn everything to-day,' protested Claudie, audaciously balancing one of Amy's curls on his forefinger.

'Yes thee do, too! Climb right over here into the driver's seat. Here! Take the reins. Now let's see what thee can do.'

Being much better fitted by nature to toy with the tangles of Neæra's hair than to fill the more strenuous duties of Phœbus Apollo, Claudie reluctantly obeyed. Nervous over his new responsibility, he jerked the reins recklessly and fidgeted—in the end, disastrously—with the whip.

'Hold him in a bit,' warned Phœbe, 'and stop flourishing that whip. Look out there! Be careful!'

The advice came too late. The pony, taking advantage of the feeble hold on the lines, bolted into a side street and, finding himself unchecked, broke into a run.

Amy, clinging to the back seat, screamed with fear:—

'Stop him, Phœbe! Stop him! Claudie can't hold him. His hands are too little! You take the reins, Phœbe! O Phœbe! Phœbe!'

But Phœbe, her eyes shining, her mouth set, gripped the side of the cart and did nothing.

Claudie, blanched with terror, looked at her beseechingly.

'He's running away!' he almost sobbed. 'I can't hold him.'

'Yes, thee can,' said Phœbe with savage firmness. 'Thee's *got* to. Grip tight. That's it. Hold on. Pull harder! Saw the reins!'

'Help him!' screamed Amy hysterically. 'He's afraid! He's going to cry!'

'No, he's not!' shouted Phœbe. 'He's going to stop the pony. Pull harder on the right! That's it. Brace thy feet. Harder! Pull, Claudie, pull!'

And Claudie pulled.

Never before in his pampered life had he been called upon to act for himself. Every muscle in his body seemed to be strained to the breaking-point. His arms felt as if they were dragging from their sockets. The world was a flying chaos. From behind him came Amy's anguished shrieks, and from beside him came that dominant voice, which bade him pull.

After what seemed hours of anguish, the tension lessened suddenly, and he opened his eyes.

The pony had stopped, shaken and trembling, in front of the drug store, and an excited group of people had already assembled. Amy was lifted, sobbing, from the bottom of the

cart, and Phœbe was plied with questions.

'Why did n't you help him? Why did n't you stop the pony?'

'Because I knew he could stop him himself!' Phœbe cried exultantly. 'I never touched the lines once. And he never had drove before, had thee, Claudie? And the little old silly on the back seat kept saying he could n't stop him. I knew he could. Show 'em thy hands, Claudie! All skinned on the inside. But he's got nerve, and his muscle'll grow all right. I'll bet he's going to drive the pony home; ain't thee Claudie?'

The unwitting hero, still dazed and trembling, gave one look at his hands. Inclination prompted him to follow Amy's ignominious example and fling himself into the nearest pair of comforting arms. But Phœbe's words had stirred some latent germ of manhood in him. Swallowing the lump in his throat, he squared his shoulders and said with a touch of bravado: —

'Sure I'm going to drive him home. I guess this here has learned him he can't fool with me.'

When they were around the corner, Phœbe laid firm hands on the reins.

'I think I'll drive the rest of the way,' she announced.

But Claudie's grip tightened, and an entirely new expression came into his eyes.

'No, you won't,' he said firmly, shaking her hand off his wrist. 'It takes a boy to drive this here pony.'

Never before did the turning of a worm produce so surprising an effect. Phœbe noted the square set of his jaw, and the firm grip of his skinned hands on the reins. Then she subsided meekly beside him, and pondered many things in her mind.

That night, when Brother Elhannon and Sister Dosia were raising their voices in a nocturnal duet, their young daughter stood before her small dressing-table, engaged in performing a most worldly rite. In one hand she held a heated piece of carbon pipe, and in the other a wisp of burnt hair. Never did a more ardent devotee make burnt offering, and never did sweeter incense rise to Venus than the acrid smell of those scorched locks.

On each temple the iron had left an arid spot, but in the centre of her forehead lay an unmistakable curl. And as Phœbe looked at herself in the mirror, she tossed her head, ever so slightly, and smiled. On the far-off horizon of her being, a new light was breaking. It was the dawn of femininity in Phœbe!

# A GROUP OF POEMS

## BY GEORGE VILLIERS

### BLESSED ARE THE MOMENTS

Blessed are the moments when the spirit of man goes out to the spirit of Earth,
To merge and commingle therewith —
For here is Peace.

Blessed are the moments when man knows himself as the fairest flower of the Earth,
Thrown up by the Earth —
For here is Joy.

But blessed are the moments when he knows that the moving spirit of Beauty in all that he sees
Is the moving spirit of Beauty in the depths of his soul —
His own innermost soul —
For here is Truth at last; and Immortality at last;
And the ending of Doubt.

### VALUES

What does it matter
If I cannot express myself as I wish?
If I am poor and companionless,
And have a half-uttered love in my heart,
And a pain in my mind,
And in all my senses,
Because of it?
What does it matter
If my contemporaries shun me,
And think me mad?
If I ride the middle-heavens of life, like a lonely star
Which has swung from the orbit of its constellation
Into an aching void?

What does it matter
If I 'm lost,
Or damned,
Or dead —
If *still* the everlasting glory of God
Be poured out over all the lands of the earth,
In streams of inextinguishable Beauty;
If still the flowers laugh in the happy sunshine,
And the warm spring grasses wave in the wind,
And the lambs run to their mothers in the orchard
Under the blossoms;
If still there be courage in the hearts of men,
And love in the hearts of women,
And Life, coming and going upon the Earth,
Bringing Freedom and Joy?

## PRAYER

Lord God of the oak and the elm,
And of the gray-green fields,
And the silver skies;
Lord God of the birds and the clouds,
And the rustling of leaves —

Ah, Green Bough in my heart burgeoning, blossoming,
All the days of my youth have been spent in the courts of thy praise!

I have loved Thee, worshiped Thee, adored Thee;
I have uncovered my heart where Thou liest hid,
That men might behold thine infinite healing and mercy;
Thou hast been my Refuge and Strength.
Be with me still,
When my life creeps into the shadows;
When Age has consumed my Endeavor,
And Ardor has flown;
When the hills are dreamy with April,
And I scarce can see them for dimness;

When the children laugh and call in the lane,
And I cannot go out to them . . .
Be with me still;
Shake down thy dusky dew over the fading landscape of my day;
And when the darkness comes,
Set Thou thy stars and constellations
In the heavens of my peace,
That still, through the watches of the night,
I may behold Thee, worship Thee, adore Thee —
And in the Great Dawn
Be made one with Thee,
O Lord my God, my Lover, and my Friend.

# THE WAYS OF A MAN IN THE MART

## CHAPTERS IN THE BIOGRAPHY OF AN AMERICAN PUBLISHER. III

BY EDWARD W. BOK

### I

A SUCCESSFUL life always means a strong man behind it. Behind every great achievement is a man greater than the achievement. Thus, the fascination in biography, or autobiography, lies not so much in the actual accomplishment as in how it was worked out: that is, in the man and in the processes of his mind. That is what makes the story of a man's life so valuable: it is a book of experience. And the single factor of greatest value in such a life is invariably the revelation that, the greater the success, the simpler the man behind it. A man must be simple of life, and remain simple, to be a success. How often is it said of a successful man, 'He is so simple.' Naturally. If he were not so, success would not be his. No complicated life ever led to a successful result.

Take the case of Cyrus H. K. Curtis, the salient points in whose successful publishing career I have tried to sketch in these *Atlantic* articles, and you find a man absolutely simple and direct in his mental processes.

We have heard latterly quite a little of the 'single-track mind,' and generally the phrase is used in deprecation or derision. It was brought into use by Woodrow Wilson who, curiously enough, found it later aimed against himself at every turn, particularly in his

advocacy of the League of Nations. But it has been forgotten that, at an earlier period, the same thought, only it was then called 'singleness of mind,' was applied to Abraham Lincoln, because, it was claimed, he could at first see nothing but the preservation of the Union and, later, nothing but the emancipation of the colored race.

A good deal depends upon what is on the track of a single-track mind. If it is something worthless, connoting a contracted vision, a limited horizon, or a mind closed to expansion, that is one thing. But a single-track mind may also imply a mind which works on only one fundamental principle.

It may truly, and I think happily, be said of Mr. Curtis that he has a single-track mind to a singular degree. It would be difficult to find a man whose mental processes are so perfectly direct and so single of purpose. Mr. Curtis's problems are rarely complex: he does not allow them to become so. He decides them before they reach the complex stage. He has a remarkable faculty, by this process, of avoiding crises and the complexities which come with crises. A proposition of any sort is either right or wrong, to Mr. Curtis's mind: it cannot be anything else. There is no middle ground; no 'trimming'; no wobbling; he thinks straight and clear, and his decisions are simple and direct. And, by this simple process, his judgments are fair.

It is safe to say that not one in ten of his men in the various departments of his vast establishments have ever seen Mr. Curtis, to say naught of knowing him. Yet his reputation for simple thinking and fair judgment is so well known to them all that they demonstrated their faith in him, in a certain instance, years ago, the parallel of which would be difficult to find in the annals of industry.

A debatable matter had arisen between the men and the company, involving a question of Unionism, which hours of discussion could not seem to straighten out. The deadlock promised to continue when the company suggested to the men its willingness to refer the matter to arbitration and abide by the result. The men agreed; but when it was suggested that each side choose an arbitrator, and that the two so chosen select a third, the spokesman for the men asked: 'Why three? Why not one, and let that one be Mr. Curtis?'

When the company's officers recovered from their surprise, they, of course, acquiesced, and a meeting was arranged with Mr. Curtis. Each side explained its point of view and, when all had concluded, Mr. Curtis said: 'I think I understand. Now what do you expect me to do?'

It was explained that he had been chosen as arbitrator, and that his decision as to which side, the company or the men, was right, would be accepted as final by both sides.

'That's easy enough,' came the instant reply. 'The men are right.' And then, with that inevitable look at his watch, which everyone who knows him is so familiar with, and knows so well the meaning of, he asked: 'Is that all?'

It was; and Mr. Curtis walked out, leaving an astonished lot of men, with an indelible impression on their minds, by the utter simplicity and directness of his decision, made apparently against himself and his own interests, but actually, though unconsciously, one of the most far-reaching decisions, in point of morale, ever rendered by him in favor of himself and his company. To him it meant nothing that his decision was against his company: his simple process was to listen, weigh the facts, and decide without a moment's hesitation and without a single word of explanation. He was asked to do what to him was a very simple thing, and he did it. And I

question very much whether, when he reads of the incident here, he will so much as recall it.

'It can't be right *and* wrong,' I heard him say once to one of his executives, who was explaining a matter which seemed to him to have in it both qualities. 'It must be either right *or* wrong. Which is it?'

That is a single-track mind in its best sense, and it is easy to understand, through it, the mental ease which is always present with Mr. Curtis, and which anyone in his presence instinctively feels. He looks out straight and clear at you and at the world, and is absolutely unafraid of problems, since his mental processes dissipate them and leave the road perfectly open and unobstructed ahead of him.

His reasoning is never complicated by a wilderness of words. Constitutionally a silent man, he uses very few words. I do not know of a man whose vocabulary is so carefully limited: he uses fewer words than any man I know. He seems to have no use for more: he expresses himself adequately, but in the fewest possible words, and always the simplest words. He is not a linguist, and knows no language save his own. His simple mental processes are, of course, at the bottom of this trait: he has all the language he has use for.

He will never ask, 'How are you?' when he sees you. He sees you, judges for himself, and hence, to his mind, the question is unnecessary, and it remains unasked. The social amenities of the occasion do not enter into his reckoning. Not for a moment does this imply that he is unsociable; on the contrary, he is sociability personified — loves his fellow men and delights to mix with them; he will joyously attend two, and sometimes three, public dinners on a single evening and enjoy himself hugely at each; but the simplicity of his mind does not take in the spoken social persiflage. There seems to be no place for it to rest.

No man places so little value on his opinions, and hence he rarely expresses any. During all the years I have known him, I have heard him criticize only one man in public service. Rumors and gossip about people known or unknown to him he abhors; irritation and impatience become immediately apparent in the presence of anyone who repeats derogatory rumors about another. His estimates of people are always kindly, even where his friends know they are unjustified. It may truly be said of Mr. Curtis, in the fullest sense, that he bears no personal malice to anyone. He accepts everyone as his friend, and even where he has been proved otherwise, sometimes to the Biblical seventy times seven, he is slow to believe the worst, and is inclined to palliate. Even if he arrives at the conclusion which his friends have arrived at months before, he never condemns; he merely, but very effectually, shuns. And yet, even in such cases, I have seen him go out of his way to seek out such a person in some assembly, and chat with him as if nothing had ever happened, to all appearances absolutely forgetful of the past. He, literally, goes through life according to the sign that a friend of mine has on his office door: —

> Come in without knocking,
> Go out the same way.

## II

Mr. Curtis's habits of work are peculiarly his own. They express the man with startling clearness. They are as simple and direct as are his mental processes.

His impatience of detail is the chief characteristic in his work. 'Details are necessary, of course,' he says, 'but not for me. I plan and direct; I employ people to work out details.' And he rarely

concerns himself with them. Hand him a financial statement, and his eye immediately and instinctively goes to the bottom of the column. 'What is the result?' he always asks. 'I am only interested in results.' When a result is unfavorable to his mind, he will lay the statement aside, to be taken up at a later time. Then he will analyze it, and, with an instinct as true as it is quick, his mind finds and fixes the salient point of failure.

He can master detail if he chooses, but he does not choose, when he can possibly avoid it. Give him a paper that seems lengthy to him, — and almost all papers have that look to him unless it is all on one side of one sheet, — he will look at it, lay it down, or hand it back with the question: 'What is the gist of this?' He is always after the main point. Absolutely unargumentative in his nature, he is impatient of the arguments of others. His business conferences are usually brief. He makes them so. This trait is so well understood by those associated with him that they are trained to bring before him only the essential points of a problem. His solution is almost always immediate, equally brief and to the point. Then his manner is one of instant dismissal, and he is ready for the next caller or question.

The result is that he never seems hurried. He works invariably with a clean desk before him, reading, or smoking, in a leisurely way, as if he had nothing on his mind, or for his hands to do. But he is instantly ready for any question to be brought up to him.

He spends very little time, comparatively speaking, in his office. The result is that he avoids scores of unnecessary appointments and time-consuming visitors. He is constantly on the go, now in this city, then in that city, seeing this new building or plant, meeting this or that man. Peculiarly sensitive to impressions, he mixes a great deal with men, and is always quietly appraising and cataloguing them for some opening which may occur in his organizations. He is a strong believer in getting about and seeing what is going on in other cities, and hearing what other men are saying. He is constantly adjuring his executives to 'get away from your desks, and knock up against people. Hear what the other fellow is saying.'

As nimble as a young man, he gets around very fast and, during the course of a year, travels considerably and covers a deal of territory. He tarries very briefly in an office: his calls are always of the briefest duration. 'I learned long ago,' he says, 'not to give the other fellow a chance to rise first. I am always up and out before he thinks of it.' In this way he is a great conserver of time. He sees and learns and absorbs as much in fifteen minutes as another man does in an hour. His mind is ever on the alert; it is photographic in its registry of impressions.

His bestowal of confidence upon his executives is unquestionably one of the secrets of his later success. He is slow to criticize, where the need arises, and prefers to let the man find out his own mistakes. 'Better for him,' he says laconically. If he is slow to criticize, he is likewise slow to praise. This hesitancy is not due to a lack of appreciation: he is simply not given to it. His silence is his commendation, and an executive must accept this negative approbation of his work. When he criticizes, he rarely does it directly: almost invariably, he simply expresses his view, and intends that the person interested shall apply it to the point involved.

His patience with others, their faults or shortcomings, is proverbial. As one of his trusted lieutenants said of him,

in discussing a man who had failed Mr. Curtis almost to the Biblical limit of seventy times seven: 'I never saw a man who can so complacently and so consistently sit on a lid, and patiently stay there.' But when his patience runs out, when he is certain of his ground, he jumps with the agility of a cat, and once through with a man, he is completely through with him. There is never any doubt where Mr. Curtis stands on a question, or in his relation to another man.

Few men live more within themselves than Mr. Curtis. So completely is this true of him, that he may be said not to have a single confidant. He discloses his plans to no one, unless asked. Then he will discuss them frankly. But if he is left to himself, no one ever knows what is going on in his mind until he has actually embarked on the plan. He never asks advice in the same way that other men do. He reads, listens, and absorbs, and what he can use he adds to the plan in his mind. It is not that he thinks advice is valueless: his difficulty in reaching expression seems to make him incapable of explaining an idea — even one which may have been in his mind for months. It is clear to him, but he has difficulty in making it clear to others.

His calmness amid the most highly charged surroundings is marvelous. Everyone around him may lose his head. Mr. Curtis never loses his. He sits silent, the picture of placidity. He lets everybody else do the talking. Only when his turn comes, or when he is asked, or when everyone has finished, will he speak; and even at such times, only in the fewest words. He has been known to attend three successive board meetings of a bank of which he is a director without uttering a word. 'Nothing to talk about,' he explained. 'Why use up time?' Naturally, when he does speak, he is carefully listened to. But it is always to the point, with never a word wasted. It is a curious mental habit, too, that he never prefixes an opinion with 'I think' or 'My opinion is': the opinion is given directly. 'If I say a thing, it stands to reason it is my opinion. Why say what is obvious?' was his comment once on this trait.

Once having expressed his opinion, he never argues or combats the opinion of others. If a matter is decided against his own opinion, he accepts the decision. No man I have ever known is so entirely free of the combative or argumentative spirit. He absolutely lives the rule of 'Live and let live.'

His ears are always on the alert. One day he was riding on a very old elevator in a building that he owns, when a passenger criticized it and said: 'Old man Curtis ought to fix this thing. There 'll be a big accident here some day.'

When the passenger got out, Mr. Curtis got out, too, and said: 'I am "old man Curtis." How about this elevator?'

The man gasped with astonishment, but, on being assured that Mr. Curtis was out for information, gave him his views.

The next day the elevator was 'closed for repairs.'

When his great Curtis Building was being erected, he came down after hours one evening, and attempted to duck under the guard-rails and see how the interior work was progressing. The watchman, not knowing who he was, barred his way.

'No one is allowed in there,' he said.

Mr. Curtis looked at the man, and seeing that he did not recognize him, merely said, 'All right,' and went home, without disclosing his identity.

Despite all his success, and the service at his call, Mr. Curtis has never lost the habit of doing things for himself. He will rarely ring his bell for a

girl or woman to come to him: invariably he goes to them. He rarely summons one of his executives: he goes to his office. Rather than ring for an elevator, and wait for it, he walks up and down the four flights of stairs to his office. When he plays golf, it never occurs to him to engage a caddy: he carries his own bag of clubs. It is a constant comment of his employees in the Curtis Building, that 'Mr. Curtis walks in and out here as if he were nobody.' He stepped into one of his elevators one evening, and the boy said, 'I'll take you right down, Mr. Curtis, and get these other people later.' Each floor had its load of employees waiting to go home.

'Why?' asked Mr. Curtis, in complete surprise.

One of the reasons why men like to work for and with Mr. Curtis is his willingness to give a man the fullest chance for his greatest development. 'The bigger he becomes,' he smilingly says, 'the better for the business.' But his point of view in this respect is not as mercenary as he would have people believe. He actually creates conditions to develop his men, and then glories in the fact that they do develop. He is constantly developing himself, and admires the same development in others. All the time he keeps in the background as if he were not there. He dislikes the limelight of publicity, and rigorously shuns it. Any attempt to push him into it invariably ends in failure.

He is entirely free of the domineering spirit. He wants his organizations to dominate their field, but personally he has not a trace of domination in his nature. On the contrary, he is scarcely ever in evidence. But he is always ready to push one of his young men forward. He tests first; then he trusts. And when he does trust, his trust is absolute and complete.

He loves business, — big business, — and the bigger it is, the better he likes it. You cannot frighten him with the bigness of a proposition: the larger its proportions, the more he is interested. 'That's it,' he will say to some sizable idea or large expenditure, which would make the average man blanch; 'that has some size to it.' But the proposition must be sound. On the slightest flaw in it his mind pounces in a moment. He is an uncomfortable man to whom to submit a dubious proposition. It is rarely done. He does n't attract that kind.

His rules in his business are very simple.

To his editors he says, 'Give the public the best. It knows. The cost is secondary.'

To his circulation managers he says, 'Keep the magazines before the public and make it easy for the public to get them.'

To his advertising men he says, 'We know we give advertisers their money's worth, but it is up to you to prove it to them.'

When one of his executives comes to him to solve a problem which he believes the executive should solve for himself, he is quick to say, 'That's your job, not mine.' In this way he develops his men. He refuses to allow them to borrow his mind. 'You have a mind of your own,' he says. 'Use it.'

There are two kinds of men who, in Mr. Curtis's estimation, never amount to anything, and for these he has no use: the one kind, those who cannot do as they are told; the other kind, those who can do nothing else.

One explanation of his business energy, the clarity of his vision, his sprightliness, his tolerance, and his breadth of interest in men and measures may be found in the fact that he never has become self-centred, and never has departed from a sane, well-

balanced course by overdoing anything.

One of his cardinal rules in business, which he laid down for himself early in life and from which he has never departed, is not to invest his money in any enterprise in which he is not directly interested. 'Too many men have slipped up there,' he says. 'They make money in a business they understand, and then invest it in some business which they do not understand. A shoemaker should stick to his last.' And no matter how attractive may be the offer, how 'sure' the investment, Mr. Curtis will never even consider it. When he reaches the point of surplus in an enterprise, when others might take their money out, and invest it in other lines, Mr. Curtis puts his back into one of his periodicals, and strengthens or expands it. For gambling, stock speculation, betting, he has not a moment's patience. They never are allowed to come within his ken.

Mr. Curtis has no set rules which have guided his life — no 'motto.' He has a few aphorisms, which aptly describe him and his methods. 'Yesterday ended last night,' is one of his favorites, meaning that he never looks back: his mind is always on the present and in the future. 'Capitalize your errors,' is another. 'There is no fun in doing things that are easy,' is another; and then he will add: 'The real sport is in doing the things that are hard. That is a game worth playing.' Then his eyes sparkle and snap.

## III

Mr. Curtis is now in his seventy-third year, but in appearance and activity he belies his years. He is as light as a kitten on his feet. Having walked so much as a boy, carrying newspapers, he has never lost the habit, and walks where other men ride. Few men use their automobiles less. His attitude toward his age is one of the surest ways of keeping his youth. He pays no attention to it. He has no silly notions about concealing his age, but keeps his mind alert, plays golf, and walks, to keep himself physically well, eats carefully and sparingly, and keeps his interests fresh and varied. He has the wisdom and balance of his years, but with an eternally youthful spirit — youthful in the desire for achievement.

There was a period when Mr. Curtis had long-protracted illnesses in his family, and for years one or two nurses were regular members of the household.

'Never have I seen a man in a home,' was the unanimous verdict of these nurses, 'who is so even-tempered. He is absolutely the same on the last day of a year that he is on the first day.'

Which characterization is unerringly true. I have lived and worked with Mr. Curtis for over thirty years, in the closest association possible, and never have I known a man of such equable temperament — equable to a point almost uncanny, for he remains absolutely placid under the most trying conditions. There must, of course, be times when he is ruffled, but he never shows it. What irritates other people does not seem, in the least, to disturb the surface placidity of his nature. If he is worried, he keeps it to himself, and one has to know him long and intimately to detect his times of perplexity.

His sense of humor is unfailing, and his brown eyes are almost always twinkling. They can snap, but it is only on rare occasions.

His nature is essentially spiritual, although he makes absolutely no display of outward and visible signs. When he occupied his first home of any pretension, in Camden, New Jersey, and sat down for his first meal, he surprised his family by saying that they had much to be thankful for, and suggesting oral grace. From that day to

this, each meal at the Curtis home has been opened with simple thanksgiving.

His love of simplicity and dislike of formality were well illustrated in an incident that occurred when President Harding appointed him as a member of the Commission to represent the United States, in company with Secretary of State Hughes, at the Centennial Exposition at Rio de Janeiro last summer. Mr. Curtis looked forward to visiting the Brazilian capital with the keenest interest, until, some four days before his scheduled sailing, he discovered that he would have to take with him, among his belongings, a frock-coat and high silk hat, for official occasions. All pleasure in the trip vanished from that moment, and he discussed with seriousness the question whether he would disarrange the plans of the Commission at such a late day if he were to withdraw. 'Fancy going around in such togs!' was his comment; 'and in summer weather, too!' His irritation and disgust with diplomatic usage was really delicious to watch, but it was thoroughly characteristic of the simplicity of his nature. Fortunately, and unfortunately, family illness at the last moment compelled him to cancel the trip; and his relief, so far as the diplomatic habiliments were concerned, knew no bounds.

He is punctiliously neat in his dress and most fastidious about his person. He is careful of his habits and regulates his eating to suit his years. His wants are of the simplest, his needs are few. No picture is more characteristic than that of the man seated in his dining-room, almost regal in its appointments, eating a bowl of milk and gruel for supper!

He forgets names, but he never forgets faces. As a little boy, he was taken by his mother into an ice-cream parlor in Portland, Maine, and treated to a plate of ice-cream. It cost six cents, but he did not know it. The ice-cream tasted good to the boy, and the next day he went in, ate a dish of the ice-cream, and put two cents on the table — all he had. A Negro had waited on him, and was furious. Forty years later, Mr. Curtis was in Portland, in the winter, and saw a Negro shoveling snow. He accosted him and asked if he once worked in Robinson's restaurant. The Negro said that he had, and the year corresponded with the ice-cream incident. He recalled it to the Negro, who did not remember it. 'Well, here are the four cents,' said Mr. Curtis, as he gave the astonished Negro a dollar bill and walked away.

A day came when Mr. Curtis was to be disillusioned in a friendship. He was slow to concede it; in fact, he never did, in words, to anyone; but it was patent to his family that the realization had come to him. One of his strongest principles of honesty in thinking and action was involved, and he could not give way, much as he valued the friendship at stake. He decided, as only he could, to stand by his principles, and the friendship was shattered. Then came the only remark he was ever heard to make in comment on the friend or the situation. 'Well,' he said, 'there are some things more precious than individual friendships, precious as those are.'

His disinclination to accept any tribute to himself or to what he has done was aptly illustrated on one of his visits to London. He was to have luncheon with Lord Northcliffe in the London *Times* office. As he entered the building, one of the editors met him to take him to Lord Northcliffe's office.

'Nice compliment they've paid you, Mr. Curtis,' remarked the editor, 'raising the American flag over the *Times* building in your honor. First time it has ever been done, you know.'

'Yes, very nice,' returned Mr. Curtis, his eyes all a-sparkle.

As he was leaving, Lord Northcliffe's

secretary, Sir Campbell Stuart, spoke of the flag.

Mr. Curtis looked at him, and, seeing that the secretary was serious, he asked: 'What's the joke?'

'Joke?' answered Sir Campbell. 'There's no joke. Did n't you see the American flag flying over the building as you came in?'

Still unbelieving, Mr. Curtis looked up cautiously when he got outside the building, and there, true enough, was the American flag flying over the building of the Thunderer for the first time in its history.

'Thought all along they were joshing me,' was Mr. Curtis's only comment.

Mr. Curtis is known for the large and long cigars which he smokes; and, as he is often seen with a cigar, those who do not know him think he is a heavy smoker. But, in fact, he is as temperate in this habit as he is in everything else. He rarely smokes more than one-half of a cigar. Having got what he deems the best part of it, he throws the rest away. So, in reality, he smokes just one-half of the apparent quantity of his indulgence.

His method of smoking is indicative of his character. He allows nothing to master him; he carries nothing to excess. He is temperate in whatever he does, extracting the best out of any pleasure without tasting its dregs by carrying it beyond the point of moderation.

In his associations he is essentially democratic. He mixes with all kinds of people. He finds the same degree of pleasure — greater, if anything — in attending the ball of the carriers of his newspapers, and dancing with the wives and daughters of his employees, that he does in dining with the Duke of York at a formal British dinner.

Mr. Curtis asks that his sports shall have activity in them. Yachting he adores, particularly in rough weather. Golf he enjoys because he can walk. Horseback he enjoys because of its motion. These sports suit his active mind and active body. He cannot, therefore, understand how anyone can sit quietly in a boat and fish. That is beyond his comprehension.

A friend persuaded him once to embark on his only fishing trip. It was arranged that the party should sleep on board Mr. Curtis's yacht, be called at three-thirty, have breakfast at four o'clock, and leave so as to be on the fishing-grounds at five. The friend was not given to early rising, and Mr. Curtis, thinking himself secure in this fact, assumed that the early arrangements would not go through.

But at three-thirty the next morning he was called by his steward. He went to his friend's stateroom, found him up and about, and asked: 'You really mean it, do you?'

Mr. Curtis dressed, ate his breakfast in silence, and allowed himself to be taken to the fishing-grounds. For two hours he sat in the boat, with indifferent luck so far as catching anything was concerned. At seven o'clock it began to rain. Mr. Curtis's eyes brightened with a gleam of hope as he said; 'It's raining,' and began to reel in.

'Now, there'll be some fishing,' said the friend; and put on a rain-coat.

'You don't mean to say that you are going to sit here in the rain and keep on fishing?' asked Mr. Curtis, in blank despair.

'Sure,' said the friend. 'Now the fish will bite.'

'All right,' said Mr. Curtis as he looked at the shore. 'You can have them. Let me get on shore. I'm going home.'

'But there's no vehicle. We have sent it back,' argued the friend.

'Never mind about the vehicle,' answered Mr. Curtis.

On shore he was put. And a happier

man never walked six miles to his home.

'Never again,' he said when he had reached home. 'Once is enough.'

## IV

It is now a little more than sixty years since the little boy of twelve, in his Portland home, was first awakened to his earning capacity by his mother's remark. During that life-span, he developed his ideal, and kept it always alive in his mind. And back of it he put his will-power. Thus, early in life, he anticipated the auto-suggestion theory of Coué, that thought must precede determination; that the imagination must first implant the seed for the mind to work upon.

Cyrus Curtis did not do what so many men have done, to their physical and mental sorrow: develop the will-power first, giving the will no definite task of the imagination to carry to fruition. He was first the dreamer — then the doer. His ambition soared to leadership, and then his practical labor laid each foundation-stone joyfully and hopefully: he sought favors of no one: all he asked was that a fair field be given him. And the world, seeing that he meant to prosper and was willing to work to his goal, gave him, as it always does to the man of honest purpose and energy, the chance to make good.

It was his vision that gave to him the sense of joyousness of future accomplishment. It gave him at once that correct interpretation of business: the mental picture, and the soulful conviction that it is a wonderful game, to be played with all the confidence of buoyancy and enthusiasm, with a firm belief in human nature and one's self.

Anxious moments had he, but his spirit never faltered. When others showed a wish-bone, he showed a backbone. He actually *did*, where others dreamed, and always joyously, always full of a happy, light-hearted confidence. Where others faltered, he was firm, because, while they had the vision of a task, he had the vision of a game, to be as carefully and skillfully worked out as the most difficult game of chess. The forces which entered into his life were as the kings and queens and pawns and bishops. Full of confidence, he played the game.

Of men whose lives are written into the annals of American business, few there are who represent to such a marked degree the truth of the romance in business: of the thrills of adventure to be met and felt at every turn. Where other men have accepted their business lives as filled with dull, dry routine, Mr. Curtis has ever felt the enthusiasm and zest of accomplishment.

Hundreds of men, whose business affairs are not of the same magnitude, or whose problems are not so complex, as those of Mr. Curtis, have broken under the strain. Not he. Hundreds of men have made the bonds of business so heavy that they have found time or strength for nothing else, and have worn themselves out. Not he. Hundreds of business men have become heavy in body and mind with the years. Not he. Business has not enslaved him. He is master of his branch of it, and finds in it the spur, the delight of it, the thrill and adventure of it.

And what is the result of this wise interpretation of business?

He comes out of the game fresh and alert, after sixty years of participation in it; his mind keen and alert; with a vitality not only equal, but superior, to some of his executives who are many years his juniors.

'The youngest man in the whole outfit, in thought and in action,' said Lord Northcliffe after he had met all the Curtis executives.

He is.

# APPRECIATIONS

BY JEAN KENYON MACKENZIE

## I

It is an October day, and that is to say, in our West African forest — it is a day of spring. In the clearings, at three of the afternoon, there fell a golden rain from a sky of veiled blue, and all the fairy threads of that rain were drenched in sunlight. By this sign we know the rainy season draws to a close. The roof of the forest has not leaked under this little golden rain; the trail is dry, until we come to a swamp. There upon the trees is a new foliage like flowers — leaves that pale from a deep wine to a rosy ivory, from an ivory green to a green ivory. And all these colored leaves are still. The trees in the swamp are still, and the water in the swamp is still as death; there is movement neither of leaf on the tree nor of its bright image in the water; and there is everywhere in that stillness a vibration, delicate and indefinable.

There is a little boy in that swamp, quite invisible in a camouflage of reflected light and color. He sees me; he leaves his quest of frogs, or snails, or whatever minor prey has drawn him, and he sells his afternoon to the white woman. He besets me behind and before. Coming to the village, where his fellows are, he hails them, and they follow on. White people rarely pass this way; admiration still waits upon us, and I am pursued by lyric cries: —

'Why such beauty! My mother! This beauty! I see her hair! I see her laughter! She laughs — how beautiful! I get the fragrance of her beauty!'

A long monotony of approbation has drugged my vanity; it sleeps until I hear my little boy exclaim: —

'I have seen many beautiful women, but you are certainly the woman who excels for beauty!'

He speaks with an absolute conviction that affects me. I think I envy him to have seen so many beautiful women, and to have come, so young and so experienced, upon the very pearl of these.

Other little children attend this beauty-show, and one, though I have seen many beautiful children, does excel. Her little narrow body seems to fly. Running before me in the trail, there is a flutter of little arms and of little grass bustle, and that little creature is hung an instant on the air. She is caught up in an ecstasy of delight and curiosity. Like myself, she is infected by the ardor of our small connoisseur in women. I must be, she thinks, as beautiful as he says I am. And seeing this I am lost in thoughts of discriminations and appreciations.

I think about beauty.

Alone like this on the trail, you savor deliciously your solitude, and your own thoughts, so seldom given place in your heart. You speak then to your carriers about your curiosities, putting away some little honey of observation for your pleasure.

'Of whom,' I ask my carriers, 'would you say that such a one has beauty?'

'Of yourself! Why not?'

And I say that, having of necessity agreed that I am beautiful, what would they be saying, if not lying, of this matter?

Then they tell me: 'Ah Matchenda, we cannot truly see that you have beauty. But we always say of you that you have style; and this is a true word — we all say it.'

*Bijang abwi* — great style! But style of what sort? Because bijang covers the things of ornament — a necklace is bijang; and the things of manner — a studied gesture is bijang. A mannered person is bijang, and a man on a bicycle is bijang. And while a man on a wheel is undoubtedly consumed with pride, there is another word for this flaming emotion. The pride, I suppose, is the inner exaltation, and the bijang is the air of distinction which is the fruit of that spirit. I know bijang when I see it. It is a conscious emphasis in ornament, or carriage, or deportment.

I hear that my bijang is most to be observed when I speak the word of God. 'When you stand to tell us the word of God, then we say: "Bijang abwi!" '

Well, so they do — many a time I have heard them, under the thatch of the palaver house in strange villages, and under the great thatch of our church in the clearing.

I am left to make what I can of this; and I conclude that my bijang has to do with carriage and deportment. For while my clothes are, of course, — as are the clothes of the missionary the world over, — much to be admired, the style in question cannot be of that sort — else why does it so dazzle when I rise to tell the word of God?

My preoccupation with the mysteries of bijang gives an unfortunate impression. Ze Temba is sorry for me. He speaks to me very gently, saying that not everyone may have beauty. And I agree. I think of the young Edima — there is a beautiful one! All world-weary folk sigh when they see the young Edima; her presence in the herd of commoner bodies smites them with the classic pang. The faces of middle-aged women yearn upon her. Her face is too laughing, her leaf-apron too fresh and green in this old world, her belt of beads too bright about her body, which is too straight and slim. I ask my carriers of Edima, who is known to them, if she is beautiful. I am assured that she is; she is certainly beautiful, and she has style. You see how unequal a dealing there has been. In my heart I agree that Edima does indeed wear her necklace with a difference.

There is Befege, who claims to be beautiful. 'I am so beautiful,' says Befege ever so sadly, 'that I am besieged!' And I know, when I return from my journey, Befege, stepping with that regal gait of hers that is Beauty on the march, will come to complain to me of her new offers of marriage. Yes, Beauty's gait is certainly to be observed in Befege, who is otherwise a bore.

'What would you say of Befege?' I ask; and that well-known young woman is considered. Ze Ngambe decrees at last that Befege is a 'leopard woman'; and all the caravan agree that she is a leopard woman. Not a person of beauty, nor a person of style, but a *ze minga*. And this is to say, a person of grace.

I think of the things of grace. I remember how many a time I have watched our blacksmith in the clearing at Metet, making spear-heads or dog-bells. And how, on a day when he was making a dog-bell, Ngelli the cook was there. Together we watched him. The bell was like a seed pod that is open, but not yet so open as to drop the loose round seed. There is the pod, as big as a big plum, still violet from the flame, and there is the rolling seed, as

bright as an ember, shining through the slit. I long to tell our blacksmith how beautiful this is; but Ngelli has warned me that, when the embers are red and the metal is red, it is then tabu for a blacksmith to open his mouth. So I am silent. And I know why our blacksmith has greeted Ngelli and me with two little blows on his anvil: Ngelli has told me that this is the correct greeting when the blacksmith is bound by tabu to hold his tongue.

I do not need Ngelli to tell me our blacksmith is clever: himself, like any other of his craft, will tell me that. There is not a man of the forest tribes who will compete with a blacksmith for that distinction; it is agreed that they are as clever as they claim to be, and there is an understood element of divinity in their skill. Ngelli, the cook, is not in their class at all — they have skill, and Ngelli has wisdom. Ngelli's wisdom is far-famed; it is an attribute entirely at the service of his fellow clansmen, who assemble constantly at the rear of our cabin, where they call upon Ngelli to come out and be a judge and a divider over them. The wisdom of Ngelli is one of our domestic crosses; his gifts carry him too far from the pot and the fire: here he is, who should be making bread, under the blacksmith's thatch, dispensing wisdom. And of the dog-bell Ngelli murmurs that it is a leopard thing.

Sparks spring out of this leopard thing, that will be so dull in an hour. African dogs are in themselves so unworthy of such inspired efforts; but the bell is for the hunt, and the hunt is the pursuit of freemen. On the day of the hunt nothing is sordid — not even the dogs. The long shafts of the spears, with their heads of brass and of bright iron; the long narrow nets that are coiled about the bodies of the hunters; the men who gather to the meet, dragging their dogs on leashes of three — nothing of all this but has its glamour. When upon our journeys we pass them of an early morning, forgathering at some cross-road with laughter and with shouting, we workaday folk of the caravan sigh and say: 'Besom!' This is a word of envy; it is to say, 'The fortunate ones!'

## II

Yes, some are wise and some are skilled and some are fortunate and some are fools. It is a rare caravan, indeed, in which there is no fool. Mbataka is the fool in my caravan on this journey beside the Nlong River. Ze Temba has said so for me, and the comment — tabu so far as I am concerned — was as fitting as an apple of gold. In my heart I had been saying: 'When you cross the Nlong River, pay fifteen centimes for Mbataka — that is ferriage for an ass!'

'Okukut!' says Ze Temba, with a malice that is brother to my malice.

This is our revenge upon Mbataka, who has harried our last night's camp with long tales of his life-history, and the history of his financial misadventures, and the income overdue from the sale of his sister, and the consequent delay in the purchase of a wife. It is a serious ass, about to set out on a beggar's drive. We tell him good-night and good-bye, secretly vowing to pass through his village in the dark before the dawn, when the veil of smoke is ever so faint above the thatch, and before the first door is open.

But there in the dark of the dawn, in the street of that village, is Mbataka. He hails our little creeping caravan in that windy voice of his. He cannot have slept at all. He has lain awake all night, thinking of most exciting personal grievances, of which he has not yet told the white woman. He takes his square of beaten bark-cloth from the ground, where it has lain all night in the dew, and he girds himself. He

tells us he means to walk in our company to the town of Mbita, where he plans to negotiate a loan.

And more of this he will tell us; but I walk away. I forget him in the dawn that is like moonlight, — a pallor and a shadow: a more radiant pallor and a blacker shadow, — and then the day. Now the huts are evident in the little clearings under the shadow of the forest walls. The man with the lantern puts it out. The little trail slips out of the open into that great shadow; the little caravan takes cover there, and is lost. The scent of dawn and of fallen leaves is in that place. It is the ineffable hour.

I hurry ahead of my carriers, and I think I am alone. In the deep forest, where the light will never be too violent and where the people will never be too many, I am released from the pressure of my profession. An enchantment of solitude too sweet to be enduring is broken by the hollow moaning of a horn. It is as if I did not hear it; and then I hear it and then it follows me. And when I come to a hut in the forest where I mean to breakfast, the horn, its anguish unabated, draws near and broods about the house and moans.

It is Mbataka, I am told. Mbataka himself comes in, and says yes, it is he — none other. And has he any particular meaning with his horn? And he has, yes, he is saying with his horn: —

'It is I! I have arrived!'

It is not the custom of the white woman, he is told, to approach the villages with proud announcements.

'But I must do it,' says Mbataka, 'because I am just learning it. This horn is new to me; I bought it on the path, and I paid a great price for it!'

We think it strange, and we tell him so, that he, who is so poor as to be abroad on a beggar's errand, should yet be a buyer of horns.

'But this horn,' says Mbataka, 'is a necessity — it is to call the people of my village to prayers in the early morning!'

'Why not with a bottle?' we ask him. 'You who are a beggar, might you not have begged an old bottle, and breathing into that bottle, have called your brothers to prayers?'

'Truly,' says Mbataka; 'if I had been as wise before I bought the horn as you have made me, I would now be walking without a horn!'

It is then the inspired Ze Temba tells me ever so lightly that Mbataka is a fool. And I think, there in that little smoky hut, of Malvolio, and am pleased to remember that he was cast in prison for a season.

It is pitiful of Mbataka that he cannot live without appreciation, for he is entirely without art. There is many another with the same hunger, but with better technique. There is a man on the Ngoé path who cannot live without approval; for this reason and for no other, he celebrates me when we meet — plucking at the strings of a kind of little harp he has, and singing extemporaneous, most vivid praise of the white woman. Never will I be able to resist this, he knows — singing about how wonderful I am, and thinking about how wonderful he is. And hardly has silence fallen between us, when he urges me to say that he is clever. 'Am I not clever?'

I tell him that he is clever. I appreciate him audibly and at length. I make him happy for the sake of an old memory, and a regret for a little creature long dead and her skill gone with her into the grave. I remember that I never saw her dance her little dances or heard her sing her little songs, though these were many a time commended to me. I cannot think how this came to be. I caught her wandering about in the villages, — a creature ever so

little; the smallest adult ever I saw, — with a face the most shadowed, a face in the deepest shadow of the deepest jungle of the human mind. It took a hundred people to convince me she was not an ill-used and starving child. A hundred times they told me how clever she was; that she was everywhere welcome; that headmen begged her to visit them, promising her a present in the hand if she would dance and sing for them. And that her dancing was a thing of skill, her singing a thing to catch the heart. Not a thing of laughter, as I perversely suggested, but a thing of sorrow. 'You feel sorrow in your heart, her skill being of that kind. Her songs are orphan songs; and when you have heard them, you put a present in her hand and you beg her to stay in your town; but she wanders.'

Like a headman, I invite her visit. I offer her a roof, and a daily cassava bread, and pity. She brings her little shadowed face under the thatch of the girls' house, where she performs innumerable things of malice. I move her to the hospital — I have a civilized feeling that anyone so wicked must be ill. I cannot think why they would ever be giving her presents. I am tormented by her.

And — if you will believe it — I never ask her to dance or to sing!

And yet on moonlit nights she dances, singing her little orphan songs, to the delight and anguish of the entire assembled black population of our clearing. I hear of these things, that they are things of wonder. Who would laugh, I am asked, at the things of beauty and of sorrow? All are struck to the heart!

Why did I never see her dance? Why was the white woman's heart so cold and so slow? Why did I never mark that little skill, so much acclaimed, and flowering like a poor little night-blooming cereus under the moon in our own clearing? And was it strange that she who ran away from headmen who approved her, giving her a present in that little hand, should run away from me?

Often I heard of her and her minstrel reputation. Word would come of her from local merrymakings, where she dropped her little tincture of bitterness in the common cup — as desired. And I wished for her return. I had a peculiar wish for her return. Once I met her on the trail; she considered me without words while I wondered what it was that I must say to her. And when I said: 'Come back to my town and dance for me!' I was glad, because that was the pass-word.

A quiver of light passed over the shadowed pool of that little face, and, 'Truly!' she said.

It was a promise, but she never came. Soon after, she died, taking her little skill with her into the grave. Many a time I have thought of her as, often, we think of the dead — wishing that we had dealt with them other than we did; finding other words to speak to them than the words we spoke.

# THE JUNGLE CHILD

BY CHARLOTTE CHANDLER WYCKOFF

A SCHOOL courtyard in Southern India, paved half with cement and half with yellow river-sand, with here and there a curving cocoanut palm and squat lime tree growing up through sand and cement. A school courtyard, open alike to blazing sun, magic moon, and roaring monsoon rains, but shut away from the outside world on three sides by a single story of rooms opening in through low-roofed verandas to the court, and on the fourth side by a high white wall with a door in it. A school courtyard — the heart and centre of a school.

Starlit night in the courtyard. Ares and Antares, pushing up the branched head of Scorpio, look down over the eastern gable, at the sleeping children who sprawl by scores over the cement, stretching bare, brown limbs into the breathless night.

One small form, stirring in the heat, rolls over and then over again. Dark eyes fly open under a tangled mass of black hair; fly shut again, dazzled by the brilliance of the spangled sky; then open slowly, widening with awe at the vast splendor and stillness of the night. Gone is the dream of the home-hut, cozy and safe, with the warm and heaving bodies of the family pressing close on either side.

In all this silence and wide openness, who is Kanthy? Who is Kanthy? One tiny speck of life lying alone on the cement — alone! With one convulsive movement, she is back on her grass-mat, her eyes buried in the comforting stuffiness of her rough sheet, her hands reaching out to touch the next huddled child. But those myriad flaming eyes of the night pierce through her sheet, through her tightly closed lids, and compel her to meet their gaze once more, slowly and steadily, fascinated, paralyzed, calmed, and soothed. When Scorpio drags his long, jeweled tail above the eastern gable, Kanthy lies once more asleep.

Gray gauze curtains of dawn over the courtyard. Kanthy is sitting up, bewildered, rubbing the mists of night out of her eyes, and rousing her senses to the strange new sounds of day. School! Thirty miles of tree-shaded road and wilderness paths away from the home-hut, where now the *ragi* would be cooking, and the baby would be crying for her and Amma[1] —

Kanthy pulls her wet fingers from her eyes and looks about her. With a scrape and *slap-slap-slap* over the cement, the mats all about her are rolled up and carried off, leaving her on a little island of solitude. The children are about the courtyard in dozens, combing out their tousled hair, tightening the strings of their long, full petticoats, buttoning up their calico jackets, hurrying back from the kitchen with water-pots on their hips, and their mouths black with charcoal. Chatter, chatter, chatter! In all this giggling, jostling crowd, who is Kanthy? Kan-

[1] *Amma* (pronounce like *Mamma*, with accent on last syllable). Mother; but also a polite addition to the name of any older woman.

thy! Alone. Nynah[2] went back yesterday, after putting her hand in the hand of the white Missie. By this time he is with Amma! Kanthy is alone.

'Time to get up, child!'

A strange voice is in her ear — no, it is the voice that told her where to spread her mat last night. A firm hand lifts her to her feet, and turns her wet face upward, to look into kindly eyes above wrinkled cheeks, and beyond at a circle of grinning children.

'It is one of the new children,' the voice goes on. 'You, Jeeva, take her as your little sister. Go on, children! You were new once.'

'Matron Amma always picks out the stupidest ones and the dirtiest ones for me,' a new voice grumbles. Kanthy is seized by an efficient hand, which helps her to roll up her mat, — scrape and *slap-slap-slap* over the cement like the rest, — and leads her away through the staring children. They become a part of the bustle. The familiar crunch of a lump of charcoal between her teeth reassures her, as, clinging to the red gingham skirt of her guide, she waits her turn at the well-curb.

Pot after pot drops over the squeaking pulley into the depths, to be hauled hand over hand, swaying, dripping, to the top. In the midst of the chatter and splashing and laughter, Kanthy finds herself suddenly stripped of the beloved orange-calico petticoat and sleazy pink jacket that Nynah bought for her only yesterday in the market. Reaching out a hand for it, she is grasped and held, while a douse of water, — oh, it's cold! — pours over her; then another and another. She is gasping, she is crying, but the firm hand rubs on, and the determined voice is threatening the wrath of the white Missies if she appears at school dirty. Tortures upon tortures! Water in the eyes, water up her nose, water rinsing charcoal out of her mouth; the secret sores on her arms and legs mercilessly pricked and scraped and anointed with liquid fire, — 'It burns, Sister, it burns!' — her hair yanked and pulled and strained, while her naked little body dries in the morning sunlight; and at last, — crowning ignominy, — her head shingled, till her prized black locks lie in a matted heap on the grass; then more water and liquid fire, over and over her shorn head and in her blinded eyes.

'Ah-pah!' ejaculates the executioner, scrubbing her dry, and flinging over her head a clean cotton petticoat handed over by the matron, who stands beside them. 'These children from the refuse-jungle —'

'Come now!' remarks the matron, buttoning up Kanthy's jacket, while Jeeva wrings out the orange and pink garments and hangs them over a bush to dry. 'It is not so very long since you, too, Jeeva —'

Sitting, a few minutes later, in a line of merry children on the stone flags of the kitchen veranda, sucking up warm, sweet *ragi* porridge through her fingers, Kanthy looks across at Jeeva-Sister, trim and dainty among the big girls.

Hot, golden sunlight, blinding the eyes and scorching the bare feet of the girls who run across the courtyard at the sound of the school bell. Kanthy has been happy since a bundle of yellow broom-straws was thrust into her hand. She can sweep as well as any of the snickering, noisy children, who stare at her and call her 'Baldhead Kanthy.' This has been a very festival of sweeping — not a solitary performance in the narrow home-hut, but a campaign against the dust and dried leaves of the wide courtyard, with a score of other

[2] *Nynah:* a name for Father, corresponding to 'Daddy.'

small backs bending to the battle. At the sound of the bell, she straightens and stretches herself, looking about for her next cue; then, adding her contribution to the dust-box and broom pile, follows the crowd. She is one of them now. She is a schoolgirl. Let them laugh as much as they please, and she will laugh, too. She giggles noisily, although they are all silent, till she is fixed by a look from a spectacled woman standing at the open doorway, and a hand jerks her into the line with a warning hiss.

Long lines of children wait at the doors — black pigtails sleek and smooth, jackets pulled straight, petticoats stirred by small bare feet, marking time in their places. The line moves forward and a strange new sound catches at Kanthy's feet and makes them want to dance, as at a wedding procession. Her back straightens, and she tramps along in step with the others, down the long veranda, over the door-sill, and into the great, light room from which the music comes.

Children and still more children pour in, rank on rank, followed at the last by the tall, dignified 'big sisters,' in their graceful *sarees*. The music still pours from a huge brown box against the wall, which the Missie is hitting in a most sprightly manner, with her two white hands. That is the Missie who spoke to Kanthy yesterday. She has hair the color of the sand in the river-bed when the sun shines on it, and it is all fuzzy about her pale face, like the hair of the village women, not neatly combed and oiled, like the hair of the teachers.

There is another white Missie over there among the teachers — 'That is Lang Missie, who has newly come and speaks only to the big sisters in English,' a child whispers, pulling back Kanthy's pointing forefinger. Her hair is black and smooth, but everything else is white — face, arms, clothes, shoes, and her wide hat.

The music stops suddenly and then begins again; but this time there is a new sound with it. The children are singing! Kanthy knows that tune. They sing it often in the mud-walled prayer-house at home, where all the Christians meet at night. She joins in now, shutting her eyes tightly and swaying from side to side with the effort. She is part of it all. But her neighbor pokes her in the ribs, and she starts suddenly, and sees the children turning around and smiling as they sing. Obediently she stops, and her soul soars upward with the melody her voice cannot reach. The singing, the psalm, the prayer, the Missie's speech, more marching and singing in a smaller group, blocks, beads, seeds, a new slate, a new story from 'Mary-Teacher,' and through all pauses the droning, chanting, singing of classes hidden away across the courtyard — Kanthy goes through it all in a sort of daze. One thing she knows: she is part of it and she must stay — on and on to some mysterious time when she will be Bee-Yay.[3]

Rose-gold-gray twilight in the courtyard. Mammoth pots of white rice steam and bubble over the earthen fireplaces in the kitchen, watched by active girls, who alternate between blowing the smoky fires and crushing yellow pulse on a flat stone beneath a stone cylinder which they roll between their hands. At one end of the courtyard two big sisters face one another over a stone urn of raw *ragi*, one bringing her brass-topped wooden pestle heavily down upon the reddish grain, while the other lifts her pestle high over her head in both hands, ready for the next blow; and so on, *plump-plump, plump-plump*, till the husks are off and

[3] B. A.

the grain is transferred to another couple, who grind it into gray flour at a circular grindstone on the floor. A fifth is skillfully winnowing, and all are full of talk as they work. The children have just come in from the playground, to place their enamel plates and tumblers in long rows on the veranda; and, this done, are playing *kummi*, a rhythmical clap-dance, in a swaying circle about one of the palm trees.

Kanthy has investigated all these various occupations, and is distinctly bored. The courtyard that seemed so wide presses in upon her now, and she longs to go out, — out beyond the playground to the bazaar, — to see the wonderful lights and crowds of people. She sets out for the door in the rear wall. Big sisters, carrying in pots of water to the drinking-water tank, push her aside impatiently as she blocks the door, and she slips out. At the well she is hailed by Jeeva-Sister, whose temper is somewhat ruffled by the faults and failings of her 'water-set.'

'Where are you going, baby? To the bazaar! Listen to the child! These children from the refuse-jungle!' With a tight grip on the shoulder, she propels Kanthy back through the door with a shake and a warning: 'Listen to me. You are not in your jungle now, to run here and there like a wild goat. You must not go out of this courtyard after we come in from play. And if you run away to the bazaar, the Missie will be *very* angry, and she will beat you. She has a big stick for jungle children.'

Kanthy stands pouting on the yellow sand, gazing vengefully after Jeeva-Sister as she rounds up her water-set to count the pots. Jeeva-Sister is a cross old thing! Listen to how she is scolding those big girls! And she was just lying! Kanthy wants to go to the bazaar and she has two annas, tied up in a corner of her jacket, to spend on sweet *palagarams*. This time she proceeds more carefully, edging her way out little by little, till the well is passed and the wide, tree-shaded compound lies before her. From beyond the Missies' bungalow comes the sound of voices and laughter. Hidden behind the potted crotons that edge the bungalow veranda, Kanthy watches, open-mouthed, the white man, — the *Dhorai* it is, who came once to Periya-chary, — and the two Missies, all of whom run shouting about with flat pieces of wood after a ball. The ball flies in among the pots, and Sherman Missie, hunting about for it in the gathering darkness, comes upon the little girl before she can run away. In her hand she holds the broad stick with which she hit the ball, and Kanthy remembers in terror Jeeva-Sister's warning.

'What are you doing here?' the Missie is asking sternly, in her strange, jerky Tamil. 'You should not be out here now. Go home at once! Go home!'

Kanthy is away with a bound when released, and stands panting below the pillared veranda at the front of the school. From far inside, in the courtyard, comes the hum of voices and the sound of a bell; but the front of the building is silent and empty. Oh, to be back in there with the children, eating rice and pepper-water and ground pulse from her own new plate! Darkness is dropping swiftly about her. Kanthy is alone. Kanthy must go home! Just as Jeeva-Sister said, the Missie is angry, and the Missie has sent her home, and the Missie has a big stick to beat her if she does not go.

In terror she runs down the driveway to the white gate, and out upon the lonely road. In the distance tom-toms are beating; twinkling lights shine out from the bazaar, but that is not the way home. Where are Nynah and Amma? Far away in Periya-chary — thirty miles away in the 'jungle.' But the devils are about at night and

they will catch little girls who stray alone. The underbrush at the side of the road rustles, a grazing donkey suddenly heaves out an agonized bray, and Kanthy runs screaming toward a glimmering light at the side of the road.

It is a hut, just like the home-hut; but the woman who comes out of the door is not Amma. A loud and friendly voice questions her; then she is pulled inside the hut, — ah, the familiar, smoky warmth of it! — and in another minute she is eating a handful of brown sugar, and telling the whole tale to the astonished old woman.

'The Missie sent you away — at night? The white people do strange things sometimes, but I never heard the likes of this. She does not know our language and you have mistaken her. That is what it is.'

'No, no!' Kanthy assures her, between sobs. 'She told me to go *home!* And it is very far. And Nynah said I must stay at school and learn and learn till I am Bee-Yay. And he will be angry.'

'Eat, eat! Do not cry!' says the old woman soothingly; and soon Kanthy is playing happily enough with the wee grandchild who swings suspended in a long saree looped over the rafters. In time she consents to being carried back on the old woman's hip; but as they approach the lighted bungalow, she buries her face in a fold of saree on the motherly shoulder, to shut out the flashing of the Missie's angry eyes.

'Fear not! Fear not!' her protector assures her comfortably; yet at the sound of Sherman Missie's surprised voice, she clings and hides her face all the more stubbornly. But, before she knows it, she is transferred to another hip, clasped tightly within the circle of another arm. She opens her eyes, blinking in the bright light of a big room, and finds that the arm is the Missie's, and that the eyes so close to hers are not flashing at all, but full of laughter and tears, while she is squeezed again and again.

'Poor little Kanthy!' the Missie is saying over and over again, in her strange, jerky Tamil. 'I did n't recognize you at all. I said, "Go home," it is true, but I did not mean home to Periya-chary. The school is your home now, of course. Don't you know the children all call me "Amma," because, when you are in Satthyapuram, school is home and I am Mother!'

'Said I not so? Said I not those very words?' exclaimed the old woman.

The foolish child looks abashed, but happy. They go over to the school. Long bars of light shine out to them from the study-hall windows. Inside, the children are singing. A distracted Matron Amma and Jeeva-Sister meet them on the threshold, with cries of relief, and the whole story is told again.

Night again in the courtyard. While the children are bustling about, spreading their mats out on the cool cement, — 'quietly now, because the big sisters are studying,' — in rides the lost Kanthy on Sherman Missie's hip! She slips to the ground in the rush of the affectionate onslaught that follows, but keeps her grip upon the smooth hand that still holds her close.

'Children, children!' Sherman Missie is saying, as she bends down to gather them in, an armful at a time, — the jealous little tykes! — 'I think you forgot to tell Kanthy that this is home! I think you forgot to show her that she is your little sister.'

'No,' murmurs Kanthy sleepily, an hour later, — in response to a solicitous whisper from one of the new 'prends' who has pulled her mat closer than the law allows, — 'no, I don't want to go home to Periya-chary. I am not a jungle child now. I am going to stay here till — till — I am Bee-Yay.'

# BEYOND THE STRIFE OF TONGUES

BY GEORGE A. GORDON

## I

THE strife of tongues should be distinguished from the confusion of tongues. The confusion of tongues signifies the absence of all ascertainable meaning from human speech, while the strife of tongues signifies the conflict of meanings — a conflict that may be pushed, by debate, to victory on the one side or the other. Babel is hopeless from the start. Meribah admits of readjustments and reconciliations.

Ecclesiastical debates in the interest of religion justly appear to intelligent laymen as tedious, if not trivial. Carlyle's description is not without point in its humorous exaggeration, when he regards these disputes as quarrels over 'Hebrew old clothes,' and 'miserable Semitic Anti-Semitic street riots.' Not less severe is the opinion of the great Gregory Nazianzen, to whom the debaters, on one high occasion, seemed 'cranes and geese.' To a mind concerned with the really fundamental issues of faith and despair, the Oxford Movement must appear as strangely superficial. As if the Eternal Spirit were funded in any church, — Jewish, Apostolic, Greek, Roman, Anglican, Presbyterian, Congregational, — and not in the life of humanity; as if the presence of God in the life of the race could be denied without canceling the affirmation of that presence in the Church. The earth is not based on the mountain, but the mountain on the earth. Humanity does not rest on the Church, but the Church on humanity; and when the Church fails to carry to their highest expression the spiritual forces resident in humanity, it becomes merely an extinct volcano.

In these days, among ourselves, certain writers and speakers hotly affirm as fundamentals what no reasonable man can believe — the absence of error from the books of the Old and New Testaments, the necessity of expiation in order to be forgiven, the dependence of the future life for man upon reunion with the body vacated at death, and the return of Jesus of Nazareth in the flesh, no longer as Saviour but as Judge. One may sympathize deeply with the zeal of these persons, even praise their passionate desire to vindicate what they believe to be true, and yet hold that the ideas cited are not only wanting in the character of fundamentals, but that they are simple foolishness.

There is, however, a debate as old as the awakened intellect, between those who believe in God, and those who are unable so to believe; between thinkers who hold that man's being is of the same substance with that of the Absolute Soul, and those who refuse thus to affirm; between writers who find in the human personality universal significance and, therefore, permanent worth, and those who cannot share this vision; between those who cherish the hope of the ultimate triumph of good over evil, and those who can discover no grounds for this expectation. Such were the

debates in which Plato and Democritus took different sides, Athanasius and Arius, Kant and Hume; and in poetic form, Virgil and Lucretius, Dante and Leopardi, Wordsworth and Swinburne, Emerson and the author of *The City of Dreadful Night*. To live where one may hear the thunder of this debate, is to gain one of the best disciplines in intellect and moral passion anywhere to be found. To stand outside this debate, to be indifferent to it, to have no part in it, to care not at all which side waxes or wanes, gives signs of winning or losing, is to be outside the central movement of the rational and moral life of mankind.

Christianity began in controversy. 'Ye have heard that it hath been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbor and hate thine enemy. But I say unto you, Love your enemies.' The teaching of Jesus was, from first to last, in the teeth of opposition: it was a subtle and victorious debate with the mind of his age and nation. The letters of Paul are, again, largely controversial. Is the Master's Gospel a mere local interest, a lake, or an ocean whose tides visit all shores, whose waters serve the world? Our age would never have heard of this Jew, but for his great and triumphant debate. Apostolic Fathers, Apologists, Greek and Roman theologians, Schoolmen and Reformers, all the great spirits in our American history, from Edwards to Channing and onward, have shared in this contention. Christianity is largely an evolution through debate. The witticism of the pacifist scholar is the simple truth: 'Without controversy, great is the mystery of godliness.' As the cultivated land of the world has been won from Nature in her wild estate by toil and trouble, so these fruitful and peaceful fields of religious faith have been reclaimed by the aggressive mind of man. Where the religious mind is unanimous to-day, this unanimity has been achieved largely by discussion; as was our Declaration of Independence, and the Constitution of the United States, which, although to-day accepted by all good citizens as something forever settled, came into existence through the keenest and most impassioned debate. Our sure religious possessions were at first matters of doubt and protest, and only after much violent controversy did they win their way to general assent. There is, therefore, hope with reference to the debates that still divide thoughtful men. There remaineth much land to be possessed, and who shall limit the size of that tract of religious truth which may be finally secured for the spirit of man through the sincere and scientific conflict of intellect with intellect?

There are debaters who have done their work so well that it does not need to be done again. In the eighteenth century, those who believed in a God of nature, but who refused to believe in Christianity, were forever silenced by Butler's great argument. There is nothing that can be said against the reality of the God and Father of Jesus that may not be said with vastly greater force against the God and Father of nature, as understood by Butler's antagonists. Out of that controversy came something still greater — the sense of the crudity of the whole issue. The conception of God was revised, and the sphere of his presence enlarged. That old debate has swung out into something immeasurably more significant. The universe, nature and humanity both, is the expression of the Absolute Spirit, and all reality is ultimately to be measured by the degree in which the Eternal Soul is present in any and all of its expressions. In less than two centuries the old debate has become vastly greater, vastly richer in rewards, immediate and prospective.

Within the memory of the older generation, another great debate has come to fruitful issue. The collision between science and religion, from the middle of the nineteenth century onward for a period of more than thirty years, was fierce and constant. As the controversy went on, both parties to it became deeper in thought and wiser. Science loomed larger, and its spirit became less dogmatic, more receptive. The sense of ultimate mystery was faced in science as surely, as completely, as in religion. Religious thinkers became hospitable toward science, looked to it for light, received from it new ideas as to the greatness of the universe. They were not slow to discover new possibilities for faith in the teachings of science, and new hopes for mankind. Tennyson's use of evolution, in *In Memoriam* and other poems, will serve as an example. At length science came to see that its first duty is to deal with facts, and that religion is the sovereign fact in the life of mankind. A new brotherhood has since arisen between scientific men and religious teachers, full of promise for the future.

The conspicuous field of religious debate to-day is history. The attempt is to recover ancient environments, and to set the persons and the records about them that have survived in those recovered environments, and then to look at those persons and events in what would appear to be the original and unfailing light. It may well be doubted whether that which takes all time to develop can be understood by its initial history; whether, indeed, the original environment is recoverable, and whether modern eyes could see what ancient eyes beheld in it. Is it possible to see the world of Isaiah as he saw it, the world of Jesus as He saw and felt it, the world of any ancient race as it appeared to that race, and again as it appeared to ancient men of genius? After a lifetime of study, who is there who would dare affirm that he saw Greece, and the universe of the Greeks, exactly as Plato and Aristotle saw them? These thinkers record and interpret an amazing human experience; and students to-day are able to see, to a certain extent, that rational experience; but that any scholar will ever see the world of Plato and Aristotle as these thinkers beheld it, is past belief. Too many things are wanting for that achievement, above all, the transcendent genius of these men.

This applies with singular force to books upon origins in general, to those that deal with the origins of the Old Testament in particular, and, in a still more urgent way, to those that deal with the origins of the New Testament. Much error may be cleared away, some new knowledge may be gained; but a new batch of opinions is not necessarily knowledge. Besides, that ancient world has largely forever vanished, and cannot by any modern device be brought wholly back. Much has hitherto been believed about that ancient world without historic warrant; all that is written to-day against traditional belief is not science; and, after research and candor have done their utmost, this old world will still remain overhung with mystery. All sorts of contemporary assumptions, prejudices, conceits, disturb the vision of the discerning eye; above all, the genius is wanting of the men who made their experience and their universe of everlasting moment to mankind. Still, much may be done here by scientific scholarship and discussion, even if the ideal cannot be attained.

Such is the concession made to the necessity and fruitfulness of worthy debate. The burden of this essay may now be defined: it is, that the chief interest of religion is in the region that lies beyond the strife of tongues. It is

now asserted that there is for religion a truth beyond reasonable doubt, a goodness beyond dispute, and a hope for humanity whose light no moods of uncertainty or despair can quench, or even dim.

## II

What is that transcendent and unassailable Truth? our doubting Pilate may ask — willing enough, in this case, to wait for an answer. Can it be the idea of the Supreme Being, the thought of God as the sovereign object of worship? It is this idea, this thought. It is at once admitted that round the conception of God of the speculative thinker rages the fiercest form of the ageless strife of tongues. Is He One, or Several in One — a bare unit, or a Society in Himself? Is He to be known through human personality, or through some abstraction of that personality — force, mind, matter; is his best name 'it,' or 'all,' or 'the unknown'? What is there here that can possibly lie beyond dispute?

God may be known, assuredly known, as the ideal strength of men morally in earnest over the passionate pursuit of righteousness. Let the distressed speculative thinker become a moral idealist; let him set for himself a mark 'above the howling senses' ebb and flow'; let him demand of himself the progressive realization of the Christian ideal of manhood, likeness to a perfect Character, and he will profoundly feel the need of help. Let him call upon teacher, friend, society, history: help will answer his call, but he will become aware of a further need. Let him call upon the Infinite, and open his whole being to whatever response may come. In the power out of the universe that enables him progressively to realize his moral ideal, God, as the ideal strength of men, enters and, in the moral process, always strenuous, sometimes critical, even tremendous, declares his reality. The ship at anchor in the harbor may know nothing of the engine that sleeps at its heart. When this ship is at sea, met by gales, struck by terrible waves; and when, in spite of wind and wave, she keeps on her way, how can she help knowing the power by which she prevails? In Judah God is known; in the tempestuous environment through which the moral idealist moves upon his goal. For such men God is not a mere speculation or poetic dream, nor is He a mere working hypothesis: He is known in the adverse hurricanes of passion as victorious moral power, as Eternal Reality, in whose declared sympathy the personal soul struggles, survives, and thrives.

It would seem that a morally potent Deity can be found only by morally earnest men; moral inertia would appear to take one out of the stream of reality. It is doubtful if any man ever found himself except as he became a moral idealist, except in so far as he thus came to himself. If Fichte was not misguided; if Matthew Arnold was not mistaken; if there is in the universe an Eternal Power not of ourselves that makes for righteousness, it would seem that the trade winds and the tide of his spirit are to be found only in the path of moral struggle. A God who does nothing cannot be known; a morally indifferent Deity would not be worth knowing; a Deity who is the maker of men in the tragic movement of their existence, the creator of character, the self-revealer in the moral victory that allures the brave, is one whose presence and sympathy may be attested by the witness of immediate experience; the experience carried in the phrase, 'the peace of God that passeth understanding,' could never come from a Deity who is only the essential head of a system of ideas, nor from a hypothetical Deity, nor from any sort of a Su-

preme Being outside the clear and peaceful possession of the human soul.

There is the vision of Jesus of Nazareth. The records of his career are under severe and fierce scrutiny to-day, and many things hitherto accepted as settled are now in debate. While this discussion is under way among scholars, can there be, for laymen, anything in the vision of Jesus that is sure? There is his humanity, the moving image of the Eternal humanity, the one supremely authentic witness of what lies behind him in the Universe that brought him forth. There is, too, his knowledge of men: He knew what was in man, his high capacity no less than the depth of his need; his aptitude to take the Eternal Rectitude as his ideal, because in his rational and moral being he is kindred to the Infinite Soul. Jesus' knowledge of his kind is a sort of X-ray of the inmost nature, the hidden depths of the spirit; and this X-ray shows a world seriously afflicted, indeed, but wholly curable and full of hope. With those competent to judge, so much may be said to stand outside reasonable question; and it may be added that, next to the consciousness of a moral Deity in the courses of life, this sure insight concerning Jesus is the most precious possession of mankind. All beliefs about Jesus other than this central insight, all controversies about Him, all opposing philosophies of his person, are things on the circumference of human concern.

The reality, the richness, the elevation, and the splendor of the humanity of Jesus, is that toward which the eyes of the serious world look with hope, so far as they look to anything; He is the world's pillar of cloud by day, its pillar of fire by night, its screen from the blinding glare of sensuality, its prophet in the mystery of its pilgrimage.

Can religion be socially effective without a church? And if we confess the social necessity of the church, must we not at this point bid farewell to the expectation of an unanimous public mind? Do not most men, educated and free in their thought, rest in the conviction that two thirds or more of what all the churches believe is the product of a crude imagination? Think for a moment of the claims put forth by this church and that — claims and pretensions which are preposterous to every sane intellect outside the circle of ecclesiastical delusion; and then ask where one may find, in this heap of ecclesiastical opinion, anything universally clear and sound? Skillful special pleading may be able to impose upon the simple; for the acute mind, it is vain.

Someone called upon Robert Hall, the great English preacher of the first half of the nineteenth century, and said, 'I have heard the most remarkable sermon of my life, and from an Anglican minister. He said, "'The Catholics have a church, but no religion; the Wesleyans have a religion but no church; the Anglicans have both a religion and a church."'

Hall replied, 'You did not think what that preacher said was true, did you?'

The answer was, 'No; but it was so well said that it was almost as good as if it had been true.'

The idea of the Christian Church, properly conceived, should indeed be a self-evident necessity. The Church is simply the assembly of like-minded men and women; and this like-mindedness may be extremely simple and, at the same time, completely adequate. It need cover no more than the faith and service, the essential faith and service of Jesus. What is the essential faith of Jesus, freed from antique forms, and delivered to us in the idiom of this generation? That the Universe in which we live is of infinite compas-

sion toward human beings, and is ready with the fullness of its benignity to help them to attain, and to be, their best. Or, as a highly honored friend of the writer, no longer living, — one passionately in earnest in a morally listless world and not really given to profanity, — expressed it: 'This Universe is full of pity for every damned sinner in it, and is intent upon making him, inside and out, a gentleman.'

So much for the essential faith of Jesus. His service would, at its highest, seem to be to join the Eternal in his compassionate purpose to lift man to his best. Faith in a compassionate and redemptive Universe; passionate, availing sympathy, on man's part, with this mood and movement of the Infinite, would, it should appear, provide all essential grounds of union for the General Assembly of believers which, as here conceived, is the Christian Church. Ritual, whether rich or severe; modes of worship, whether predominantly of the mind or of emotion; the proportion of expression in teaching, music, and prayer; the form of social service into which the awakened energy of this General Assembly shall run, are, all of them, matters of detail; still more so are the questions as to the orders of the ministry. The sovereign fact is faith in the mood and will of the Eternal toward capable and needy human beings, and passionate co-operative sympathy with what the Universe longs to see brought to pass. The overgrowth of ecclesiasticism, so vastly dear to multitudes of emotional, but largely unmoral, men and women, is a sort of penumbra, and in reality implies an eclipse of faith, the obscuration of the luminous substance of all high insight.

What about the destiny of the individual? When Plato and Paul, Butler and Kant, have reasoned, and the spiritists have told their tales of wonder, is there anything upon the question of destiny, one way or another, beyond reasonable doubt? It must be repeated that much is possible, even probable, and therefore a proper object of belief, which is still open to dispute. Brave minds have always been ready to take risks when the causes seemed to them to justify this venture. Our question is not whether, with J. S. Mill, representing the negative mood of his time, the future is open to hope, and whether, if it should be for our good, existence after death is likely to be granted; but whether any clear and sure word can be said upon the subject.

Anterior to the fact, it is less likely that we should exist at all, than that, existing, we should continue to exist; and, again, it is less likely that our sacred family circle should be drawn than that, having been drawn, it should be redrawn in the invisible. Before existence, there is absolutely no ground of expectation; after existence is a fact, there is the whole propulsive power of this fact upon the future. We exist against all the probabilities of the case. We have met, although separated by the diameter of the world and the universe; and this fact makes it more likely that we shall go on, and go on together, than that we should ever have been, and been together. Here Emerson's word strikes one as clear and sure: —

> 'T is not within the force of fate,
> The fate-conjoined to separate.

There is, of course, no such thing as destruction of energy. That which constitutes the force of a human being, whatever it may be, must persist, operate, and in some way count in the sum total of things. Shelley's 'Cloud' sings for itself, and for the force that constitutes man, a strictly scientific song: —

I am the daughter of earth and water,
And the nursling of the sky;
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores,
I change, but I cannot die.

Since, of the force that constitutes the human being, there can be no destruction, it seems not too much risk to assume, with Matthew Arnold, that this force still works, 'Conscious or not of the past.'

Many words of trustworthy insight may be built upon this foundation. The saying of Socrates has stood the test of time: 'No evil can happen to a good man, living or dead.' We join with this the insight of another great prophet: 'Whether we live, therefore, or die, we are the Lord's.' Render this in the idiom of our day, and we have the clear and sure conclusion: We belong to this Universe; whether we live, therefore, or die, our being is in its being. To these many would add Emerson's line, —

Lost in God, in Godhead found.

Men are children of the Universe, form of its form, mind of its mind. Forth from the Eternal we come; while here, by virtue of mind, we may be communicants in the fellowship of the Eternal, passing many high moments each day in dialogue, articulate or mute, with the Universal Mind; and when for us the pageant of space and time dissolves 'like the baseless fabric of this vision,' we enter, in one form or another, the Eternal, to abide there. Man was ever a wanderer, ever an adventurer.

He was born in a ship on the breast of the river of Time.

Time is the stream of his experience, of the history of his race; and when it bears him to the point whence reach him 'scents of the Infinite sea,' he is reminded of the Eternity from which he dates, and of that in which he finds his home.

So much seems clear and sure, and we are seeking here only for what may be conceded to lie beyond debate. Reverence in the presence of the mystery of the Universe is justified in its lofty affirmation: —

The Eternal is thy dwelling-place,
And underneath are the everlasting arms.

## III

Since questions of the intellect cover but a part of man's life, we are led to ask if there is a goodness, solace, satisfaction, beyond reasonable doubt? This is, in reality, the question considered with analytic power so great and sure by Aristotle, in the first book of his Ethics. Man's satisfactions are in his ends; these ends are of ascending worth; the worthiest end is an activity of the mind in the line of its highest excellence; the highest excellence of the mind is the vision of what is real and true; man's supreme blessedness in this Universe is as a beholding intellect, thus imitating, as far as possible, the Eternal Thinker upon whom all worlds depend.

Human ends, and the activities inseparable from them, are the main sources of the goodness of life. About the question which end is highest, there may be much dispute; about the worth of ends for human beings, there will be no dispute. Nor will there be any objection to the statement that certain activities are in themselves ends, like sight, thought, sympathy, love. It is usual to rate low the legitimate satisfactions of sense; yet this is a mistake. Color, sound, and form represent worlds of beauty, which in nature and in art appeal with happy power to all normal persons; and the extent to which our life is enriched and exalted through the legitimate use of the senses is surely immeasurable. Milton's great lamentation, one of the

most pathetic, both in its personal and in its representative aspect, in English literature, reminds us of what we owe in the way of satisfaction to the senses, by describing the bereavement that follows the loss of one: —

Seasons return; but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom or summer's rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
But cloud instead, and ever-during dark
Surrounds me; from the cheerful ways of men
Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair
Presented with a universal blank.

We pass to the satisfactions of family life, which are the mainspring of the world's industry, and the source of much of our interest in the history, fortune, and hope of the world. Burns here puts his finger upon the great key in the organ of the common heart of man: —

I hae a wife and twa wee laddies;
They maun hae brose and brats o' duddies.
Ye ken yersel' my heart right proud is —
I need na vaunt.
But I'll sned besoms, thraw saugh woodies
Before they want.

And in this same poem occur lines that admit of no dispute over the satisfaction they describe for normal human beings: —

To make a happy fireside clime
To weans and wife, —
That's the true pathos and sublime
Of human life.

What we owe to our causes in the way of satisfaction is beyond estimate. Doctor Hale's powerful story lays life open to the heart here — *The Man Without A Country;* existence has for him shrunk to a painful as well as to a guilty thing; and we have only to extend this bereavement and speak of 'The Man Without Humanity,' to know how the best things that we can experience are given through devotion to these various groups to which we are related, from our own fireside to the uttermost bounds of our human world.

All this leads up to the ultimate and infinite goodness. There is Plato's ideal, to be like God as far as man can, and joy evermore in the light of that ideal. There is Paul's solace, in a world of contradiction, as he looks, not upon the things which are seen, but upon the things which are not seen; for the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal. There is Marcus Aurelius and his solace, as he fights the battles of a falling Empire, writing his journal, meant for no eye but his own: 'O Universe . . . Dear City of God'; and Augustine's blessedness; 'Thou hast made us for Thyself, and we are restless till we repose in Thee.' Nor must we fail to add Dante's immortal line, a refrain from the Highest, and one which the humblest human being may sing: —

His will is our peace.

Earlier than all these voices is another, in whose piety and victory one notes the supreme consolation of a whole ancient and forgotten world: —

Whom have I in heaven but thee?
And there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee.
My flesh and my heart faileth:
But God is the strength of my heart,
And my portion forever.

True religion is life's great transfiguration; and, as in that recorded in the Gospels, there are no debates in it — only the common passion, voiced by the leader, Here let us build and abide forever. That may not be; there is a duty to be done, a sorrow to be relieved at the foot of the mountain; but it nevertheless points to a region forever beyond the strife of tongues.

The case for the social hope that cannot be blown out may be stated in a single sentence. The man who has won his battle against folly and passion, and who has found power that

enables him, in terms of self-respect, to live and move in the light of his moral ideal, will find it impossible to deny to other men over the wide world the hope of a similar victory. The only person who is justified in his despair of mankind, is he who, in his own life, is a morally humiliated and defeated soul. The personal defeat may well forbid the hope of the social victory; the personal triumph, in everyone who is not a wretched Pharisee, should lift high the hope for society. Social despair, therefore, is much more significant as a symptom for the despairing person, than it is for the object of that despair; indeed, it cancels the personal victory. It is the moral vitality, the sense of a personal victory, which must throw its light over the universal struggle, which one hears in Browning's last great bugle-call: one who

'Never dreamed, though right were worsted,
wrong would triumph.'

Christianity, as the religion of moral hope for the world, rose up out of the moral life of men who had won their fight against sin. The New Testament has been called the book of hope; it is such: first, because it is the record of morally triumphant men and women; and second, because it enshrines a faith in the possibility of a similar triumph for every human being.

There is a hope that inheres in all morally victorious human character; the hope that men may do good, benefit others, avert sorrow, cancel suffering, promote rational happiness, create and diffuse moral enthusiasm, defy wickedness, confederate to beat down and more and more overcome all forms of evil and wrong. For an enlightened and morally vital person, there is no such thing as an invincible wrong, an absolutely incurable evil. Those that seem such turn out to be blessings in disguise, as Plato saw when he wrote, 'All things work together for good to the man who is dear to God'; and as the Christian Apostle sang in a similar strain: 'All things work together for good to them that love God.'

Endless vexation and turmoil are not the necessary lot of the religious mind. The enduring debates between what is true and false, essential and unessential, fundamental and trivial, may claim part of a wise man's time, but only part. Some grains of gold there must be in the immense heaps of opposing opinions; and one should come to them, as the Highest came, 'whose fan is in his hand,' to winnow the wheat from the chaff. Much may be left to the winnowing wings of time. Toward this side of the Christian religion, and all other religions under debate, one may live with a hospitable, an expectant mind; a mind, too, of utmost respect for those who sail where two or more seas meet. All honor to such scholars and thinkers; brave mariners are they, and they may, likely enough, bring back at length stores of treasure for the General Assembly, whose life is justly lived elsewhere.

There was a time, so we are told, when the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy. The social hope at its highest is that this primeval song may be sung again in celebration of the ultimate and universal triumph of good over evil. The tradition is great, the hope is sublime; the one takes on authenticity for the past, the other high possibility for the future; as the ancient celestial hymn, the mightiest as it is the oldest of all Victor records, repeats itself, morning, noon, and evening, from the human spirit that has conquered sin, and that knows, in terms of life, the Absolute Soul as moral power and triumphant joy.

# 'THE TWO AND NELSON'

BY E. BARRINGTON

A violent scene is said to have occurred between the two women. — SICHEL.

A FEW years ago I wandered through a little country churchyard in Devon, far away across the sea. It was an afternoon of golden silence, a very small breeze bringing the scents of clover and buttercups from the meadows about the ancient church, to lay them before the dim altar. So still it was, that life might well be in love with death and envy the dream of those quiet sleepers. And, even as I thought this, I saw a tomb beneath the trees, where the grass grew rank and luxuriant — a tomb old and forgotten, the lettering half filled with the close-coined gold of a little lichen, the shadows of the elmboughs coming and going upon it very softly. And this was the inscription: —

FRANCES, VISCOUNTESS NELSON
DUCHESS OF BRONTË

As I read, the deathless thunder of the guns of Trafalgar broke upon me in those thunderous names, and I beheld ships locked in death grips on the far-off coast of Spain, and a dying man, already more spirit than body, who whispered in agony to his friend: —

'Take care of my dear Lady Hamilton.' And again: 'I leave her as a legacy to my country.'

But never a word of the woman who lay at my feet. And through the tolling of the great guns in my ears, I thought this: —

'In life this woman was scarcely less silent than in death; and because she would not speak, the world has called her harsh and cold; and as in life her lovely rival flung her from the throne, so it is also in death; and the fair face that wins all hearts from the canvas of Romney shows like a strong sun, in whose rays the wan moon of this woman's memory perishes. Her silence is eternal.'

The peace of the quiet grave-place was broken. I sat by the grave, dreaming less of great empires and dynasties than of one woman; and the shadows moved and lengthened, and the thoughts sealed within her buried breast thrilled in my own, and I heard — through the muffled thunder of the guns — I heard!

Now this is what I ponder night and day, the reason why I was not only cast off, — for that is a common lot of women, — but why, being cast off, I might not suffer in peace and with the decency of pity, but all tongues must call me harsh and cold, that they may find excuse for a great man and a worthless woman. She put it about that he never loved me, and all the ardors of his soul and body were sealed until she came from the hands of many men to his; and at first this so stung my wounds that night after night I sat in the dark, my mind, like a wave that returns to break itself on a rock, resolving to overwhelm her with my wrongs, and again failing from the re-

[1] With the exception of that purporting to be written by Lady Nelson, the letters quoted in this story are authentic. — THE AUTHOR.

solve, because I must needs hold him up with her to shame, and I would not. And a voice said in my heart: —

'The time will come. Profligate and coarse in grain, she has but her beauty; and when that is gone, the world will see what it cannot now see, for dazzle. I have beheld the wicked flourish like a green bay tree, and I passed by — ' And so it was; but, with it all, the world had no pity for me.

But he loved me — I swear it. Why not? Nelson's heart was easy won. He would have left the service and all for Molly Simpson at Quebec. Did not his uncle, Sir William Suckling, tell me he was ever in love, and his father say that he was ever open to the assaults of the tender passions? Then why not for the woman he made his wife? My misfortune was that I supposed marriage would fix his heart. A common mistake, but folly, not crime. But all was objected to me later — even that I was a young widow with a child. He felt it no objection then; but all I did and was must ever be in the wrong now.

I collected that the world entire, led by this woman, accused me that I did not take a wife's part in his glory, nor rejoice in it as I should. I have searched my heart and memory, nor can find this is so. If true, I might, I own, deserve what befell; but the truth is far other. It is this.

My Nelson, for once he was all mine, was fire, whether for the woman he loved, or the country he loved better again; but — was there ever a human nature perfect? I was of that disposition that where I loved I saw the faults more plainly than where they concerned me not. It is so with many mothers; and God knows that, though several years his junior, I was always a mother to him, as a wife must with some men be to the end. For he who conquered the world at sea, was at home a very simple person, easy beguiled and accessible to flattery. Though I loved him none the less for this, I knew it, and 't was needful I should act answerably.

Flattery. Now here I touch a sore place — and one I know helped to sever us. She who would hold Nelson must choose to speak none but soft things to him. His genius fed, as it were, on honey; it would only expand its wings in a caressive sunshine. It will then be said: What is a wife's part if not to provide this, especially if mated with a Nelson?

The matter is not so plain. I knew he had in him that spirit and courage to carry him to any point; but knew also there was in him a love of flattery to be traded on by the cunning. To myself I must add, a boastfulness also in word at times, that set him at a disadvantage with men unworthy so much as to follow where he led. It is true that I have felt my face redden when he would unloose himself in speech, and tell of his great deeds. If I had not a value for him above all earthly, would this have troubled me? And his glory needed no words — none. They could but lessen it. And I would see other men wink aside and draw him on; and I own that, when I had tried in vain to turn the talk, I would shed tears over this in secret. I would not say this but to my heart. I knew — I knew it was, more than half of it, eagerness and the other half simplicity; but I thought it must increase as years came, and be unlovely. I broke it a little to him with delicacy that other captains did not so vaunt.

'Let them do the like deeds,' was his answer.

An unpersuadable point. Whenever I touched him upon it, I had anger. Now, should I have encouraged this and fed it, as the woman did later?

It sickens me to remember that I was grateful for her obliging attentions to

my husband and my boy when first they were at Naples. Josiah writ warmly of her; and Nelson, that she was a young woman of amiable manners that did honour to the station she was raised to. Then they left Naples, and for five years I heard no more of her than the talk of her influence over the Queen of the Two Sicilies, and her fine looks, and the power she had in that Court, and how she put forward to be noticed. Much of the talk displeasing to a modest woman.

Then came the victory of the Nile, and his sore wound, and his return to Naples; and again I must be grateful that these Hamiltons took him to their house to nurse — so frail and worn with wounds and hard service, and I so far away. Must not such a thing touch a wife's sensibility? But, on reaching Naples, he sent me a copy of the letter she wrote to him upon the victory, and 't was when I first read this my heart was heavy as lead. I saw she had fathomed his weakness, and I could not flatter against a practised hand like hers. She claimed her share also in the victory, making him credit (and I know not if true or false) that she was the sole means of forcing the Sicilian sovereigns to water and feed his fleet. True or no, he believed it and all else she said; and there was I — only his loving, far-away wife, no more, and there was she with him for a constancy, the foremost figure, swelling with her own importance, beguiling and flattering him as I think no man was ever beguiled before.

From that time the tide of rumours flowed into a torrent. What could I do? I knew every word I wrote — and indeed I wrote feelingly as a wife should — must seem cold water beside this bubble of intoxicating champagne. She had all the beguilements of the kept woman; I, nothing but honesty and love.

And this was how first he wrote of her when he returned to Naples, and the last letter that carried me anything of his heart. I never had another that did. I may well prize that.

I must endeavour to convey to you something of what passed; but if it were affecting to those only united to me by the bonds of friendship, what must it be to my dearest wife, my friend, my everything that is most dear to me in the world? Sir William and Lady Hamilton came out to sea. . . . They, my most respectable friends, had really been laid up and seriously ill, first from anxiety and then joy. It (the victory) was imprudently told to Lady H. in a moment, and the effect was like a shot; she fell apparently dead. . . . Alongside came my honoured friends; the scene in the boat was terribly affecting. Up flew her Ladyship and exclaiming, 'O God, is it possible!' she fell into my arms more dead than alive. . . . I hope some day to have the pleasure of introducing you to Lady H. She is one of the best women in the world. She is an honour to her sex. Lady H. intends writing to you.

I saw her drift in a minute, coupling it with what was talked of. Modest Englishwomen do not so behave in public. But I saw also that this was the sure way to her hand on the helm with him. On that letter I might now endorse, 'Here died all my hopes, and I looked for no resurrection of the dead.' It undid the work of years, to say no more than that. It showed me that she would hold him by a handle I scorned to touch — his weakness, not his strength.

Can I express the agonies I suffered from 1798 onward! From his letters, from every word that reached me, — and many, many did so, — I knew his whole soul was now possessed by that bad woman. My son was blamed for speaking his mind when, on one occasion, her behaviour passed bounds in public, and because it was the Queen's and the Admiral's favourite he af-

fronted, they put about the story he was in liquor — he, that saved Nelson's life at Teneriffe, that would have cheerfully laid down his life for him at any hazard, until he saw his mother insulted and neglected! I think a son is scarce to be blamed that he takes his mother's part, even if not so wisely as more years than he had might have taught him. A boy is not wise when he is angry, and he was little more than a boy.

So, as the news came pouring in (and for all I heard I knew fifty times more was kept back by Nelson's friends and mine), the long and the short was that I resolved I would know what her true self might be behind the masking beauty; and to that end I set myself to find out what was known of her life — work very little fit for a virtuous woman, but needful. My God, what a blackness met me! There was no vile experience unknown to her. From hand to hand she had gone, until the nephew Greville passed her to the uncle Hamilton, as a pawn for the payment of his debts; and because the dotard wedded her, she was now to be received like an honest woman and put where, by the aid of the profligate Queen of the Two Sicilies, she could flaunt herself in a court and draw more men into her net. A man of the world might laugh and leave her, but my Nelson was never that — he believed like a boy; where he trusted, he trusted entirely. She would play on him as she did on her harp. Indeed, I was horribly afraid, and it made me the sterner, as they temper hot steel with water to make it hard.

I visited the studio of Mr. Romney, and saw her face on many a canvas, the man ranting of her beauty and inspiration, and already unsound in brain as any calm observer might take notice. But, except from him I never heard a good word of her; and once, in company with Mr. Charles Greville, though he spoke not with me, I heard her name mentioned and saw the summing-up smile he gave to her; and had I known no more than that, it had been sufficient and too much. Finally, when I had gained all I needed, with testimony that fixed it for true, I writ thus to Nelson: —

> You commend constantly to my gratitude Lady Hamilton and her husband, and I am in a difficulty, because what service is there done to you that I must not acknowledge with gratitude? But, as you know of old, I am not quick to make friends, though, I hope, faithful when made. I have made enquiry what like is this woman that I must take to my heart, and this is what I learn.

I then plainly set forth her history; for what less was my duty, seeing what I knew, and being informed that Lord St. Vincent and many more were passing jests on his infatuation, though of this I did not speak as yet. I put the truth, however, before him, and ended thus: —

> Such a woman you would have forbid me in the old days to take by the hand. Who so strong as yourself condemned the women who make light of light behaviour in their acquaintance? My own Nelson, I entreat you that you would not lay such a command upon me. It is more than flesh and blood, can bear and you yourself would regret it later. You was never wont to encourage such persons about our house and table. I hear great talk and rumours I won't inflict, but believe me I don't write without warrant.

And so concluded with fond talk of home and meeting, and words of his good old father, that trembled only less than me at what reached him of the doings at Naples. More especially the high play. Great God, what I suffered!

I had the misfortune to visit a friend of my Lady Minto's, and thus to hear what her Ladyship writ in a letter

from Palermo, where the Royals and the Hamiltons were now fled from the Revolution in Naples, with Nelson. She writ that Nelson and the Hamiltons lived together in a house he paid for — the money running like water, and the gaming like a gaming-house, and my poor Admiral sitting half-asleep, with heaps of gold before him, and that harpy dipping her hands in the gold without counting, and playing to the tune of five hundred pounds a night, she having the Neapolitan rage for play.

And this I might not have credited, indeed scarcely could, but that the dear Troubridge, his faithful friend, writ a letter to him remonstrating (this I had, with the very words, from a relative of Troubridge's), and my heart was cold as death as I heard.

Pardon me, my Lord; it is my sincere esteem for you that makes me mention it. I know you can have no pleasure in sitting up all night at cards; why then sacrifice your health, your comfort, purse, ease, everything? . . . Your Lordship is a stranger to half that happens or the talk it occasions. I beseech your Lordship to leave off. I wish my pen could tell you my feelings. I am sure you would oblige me. Lady Hamilton's character will suffer. Nothing can prevent people talking.

Lady H.'s character! That could not suffer. It was too sunk already. But Nelson's! I suppose there is not one that reads but would call Troubridge a faithful friend for his pains; but if the miserable wife made any objection, or ventured on warning, — she to whom it was her all, and her utter ruin involved, — then she was cold and harsh to a promising passion that she should take easy and no harm meant! O pitiless world to me and mine!

I saw where I should be, and writ instantly to my husband that I desired of all things to come out and join him — seeing we had been too long apart. Indeed, for many days I had neither eat nor slept for terror, while half the world envied my Lady Nelson, wife of the greatest man alive. And he was that — and I knew it, and I a poor trembling creature that saw her all slipping from her.

He answered me thus — and I don't doubt she leaned over his shoulder to bring the matter to bear according to her liking: —

You would by February have seen how unpleasant it would have been, had you followed any advice which carried you from England to a wandering sailor. I could, if you had come, *only* have struck my flag and carried you back again; for it would have been impossible to keep up an establishment either at Naples or Palermo.

So I was successless and dare say no more on that head, but asked when I might hope to see him. He writ: —

If I have the happiness to see their Sicilian Majesties safe on the throne again, it is probable I shall still be home in the summer. Good Sir William, Lady H., and myself are the mainsprings of the machine which manages what is going on in this country. We are all bound for England when we can quit our posts with propriety.

Good Heavens! — what had he to do with their Sicilian Majesties and their affairs? 'T was a question many asked besides myself. And 'we'! I was too sick at heart with dreadful alarms to say more, but could only think that opinion at home might reach and move him; for I knew through naval friends to us both that there was anger at the Admiralty that Nelson should so tie himself to a foreign king, more buffoon than king, and a queen who deserved rather a prison than a throne. But what opinion can help a forsaken wife?

'T was about now his father came to me, very sunk in spirits, and to say he

understood that publick and private affairs fretted his son, and his letters revealed his disturbance. I was shook to the heart by the lowness he could not conceal.

'Fanny, my dear,' he said, 'I do not like what I hear. You are aware that Horatio's heart is susceptible, and ever will be, to the tender passions. It will become you then to receive him with a cordiality that shall evidence his wife's heart is unalterably his own; and I am much mistook if that will not bind and seal his affections where only they should be fixed.'

I promised with all love and duty, and he continued: —

'Horatio is still a comparatively young man and you five years younger, and long life and honours lie before you both if you behave at this juncture with conciliatory wisdom. If you consider, my daughter, that you have a right to complain in some points, yet do not exercise it. View your own knowledge of your husband and you will admit me in the right.'

I knew it. Indeed, Nelson could be cruel to those that opposed him. Go with him, and all was sunshine. Go against him, and fierce anger broke out; easy bent, but impossible to break. I resolved to act conformably, bridling and hiding my terrors.

I sent to the Admiralty, to learn at what date and where I should expect him, and prepared to meet him and make a last struggle for him as well as myself, knowing well how deep his reputation was now involved with the loose-behaved wife and the doting husband.

Then came the news that, after all my agonies, all the long waiting, he was decided to make a tour across Europe by Vienna, dragged in their train. I had thought that even for decency he would take the straightest way. But no. And then came word that he enjoined me not to meet him, but to wait his return in London. Could he not be cruel — if to none other, to his wife? Let the world own there may be spots in the sun.

And still I thought, 'When I see him — when we are alone!' Hope dies hard, it would seem. Mine should have been dead and buried by then.

The time came. I saw him. We were alone; and I, who had been used to the volcanic warmth of his affection, was now to know my day done. All his talk was of Lady H.

She was the dearest, most beautiful of women, the most devoted of friends! A queen had sanctified her position abroad; all London would repeat the homage of Naples. Surely I could never have the foolish, ingratful heart to repel one to whom he owed his life and also the glory of the Nile, for 't was she had procured the ships to be fed and watered, and thus made the battle possible! I would see how the good Queen Charlotte would honour and reward such merits! The country also.

His thin face, all worn with the sea, was flushed and strained as he poured out his story. It was a bitter taste in my mouth then that I had wrote to Yarmouth a polite billet, saying I hoped at some future date to see them at Round Wood. I knew not at that time how utterly I was supplanted. He should not have permitted me to do this.

Good God, what was I to do? I would have fled from the room if possible; but his father's words rang in my ears, and I resolved to still constrain myself to silence. I believe I am blamed that I could not receive this with enthusiasm, and partake in the acclamation of a woman who had robbed me of my all and made him a jest for the vulgar. I think the wisdom of Solomon had scarcely carried me through.

My nature is a silent one, to my misfortune, and I was silent. At last, I said with gravity that it would not become me wholly to neglect his recommendation of Lady H., and I would therefore meet her and form my own judgment of whether there was like to be mutual politeness betwixt her and me; and meanwhile, I begged not to be hurried, but to wait on events.

He shut his lips and his heart, and made his disappointment very manifest, but presently said the Hamiltons would wait on me next day. Was not this to hurry me? But still I said nothing. I only signified I would await them; and then, having no strength for more, I fell a-trembling with such a seizure of pain about the heart as I was forced to call my maid and go to my bed, and there trembled all night, distracted to think what was best to be done.

When I heard their step on the stair next day I thought I must have dropt — what wonder she could spread to all her party that I was stiff and ill at ease in manners? I own it. The very skin of my face tingled. Is there anything so disconcerting to a wife as to be in company, and know there is a secret understanding betwixt her husband and another? What shall she do?

She was a fine woman, I admit, but inelegant in her address, and full-blown as if with too generous feeding and drinking, which was indeed the case; her colour high but clear, her eyes blue, and auburn hair. But going off. Two years younger than me, but I knew I wore better. Her manners overblown like her figure. Her hands and feet large and coarse.

She stood a breath at the door, in her handsome pelisse, and then ran forward, both hands extended, very red in the face. Frightened, yet bold.

'Do I at last have the felicity to see my dear Lady Nelson — the lady of our friend of friends. We were Three joined in One, but henceforth it will be Four. Four hearts united to perfection.'

I drew back and curtseyed. I could not do more — I felt it disgustingly repulsive. I believe I smiled, however. I saw Nelson's angry eye, but Sir W. H. came forward.

I shall never comprehend — 't is impossible I should — how a man of breeding could endure the woman. She said ''as' when she meant 'has,' and her voice corresponded to the spelling of the letters she favoured me with from Naples. A Wapping Wench's spelling.

I beheld Sir William — a clean-faced old man of aristocratic features and marvelled. How shall a woman ever comprehend? 'T is to be understood men would have such a woman serve them a dram at the tavern, and chuck her under the chin for her good looks. But marriage — or love! Yet I was in presence of both. Her proper sphere was in my kitchen; but here she sat, and Nelson had no eyes but for her, and Sir William the air of expecting my compliments on such beauty and accomplishments. A virtuous woman can't understand such things in men; but the Moll Flanders that was Lady H. — she knows and plays on them like a musician on the forte-piano!

It is very true I showed to little advantage, and so made my own case worse. 'T is the wife's fate in such cases. I must be conscious he compared the mistress to the wife without pity, yet think he should have made allowance for the agitating meeting that all but overcame me. Still, I designed to do all in my power, and sat to listen while, in her loud voice, she flattered my husband to his face and mine in such a manner as I could have wept for rage and shame. 'Great Jove,' she called him, explaining obligingly that his

title of Brontë signified thunder in Latin — Sir W. mildly correcting her to Greek. She told of the fêtes celebrating his victories at Naples, —

'And 't was I myself in effigy crowned our hero's waxen effigy with laurels, my dearest Lady Nelson, in the presence of their Majesties and all the people. The only miss to our immortal triumph was your Ladyship's absence. 'T was not, for it could not be, worthy of the greatest of men, for never was such a saviour in the world. Her Majesty, Maria Carolina, said to me with her own royal lips, "What can we offer, Emma, that's not dust beneath his feet? Alexander, Cæsar — what are they beside him? And I vow I don't think the upstart Corsican worth a snap of my fingers when I think of the immortal Nelson!" Indeed, your Ladyship, her swollen heart would scarce admit her to speak. She 'as a noble sensibility, though it don't surpass my own and Sir William's.'

'T was a dose that had been too strong for my husband a few years since. Now he sat all ears and eyes, feasting on every word she spoke. I knew not which way to look. Surely, I thought, Sir William must check her. He sat leaning his chin on his cane, and not a word but this: —

'Indeed, Lady Hamilton does not overrate the occasion, Madam. It was beyond expression splendid, though far below our invaluable friend's deserts. I can show your Ladyship an elegant print of Lady Hamilton as Victory. The classical robe was judged to become her. It is the general opinion that she appears to greatest advantage in the dress of Greece or Rome. I have called her my Modern Cameo, and the name is not misjudged, as you'll allow when you behold her famous Attitudes.'

'The robe was white and I held a wreath of laurels in my hand,' she interrupted. 'The laurels was decorated with dymonds, with which His Majesty later crowned our glorious hero. He also placed laurel wreaths on Sir William's head and mine, and we all wore them during the entertainment. Your Ladyship can't conceive anything more splendid and heart-raising. Was you to have been there you must have died of joy.'

'Then it is possibly fortunate I was not present' — The words came before I could restrain them; but indeed I was near dying of shame to see her so puff the incense in his face and he accept it. Can even such glory as his — and there is none, none like it! — be made to appear foolish? I could picture Sir William and the woman flaunting in their laurels, but not him — not my husband. Indeed, I thought us all mad together, so were things reversed from the right. She it was that owned and showed him off to his wife, and me that was but a listener on her suffrance. And to all this Sir W. and Nelson subscribed. I know not which or what bewildered me most. 'T was like seeing things upside down in a looking-glass, enough to make a woman giddy. I felt I could not bear it longer, and should not be present, and half rose.

Sir W., mistaking me, rose also, politely.

'Pray do not fatigue yourself to rise, your Ladyship. I will bring the print to you.'

And did, laying it in my hand, while she stared, all uneasy smiles. 'T was as he said — a wax effigy of Nelson on a plinth, and she, in a Grecian habit, extending a wreath over his head. The artist had softened the outlines and gracefulised the big hands and feet I noted ere she was five minutes in the room, so that I admit it beautiful. But, oh, when I saw the drawn cheeks, the worn face — the tears blinded me that they should so strip him of dignity. A

woman of bad life to crown him — she the cast-off of many men! And he what he is.

What I experienced then was not selfish; my own soul knows it, if no other. 'T was the passionate desire to rid him of these sponging parasites, even were I never again to see him — that he might stand alone, great and simple as he truly was. But I constrained my lips.

'Indeed, a graceful picture, and the robe becomes her Ladyship —'

'Graceful! Becomes!' cried Nelson. 'These are cold expressions, and worthy only of woman's envy. It's divinely beautiful, and to be crowned by that hand greater honour than the King's crowning. I should have supposed,' he added with bitterness, 'that my wife would be grateful for the distinction. But I was mistook, it seems.'

Indeed I almost despaired. How could anyone compete against her floods of honey. She had spoiled his palate for simple fare. She spoke apart with him while Sir W. addressed me; and his brow then cleared — at her bidding, not for me.

'I must not be hasty, Fanny,' he said. 'It's not every woman has Lady Hamilton's political genius, nor comprehends what my victory of the Nile has accomplished for the world. I am aware I am undervalued in my own country and 't is not singular a woman should share this ignorance —'

I protested, with beating pulses, but he went on, —

'The saviour of Europe is better treated anywhere than in his native land. I could wish never to have set foot —'

She leaned towards him.

'Indeed, you say true, Nelson. Your statue in pure gold should be in every part of London, had I my way, and the Admiralty compelled to salute it, and the niggardly politicians to lick its feet. Never was so great a soul as yours; and if they don't know it, we'll despise them together — we three.'

By this time the room was going round with me, and I did half believe I must sink where I sat, so much was I made an intruder. I knew not where to look, while she overwhelmed me with loud professions of regard and service. Luckily, the carriage was shortly spoke for, and they went, and he with them.

So of all our meetings — need I record them to myself? At dinner, it was she who helped him, saying she must do it, 'until your Ladyship shall learn his likings'; and in all things, little and great, I was supplanted. Will it be believed that he spent his Christmas with them at Mr. Beckford's palace of Fonthill Abbey, and I left to my melancholy thoughts? And so in everything. When the world blames me as harsh and cold — I ask, was it in my power to seem free and content, and cannot tell. Let the world judge honestly, as it has not yet done of the sad case of an openly forsaken wife.

I had also to endure that my husband's family, his brother, his sisters, betwixt whom and myself there had been kindness, went over to her party in a body, and paid their court in the face of day. They knew how to keep well with the risen sun, and that they might lack their share of his bounties if this was omitted. Only his old father showed me kindness. She and the others nicknamed me and mocked my sorrow. He remained kind.

The night my eyes were finally opened, and that ended all, was at the theatre. My husband had commanded me to be present in publick with the Hamiltons, and I sat, enduring the stares of the fine company. There happened an allusion in the play to a secret birth; and as it was spoke, I saw her redden up and go dead white.

Nelson leaped up, and Sir W., for she swayed aside, and her head fell on the arm of Sir W.'s chair, and she fainted. The two helped her out of the box, and I sat dead still. He did not return, nor did I expect it. I knew now. I understood. After a decent interval I left the play and went home.

I won't recall my feelings that night, tossed on a sea of despair. What profit to dwell on my sorrow and shame that I had given him no child. That was the hidden sore that had bit into my soul before she came. There are some men — I think not many — that desire a child with as strong a longing as any lonesome woman, and he was so. I would see his eye soften when it fell on the boys of twelve aboard his ship, so proud and strutting with their dirks and gold buttons; and I knew too well why. Never a harsh word to me of it. And he was kind to my boy. He was never harsh until she stole him; but it came out in a thousand ways I could but feel in the inmost veins of my heart. It possessed his spirit and mine, and once I thought to speak of an adoptive child, and dared not raise the sleeping grief.

And now this was upon me! It would make bonds unbreakable betwixt them. I knew it imaginable 't was not his, for with such a woman what cheat might not be possible; but the thunder of God would be powerless to oppose her if she so told him. One who knew her well said later: —

'Nelson was infatuated. She could make him believe anything.'

No. I pass over that night.

Next day, I sitting alone, the door opened, and she came in unannounced, as she had done of late. Unbearable, but I had bore it as best I could with much else unbearable.

I rose instantly. Her colour was high and fixed. She had the appearance of having slept ill, which I could credit. Now I saw her with open eyes, I marvelled I had been so blind.

'Your Ladyship gives me no invitation to sit,' she said boldly. 'If my visit is inconvenient, I'll do myself the favour later. I come to enquire of your health after the alarm I gave you last night.'

'Your visit,' I said, cold as death, 'is and will be unwelcome. It is what your own conscience should forbid you to inflict upon me.'

We looked at one another a minute. Finally she spoke as a woman of her class must do.

'If your Ladyship means any slur on me that have been the companion of your betters, speak it out,' she cried. 'I don't know what you hint, but I don't fear to face it, whatever it is. The bosom friend of a Queen, and an Ambassadress myself, I need n't shun to look any woman in the face, even if she does wear titles she never did a hand's turn to earn.'

As she spoke, I hardened and took courage. I believe I now dreaded only that Nelson, that Hamilton, should come in before I could speak once for all. It was the locked-up things that ached in me, and I yearned for delivery like a woman in travail.

And first I turned the key in the lock and pocketed it, and she looked at me, furious and trapped. Then I stood with the table betwixt us.

'Lady Hamilton, before ever my husband returned to England, I knew your character. Did you credit that, because the profligate Queen and Court at Naples did honour to a woman of their own kind, that it would be the same in England, where the decencies are still respected? You are much mistook.'

She choked with rage, interrupting:—

'What — my Queen. The daughter of emperors! And you dare — a miserable doctor's widow that Nelson stooped to — to belittle Her Majesty

and her condescension to me. If I was good enough for her, I'm good enough and too good for you.'

'Madam, apart from my own cruel wrongs, one who is not good enough for my virtuous Queen Charlotte is not worthy of my own reception. I decline your acquaintance. She whom my Queen refuses is no fit company for the matronage of England. She sets an example in all things to be followed.'

For it was now known that Sir W. was forced to go to Court alone, the Queen entirely refusing to receive the woman. Indeed, she was livid with passion, to hear this on my lips.

'You had best heed what you say,' she cried, losing all restraint. 'I have it in my power to make Nelson kick you from the house, without a penny but your hoardings to keep you. And I promise you I will, if you insult a woman that saved the fleet for the Nile, and helped your glorious husband to his glory, as he owns daily. You miserable upstart — that dares —'

'Madam, it does not need your admission that, apart from the Service, you rule my husband. That unhappily is known. But you do not rule me.'

'I'll make you crawl to my feet for pardon. I'll have you stript of all but the name he gave you, and with good luck I'll strip you of that, too. You don't know — a dull fool like you — what is the due of one that acts on a great stage with queens and kings and great men. There's nothing between him and me that all the world may n't know, and I glory in. You could not hold him, for you never knew what he was. Don't blame me if you've lost his heart and know its worth too late.'

I grew colder as she hotter. 'T is the effect rage has on me always — it had served me better with him could I have wept and pled.

'I know your secret. I am well aware you'll turn it into a weapon for cutting the last bond betwixt my husband and me.'

'What secret?'

'One I disgrace not myself to say. Let me be plain with you. I know not only this, but a former secret of the like sort that I had from a cousin of Captain Willet-Payne's.'

She shrieked at the name. 'It's a lie — a lie!'

I closed the window quietly, that her violence be not heard in the street. She made at me like a wild cat — then drew back, glaring, her breath coming and going quick. So we stood what seemed like minutes, and then she fell back into the sopha.

'Go on. I'd best know what you mean. I won't part with him — if that's your price. I'm an innocent woman, but there's a few of us can stand mud-throwing at us without some sticking. What do you want?'

'Only that I may never see you again. And one thing more.'

'I'm sure I have no hankering to see you again; but if you want to see Nelson you'll have to take me along with him, for he'll have no scandal and won't break a friendship as does us both honour. But I don't desire you should carry your tales to him, though he won't so much as hear them if I give the word.'

I said nothing awhile, and she sat there, big, sullen, handsome, with dangerous eyes, but did not frighten me any more. Oh what a fate was mine! A man may face the guns and all applaud his courage; but who values a woman fighting against all odds, desolate, no refuge, her own hearth shut against her. I tried to gather a final strength to end it all and face Nelson's wrath after.

I sat, as I think it must have been, a few minutes, for I had need of silence to recollect myself, for I had still a thing to say and I conceived there

could be no woman so vile but she must hear. She now was as if revolving some hidden thing in her mind — as turning it over and over. And I feared her once more, — I could not say why, — she sat so brooding, and a hid thing in her eyes. Presently she spoke again.

'For my part, I don't see why all this fighting and abusing is needful. There's better ways by far. His Lordship praised you as a wise woman when first I met with him. "A very valuable woman," was his words. Why not be friends? And if not friends, see we have a mutual interest. The way you're going, you'll ruin yourself and drag him in. Why not have a little sense. I'm apt to blow out in a temper, but I cool as quick, and a thought comes in my mind that we're better friends than enemies. I'll not be wanting to my part if you won't neither.

'You're right about my secret, and I can tell you as much as that I'll guard it safe from the world. No fear of that. I now desire your opinion whether you won't do wiser to meet what can't now be helped and turn it to your advantage. If you was to act the part of a friend and acknowledge the child for your own, you would give him a child he loves with passion already, and take his undying love and gratitude, and my faithful service to my life's end. There's no heir to his glorious honours, and 't would give him his heart's desire. Consider of it. Here's your way straight back to your husband's heart, and not a soul the wiser.'

I sat still, listening. Her hands spread out, she continued, as eager as if the first part of our interview had not been.

'Here is us two women that have cause to think of him before ourselves; for look at it as you will, he's the world's hero. This notion of mine will give him comfort and quiet, and he'll never think of you but to bless you when he sees his own flesh and blood grow up under his own roof. And if you'll come so far to meet me, I'll swear that for the future I'll be no more to him but an honest friend. You won't grudge that much? And indeed this was a thing entirely unforeseen, and —'

She went on, but now I did not hear. Was it a temptation? Could I endure such a situation, if it gave me back his love and confidence? If I be thought even baser than she, I own for the moment it tempted me. My soul had ached for a child, but fate denied it and flung him into another's arms. Should I hate it for her sake, or love it for his? She said true. I knew he would worship that child — and a child is sweet even if found in the gutter. She saw and spoke with frantic eagerness, while the two passions fought in me of love and hatred. She continued, her face working with eagerness: —

'Forget our hatred, and give him the child he'll bless you for with all his heart. If you did this — 't is but to affect a friendship (that we may feel one day if this should be), and you and I go off later to Italy or elsewhere, and the thing is done. Oh, if a son, he'll worship you, or a girl cling close about his heart; and then, with his soul at rest and seeing the babe in your bosom, who's to say he won't forget me except as a friend, and I'll help him to it. And Nelson yours once more and a babe in the house, my dear Ladyship, I'll give you leave to forget the unhappy mother while you go on your way attended by the respect of all. Don't value me in the matter, but think of his Lordship and yourself. Surely Sarah and Rebecca did the like, and took the children of their husbands for their own. Consider of it, I beseech you.'

Much more she said. I was like a

woman drugged. Through her talk I could see my husband — I could hear him: 'Fanny, my angel of forgiveness, my child's more than mother.' I could see a hearth, with a man, a woman, and his child beside it in great contentment.

Then sudden, like the sun bursting from a cloud, the truth. He knew nothing of it. This was a trap — another of her Attitudes — a plot to save herself and lower me to a baseness that, if I accepted, neither he nor any decent person could look upon me more. Why, what should I be? — and if he choose such an offering, what would he be? She had dragged him down in all she could touch, though the spirit in him escaped her and will for ever; but this, if done, would complete her triumph, and never again could he hold up his head with the rest. And if he refused, — and he would, — I had flung myself in the mud in vain, and then indeed he might say, 'Let me be rid of this plotting woman.' No, better loneliness and misery than crime. The secret ways of vice were familiar to her, but I had never trod in them, nor would. Better he should hate and honour me, than love me with a shameful secret for bond betwixt us.

'Madam,' I said, 'I refuse your offer. But not with the rage and scorn I felt awhile ago. It would be impossible to explain to you why this is so, and how you have opened my eyes to another view than my own wretchedness; but so it is. Your proposal, however, leads me up to the last words I shall ever utter to you.'

'Your Ladyship needs but time to consider,' she exclaimed, evidently believing she had made an impression that might be turned to account later.

But I continued calmly: —

'I comprehend your motives, and refuse. But to the mother of Nelson's child, I say one word. His name is, as you justly say, very glorious. You proclaim aloud that you value his glory —'

'As you with your blood of ice can't never know. He and I are fire, and you freeze him at every turn.'

'If this intrigue continues, you will cling to him in life and death —'

'In life and death.' she repeated proudly.

— 'as a deadly shame and disgrace. When men speak of his glory, they must remember it clouded. A man can't cut his private life from his publick, and he least of all who is so open to slights and griefs. Oh, set him free — have pity on him. Set him free, — not to come back to me: I see that's done for ever, — but to a loneliness that's honourable, and where he can devote his undistracted heart to a love that's more to him than you, or any woman. You know what it is. If you do indeed love him, spare him.'

It had all turned so different from what I meant at the outset. I pleading to her, and after a shocking insult! Oh, what are we but the thistledown blown in the wind and dropt, we know not where — but in strange, strange places. She did not, however, understand me — not at all.

'Is it your meaning,' she said at last, 'that you would have done with him if I promise the same?'

'It is my meaning.'

'My poor Nelson is certainly unfortunate in a wife that loves him so little as she can offer to part with him to gratify her spite, and sever him from one that loves every hair of his head and that he adores. No, Madam, you can't part us at that rate, nor at any other. I was a fool to make the offer I did. You have it not in you to love any man, nor make any sacrifice for him. You'll respect my secret, for you can't ruin your own husband, and it's as much as your position's worth to offend him. Let me tell you you've lost a chance to show yourself a true

woman and wife, and now you can do your worst. I told my poor hero long since that his cold wife did n't know what love is, and I don't need to tell him again what all the world sees now. You think of yourself only. I that you scorn have risked all for him, and you not so much as your little finger. Take your own way, alone in life and death. My generous heart gave you your chance, you cold coward!'

She said much more, but I did not hear. I took the key from my pocket at last. She stretched her hand for it and, unlocking the door, went out without farewell. I sat down and hid my face, weeping for the temptation I had resisted, yet knowing I had with me the right. Does this console a woman?

I tell my story as lame as I lived it. But I have suffered. God knows it!

The passionate voice in my heart had ceased. The shadows were long and cool. Even the breeze had nearly dropped asleep in the evening calm. I sat musing.

There, by her tomb, in the sunset and its golden calm, it may well seem that, in the cloudland of all the faiths, where the guns of Trafalgar are forgotten and glory is an outworn toy, a very wearied man may dream that all love is reconciled in a divine unity.

And, as I rose to go, the breathing air gathered the faint sweetness of the meadows and laid it upon the unseen Altar.

## HAUNTED SOLITUDE

BY JOSEPH AUSLANDER

THERE is the solitude of gypsy tents,
Abandoned fires and forgotten graves;
The solitude of clangorous conclaves
Of rocks when night is gray in cerements:
And then the silence death left desolate,
The candle in a stupor, the locked gate.

You, who have broken bread with beauty, know
The lonely grandeur of departed feet;
They pulse against the traffic of the street;
You hear their music through the blinding snow:
The passionate indifference of the dead
To all pursuit, the rich taunt of their tread.

# NEW ENGLAND VILLAGES

BY JOHN STERLING

## I

Less than seventy-five years ago there was no day in the seven so distinctive of the real New England as its Sunday. This, we know, is no longer true. Little enough distinguishes Sunday from any other day in the week. Men work or play, as their mood suggests. Women do the same. Young people live in a whirl of their own, and all of them speed the world over in their cars.

But in New England village life, mingled with the modern, there is, now and then, something of exception. In a few of their old churches, their people, and tradition, still lingers a flavor of the vanished years. Faint though it be, it is an interesting reminder of the last stage of a passing history.

I confess this was in my mind when, on a Sunday morning not long ago, I decided to attend services in the village church and sit in my grandfather's pew. I had to ignore the lure of the world without — its 'green hills and far horizons.' But I knew the compensations of my choice. There is a peculiar charm in the quiet revery, the meditative appraisal of men and things, which is always a part of this hour in the village church.

As I waited on the old porch for the family carriage, I heard far off the tolling of the bell. Deep and melodious, it rose and fell, a splendid overtone to the beauty of the midsummer morning.

But why church-bells in August? you may ask. The reason is simple. The minister's vacation is not only unknown, it is unneeded and unwanted. Seventy years the old bell has swung above this village of Fairport, but its voice has never been silent because of the minister's vacation.

Summer is the golden time of the year to church and community; for their numbers are increased by many a native son and daughter, who have come back to the old town as one of that vast New England company known as 'summer people.' Colloquially perhaps, they are 'Martin's folks,' or 'Cap'n Dyer's boys,' or 'The Chicago crowd.' Simultaneously, many an old homestead, which has been transformed by its screened porches, stepping-stone paths, and rioting flower-beds, till it could not be recognized by its ancestral founders themselves, opens its shutters and wakes to life after its long winter silence.

These people went away years ago to make money. Some of them have done so, in varying degrees, even to actual wealth; and although they return with abundant evidence of it, they do not return with a *y* in their Martins and their Carolines. They were named for their grandfathers and grandmothers; and for two generations, at least on the patronymic side of the house, there will be no departure from the literalness of the fact. There is a sane, self-respecting simplicity about them, an unspoiled strain of the old stock, which makes discrimination be-

tween natural change and what they call plain foolishness. It is a reflection of something — would that the gods could cherish it — which belongs with the few and diminishing influences that would still stand between their money-spending, fast-living sons and the high-powered pace of a generation which must start importantly where its fathers left off.

It might be claimed that these people are not in reality Fairport people; that city life has made them what they are. But exception should be taken to this. Intrinsically, they are the product of Fairport and what it stands for. They drew from its earnestness and simplicity, and its universal law of work, especially the latter, an invaluable grasp of *essentials* — realities as distinguished from inclination. They perceived the fact of their own personal accountability, and became mentally adjusted to a balanced existence, which, first of all, eliminated — or, rather, never knew — the pernicious philosophy of getting everything for nothing.

There is a moral discipline in such a life, which subsoils human character to its lasting good. It is always a short road to understanding through denial — through getting rather than receiving. They have rendered, and were willing to render, an equivalent to the world; and that principle and spirit came out of Fairport.

In their present lives the money they have made is, of course, the great determining force. Yet it has issues which fall even more vitally on the succeeding generation than upon their own. Because of a curious blindness, and because the pressure of modern standards so easily force it, that generation is prone to be brought up out of joint with the idea of work. Work is at a discount. They must reap where they have not sown. It is a generation that has been elaborated rather than developed.

Now there are villages and villages, some of more and some of less importance, as illustrating their own particular part of the many and diverse features of village life. But the two of which I write, one large and the other small, are not composite pictures. They stand as portrayed, and are typical of a large class, which is representative of New England village life. In fact, there is a slow homogeneity creeping over these places, due to the automobile, the telephone, and the farm bureau. There is a closer community of interest throughout a county in these days than existed between adjacent towns twenty-five years ago.

Yet villages have their own psychology as distinguished from that of the country proper or city life. Of course, in certain phases, there are individual variations. As, for instance, there is not precisely the same degree of unity, of placid calm, in most cases, probably, as obtains in this particular Fairport church. Yet one knows that it cannot last indefinitely, or even much longer. In looking into its underlying causes, one realizes that its cohesive element has been the character of the generation which is slowly passing. That has been the foundation, the substratum of its identity, held together by many subtle forces other than its religion — by memories, old association, kindred experiences, joys and sorrows.

Speaking strictly, its religious views have undergone more change than anything else; although, whenever this particular subject threatens to come to the surface with these good folk themselves, it is managed with a gentle, deprecatory dismissal — an attitude alike mysterious and fascinating to the thoughtful observer. Because, although they are not given very much to conscious introspection or other self-

analytical processes, they do know when they have lost such an ancestral possession as hell, or any similar Calvinistic legacy. They do not know when, or where, or the process by which, they lost it. They only know that they have.

But it is in a much more unconscious way that their shyness in admitting such facts has anything of that spirit which, juggling with reason and moral sense, would make a virtue out of holding to the outward form of an orthodoxy whose substance is dead. To an age that demands almost instinctively the facts of knowledge and truth, it is increasingly difficult to square this attitude with one of strict sincerity.

But lack of sincerity has nothing whatever to do with the two churches, one Baptist, the other Unitarian, of Fairport village. Questioned directly, their answer would be plain.

The shifting of the old fundamentals of religion to the new bases of liberal thought and the uncompromising decrees of science, to the exigencies of modern life and truth, is a new interpretation of human destiny and the universe, which is still a word in a foreign tongue to many people. And it is perplexity over the mere fact of the open door in their own little religious world, and the inescapable consequences that it plainly lets in, which give to Fairport its hesitancy and silence. Dismayed that their one ancient point, the absolute and literal authority of their Bible, is to them no longer valid, they are dumb before the realization that all their eternal verities have a new and strange evaluation.

## II

I wonder if my reader ever had the privilege of riding to church of a Sunday morning in a family carriage? If his experiences all lie on this side of the world's transition from carriages to cars, then he has been denied one of the rare pleasures of life; for, in the passing of the horse and carriage, there is almost a national misfortune. One has not the temerity to decry, by ever so little, the great place of the automobile in the present age. I am as dependent on one as anybody. But it has brought a new psychology into the world, and in the bringing has discountenanced and thrust out an old psychology which the heart of the world will never cease to need. There is probably no price to pay; but if there is, humanity will pay it.

Now, leisure goes with a family carriage — time enough. 'Time enough,' you vaguely echo, 'time enough for what?' Well, for most of the things that most of us are missing — time enough for meditation; time enough to rest; time enough to discover the beauty of the world; time to grow a little finer and mellower, to be a little plainer and more moderate and contented.

I do not know the name or species of our carriage. I only know that from the time you step onto its broad guard and sink into its foot-deep old broadcloth upholstery, you have before you a little journey of utter peace and comfort. Black Major, the big handsome old horse, full of years and philosophy, is as unmoved by the passing show of this world as anything still alive can be. Whether it is the oncoming blare of a brass band in front, or honks and wailings in our rear, he jogs heavily along on his own side of the road, too well aware of having charge of his own family to be moved by trivial matters.

It is two miles to the village, through as beautiful a bit of scenery as lies on the Atlantic seaboard. The family Fords and Franklins are parked in dignity under the magnificent pines at the back of the church, and a few grave

steeds keep Major company, as he moves to his own particular tree. This tree has an ingrowing ship's bolt for the looping of his rein, which my sea-captain grandfather placed there forty years ago. In a little while now it will be out of sight, buried in the heart of the pine.

This church is admittedly one of the best pieces of church architecture in the state. White as snow, with dark-shuttered windows of just the right size and position, its tall spire gleaming against the rich darkness of the pines, it is a delight to look upon. Its inset porch is upheld by splendid fluted Doric columns, and the gable and entablature above are of such perfect and suggestive proportions, that, for a moment, one thinks of a pale vision of Athenian maidens passing in ghostly panathenæa across it. Within, restfulness abides. Subdued color and soft light and decorous quiet reign.

It may be said that this church, in the past, was long under a sort of tradition of music. For more than two generations, the town and many surrounding towns were subject to some of the best musical training which it is often the fortune of country people to obtain, in two singing masters and violinists. One was a native American, the other a naturalized foreigner. The former was a native of Fairport, the latter a resident of a neighboring town; and both, by education and natural endowment, past masters of their art.

Young men and women, who in turn became fathers and mothers, and sometimes the children of these children, both in their homes and in the old-time singing school, — a stable institution fifty years ago, — were for years under the instruction of one or the other of these men. It was an age that valued learning of every kind for the old love of learning itself, and that listened with deference and respect to its superiors. Its very spirit of appreciation led it far toward perceiving and acquiring many a finer phase of these men's musical knowledge. Ragtime and jazz had not then descended upon a troubled world, and no high-heeled miss, home with her violin from her first winter's tarrying at some 'school of art,' ever played her little rôle on this country stage. Instead, what they had they intelligently understood, and possessed an insight, at least, into the dignity and beauty of a great art.

So that, as I listened, this Sunday morning, to the little cottage organ played with consummate skill, and to the simple but perfectly rendered music of the service, I wondered if it were not the last faint echo from the lives of the two old masters whose violins have long been mute.

The sermon was that of a man who had never seen the inside of a college or divinity school; who laid down the yard-stick, when in the midst of his forties, because he had a call; and who, at sixty-odd, was preaching, fervently and devoutly, the necessity and efficacy of beliefs, — or of *belief*, — rather than facts, or knowledge, or history, or science, or philosophy, or ethics, or their reasonable application to modern life. That the church has or could have any essential function or secondary office concerning the human race, other than the saving of your soul from eternal perdition, and the worship of God by the prescribed means and methods embodied in the church, is to him the borderland of heresy.

Yet, notwithstanding the strength and sincerity of his own belief, one still feels that, because of some intuition of its need, his attitude is one of defense. The one thing that would give him assurance of having accomplished the greatest life-work would be the keeping of his people 'strong in the faith,' secure from inward questioning, from any toleration of liberal thought

or 'higher criticism,' of which he knows little save the sinister sound of its name. And, with sincerest inward concern, would he save them from Unitarianism.

There is not a shadow of selfishness or jealousy in his motives. Every man is his brother, and he would give of his time, his substance, and his strength, for what he believes is his soul's safety, although proselyting in the narrow sense of the word is not the way of this good man's Christianity. Indeed, there is a mutual tolerance in these two churches, whose overstepping is carefully guarded. Barring the few exceptions which exist always, everywhere, and in everything, there is a refinement of neighborliness and brotherhood throughout the place, which values harmony and peace in the highest.

It is perfectly well known that at two-thirty, a goodly number of the morning's congregation will wend their way to the Unitarian church, to listen to a sermon by a man whose name perhaps is illustrious; for this church has not a settled pastor the year round, being open practically only through the summer months. But its privileges then are sometimes great. But there is entire forgetfulness of this church-going flexibility by the Baptist people themselves, not excepting even the very small number of those still remaining of the original body. As against human fellowship for each other, creeds are thrust into a sort of impersonal background.

This is what, as a whole, I have referred to as the unity, the 'placid calm,' of the Fairport churches, the religious psychology of this particular village.

The minister has been retained for nearly ten years. This is not only because he fills the bill as well as another might, but because, with the few of its more prominent citizens, there is a little prideful responsibility of running the community properly. And, therefore, so handsome a little church calls for a settled pastor, both for convenience and tradition's sake, and for the general look of things. If there are other reasons, my reader may draw, as I do, his own conclusions.

The minister's salary is five hundred dollars a year, but his manner of life is quite out of proportion to that surprising sum. He lives in his own house, which he has bought since coming there — a home of comfort and attractiveness. He owns his own horse and carriage. His clothes are suitable to his calling. These things, as may be guessed, are the fruits of his earlier life. His business, outside of the ministry, is that of his village farm, his cows and poultry. These yield him his entire living. His five hundred is the surplus of his income.

But as an expression of religious realities, with nine tenths of its congregation, the attendance at this church is a custom only, a Sunday habit. It is a pleasant meeting-place, — Fairport is always cordial, — a restful change from the routine of the other six days, an occasion for the donning of other raiment, and, withal, an opportunity of hearing some form of speaking. It is an interesting phenomenon — the readiness, nay, eagerness, of people outside of the cities, for this 'speaking'; and their denial of the strong meat of thought and truth is all but pathetic, in view of the fact that their minds, given the opportunity, grasp much of the best, in spite of what they often accept with uncritical pleasure in place of it.

But the church, as a church, is not a positive force, it is not vital, it is not convincing. It is a survival, and a steadily diminishing one, plain to the most indifferent, and voiced in the words of one of its old members when he said to me, 'I hate to think of this

church in a few years from now. There will not be a soul to keep it up.' In other words, its membership will be nothing, its present supporters being such only in a social and unclassified sense. During the last decade, one or two children have been accompanied to the river, baptized, and made passive, non-understanding members. The addition of an adult is of rarest occurrence. As the old member foresaw, when the present generation has passed, there seems no source of replacement.

Yet, after all, I question if this will be exactly what will happen. That it will not be kept up in anything remotely like its original form is a foregone conclusion. But as an undenominational, twentieth-century meeting-house, it is an ideal possibility, and may survive as such, for many years to come.

That the world steadily changes, that nothing is exempt from that law, either religious or secular, no more vivid examples as proof could be found than those which present themselves here. The sedate business man, a Westerner, sitting across the aisle from me, was born in Fairport. At intervals of a few years, he visits his native town. In his youth he worked on the home farm. He ploughed and sowed and reaped. He built fences and picked up rocks. He cut the year's firewood in winter. He went to the Grand Banks at eighteen. He taught fall schools before he was twenty-one, walking the ten miles of a winter morning, after his week-end at home, as often as he rode. A diary kept at the age of thirteen, abounds with such entries as these: '— Oct. 5. Ben and I dug potatoes all day in lower field. Good crop. — Oct. 6. Wheeled in wood all day. Heavy frost last night. — Dec. 14. Went to Milton for load of ship timbers. Stayed all night. Brought down eight knees. Very cold. [This was a ride of forty miles in all.] — Dec. 16. Went to church in A.M. Full house. Evening went to church.'

Never again in Fairport, or any other place that I know, can there be a boyhood like this. Its day is past. The coveted education which this man sought and obtained, although receiving all the parental aid and encouragement possible, he earned himself. Consider, in passing, the education of his son, with its three years of fitting school, four years of college, three years of professional school, with money for every demand of the modern college régime, from clothes to conviviality, and every bill paid by father. But — and here is a sequel too logically a part of things to be omitted — with this difference, the seriousness of purpose, the moral fibre and stability, which it would seem should have been the son's birthright, he utterly lacks. He is mentally brilliant, amiable, generous, handsome, likable, immoral, irresponsible, a free drinker. Though the purpose of this paper is to record rather than to moralize, it is not fair to leave the subject without reminding the reader that the fault is not the son's, but absolutely the upbringing and environment. Too much money and no work.

If, as an illustration of change in two generations, the case seems somewhat extreme, the world has changed quite as much, proportionately, for the man who has remained in his native town, a citizen of Fairport all his life. His boyhood was much like that of the first man. But the old farm, more intelligently worked, has been a reasonably profitable business. The old house has many comforts — a pleasant porch, piped water in the kitchen, a furnace, daily papers, a telephone, a modest car added to the baggage-wagon and the Concord buggy. He sees his grandchildren carried to the town schools by public conveyance, where he himself

walked a mile in zero weather. Those of his own children who have remained near him have widened their earlier education by many books and magazines, and at least a Saturday-night trip to the movie theatre, ten miles away. As he remembers, the magazine habit did not much prevail in the country, forty years ago. He read Tom Paine's *Age of Reason*, which in some unaccountable way fell into his hands when he was twenty-one; but it was kept far under the mattress of his bed, out of consideration for the religious principles of his father and mother. Now his family may very likely discuss the evolution of man, of a Sunday morning, at the breakfast-table.

The trip to the theatre is one of the two events of the week. The other is the weekly dance in the Grange hall, being the climax of the social gayety of Fairport and, of all innovations, originally taken the most dubiously by the town fathers and mothers. The patrons of the dance are the younger married people, which lends a sort of chaperonage to the affair; and long before their own children have outgrown their braids and knickerbockers, they consistently take them along and teach them the art.

It must be confessed however, that these dances have brought to Fairport its most undesirable acquaintances. Their 'orchestras' alone are a sin. But they are popular, for they furnish a needed occasion for specific pleasure and relaxation.

The Grange meeting affords a social evening for all ages and classes, while the Grange store and the other two grocery stores are still time-honored places, where the middle-aged fathers foregather on rainy afternoons, to descant on the questions of the hour. The young men are always away somewhere with the family car.

But the village has no clubs or gatherings for the pursuit of literary subjects of any sort. There has been even no sewing-circle for years. Its Sunday school is the nearest approach to any organized effort in the line of study. And this might be enough, a source of much intellectual interest, if its reactive questioning could but be met with a little more light, a little application of modern truth and understanding; if, in addition to the study of the Bible, subjects not collateral might be accepted as legitimate material for study inside the walls of a church. One would rather see a class on almost any subject gather in this church on Sunday mornings, than see its fine old doors close against life, the end of its use to the world.

Thus runs the tale of Fairport.

To those who know it best, it must always be distinguished for its sincerity and kindheartedness, its right-mindedness, and good-will to men. It might be a pattern for many a more pretentious but less righteous community.

## III

It would be profitable, indeed, if more of the Fairport spirit prevailed in the larger village, including the churches; for the village of Dale has four — Congregational, Unitarian, Baptist, and Methodist, — supposed to stand in its social organization about in the order named, and forming a very considerable part of it.

Now this social organization, or, speaking more concisely, 'Society,' with its big *S*, in Dale, is not only the difference between Dale and Fairport, but it is the one difference in general between the large and the small village. Fairport has nothing of the sort; in Dale there is little that is not touched by it. It is to be reckoned with in general and in particular, always including the churches. So that to consider it

here, to the exclusion of other points, is to get the clearer view.

In itself, however, its history is not an uninteresting page; for Dale is one of the oldest villages in this part of the state, and its origin held much that was delightful. But it passed — Revolutionary ancestors, titles, Colonial homes and all. There is not, by claim, a D.A.R. in Dale.

Years later Dale began to make money, a good deal of it; and for a generation or two mills hummed and its river raced to the sea bearing fortunes in lumber. Then arose a social order very wise in its own conceit. Monstrosities in architecture took the place of the Colonial homes, when they were not built over; and the ostentatious display of wealth flourished for a season. The Winthrop Joneses became quietly the common citizens, although to this day, every last one of them is stamped, in the poise and charm of his manner, with the hall mark of his old blue blood.

But in its final results it was an unfortunate era for Dale. Its prosperity was only temporary, at least not extending far into the second generation. The mills grew silent, for the sons had learned only how to spend money, not how to run mills; drink and wastefulness ran riot; and, from good old red-blooded, twelve-hour-a-day stock, nothing of permanence or excellence remained. There was actually but the one proverbial exception.

Then, by accident, Dale began another era, the echoes of which may still be heard, when it awoke one day to find itself possessed of a millionaire. But it was a period not founded on itself. It was not indigenous. There was hardly a drop of real New Englandism in it. It was imported, and arrived complete, with the butler and lady's maid and liveried coachman and colored household personnel.

But Society took a new lease of life. It allied itself assiduously, taking to itself a sort of vicarious foundation, of proportions; for there was not only the money, but there were brains and some fame and a great deal of genuineness. Henceforth, it was epitomized in the uprisings and downsittings of its one great house. But its real identity was lost.

It was a wrong standard from any point of view for Dale; for nobody could afford it, and the town was not large enough for its interests and good-fellowship to be divided. But imitate and pretend it did, to its own foolish enjoyment, but not to the upbuilding of common sense and broadmindedness and the cherishing of old ideals and things worth while in general.

The millionaires were in nowise to blame. They could not help having their wealth or their fame or their way of life. They were sensible and democratic. They accepted the friendships and attentions offered them, in perfect good faith. They scrupulously kept up their own side of every social obligation. They were faultless as citizens, for they were resident during that part of the year when their residence made them citizens.

Through all these years — more than a hundred — in the midst of its ancient elms, stood Dale's oldest and finest church, the Congregational. It is and always has been Society's church, and is always called the 'Orthodox.' Not that it is orthodox — not if by church is meant the people who belong to it, who go to it, who manage it and support it. It is sophisticated — for want of a better word — to the last degree. Individually and collectively, it is fully aware of all its outworn theological ideas. Its distinctive forms and customs are observed with unlimited private reservations, or not observed at all. It defends no precious convictions

or faith for the *faith itself*. Its very oldest male member said to me one Sunday morning, in passing out in the midst of delighted comments on a sermon liberal to the last ditch, 'Oh, we are all Unitarians now'; this being to him the last word in religious limits, rather than knowledge of Unitarianism.

But the old gentleman meant it cheerfully; there was no latent fling in the words. Long life and experience had brought to him reconciliation to what he knew was his own vastly changed outlook; and he knew it also as the index of what had gone on all about him. He had not forsaken his religion, or felt that it had forsaken him. It was simply as he saw things.

But he had, nevertheless, committed a solecism, because such an admission is the one point zealously guarded. Whatever their changes, the result must be regarded as strictly Congregational. Their delight that morning was self-congratulatory over the brilliancy of their minister in preaching such a splendid sermon. Emersonian, they called it, meaning rhetorical. And Emersonian it was, but in quite another sense — the very sense whose truth and power they felt so keenly.

To the wealthiest and most partisan supporter of this church there is, privately, no choice whatever between the creeds and beliefs of these two churches. Yet the partisanship is tense, notwithstanding it is not founded on religious reasons.

There is little to produce envy in the smaller membership, the absence of wealth, the lesser social prestige, the quiet unaggressiveness, and the not always interesting ministers of Dale's Unitarian church. But there is something in its reasonableness, its intellectual sureness, the possibleness of its faith for human beings, and the fine patience with which it pursues its way in the midst of a cold-shouldered community, which suggests an elemental strength, to which the sister church is not blind. Blind it doubtless must be to the fact that its own house is not in order, that it is not running on the inner force of Christianity; blind to its own coldness, its ideals of exclusiveness, and superiority, and intellectual supremacy, its better-than-thou spirit — the one church of Dale which is never appraised with the faintest touch of fellowship by its own townspeople who are without the pale.

But it can hardly be unaware of certain of the present anomalous conditions of its existence. One of its most dependable spokesmen at parish meetings and times of critical pressure is, on his own word, privately, an absolute unbeliever. Another, a member for forty-five years, said to me six months before her death: 'There is nothing beyond the grave; death ends it all.'

Skepticism is in the air they breathe. As a church, it is not able to teach the end of man acceptably, and it would not dream of teaching his beginning authoritatively. It is not without the enlightenment of truth and science; yet it gets nowhere with it. It seeks no adjustment with truth as it is, because its moral hunger is drugged. Such an adjustment is not popular; the result might be un-Congregational; it is too much trouble to find it, or to get anybody interested in it if it were found.

In spite of the Emersonian sermons, their author had a short pastorate. Whispers concerning these sermons arose from without, difficult for the body politic to explain away. A successor was appointed — a man after their own heart.

Thus the church is left to burn out its light under a bushel, its extinction foredoomed, and well on its way, as is affirmed by its own people.

Perhaps the other greatest difference between the large and small village is,

in briefest terms, the question of beauty, the cultivation of the arts, to use a worn phrase, especially in its more practical aspect, the home. Dale possesses some of much excellence.

Now, the cult of the 'antique' has long had its disciples and wise men in this village. Beautiful Hepplewhite, Sheraton, and Chippendale give the key-note to many a house and room; and one who has evolved to the subtle understanding and admiration of these things knows how satisfying beyond all other household gods they are to possess. But there seems no way of making these correctly beautiful homes an object-lesson to those who spend goodly sums of money to gather a medley of yellow oak and near Davenports and hybrid Morris chairs into their rooms — the great majority of rooms in Dale.

Now, Fairport possesses its own ancestral mahogany, but without any awakened artistic appreciation of it. Grandfather's desk and grandmother's highboy are still doing service in living-room and chamber, cherished because they were belongings of the old folks, and because of their usefulness; and, though they are rarely ever restored externally from the marks of a hundred years of service, they would as rarely be parted with, for the two reasons above named.

But Dale possesses not only all that was its own originally, but all of everybody's else that it can lay hands upon. And there is something fundamentally wrong in the situation, because many of these antiques originally came out of the very homes that are so wrongly furnished.

Here arises a query: is not the person who buys from its uncomprehending owner a fine old piece of mahogany for five dollars, and pays fifteen for having its surface refinished, — a piece whose market value he knows to be a hundred dollars, and perhaps twice that, and which he may himself eventually sell for that, when he has no more space in his house for another antique, — is not this person a profiteer in the intelligence and happiness of his fellow man?

I know a houseful of such examples, worth thousands of dollars, every one of which was obtained in just this way.

Can there not arise a philanthropy which shall enlighten people against themselves, shall teach them the significance and beauty of their own ancestral possessions, rather than leave them to gather, by a sort of slow accident — or never gather at all — that indefinable understanding and love of them, with its accompanying revelation that money does not represent their value to themselves?

In any case, the initiated have no franchise in appreciation of the beautiful, in learning the good from the bad artistically, against the uninformed. It needs only opportunity and awakening.

The answer always is, they do not want their mahogany, they would rather have the money. But it is a specious argument. The point is, they should be given a chance to want it before it is too late. Then they may do as they please. It is, at least, not then a transaction between a blind man and one who can see.

Dale is not different from other places in this matter. It prevails in every place that ever harbored an antique. And that is the pity of it, because this particular thing might so easily and naturally be made a concrete starting-point for the evolution of beauty in the home — that magic key which unlocks so much else in life.

# THE BEHAVIOURISM OF OUR GRANDMOTHERS

BY ELIZABETH A. DREW

SOME years ago, an English weekly paper for ladies was published, called *Hearth and Home*. It was full of good advice on dress, complexion-preservers, invisible toupees, how long to wear mourning for your great-aunt, where to stay abroad in safety, and how to make hashed mutton look like lobster mayonnaise. Every week there was a section headed 'Social Snares, or Trials in Tact'; and here, week after week, the readers of the paper were faced with a problem in conduct and asked to contribute solutions. I remember only two of them.

In one, Mrs. A. makes a first call on Mrs. B.; and on being shown, and shut, into the drawing-room, finds her hostess fast asleep on the sofa. What can Mrs. A. do? In the other, Mrs. A. goes to a dinner-party, and as she is being taken in to dinner, exclaims, 'Oh, dear! I have come without a handkerchief!' Mr. B., who is her partner, immediately says, 'Oh, please allow me to lend you one; I have two.' Mrs. A. accepts gratefully, but on getting home and washing the handkerchief, she finds it full of holes. What can Mrs. A. do?

Prizes were given every few months for the greatest number of correct solutions; but our family soon discovered that invariably the safest answer was, 'Mrs. A. can do nothing.' Very occasionally action of some sort was recommended; but far more often an attitude of wise passiveness was poor Mrs. A.'s only escape from social suicide.

Very different in spirit is a small book picked up for twopence a few weeks ago in the market of an English provincial town. *Instructions in Etiquette for the Use of All* is its title; published in 1847 for John Butcher, author of the *Scriptural Pronouncing Dictionary*. The book arose from questions asked by the pupils of the authoress at a 'considerable school,' where she was engaged to give instruction in propriety of behaviour; and she hopes that, after a perusal of it, no persons will be at a loss how to conduct themselves in all circumstances.

There is nothing trivial or superficial about its treatment of social problems. The 'How to be a Perfect Gentleman' of to-day is merely practical: —

> Do not mop the face with the serviette, but take it between the finger and thumb of both hands, and draw it lightly across the mouth. Should the mouth be too full for speech, lay the finger on the lip and shake the head slowly —

and so on. But here the niceties of table-manners are shown in their proper relation to the moral conduct of life.

> *Qt.* If at dinner I am asked what part of a bird or joint I prefer, is it polite to make choice of any part which is esteemed a delicacy?
>
> *Ans.* Young persons are, in general, from bashfulness or timidity, too apt to use that very common but improper phrase, 'Any part will do, sir,' or 'I have no choice, madam'; when, in fact, they have a preference. From false delicacy, or the ridiculous fear of being thought an epicure, they thus violate Truth, one of the brightest virtues of the human soul. . . . It is not improper,

therefore, to make a choice, though you ought on no account frequently to select the choicest pieces.

Here it almost looks as if the brightest virtue of the human soul is being tampered and compounded with; but the issue in the question of the propriety of shaking hands with gloves on is quite clear.

Ladies are allowed to keep on their gloves, but I should not advise them to avail themselves of the privilege; for friendship is so sacred, that not even the substance of a glove should interpose between the hands of those who are united by its influence.

Although the main subject of the work is etiquette, and the correct behaviour to adopt in special cases, the authoress has outlined for us those general occupations which are most suitable for her pupils on leaving school, together with the reasons for their suitability. Needlework holds the place of honour, and, as she says, has held it 'since the days of Eden, when its humble process was but to unite the fig-leaf'; but the tending of flowers is not without its points too. 'While you eradicate the weeds that deform and the excrescences that endanger them, is there not a perpetual monition uttered of the work to be done in your own hearts?' Or, looking for a moment on the bright side, we find that 'Connected with the nurture of flowers is the delightful study of Botany, which imparts new attractions to the summer sylvan walks, and prompts both to salubrious exercise and scientific research.'

From this we pass naturally to other studies and the importance of serious reading, for 'the casket of memory, though elastic, has bounds, and if surcharged with trifles, the weightier matters will find no fitting place.' History appears to be the best material to place in the elastic casket, for 'History is replete with moral lessons. The instability of human power, the tyranny of man over his brother, and the painful truth that the great are not always good, mark almost every feature of its annals.'

The subject of occupation for solitude, however, is very soon dismissed, for the all-important topic is that of behaviour among others and toward others. In no circumstances does the heroine of these trials in tact, like Mrs. A., do nothing. She must act at once, but act correctly. Problem after problem presents itself. How should you pass a person whom you meet on the stairs? How ought you to demean yourself when you accost a relation? If you meet an older person, is it proper to speak first? Should the toes be pointed to the ground when you walk? What apology is necessary if I happen to take another person's seat when he is out of the room? How am I to give commands to servants with ease, mildness, and dignity? What is the most graceful position in which to hold a book when reading? One sees the teasing thoughts rising in the young mind that yearns to act with perfect propriety.

If, in company, an elderly person should address me whilst I am answering a question to a younger one . . .

If walking in the garden of a person with whom I am not particularly acquainted, is it proper to help myself to fruit without being first invited to do so?

But, however ensnaring the problem, there is always the right thing to do, and it only has to be known.

*Qt.* What movement should be made by a lady who meets a person to whom great respect is due: as, for instance, a bishop?

*Ans.* If she have only to make him a passing salute, it must be by an elegant bend of the body, rather low, and with a

serious countenance, and, in order to make her respect more obvious, she may, if intimate, kiss her hand at the same time. To other gentlemen it is seldom, if ever, proper to kiss the hand. To an intimate friend, you may wave your hand, but should not kiss it, as a young gentleman might possibly put an improper construction upon your politeness. . . . This mode of salutation is never allowable to a gentleman who is not at once much your elder and your very particular friend.

Naturally, the subject of the proper behaviour toward young gentlemen is a fruitful one. It is the only topic with which the talented authoress finds any difficulty. Even she, however, has to confess that no rules of decorum avail with the classes she defines as 'coxcombs' and 'scoundrels': 'for a coxcomb is too full of himself to observe the rules of etiquette, and a scoundrel will break through every rule, to accomplish his design.' *Safety first* is the motto in all affairs of this kind. Never stop and speak to anyone in the street (whether you know him or not). Apart from the risk of finding yourself (helpless) in conversation with a coxcomb or a scoundrel, it is highly improper;

for you attract the attention of all who pass, and expose yourself to their unfavourable remarks, and perhaps even incur their censure. It must always be highly indecorous to stand and hold a conversation in public.

As to the question whether it is permissible to cross the street to speak to a friend on the other side, a point may be stretched in the case of a lady, but it is never consistent with decorum for a lady to do it to a gentleman whose age does not greatly exceed her own.

Here an inexperienced miss inquires innocently: —

If, in a place of worship, I should observe a friend whom I have not seen for a long time, would it be proper to move to him?

And the answer comes with merited severity: —

I should consider it highly improper to greet a person in church; yet, should it be an intimate friend, whom you have not seen for some time, it may be allowable to greet him at the door, but not with vivacity.

As a preventive measure to any such problem arising, it is better to take the authoress's own advice.

For ladies, when attending divine service, I approve those large poke bonnets, inasmuch as they conceal the face, and by confining the view, prevent that distraction of mind which is so unfavourable to the proper performance of religious duties.

In the street or in the drawing-room, the young lady's chief difficulty in deportment, like that of the amateur actress, seems to be the question of what to do with her hands. She keeps coming back to it. First of all, it is when walking that she feels puzzled.

*Qt.* How should the arms be placed when walking in the street?

*Ans.* Let them hang gracefully by the side, but not dangling. A lady may place one arm across the waist, the hand being open to receive the other arm if necessary. But the propriety of the position much depends upon the dress. If a scarf is worn, let the end of it flow gently over the arm that is raised.

But that does not go far enough, and the next stumblingblock is: —

*Qt.* In what position should I hold my hands when in company?

*Ans.* There are several ways which are equally graceful. You may place both arms across the waist, or, one arm being in that position, the other may hang down easily by the side, or you may place one hand within the other, suffering both to rest upon the lap.

But the question whether you shall let your right arm know what your left arm doeth, or not, is not all. These

elementary instructions are only the preparation for the young lady's most suitable social rôle. In the drawing-room, no less than in church or when bowing to a bishop, vivacity is hardly in place, and the first essential lesson which must be mastered is how to *listen.*

To do this with an appearance of unwearied attention, and as far as possible with an expression of interested feeling on the countenance, is a species of amiable politeness to which all are susceptible. It is peculiarly soothing to men of eminent attainments, and is a kind of delicate deference which the young are bound to pay to their superiors in age.

There is, however, a right and a wrong way to do it, and the demeanor of the perfect listener is by no means an easy feat to master. It must need time and practice to bring it to perfection.

*Qt.* If in company, a person to whom I owe great deference, accost me, in what position would it be the most graceful, and at the same time the most respectful, to stand?

*Ans.* Hold your body perfectly upright, but not stiff. Turn a little to the right or left, with the face completely toward him, looking a little over one shoulder, the arms across the waist, the upper hand open, or the hands clasped and hanging down in front: one foot advanced a little. If the person who speaks is giving directions, incline the body and head gracefully forward. Should the individual present anything, keep the body bent until you have received it, and when you leave him, slide smoothly away, sinking at the same time.

How, one wonders, did the pupils at the considerable school go through the drill necessary to perfect themselves in these evolutions? Perhaps the instructress in decorum impersonated the parts in turn. One day, she would be a bishop walking in the street, while rows of elegantly bended bodies and serious countenances saluted her, and a few intimates combined this with kissing their hands. On another day, she would be a friend, greeted without vivacity at the church-door. Poke-bonneted, with arms not dangling, and scarf flowing with perfect propriety, she would 'move toward' a relation, or a person sitting in a window, or she would personify an elder person whose seat had been taken, or an eminent character being passed on the stairs, while her young charges demeaned themselves duly before her, and slid and sank, and pointed their toes to the ground.

Did she ever represent a servant being commanded with ease, mildness, and dignity (or without), or (we say it with bated breath) did she ever go so far as to impersonate a coxcomb or a scoundrel — or a gentleman on the other side of the street? We shall never know! Enough that she trained her pupils so excellently in listening that they wished to hear her afterward in print; that John Butcher apparently made enough out of the *Scriptural Pronouncing Dictionary* to stand the expenses of printing; that her book went into at least three editions; and that a copy of the third fell to a twopenny stall in Newark market, where it found a modern listener who had no need at all to simulate unwearied attention, or an expression of interested feeling on her countenance!

# GERMANY

BY LANGDON MITCHELL

## I

'I WAS in Germany two entire months, and liked the people.' So wrote Landor in the year following Waterloo: and extending the period by a month, I can say the same. But let me hasten to add that I was never in my life in a country where I did not like the people. This is not Internationalism; it is simply love of mankind.

Returning travelers have not greatly enlightened us upon the state of affairs in Germany. The ordinary tourist is singularly gifted with lack of observation, and financiers sum up what they see and hear, in some broad generalization.

But we are hungry for particulars. How does a sick nation look? Are the Germans rude to Americans? What do you see in the streets? In the churches and theatres? Are they fat? How's the beer? Do they still love the Kaiser?

I can best answer these natural questions by quotations from a journal, written on the spot, in German, the major portion of which consists in transcription of conversations held in that tongue.

Fresh from the ruins of Montdidier, Noyon, and the bleakness and horror of Verdun, I found myself in Karlsruhe. Immediately my journal became a hodgepodge of nothings: the flood of novel impressions was overwhelming; there was too much to record. The traveler should, we know, be an artist; he should divert himself only with the significant. But was it significant that the elevator boy in the hotel wore a ring with a coat of arms engraved on it? That the beer was thin? The police polite? And that there was no 'night-life'? What did it signify that the people one saw in the street were extraordinarily grave and extraordinarily quiet? The continental peoples are all grave, compared with our jocose fellow citizens, and especially in their hours of business. What I seemed to observe, however, was not so much seriousness of demeanor, as a certain lethargy and listlessness; complexions inclined to be yellow; men moved slowly, spoke in low tones. The pride of life was not in evidence. What did it mean?

If Karlsruhe resisted definition, Munich was ten times worse. At first sight the exterior of the town was not strikingly altered: the Ludwigstrasse was as bare, broad, and empty as ever; the Theatinerstrasse as crowded; and the crowd looked well-dressed and well-nourished. The town was full of people spending money. Were they Germans, or foreigners? In the theatres it was impossible to get a seat, except for a performance three days later. The expensive hotels, the Vierjahreszeiten and Regina Palast, were jammed. The shop-windows displayed furs, lace, and jewelry, and the restaurants were inconveniently popular. London was drab and dismal in comparison. In Paris nearly every woman wore black. Were these Bavarians then as well-off,

as unconcerned as they seemed to be?

Walking in the Hofgarten, I met Baron X. whom I had known in 1912. He had lost an arm, and a son, in the war — the latter killed by a shell from our American troops. After the agreeably formal salutation which all continental peoples accord you, he replied to a question of mine in regard to the condition of things, that it was very bad, and though I might not see it at first, I would, later. 'And, by the way, your American troops, though they exposed themselves too recklessly, were better soldiers than we had any idea they would be.'

In the Theatinerstrasse I met one whom I shall call Smith, to avoid giving him notoriety. He was a young fellow, with a sterling record in the war, of a kindly disposition, and now on his way to Oberammergau.

'Well,' he said, 'can you beat it?'

'Beat what?'

'Why the Germans! This burg is a riot. It's just one big spend. Where do they acquire the shekels? They say they can't pay the reparations: why, they're rotten with riches!'

Was he right? My other American acquaintances made much the same comment. But then, they spoke no German.

The fact was — and you had only to open your eyes and ears to discover it — that the town was filled with foreigners: Italians, Swedes, Slavs, Czechoslovaks, and, above all, a legion of Americans. Our fellow countrymen are easy to distinguish: they and the English only among the races of the earth wear their hands in their pockets; and our fellow countrymen, only they, bump you as they pass on the sidewalk. Having to report to the 'police,' I questioned the Chief of Police, and he told me that on a day in July there were sixty-seven thousand foreigners in Munich, a town of five hundred thousand. These were the well-dressed, easy-looking people one encountered, these and the German war-profiteers, who had taken possession of the two famous hotels.

Of this latter class it is difficult to speak without some acerbity. They were loud, coarse, pushing, insolent, and overbearing. To the white-faced, haggard-looking servants of the hotel, their manner — but no, it cannot be described. Had the Revolution taught them nothing? On the very corner where a certain countess had been raped, robbed, and slain, I saw a vulgar-looking woman, sitting in her high-powered car. She was covered with diamonds, and, red with either passion or paint, she was scolding her chauffeur, who stood at attention, coldly indifferent, looking rather like a demi-god; and there she sat, flaunting her riches, and losing her temper — there, at the very corner! — So soon so bold!

## II

But one's own riches likewise arrested one's attention. On entering Germany, one became suddenly wealthy. In Paris a dollar was worth two; but once across the Rhine, the rate of exchange staggered belief. Breakfast cost eleven cents, luncheon twenty-three, and for half a dollar you had an excellent dinner of several courses, with a bottle of light wine. In the strictly German and reactionary hotel to which I presently betook myself, I had a large, clean, comfortable room, which cost me twenty cents per day. When it came to buying, your best hat cost a quarter, and a heavy woolen overcoat three dollars. If you tried hard, you could spend two dollars during the twelve hours of a day; but to get rid of a third dollar, cost effort. Things were, at last, as they should be; you had more money than you knew

what to do with, and you were merry with reason. But you were only a millionaire of the moment, for presently prices rose. In September they shot up prodigiously, and at the same time the shop-windows began to look empty of goods. Production had ceased. In the three months of my stay flour rose four hundred per cent, and leather six hundred.

What with this rise of prices, and the blunting of a novel pleasure which follows upon its repetition, one presently acquired a degree of callousness to this new wealth and I observed in myself even a certain sort of meanness setting in. I began to be able to look about me more narrowly, and to ask myself what was the true state of affairs among the actual German population.

In one of the delightful narrow streets which give on the Frauenkirche, I saw a child of seven or eight years, dressed in blue, with russet leather shoes, who seemed to waver in her walk. Presently, she stopped and sank slowly down on the sidewalk. There was no sound, but a decent-looking woman picked the girl up and gave her to a policeman, who carried her in his arms to a drug store. When I asked the woman what ailed the child, she said, with no special feeling: 'It's not had anything to eat.' Odd, that a well-shod and well-dressed little girl should want food!

Later, as I sat in the great Hofbrauhaus, drinking a glass of fairly thin beer, a student of the University and his mother, took their places at the same table. They were people of refinement, and bore the look of quietness I had noted in Karlsruhe. The lad took from his pocket a package and unfolded it, and the two shared the contents — rye-bread and a sliver of cheese; hardly enough for one person. As the lad looked a trifle pale, I asked him when he had last eaten, and he replied at six that morning. 'We don't have much to eat,' was his after comment.

A week later, I shared as an onlooker in a singular ovation given to a university professor. His friends had gathered to celebrate his departure from the University. As we stood on the sidewalk there came out a young man dressed in workman's clothes, carrying his tools and a nondescript bundle; and my acquaintances at once began to laugh and to congratulate him; for this was the professor. The salary attaching to his professional post not being sufficient for the support of his family, he was joining the industrial class.

On the same day, a certain Lutheran minister, in a small town near Munich, locked the church-door, bade his assembled flock farewell, and walked off into the country to become a farm-laborer.

Now, it is true, all bodily labor is a satisfaction, and to some of us, habituated to its use, a delight: but these two men were leaving the works of the intellect behind them for good and all. They could have no hope of returning to their previous occupations.

These, and a multitude of less unusual events, indicated the true state of things: the middle class, the so-called brain-workers, were being starved out and down into the Industrials — not for a day or a year, but permanently. The clerk, the lawyer, the man of science, the woman with a small income, were betaking themselves to the factory, the forge, or the field. Among these was a poet whose verses I had long known, and a biologist known the world over. At this rate, what was to become of the nation?

The pallor, slowness, quietude, and almost apathy I had observed in Karlsruhe I now saw on the side streets of Munich. Every third or fourth child had boils or blotches on its face; all the children born since the outbreak of

the war were either spindle-shanked, or seemed to suffer from rickets. This could mean only that one class of the townspeople was severely underfed. You could buy diamonds, expensive dinners, and other luxuries at a price too high for any but the profiteer, or the tourist. The motor-cars of exiled kings were for sale and in use, the Royal Arms still visible on them; but, plain, necessary rye-bread was, for most Germans, terribly expensive, and you could not come by a glass of milk save through a doctor's prescription; milk was reserved by law for children in the hospitals.

In this class of brain-workers must be included the families of former army officers. The wives and children of these men were as insufficiently clad and as undernourished as those of the professional class. After eating at their tables, you stole off to a restaurant and ordered a second meal.

## III

How about the other classes? I took pains to see something of the industrial workers, especially in the smaller towns, on whose ancient pavements no tourists cast a shadow. The men I met were discontented, even savagely so; but they had work, and were fairly well fed, for I saw them eating. When, later in the fall, factories began to close down, the situation altered for the worse.

But the peasant class contrasted still more strikingly with the mental workers; for food prices were rising, and they had, many of them, saved money, in actual gold, during the earlier years of the war. To-day, I was informed, they had it, not in banks, but in stockings or coffers, hidden in the hay-mow. I spent some time with certain of these small peasant proprietors, working with them by day, and at night eating and drinking with their families. The supply of eatables and drinkables in their several homes was lavish. In the towns, among those fairly well off, one egg a day was considered an extravagance; cream was never seen; in fact, throughout all Europe, it was the hardest thing to come by at any price. And in Bavaria wine was not drunk, and cheese was eaten sparingly. But at the tables of the farmers a bottle of wine was a matter of course, and on one occasion champagne was drunk. They ate cheese in quantities. I saw a man eat six or eight eggs at one meal and drink all the cream he wanted.

Congenial as I found them, there were signs of demoralization; they showed the effect of this chance-come prosperity by their rude and heartless attitude to the poorer classes in the towns. When these latter came out to the country to market, the peasant refused, as often as not, to sell his goods, and the manner of his refusal was neither pretty nor polite. Why should he sell to these poor devils, when the great hotels, catering to the profiteer and tourist, would give him three times as much? One wishes it were not so; but this peasant piggishness must be put down with the rest.

As experience grew more and more complex, I wondered not a little what the general state of things really was. In Munich, on an evening in September, overhearing three workingmen speak of a Communist meeting to take place an hour later, I put on my roughest clothes, found the door, and began to shoulder my way in with the crowd. My card being demanded, I said I had none, but was an American; and, insisting upon this in the English tongue, I pushed my way in with the rest.

It was a roughish crowd, of perhaps fifteen hundred men, in a poorly lit hall, with many standing and much interruption. The speakers spoke to the point, especially the orator in chief.

The Republic as constituted was a shadow, bourgeois, makeshift; inefficient, idle, corrupt. The dictatorship of the Proletariat should take its place.

There was but one question debated while I was in the hall. When should they abolish the Republic? Between speeches, men spoke together in knots, and questions were put me in regard to American democracy. Having heard all I wanted of the Red Sunrise rushing up the political horizon, and neglecting common prudence, I answered plainly, and perhaps shortly, that American democracy was much more than a thousand years old; that it was an ancient, historic phenomenon, based on the temper of a single race, inimitable by other races, and no more to be understood of a class-conscious German proletariat than the Laws of Manu, to which indeed it bore no small resemblance.

I was promptly hustled out of the hall. If I recall the phrase correctly, an Irish orator on a like occasion stated that he was 'ejected with contumely and contusions.'

The following day I was permitted to attend a meeting of professional, military, and other highly educated men, where opinion on the whole was conservative. But here again there was only one subject under debate: 'Shall we wait for the inevitable revolution, or shall we anticipate it? In case the Reds rise, what action shall be taken?'

The general sense of the meeting was that law and order should at any cost be upheld; the Republic sustained; and the revolution dealt with to the best of their ability, when it came about. But no one had a good word for the administration, or the Republic as constituted. On the other hand, there was fiery denunciation of the murderers of Rathenau.

There were eminent men present, and what most impressed me was this certainty that revolution was to come and must be prepared for. Much was said of the difficulty of putting down possible riots with the means left at their disposal by the Interallied Commission of Control. I was not surprised, for in looking over the barracks of the Landwehr, or country police, I could not fail to observe that the machine-guns, three in number, lacked carriages; that there were no bayonets for the rifles; and that the permitted number of rounds of ammunition was incredibly small. I am told that they hide their weapons of war. I imagine we should do so in like case. But as I write these lines, I see that the English general responsible for the finding out and destruction of concealed weapons of war makes light of any serious concealment.

## IV

At the noon hour of a cold September day, I ate my lunch with some ten or more factory hands, on the outskirts of a small town. We sat about on boilers, barrels, and kegs, and discussed the Kaiser, America, Hindenburg, and the Revolution. With one exception they were a genial lot, extremely curious as to America; the best of companions, as indeed their countrymen not infrequently are. The exception, a handsome, burly, sour-looking youngster, silent at first, presently spoke up.

'I don't know who or what you are, but if you're an American, you must be a revolutionist!'

I smiled and told him to go on.

'Well, this Republic we have is nothing; it's no Republic; it's a bourgeois; we're going to kick the guts out of it; and soon too; we [the proletarian industrials] are going to be the governing class, and nobody else is going to have a look in — not your educated kind, nor any other kind. You'll see! Your educated people have made a

nice mess of it. We're done with you, damn you! We workers' — here he showed his hands — 'make the world, and we're going to rule the world.'

As he spoke, I recalled a gray morning of 1913, when I had met a gang of robust-looking workers in the meadows and beechwoods around the monastery of Andechs. Innocent of evil intention, I addressed them in the customary Bavarian phrase; 'Grüss Gott' (God keep you).

Their reply was instant and energetic: 'To Hell with God!'

In the Prinz Regenten Theatre that evening, I sat next to a young and delightfully dandified officer in civilian clothes. Between acts I conversed with the young man, and he presently said this: —

'You find fault with my country because we don't bow our heads in dust and ashes, because we are not repentant. I never heard that your Southern States repented. Did n't they simply accept the fall of the dice? Or did you Northerners compel them to weep in public, and acknowledge their transgressions?'

Before we parted, he said simply and seriously: 'I admire your countrymen, especially for their energetic conservatism. But in foreign affairs you seem to be wanting in good sense. Look at what is now happening. Your government and the English are driving us into the arms of Russia. I loathe Trotzky, but I had rather be a soldier in the Bolshevist army than an economic slave to the French.'

As October drew on, the evidences of suffering were more readily discernible. Women no longer young told me they dreaded the cold of winter more than the gnawing of unsatisfied appetite. Said one lady: 'I lie awake for hours and shiver and cry.'

'I fear we are a people about to be destroyed,' a Lutheran minister was saying in the course of his sermon. 'I fear we shall go the way Austria has gone. It is sure that we have sinned as a people; let us bow our heads and submit to the suffering God administers; worship God.'

Calling on my physician, a man eminent in science as well as medicine, and handing him his fee of two dollars, I was pained and embarrassed by the expression of his gratitude, for, on thanking me, he burst into tears. 'If you had not by chance come in,' he said, 'and consulted me, I should not have known where my children's dinner to-morrow would have come from.' And in the course of conversation he told me that he had just been at the death-bed of a patient, a lady of refinement and culture. She had not sent for him, though she had been down with pneumonia for ten days; but when she had lapsed into unconsciousness, her sister had called him in. It was too late. People of her class, he added, can no longer afford a physician; they die without one.

## V

But the actual state of well or ill-being, the degree of wealth or poverty in the German Republic, is not to be guessed at by a tourist. I saw only what I saw, and that in South Germany.

They exhibited as much warmth toward the English as you could reasonably expect, since men are not inclined to feel over warmly to a nation which has defeated them in war. Their attitude to America was one of hope for the future; they were extraordinarily solicitous of being understood by us. For the French, as foes in the open field, I heard nothing but plain and high commendation. But the French policy since the war arouses their deepest indignation. The Treaty of Ver-

sailles, the determination — so they put it — of the French government to destroy the German nation, fills them with a passionate hatred of France.

Turning to our own history, we know that the period and process of Reconstruction embittered the South more than the four years of war which preceded it. Must injustice and tyranny follow on every defeat? Is this what is happening in Germany? I am at one with Dean Inge, in the belief that all the nations of Europe must bear, each in its degree, the guilt of the Great Disaster.

The Germans deny that they were the authors of the war; but for them, as once for our Southern brothers, the war is over; they accept their defeat, and they desire, as our Southern brothers once desired, a return to the works and ways of peace; some sort of common understanding; some sort of economic coöperation between nations; they look to time and trade as the great healers; they want peace, but they also want justice; to their minds, the Peace of Versailles is a peace contrived for the ruin of the Teutonic peoples. They may be wrong, but a good deal of the higher English opinion appears to agree with them.

I heard more pacificism talked in Germany than anywhere else in my life. The former Kaiser was spoken of with indignation, his flight with contempt. I met almost no one in any class who wished to restore the Hohenzollerns. Amongst military men the general desire was for a constitutional monarchy, and they looked to England for a model.

Von Kaiserling, the greatest of their present-day thinkers, a man of increasing influence, suggests in his latest book an elected king, with the executive powers of an American president. I have recorded the dissatisfaction with the Republic as constituted, and this is natural enough. For the administration is weak, and the official chiefs do not embody and represent German character to the Germans themselves. Many Frenchmen regard their Republic in the same way. It irritates them that their political leaders should be men so wanting in the more brilliant and engaging French qualities. But the French Republic survives; the German one may possibly continue to function.

But the question of economic condition, the relative wealth or poverty of Germany, will not down. Are the Germans in bad case, or are they seeking to delude the world. The question goes to the root of the matter, but it is one for men of finance to answer. Our American tourists return in shoals to their native country, and report the Germans to be busy, fat, rubicund, and rude; the exterior of things to be unchanged, and all classes equally prosperous. I did not find it so.

There was everywhere the sign of carelessness, dirt, and decay. Civilians of both sexes wore old and rusty garments; or, because of its cheapness, had adopted the Bavarian peasant costume, with its bright contrast of colors. Apart from profiteers, the people on the street looked either anxious, or sour and embittered, or listless, or abstracted, or in a dull despair. There were respectable persons, persons of refinement, who begged of one. One learned from prelates, physicians, and officials certain facts:

Suicide was on the increase, and abortion, hitherto the most infrequent of crimes, had appeared. The children's hospitals were overcrowded. The children in the towns had very largely ceased to play games, or to play at all. The faces, as the human current swept by you, were gray and bloodless, and none more so than those of the University students.

In September, the children and the aged showed signs of feeling the early cold of north Europe. There was, too, more sourness, more cheating, more surly and ugly rudeness from German to German than, with my previous experience in view, I could have dreamed possible. If you moved among the poor of either sex, you were met at once with the assertion of 'equality'; and throughout the continent, equality is asserted threateningly, and with insult.

## VI

The general impression received from three months in South Germany was of a people on short ration, mentally distressed, and living from hand to mouth; a people terribly shattered, terribly demoralized. They were industrious without hope; their moral nature was weakened, their courage undermined, or worn to the point of irritation. Had I hated the Germans when I entered their country, I should have left it with my thirst for vengeance satiated.

I saw nothing of North Germany, where the race is possibly more powerful, more willful, and at the same time more highly industrialized. Let me, therefore, leave any summary of conditions to others, and report upon the one sinister phenomenon that impressed me most — the fall of the middle class.

There was painful evidence of the decay of that class, on all sides. Lawyers were leaving the law, ministers the church. In September I accompanied an eminent man of science to the door of a pawn-shop, where he was to sell his most costly and delicate instruments, expecting to receive for them about one twentieth of what they had cost him. He wanted food for his children; he sold his tools, thus ceasing to function in his chosen profession. Multiply his case by the thousand, and you have a picture of things as they now are.

The professional class, which creates and sustains civilization, is being rapidly abolished. It needs no Trotzky or Radek to destroy it; the tyranny of circumstance suffices. Owing to the fall of the mark, the rise of prices, and the general dislocation of things, the salaries of these men are not sufficient for their support; and if, in addition to their salary, they were recipients of an income, this is now no longer forthcoming. The scholarship, science, medicine, and art of Central Europe are actually disappearing.

The discoverers of the spectroscope, of the antitoxin for diphtheria; the creators of the Ninth Symphony and the inventors of the higher criticism; a race that produced Kant and Goethe in modern times, and to which the whole of Northern Europe is indebted for the Protestant Reformation; the people that produced Luther, must necessarily perish as a creative force. That is, their civilization will cease to exist. But, civilization once rooted out and gone, cannot be wished back into being. There is a dream among men that this is not so. We think of Civilization as of the Earth or Air: — it cannot conceivably suffer diminution, or be absent, but it must be recalled that modern science and its child, modern civilization, or progress, are not like the Roman state and culture, robust and enduring things, iron and granite, which only time and erosion can destroy: they are as frail as any weed, and yet more frail. For they depend on money; on a class of highly bred human animals with well-trained minds; on a degree of leisure in that class; and on a selfless enthusiasm. Let the educated men and women of a community become hewers of wood and drawers of water — all is over; the thing ends; you have a dark age.

The more prosperous nations must then carry the people which is thus depleted of its mind, as the living tissue carries dead matter. That, in as far as it affects us, the loss is potential and in the future, does not make it any the less a loss.

If the forces now active in Germany continue to play on the social system, her hundred millions of people will cease to function in that state of things we call progress; and it needs no prophet to foresee that we and the whole world must suffer a secret, but actual and progressive impoverishment. The general body of mankind will want what it would have possessed. The mind of man will be so much the less productive of values, and hence there will be that much less of good to share among the peoples of the earth.

## VII

A due regard for our own welfare and that of our children should awaken our interest and move us to action. For my own part, I hold no brief for Germany. But neither do I for France. No, not even for England. These romantic enthusiasms for this or that country are out of place in America. A man may prefer Italy to France, or France to Italy; but such private and personal predilections are not a ground for any general policy or action. The only solid ground for such action, the motive which would inspire alike interest and action, should be, not the good of France, or England, not the good of Germany, but the welfare of all Europe; and no enthusiasm less large, less generous, and less prudent than this should satisfy us. What we Americans owe to France or England is not to be underrated. None the less, our general civilization and culture are not derived solely from England, or from France; but from Europe as a whole.

We Americans are the spiritual sons of Europe. Her past is ours, and it is no dead bond which unites us; the relation is living and continuous. Our roots of to-day are in Europe; and unless the sap of her mind and heart feeds American growth, the leaves on our tree of life will wither and fall. This conception is not always altogether relished by some of our people, but it is none the less true that the world is to-day one, and that our connection with Europe is vital in the sense that energy is given and received; and by energy I mean life. If Europe declines, we shall share in the declension. If she is weakened, we shall be. If she falls, we shall stagger; and if we fail to consider her lessening welfare as affecting our own, we shall pay in moral, physical, and intellectual stagnation.

The sum of the matter is that unless Europe prospers, we cannot progress; and unless Germany prospers, Europe cannot prosper; and without her middle class, Germany cannot exist, much less prosper.

The feeling of our people is, no doubt, adverse to our entering into the field of European politics, adverse to our joining the League of Nations as it now is constituted; and I believe that in so feeling our people evince great political wisdom. I see nothing short-sighted, or foolish, or selfish in such an attitude. But, on the other hand, we cannot wash our hands of European affairs, declare ourselves self-supporting, and totally unaffected by the precipitate decline of European civilization. The main question, is, not whether the French have done well and wisely in taking over the coal-fields of the Ruhr, and not whether we shall side with them or the English. The main question for us is whether, in the first place, we think it advisable to sit still and see Germany compelled, forced,

thrown violently by the stupidity and chauvinism of other nations into an alliance with Russia. And, in the second place, whether we feel that we can and ought to permit the *mind* of Germany to decay, her mental activities which support and enforce our own to cease.

I cannot, and do not for an instant, believe that such is the temper and desire of the American people. Men of known probity, of the highest eminence, have spoken, with knowledge of the facts; but our people do not hear them, do not know who they are. Adolf Harnak and Georg Brandes have told us of the abyss into which German science and learning are falling; but their words reach only a very few. We remain without knowledge; and a few of us remain resolved, passionately and blindly resolved, to stamp upon everything German, to continue our hate, our fear, and to destroy and abolish, if we can, everything Teutonic. And yet, already, half France and all England are far from this mood. Already England is on the road to some sort of *modus vivendi;* some sort of good-will, and arrangement to live peaceably together. Certainly, the situation is desperate, and the need immediate and pressing. Delay on our part can only mean the prostration, it may almost be said the annihilation, of all learning, all cultural values, all science, of all that is great and life-giving, not only in Germany, but throughout Central Europe.

But, to heal the sickness of the world there is more needed than loans, or credits, or moratoriums. We must have, and must show confidence in the human virtue of the human being. Magnanimity to a fallen foe is our tradition, and we have every compelling reason not to break with our own past in that matter. If there is no reconciliation we know what the outcome will be.

The progressive impoverishment of the brain-working class opens up strange vistas and awakens apprehensions that are of the gravest. It is natural to ask, Where will it end? Do all highly educated men sell the tools of their trade, and become hand workers? Or do they sometimes take another course of action, a course honorable to them, possibly, but which if pursued will bring us within measurable distance of the wreck and downfall of European civilization?

On my last night in Munich, I dined opposite a gray-haired man of sixty with a scarred face. As we fell into conversation, he told me his training had been that of an engineer; he had served in the war; was a major-general, retired. There was no work to be had; he was now a clerk in a bank; was studying Russian. A Russian grammar was on the table. Asking why he was learning Russian, I received an answer which caused me grave reflection.

'As things are now going,' he said, 'our only opportunity to rehabilitate ourselves, to get on our feet, — to get on our feet, — to exist at all as a nation, — not to starve, — is some sort of alliance with Russia. I mean to go there, and offer myself as an engineer, and of course an officer in any future war. Yes, we are being driven into the arms of Bolshevism. Of course, I don't like it but I have to support my children.'

# BRITAIN'S NEGRO PROBLEM

BY JOHN H. HARRIS

BRITAIN'S Negro problem is limited almost entirely to the African Continent. The territorial responsibility in the whole continent covers about 3,500,000 square miles, equal to the United States of America, including Alaska and Hawaii. Within that area, 40,000,000 Negroes present hundreds of problems, of ever-increasing complexity. It is true that, up to the present time, Great Britain has been spared the odium of racial riots and lynchings; but racial antagonisms are, in some respects, more violent in character, and, in certain areas, are more deep-seated, and the economic effect more widely distributed, than in the American Continent.

But easily the most striking fact is that within the British African territories can be found the most antagonistic policies, with the most diverse results. In one territory, white men own all the land, and the natives none at all; in another territory, the natives own all the land, and the whites can only with difficulty obtain terminable leases; in yet another territory, the natives have the franchise, while, in the adjoining territory, under the same Government, they are denied the vote; in one territory, well-to-do Negroes rejoice in luxurious motor-cars, and travel where they will, while in another region, the Negro may not walk along the footpath; in one area, there are 'Jim Crow' cars; in another, most Negroes ride first-class on the railways. To the student of British Negro problems, there seems little hope of avoiding a great upheaval, with disastrous consequences to Negro and white alike.

## I

Britain's most successful efforts are in the Dependencies of West Africa and Basutoland. In the Victorian era, colonial territories under the British Crown were placed in the following categories: (*a*) Dominions (self-governing); (*b*) Crown Colonies (annexed territories); (*c*) Protectorates; and (*d*) Spheres of Influence. With the absorption of spheres of influence, and other changes, the colonial territories are now grouped under the two *D*'s — Dominions and Dependencies.

The West African Dependencies — Gambia, Sierra Leone, Gold Coast, and Nigeria — are occupied by about 17,000,000 Negroes, of whom, only some 5,000,000 are British subjects. These Negroes are intensely loyal to the British Government; they are now quite peaceful, and their affluence has become the wonder of Africans throughout the Continent. It is probable that several hundred Negroes possess regular incomes varying from $20,000 to $50,000 a year. I know one of these who made no less than $200,000 in one year!

The basis of Negro prosperity in British West Africa lies in a recognition of native land-rights, and in the illimitable value of the vegetable products of the primeval forests and the native plantations — chiefly the oil-palm and cocoa. The vegetable oil and wine trade goes back to the time of Pharaoh Necho, whose flotilla journeyed to West Africa for the wine so essential to the embalming of Egypt's holy dead;

doubtless, a good deal also went overland by caravan, but the boat journey was the quicker of the two. This trade started in the pre-Christian era, passed from Egyptian into Phœnician, then Portuguese, later into Spanish, then Dutch, and now into French-American-British hands; the oil and wine from the palm trees, used originally for preserving the dead, now finds its way into margarine and scented soaps, while in cash value it represents about $50,000,000 per annum.

First among the trees of Africa is the oil-palm, first in beauty, first in utility, and first in fertility. Queen of forest and plain, the *Elaeis guineensis* fascinates the traveler she so loves to befriend — her graceful fronds, like some fluttering banner, greet him from the hill-top; she stands friendly sentinel on the outskirts of the native village; while her graceful beauty is equaled by her overflowing bounty. Is the traveler athirst and weary? her luxurious foliage gives him shelter, while from her tree-trunk pours forth a draught of foaming wine. Is the traveler without meat? then her nut-oil and palm-cabbage provide a meal fit for a sylvan prince. What will you, merchant, traveler, native? a loin-cloth, a tool, a mat, a roof, a wall, a house, a fortune, or a sylvan picture? These, and more, are to be found in the oil-palm of West Africa; and it is estimated — so numerous and prolific are these palms — that less than five per cent of the harvest is gathered to-day!

The oil-palm of West Africa rears herself in straight cylindrical form, her porous trunk scarred by fallen leaf-bases, to a maximum height of about seventy feet. At the base is the enormous root, resembling a huge cocoanut mat: in tracing out individual roots, they are found to reach thirty-five feet and more from the base. The lofty stem, from thirty to fifty inches in diameter, is crowned by twenty to thirty leaves ten to fourteen feet long, each leaf carrying scores of leaflets arranged on both sides of its flexible midrib. At the base of these leaves, firmly embedded in the crown, is to be found the source of West African wealth, the bunch of oil-nuts. The nuts, about the size of a walnut, cluster in hundreds, sometimes as many as 2000, round the central cone, and together form a single head of fruit as large as a straw beehive, and weighing well over half a hundredweight.

The kernel of the nut, the size and shape of an almond, gives a white oil, which forms the basis of much of the 'pure Spanish olive oil' of commerce. The kernel is enclosed in a hard shell, not unlike, but much harder than, a peach-stone, which is in turn clothed with a mass of oleaginous fibre, the whole encased in a strong red and black skin. It is from the latter fibre that the railway constructor of the Victorian period obtained his lubricating oil; that the soap merchant of twenty years ago obtained his raw material; that the chemist of ten years ago produced margarine; and from it, in 1916–18, Sir Douglas Haig obtained his high explosives for the battles of Vimy, Passendeale, Cambrai, and the 'Drocourt Switch.'

The second main source of Negro wealth in Africa is cocoa. The romance of the West African cocoa industry is now common knowledge, but its magnitude is little recognized. The Gold Coast Colony and Nigeria are the two British cocoa-producing areas, and the Gold Coast is the more remarkable of the two. Export from the Gold Coast began in 1891, with a single bag of beans weighing 80 pounds only; but by 1903 the Colony was tenth on the list of the 23 cocoa-producing countries of the world. In 1906, it was seventh; in 1909, it had crept up to fifth; in 1911, it assumed the world's lead, with 120,-

000,000 pounds, or sufficient to supply over one third of the world's consumption. The total value of the output of cocoa from the Gold Coast alone, for the years 1911 to 1920, was close upon $200,000,000, the whole of which has been produced by the 1,000,000 Negroes of the territory, as Sir Hugh Clifford, late Governor of the Gold Coast Colony, says.

> When it is remembered that cocoa cultivation is, in the Gold Coast and in Ashanti, a purely native industry; that there is hardly an acre of European-owned cocoa-garden in the territories under the administration of this Government — this remarkable achievement of a unique position as a producer of one of the world's great staples assumes, in my opinion, a special value and significance.

The wealth enjoyed by British West Africans during the last decade has been lavishly spent by parents upon the education of their sons and daughters, with the result that each Dependency possesses some hundreds of men of quite exceptional education and ability. How to satisfy the legitimate political and professional aspirations of these Oxford, Cambridge, and Edinburgh sons of Africa is one of the most difficult problems in the territories of West Africa, whose governments are still autocracies. These men already control the legal and medical professions, own and direct the newspapers, and dominate the activity of the mass of the people in all the centres of local government.

In the interior regions, Britain has adopted the method known as indirect rule, namely, that of governing through the chiefs. In none of these West African territories have the natives yet received the franchise; but a beginning is about to be made in three of the principal towns of Nigeria. British West Africa is contented, first, because the natives own the land; secondly, because there is very little race prejudice; and finally, because considerable effort has been made to meet the demands of the ever-increasing ranks of educated Negroes.

## II

British South Africa is, in almost every respect, a violent contrast. The total Negro and Negroid population in Africa, south of the Zambesi River is, approximately, 7,000,000, of whom some 500,000 are half-castes (British-Negro, and Dutch-Negro). In the four provinces of the Union territories — Cape Colony, Natal, Orange Free State and the Transvaal — race prejudice is much more pronounced than in the adjacent Protectorates of Basutoland, Swaziland, Bechuanaland, and the two Rhodesias (North and South). These territories constitute for Great Britain a problem of such magnitude and grave potential danger that a brief outline of their history and status is essential to any clear grasp of the problem.

From the discovery of the Cape by Diaz, in 1487, until 1795, the territories were dominated by the Dutch. British influence commenced in 1806; the Great South African War closed in 1902; and in 1909 the Union territories, as they are called, became a self-governing Dominion, under the Campbell-Bannerman Act.

The 'color bar' is the major problem of South Africa, and it excites bitterness in three main directions, either of which must, sooner or later, bring South African statesmen to the very position which confronted Abraham Lincoln, when he made his famous speech in June, 1858. South Africa cannot secure permanent peace while she pursues a racial, economic, and political policy, half-slave and half-free. The three racial directions along which South Africa is attempting to

find either salvation, or a *via media* are: (*a*) Land; (*b*) Industrial Occupations; (*c*) Franchise.

The supreme issue of life to the indigenous African Negro is his land; franchise, cattle, industry, labor, and polygamy each involves its difficulties; but, relatively, land overtops each and all of them. Take from the African his political or personal freedom, take his cattle, or even his wife and children, and he will tolerate the injustice; but touch his land, and he will stake all in battle, no matter what the forces arrayed against him. Take the land, back the robbery with rifles, machine guns, and 'heavies,' and the African will still face the 'bloody music' with primitive spear and bow and arrow. The terrible odds make the struggle hopeless; but, as the African has said so many times in history, 'Take my land, and you take my life'; therefore, he argues, as well lose life by bullet or cannon-shell as by being robbed of land.

The European conception of the commercial ownership of land is totally alien to primitive native thought; a century ago, almost any of the tribes in Africa would have looked upon the sale of tribal lands as an act of the most revolting kind. Land, to the primitive African, is one of three component parts of African social and economic life — sun, water, land, represent to the native mind, not three elements, but a single element, the supreme object of which is the provision of human sustenance. This machinery is so interdependent, that the primitive African would be as horrified at the alienation and sale of land as of water or sun. It thus follows that the ownership of land is nowhere vested in the individual, but in the whole race inhabitating a particular area, while every member of the tribe possesses as much right to the usage of adequate land as he does to the usage of an adequate share of the warmth of the sun, or to a draught of water from the local spring.

It may be assumed that such tribal ownership precludes immigrant settlers, but it does nothing of the kind. It precludes monopoly, it shuts out self-interest, it is true; but there are adequate means by which any man, no matter of what race, creed, or color, may obtain secure title to occupancy-right of adequate land. The immigrant entering tribal areas would be confronted, not with a question as to what land he requires and at what price, but with the initial question, whether or not he is a fit and proper person to become part of the tribal order. If it is decided that the immigrant is a suitable person to enter the community, the allotment of land follows as naturally as the gift of a wife; for the African believes it to be the first duty of man to multiply and replenish the earth.

Europe and America knew General Botha as a great military leader; South Africa knew him as a great statesman. When General Botha first came to power as the Prime Minister of South Africa, he found land-tenure in the four provinces of the Union in well-nigh hopeless confusion — whites living on native land; natives living on the land of white men, upon every conceivable tenure, just and unjust; natives owning land, and occupying land upon bad tenure, and no tenure at all; native ownership and native occupancy almost everywhere undefined and irregular.

General Botha decided upon a policy of disentangling Negro and white tenures; he marked off large areas on the map, and labeled them black or white according to the density of population. These areas form a sort of irregular checker-board; but there are 40,000,000 acres of black squares, — that is, land which may be occupied only by Negroes, — and 260,000,000

acres of white, or land which may never be leased or sold to Negroes.

The total population of the four provinces within the Union was approximately: —

| | *Whites* | *Natives* |
|---|---|---|
| 1890 | 620,619 | 2,577,169 |
| 1904 | 1,116,806 | 4,059,018 |
| 1911 | 1,376,242 | 4,697,152 |

(latest available figures)

To these must be added the following populations of the Protectorates under the direct control of the British Government.

| | *Whites* | *Colored* |
|---|---|---|
| Swaziland | 1,000 | 100,000 |
| Basutoland | 1,000 | *400,000 |
| Bechuanaland | 1,500 | *200,000 |
| Southern Rhodesia / Northern Rhodesia | 35,000 | 1,500,000 |
| Total | 38,500 | 2,200,000 |

* (Estimated)

Taken together, the total South African population under British rule — and allowing for normal increase since 1911 — must be not less than one and a half million whites, and seven million colored people.

Within the white areas of the Union — Cape Colony, Transvaal, Orange Free State, Natal — no colored man may purchase or lease land; within the black areas, no white man may either purchase or lease land; but, in both cases, exceptions may be made by the competent authority. The separation of these areas began in 1916, and only the most optimistic persons anticipate that the process of removing 'interlopers' will be completed before 2016! The system is not 'segregation,' because no additional impediments are put in the way of social, industrial, or commercial contact between the races. This land policy has caused the most intense bitterness, and no little hardship among the Negro races, and has estranged them from the Government more than anything else within the last fifty years; but this bitter feeling is directed *against the Government*, while the bitterness engendered by the second main source of trouble is directed against the *white trade-unions*.

## III

The actual cause of the recent 'Rebellion' in South Africa was the industrial color bar, and it came very near to landing South Africa in civil war. It is no use burying our heads in the sand and assuming that the struggle is ended; far from it; for it has only just begun, and it must go on until South Africa has become wholly slave or wholly free — and the love of gold is the root of all the evil.

Gold, the 'scarlet woman' of the modern financial world, has ruined more men, while at the same time it has made more fortunes for a few individuals, than any other African commodity. The love of gold has been the root of almost every evil thing in Africa; seeking the lands wherein gold was secreted has caused the shedding of rivers of blood; while the gaunt spectres of white men in the phthisis hospitals of 'Jo'burg' tell to-day their own horrible story of the price those must pay who pit, blast, and mine, a mile below the earth's surface, for the precious yellow ore.

To-day the three principal gold-mining areas of Africa are (*a*) the Gold Coast, with an annual output of about £1,500,000; (*b*) Southern Rhodesia, with an output of, approximately, £2,500,000 per annum; and (*c*) the main source of supply, namely, that twenty-eight miles of reef known as the Rand. The Witwatersrand, or 'head of the white waters,' is *banket*, or a conglomerate of pebbles and quartz matrix, and a small percentage of pyrites. The ancient gold-miners of the Zambesi seldom went deeper than 80

to 150 feet for the gold for Solomon's Temple; but present-day miners on the Rand are winning gold at a vertical depth of nearly 5000 feet. The rock-temperature increases appreciably according to depth, and thereby produces an increase of humidity. The amount of air-moisture in these deep-level mines is strikingly demonstrated by the fact that the ventilating fan in the 'Village Deep' mine actually removes, in the process of ventilation, 40,000 gallons of water per day!

The mines cannot go much deeper than 5000 feet; and many of them are so nearly worked out that they must soon cease to be a paying proposition. Competent observers declare, and in many cases actually hope, that ten years will see the Rand completely worked out, and that, within twenty years, Johannesburg will fulfill prophecy and be in ruins, buried beneath sand-dumps and prairie grass. But this doleful prophecy should not be taken too literally; for other industries may quite conceivably spring up in this magnificent, if wicked, city at the head of the white waters.

Johannesburg has been a generous giver of gold; for since she started in 1884, with a gold output of only £10,000, civilization has received from beneath her surface over £600,000,000 sterling. In the first decade, 1884–94, the output rose from £10,000 to £7,667,000; from 1894 to 1904, £7,667,000 to £16,028,000; from 1904 to 1914, £16,028,000 to £35,656,000 per annum. For the last five years, the figures have shown only a slight increase, the total output varying from thirty-six million to thirty-nine millions sterling per annum.

It is said that the total output of gold from the South African mines has never yet reached the amount of capital sunk in winning it; this seems quite possible, when it is remembered that, following the gold-boom flotation, only some twenty out of five hundred registered companies were able to pay their way. Gold-winning is the backbone of the economic situation in South Africa. If the whole of the gold-bearing regions are included, the total number of laborers employed is about 15,000 white men, and 250,000 Negroes; but it is officially estimated that those who depend directly and indirectly upon gold-winning exceed 250,000 whites, and 1,000,000 Negroes.

The Negro worker is paid about £30 per annum, with board and lodging; the white worker receives from £400 per annum up; but the white labor-unions will not allow the Negro workers to engage in any skilled or semi-skilled tasks, of which there are, all told, some fifteen to twenty from which the native is barred by color (the same 'bar' is applied to half-castes). The Negro worker, therefore, is restricted to the position of a hewer of wood and drawer of water. For nearly thirty years the Negro workers have acquiesced in this situation; but with the rapid advance of education has come a sense of power, and a knowledge that, given adequate organization, the Negro can break the fetters fastened upon him by white labor. The attempt of the Negro to rise in the industrial scale has recently received powerful stimulus from a quite unexpected quarter, namely, the effect of the war on the gold market, which means that, unless the color bar is abolished, a large number of the gold mines will be ruined.

The normal price of gold is about 85 shillings per ounce; and at that price, most of the South African mines were able to produce gold at a profit *prior to 1914*. During the war Messrs. Rothschild entered into an agreement, whereby they were able to operate a kind of monopoly, and thereby to obtain a substantial premium on the sale of gold

ore—at one time as much as twenty shillings per ounce. But during the years 1914–19, the cost of production rose rapidly, and was only met by the gold premium. The rise in cost is shown in the following figures of milled rock:—

| | 1914 | 1919 |
|---|---|---|
| | *s. d.* | *s. d.* |
| European salaries per ton milled | 5 1 | 7 1 |
| Negro wages " " | 3 9 | 4 2 |
| Stores " " | 5 5 | 7 10 |
| Machine Stoping " " | 80 6 | 92 5 |

But this was not all; for, as costs rose, production per man rapidly declined. In 1920 the price of gold began to drop; but costs remained, and still remain, at a level which threatens the gold industry all along the reef. It must be borne in mind that geological formations frequently compel profit-making mines to 'carry on their backs' neighboring mines which would otherwise be closed down; to stop the working of one mine might lead to the flooding of others.

What then is the bearing of the color bar on this economic situation? The white labor unions rigidly reserve to themselves all the skilled tasks; but, in addition to this, they are also adamant on an eight-hour day. The skilled miners must descend the mines first, to see that everything is in order; this operation takes one hour. At the close of the day, the skilled workers must remain below to see that everything (machinery, explosives, and so forth) is left in order; this takes another hour. This six-hour working day means, in practice, that the great mass of unskilled laborers (250,000 men) can work only within a circumference which, statistics show, averages twenty-five and one half hours a week for the Negro workers.

These are the admitted facts; government, mine-owners, and Negro laborers are demanding that the color bar shall go, and that the Negro workers shall be allowed to rise in the industrial scale according to proved capacity. The white unions admit the fact that, owing to the cost of production, gold cannot be sold at a profit; but they demand a government subsidy to assist the industry; upon no consideration whatever will they consent to the abolition of the color bar; better the ruin of the mines, they say, than that the Negro should be allowed to rise to the industrial level of the white man.

It was the foregoing situation which produced the revolution of March last. The mines were confronted with the refusal of General Smuts to consider a subsidy, and with the refusal of the white unions to consider any change in their hours of labor, or the modification of the color bar. The progressive fall in the price of gold forced the mine-owners to demand a modification of the bar, in order that, what they called unskilled work (but what the unions called skilled tasks) should be done by natives. The response was electric! The white unions raised the cry of blackleg labor, and took as their slogan 'A White South Africa'; the Dutch white population was stirred throughout South Africa, and there is evidence that the 'Nationalist' Dutch of the Orange Free State had entered into some kind of agreement with the white revolutionaries. The extent to which passion against the Negro was roused is evidenced by the speeches of two Dutch clergymen.

The Reverend Mr. Oosthuizen, addressing an audience of two thousand at Brakpan said that their forefathers had fought for a white South Africa, but on the 15th of December, the Chamber of Mines had declared there should be a Black South Africa.

The Reverend Mr. Hattingh, speaking in the Town Hall, Johannesburg, said: —

> The Government is prepared to do only what the Chamber of Mines told them. In

order to fill their pockets. the Chamber of Mines are murdering the workers; if the color bar is abolished, the souls as well as the bodies of the workers will be murdered, and the authority of the white race in South Africa come to an end.

The revolutionary strike began on March 1. The white mine-workers organized themselves into military commandoes, and at once attacked the City Deep Mines. On March 3 they blew up houses, and shot police; three days later, they began shooting inoffensive natives, blowing up railways and bridges, and cutting off water and light; and by March 10 had done an enormous amount of damage. The total casualties of the police and government forces was 291, and of the revolutionaries 396; but this figure included many perfectly innocent civilians, shot either by accident, or in cold blood.

The leaders of the rising made no secret of their position; they gloried in the name of revolutionaries; they advocated the color bar for the Negro, and liberty for the white labor; they preached violence and bloodshed; they invited their followers to assassinate Smuts and shoot government officials and police; they boldly proclaimed their adhesion to the Third International, and acknowledged Lenin and Karl Marx as their teachers. There can be no question that, had the revolution, as it was called, succeeded, a racial conflict would have developed involving the whole of South Africa in civil war!

It is too early yet to say what the results will be of this first conflict arising from the color bar. One thing only is clear, namely, that the root cause of the trouble remains; nothing has been settled, and South Africa, in the industrial sphere, is still 'half-slave and half-free.' This is the greatest and, potentially, the most dangerous of Britain's Negro problems!

## IV

To the problems of land, and the color bar in industry, South Africa adds a third, namely, Franchise. The natives of the Transvaal and Natal are not one whit behind those of Cape Colony in education, while they are far in advance of the Matabele and Mashona natives of Rhodesia; yet the 2,000,000 colored people of the Cape, and the 1,000,000 natives of South Rhodesia possess the franchise upon a simple qualification of elementary writing and spelling, and the possession of property to the value of $500, or an income of $200 to $500 per annum!

This situation leads to grotesque complications. All along the boundary lines where villages are bisected, half the population is enfranchised and the other half is denied the vote; and many stories are told of politicians wooing the wrong half of native villages. In South Rhodesia only some fifty Negroes have yet qualified for the vote; whereas it is estimated that the colored vote in Cape Colony could control no less than ten seats; the fact that only one member is believed to be returned to the South African Parliament by the colored votes demonstrates that, for the present at any rate, the South African Negro is far more interested in the struggle for his land rights and the abolition of the color bar in industry than he is in the franchise.

## V

It is almost correct to say that Great Britain has no serious Negro problem in the East African territories; but this is only because the natives of these territories are far less advanced than those either in South Africa or West Africa. The natives in East Africa are where those of South Africa were something like a century ago; that is to say, the whites are 'getting a grip' on the

land whenever they can, although the governments are alert and are protecting the Negroes by earmarking huge reserves for their exclusive occupation. The total areas and population in East Africa under British control are as follows: —

| | *Area in Square miles* | *White Population* | *Colored Population* |
|---|---|---|---|
| East Africa and Uganda ..... | 318,000 | 25,000 | 7,500,000 |
| Nyasaland ..... | 43,608 | 600 | 1,000,000 |
| Total..... | 361,608 | 25,000 | 8,500,000 |

Britain also holds the mandate for the larger part of the mandated area of the late German Protectorate, now known as the Tanganyika Territory, which covers an area of nearly 300,000 square miles, occupied by a population of 4,000,000. Belgium holds the mandate for the relatively small territories of Ruanda and Urundi; and these are so densely populated (which is the thing that matters most in African territory) that there are almost as many people in these little sultanates as in the huge area allotted under mandate to Great Britain, namely, 3,500,000.

Thus, Great Britain controls, *next to France*, the largest area of African territory; and the nursery rhyme of the 'Old Woman Who lived in a Shoe' is absolutely applicable to her problems: for, not only has she so many Negro children, but their needs are so various, and their clamor so insistent, that Mother Britain would very much like to 'Whip them all soundly and send them to bed'!

The struggle over the color bar in South Africa is unique because it alone is dangerous; for, unless solved, it must lead to civil war. The problem of land settlement, which is the next most urgent of Britain's Negro problems, is being worked out along two main lines. In those areas where white men can live only temporarily, the aim is to keep as much land as possible under the control of the native, and as little as possible under that of the whites. In those areas where white domestic life is possible, — that is, where the whites can colonize an area, — the policy is that of earmarking large sections of the land for exclusive occupation by the natives, and at the same time placing white colonists on the healthier highlands.

But newer problems are beginning to clamor for solution, and of these, alcohol-franchise and self-government are two which demand attention with ever-increasing insistence. It is easy for European and American statesmen to forgather at Brussels and St.-Germain, and pass treaties and conventions for limiting the consumption of strong drink by the Negro; but how to do it in practice defies the wit of man. France and Portugal will on no account refrain from sending in their light wines and brandies; the British trader and official, even if willing to shut out the cheap brands of whisky, gin, and rum which the native drinks, will not deny himself the daily nips of 'Johnnie Walker' — and the native can then 'teef 'em.' Again, the laws of the colonies may deny the sale of alcohol to 'natives,' which at once presents the conundrum, 'What is a native.' One colony has no less than fourteen legal definitions of a native, and still these fourteen fail to include the whole Negro population.

Finally, when all schemes of statesmen in Europe are perfected; when all the 'barbed-wire entanglements and fences' have been erected by local governments; when the merchant and trader has been chastened by huge fines, there still remains that wily Negro 'in the bush,' with his ingenious little pot still pouring out the liquid with which to petrify the liver of his fellow Negro; and always growing, always spreading, are those millions of

palm trees which pour forth their foaming liquid, which, by a suitable process and the aid of a tropical sun, will turn palm-wine into a kind of hell-fire drink! Those who want to keep the African from drinking something other than his disease-infected waters have a task that would break the heart of the most optimistic pussyfoot in the universe!

## VI

The major Negro problem, after all, is that of franchise and self-government. Great Britain prides herself, and not without reason, over the Basutoland experiment. Basutoland is a tiny little state, — the Switzerland of South Africa, — measuring only 10,000 square miles, and occupied by 400,000 of quite the most virile and advanced natives south of the Equator. This little state rests under the shadow of the Drakensburg range of mountains, and its borders rest on Cape Colony, Natal, and the Orange Free State. The Basutos owe their unique position to their great ruler, the late King Moshesh, easily the greatest Negro statesman that South Africa has produced. Basutoland was annexed by Britain at the request of Moshesh, and stands alone in the fact that it was later disannexed, and is now governed by a native Parliament, or Pitso, guided by English advisers.

The Basutoland government levies its own taxes, and, in fact, performs all the functions of a modern administration. White men are permitted to visit Basutoland, and, in some cases, to reside within the territory; but none may own land. The measure of success attending this experiment may be adduced from three facts, each of a totally different order from the others: — (*a*) the population has increased within one hundred years from 40,000 to 400,000, and at least 50,000 Basutos go out every year to fill various positions in different parts of South Africa (of course, there is also an inward movement); (*b*) the Basutos show their interest in education by taxing their people for educational purposes more heavily than any other province in South Africa, as the following figures demonstrate: Cape Colony spends $3.50 *per capita*, Natal nearly $4, the Transvaal $4.50, Orange Free State $2, Basutoland $5; (*c*) Basutoland, alone among African governments, not only has no national debt, but has lent her budget surpluses to every other government in South Africa. The political future of Basutoland has yet to be decided; her people are resolutely set against entering the Union of South Africa, and Great Britain is as resolutely determined not to annex the country. Is this little self-governing country destined to fill a niche in some future league of nations?

The mandated areas present an entirely new set of problems. These territories are vested in no one power, but in a group of powers, including, of course, the United States. For three years the problem of the status of the natives has been under discussion, and it seems, at last, to be decided that they are citizens of no country at all, but the 'protected wards' of the mandatory powers.

A curious little dilemma has now been disclosed in the late German Southwest Protectorate, where a well-established little republic is claiming the right to 'contract out' of the mandatory system. The existence of this republic and its romantic history were unknown to South Africa until quite recently, and were brought to light only by a chance visit made by Senator Schreiner and some twenty members of the South African Parliament. This Republic of Rehoboth, as it is called, was, apparently, founded about fifty years ago by a company of bas-

tard, or half-caste, people, who determined to trek away from South Africa, and put some hundreds of miles of desert land between themselves and their white oppressors. The Bastards appear to have been Christians, and began their trek in small companies, in order to avoid difficulty over the water-holes in the desert. At one part of the journey they settled down for a whole year, in order to grow sufficient mealies to maintain supplies for the second half of the journey.

In due course, the entire community reached, and settled down in, a fertile district, which they called Rehoboth, presumably because they had reached a land of 'wide spaces.' Here they multiplied, grew prosperous, and founded a modern city and state, with its own Parliament and statute-book. In 1885, the white races again got into touch with them; and this time it was Germany, and the redoubtable William Hohenzollern. The Kaiser was quite fair to the Bastards; he recognized by treaty their national existence; he recognized their Parliament and the laws passed by the Republic; and, finally, he accepted their claim to continue the British nationality they had adopted; and all went well until the outbreak of the Great War.

In 1914, the total adult population was about 5000 souls; the president of the Republic was also the commander-in-chief. In August, 1914, the President, Van Wyk, informed Germany that he and his burghers would remain neutral — a position accepted by both sides; but in April, 1915, Colonel Francke demanded that the Rehoboth Parliament should assume the care of British prisoners. This demand was stoutly resisted by Rehoboth, and in the end, an ultimatum, which led to war, was sent to President Van Wyk.

The first German attack was made on April 18, 1915, and Captain Van Wyk retreated with his force to a position six miles from Rehoboth, where he received a formal declaration of war. This was followed by an action, in which Van Wyk suffered some loss; and he withdrew his burgher force farther into the mountain region, pending the calling-up of every available man. In this retreat, the Rehoboth burghers suffered considerable loss, their villages were burned, their cattle raided, and many of their women, children, and sick were carried away. They also lost nearly £4,000 worth of span oxen, and over 4,000 head of stock; while at Tubiras, a supply column was ambushed, and lost over forty wagons, and a number of women and children. By this time Van Wyk had mobilized his 2000 fighting men. They struggled on for a time against a better-armed force, and, in fact, inflicted a heavy defeat upon the Germans at a place called Koenorp, capturing a large part of their supplies and equipment.

Now occurred two of the most dramatic incidents in the whole story, showing how sheer brutality involved the Germans in complete defeat. After the reverse at Koenorp, the German troops were reinforced by 500 men with maxims and field guns, which apparently involved the weakening of the defense of Gibeon, a strategic town in German Southwest. Captain Van Wyk at once withdrew his entire force to a strong mountain position, and at the same time hid the women and children of his men in caves. The German command now made a fatal error: instead of at once wiping their opponents out of existence, they delayed attack for one day, in order to vent their anger upon the valiant Rehoboth captain by despatching a large part of their force to destroy his farm. This they did, killing his three children, — two boys and a girl, — his aunt of seventy, and an insane brother. Two boys, of six-

teen and four years, the latter in his mother's arms, were also killed, and then such property as could not be carried off they burned.

Having spent a day in this orgy, they returned and made the final attack. The battle began at seven o'clock in the morning, and Van Wyk's little band was soon reduced by thirty-three. Ammunition was running short, and every man was ordered to fire only when absolutely necessary. Toward nightfall, almost the last cartridge had been spent, and the German troops were raining shot and shell upon the defenders and their stronghold.

Darkness stopped the battle, and when morning dawned, President Van Wyk, surrounded by the members of his Volksraad, saw nothing before them but annihilation. These courageous men saw that the end was not far off, and that the German commander, in a few hours, could easily overwhelm them. But those precious hours, wasted the day before in an orgy of arson and murder, were gone beyond recall; while, unknown to the German commander at the time, and unknown, of course, to the beleaguered Van Wyk and his faithful followers, unknown, indeed, to either of the human agents, Nemesis, like a whirlwind, was coming from the East. With sunrise, a fatal message reached the German command: General Mackenzie, with mounted troops and horse artillery, was galloping hard across the veldt for Gibeon. Too late now to destroy the people of Rehoboth, too late even to return and defend Gibeon; having barely time to escape with their lives, the German force, baulked of the prey that they had in the hollow of their hands, now lost no time in retreat, lest they should be cut off and surrounded by General Mackenzie. The beleaguered burghers of Rehoboth, saved in the nick of time from annihilation, returned to bury their dead, and rebuild their farms.

This Republic of Rehoboth is now claiming the right to come into direct contact with the League of Nations, either as a self-governing state, or under Great Britain; like Basutoland, the burghers of Rehoboth prefer any solution other than that of coming again under the control of what is now the Union of South Africa.

The problems of the Negro and Negroid races of British Africa awaiting solution will tax British statecraft to the uttermost. The United States of America has a pretty big task, with 15,000,000 Negroes; but Great Britain has responsibility for almost as many as she has white subjects in the British Isles. A generation ago, Negro problems could wait years for a solution; to-day, time presses if danger in half a dozen directions is to be averted.

# EUROPE VERSUS ASIA

## A CHAPTER IN MANDATES

BY H. E. WORTHAM

### I

EAST is East and West — I need not complete the quotation. Indeed, I quote it only to be able to refer to Professor Hurgronje's remark which it elicited: 'To me, with regard to the Moslem world, these words seem almost a blasphemy.' Blasphemy or not, they remain a complete expression of the political philosophy which has guided the powers of Europe in their dealings with Islam. And if the battle-cries of history change, the struggle endures. The clash of the forces which can be conveniently summed up in the formula Asia *vs.* Europe is not only of yesterday or to-day. Many rounds have been fought; many more may be to come.

Let me not, however, be thought to indulge in vague and facile generalization. Asia, on analysis, becomes a congeries of uncoördinated elements. What common ground is there between an Armenian trader and a Brahman priest? Or a Turkish officer and a Chinese gentleman? But far be it from me to deal in continents. The narrower field of Islam is too wide for my purpose, which is to investigate the attitude of the Arabs of Asia toward the mandatory system.

I do not wish to exaggerate the antithesis between Islam and Christianity. At the basis of Mohammedan canon law lies the identification of right and might on which the political practice of modern Christian states has been built. On the other hand, it would be idle to deny a cleavage stretching back through the Crusades, Byzantium, Rome, and Alexander the Great, to the dawn of history. Neither Europe nor Asia has been able to leave the other alone. As one or another has enjoyed the ascendancy, so the chapters have been written. It is a long tale of blood and tears, of slaughter, rapine, and destruction. Clio has wallowed in sensationalism in the telling of it.

If, unfortunately, there is nothing sensational in the small portion of the chapter I am touching on, we are aware all the time of an under-swell which tells us that we are on no land-locked sea. Or, to change the metaphor, the *basso ostinato* that persists throughout reminds us that Islam has come into the ring for the next round, determined that England, France, and other countries governing Mohammedan subjects must renounce their imperialist ambitions. Hence the experiment of the mandatory system as applied to the Arabs, who inhabit what we may call the motherlands of Islam, stands out as a vivid episode in the greatest of human stories. It has been an attempt to reconcile the identification of might and right with a demo-

cratic phraseology, which abhors, just as does Professor Hurgronje in the narrower field of Semitic religions, any profound differentiation in the aptitudes of Western and Eastern peoples.

The subject is brimful of interest, especially to Americans. Apart from the glamour surrounding the race that produced Harun-al-Rashid and the soldans and knights of Arab chivalry, Americans must remember that their college at Beirut has helped to educate and train the intelligentsia of the Arab peoples. From its halls many of the contemporary Arab leaders have been graduated. Until the Great War, it was the most influential of the Western educational institutions in the Levant, and its sons, not a few of whom found a prosperous exile in Egypt, spread those notions of freedom and independence which have inspired the Arab nationalist movement. They did more than any others to re-create the ideal of the solidarity of the populations of the Arab provinces.

We shall miss the essentials of the problem if we do not bear in mind that this ideal of Arab unity governs all its aspects. Europeans who know the Arabian Middle-East are often found to scoff at Pan-Arab pretensions, and to regard it as preposterous that the Syrians, Mesopotamians, and Palestinians can ever be brought within the confines of one all-embracing Arab state. Talk to an Arab statesman, and you will find that he considers this as the only guaranty of national existence. Divided, the Arabs can never emerge from their state of tribal weakness; they must fall a prey to the enemies who surround them. It is a truism to assert that Syria, Palestine, and Iraq — which is the Arab name for Mesopotamia — are economically and racially one, and as homogeneous as the United States, or Great Britain. Everywhere, from the Mediterranean to the Persian Gulf, Arabic is the mother-tongue and Islam the predominant religion. Christians, Druses, and Jews form influential minorities in certain parts, but the younger force of nationality has tended to soften mutual sectarian animosities. To-day Moslems and Christians are grouped together. 'We are all Arabs,' is the catchword.

Consider how the exigencies of trade alone make for unity. Damascus has been the age-long port of the caravan routes to the Euphrates and Arabia. Did not the Prophet himself consider it the 'earthly paradise,' and dared not trust himself to tarry in its shade? Now, as then, it is the emporium for Syria, Palestine, and the desert countries. Aleppo is another Basra, through which the produce of Mesopotamia must pass on its journey westward. To cement these economic and social ties there are the traditions of a common Arab history, in which Baghdad and Damascus have been brilliant and rival sister cities. And above all other considerations there has been the common religious allegiance to Mecca and Medina, the birth-place and burial-place of the Prophet.

When we hear to-day of the pro-Turkish sympathies of the Arabs, we must remember that under the Turkish régime the sentiment and, indeed, the fact of unity was maintained. Then at least the Arabs, if not free, were all under the same master. Very different is the situation now, when Damascus is cut off from the south, and Haifa, its Mediterranean outlet, is in a foreign country; when an Arab in Jerusalem can go on a visit to a kinsman in Beirut only after the preparation of passports and the other ritual which our enlightened age finds necessary to itineration; when the proud city of Aleppo, cut off from the district of which it is the mart, is dying like a deracinated

fig-tree; when Iraq, Syria, and Palestine has each its customs-barrier and each its own currency. The Syrians, who inherit the talent for business of their Phœnician forefathers, must be impressed with a system which finds economic expression in imposing the Indian rupee on Mesopotamia, the Egyptian piastre on Palestine, and the franc on Syria.

But the grievances are not only those of industry or mere convenience. Besides the grand and root complaint that the living body of the Arab nation has been carved into three or more portions, there are more specific reasons for disappointment and unrest. The high-handed conduct of the French in Syria, the British backing of the Zionist claims in Palestine, and the application of Anglo-Indian methods of administration in Iraq, have formed, in their various spheres, an opposition which has for its common denominator an antipathy to everything Western. Resentment and discontent smoulder from Aleppo to Baghdad, and from Alexandretta to Mecca. 'Down with the mandate!' shouted the Baghdad mob last August, when the British High Commissioner went to pay his respects to King Faisal on the anniversary of his accession to the throne. Later in the year, the Fifth Palestine Congress, at Nablus, protested against the Palestinian mandate, and demanded complete independence. In Syria the French have no love for such reunions. But when Mr. C. R. Crane last year revisited that country, he was greeted with demonstrations which ended in bloodshed and caused the French to visit leading Syrian Nationalists with imprisonment and deportation. Dr. Shabander, ex-Foreign Minister under King Faisal at Damascus, a graduate of the American College, was sentenced to twenty years' incarceration for his share in the movement.

## II

The mandatory system, then, is unpopular; that is evident. But what are the reasons for its unpopularity? After all, it may be said, the Arabs are not so badly off. French and British officials are surely better than Turkish; and the Arabs can always appeal to the League of Nations. Here we come to the root of the question. The Arabs are ready now, as ever, to recognize the hard logic of might. Had the Allies installed themselves in the Arab provinces by right of conquest, there would have been nothing more to say. *Allah akhbar,* God is great. He had made the foreigner stronger than the Arab; it was a wise man's part to submit. But everyone knew that Allah had not so willed it. On the contrary, he had distracted Christendom — how easily one's pen slips into these well-worn grooves! — and weakened it by war.

When the Caliph declared the *jehad* (holy war) against Great Britain and her allies, it looked as if the 'ranged arch' of the wide British Empire might fall. In those dark days of the winter of 1914–1915, there were British statesmen who knew their East. Casting about for means to counter this new Turkish menace, they naturally turned to the Arabs. The Arabs were awake. They saw that their opportunity had come. The cruel repression by Djemal Pasha of their aspirations made them the more ready to listen to Great Britain. Thus it came about that once more a descendant of the Prophet appears on the stage of universal history. Sherif Hussein, of the Hashimite branch of the Koreish (Mohammed's tribe), with the Prophet's blood in his veins, and of the noblest family in the Arabs' *Debrett,* was Governor of the Holy Places. With him, in 1915, Sir Henry MacMahon, the British High Commissioner in Egypt, began

negotiations. The Arabs had already shown that they regarded Hussein as their leader, and the fact that two of his sons, Faisal and Abdulla, to-day occupy great positions in the Middle East, the one as King of Iraq and the other as Emir of Transjordania, is a proof of the traditional ability of the Sherifian family.

If the British, the French, and the Arabs had dealt more frankly with each other at this time, the Middle East to-day might already have been on the road to prosperity. Professor Hurgronje might have witnessed the beginning of a new collaboration between Islam and Christianity. But there was a lamentable lack of frankness on all sides. Sherif Hussein, in his own phrase, 'averted his eyes' from Lebanon and the Syrian littoral, which Great Britain earmarked for France. The British Government wrapped up its own reservation regarding Palestine with a tortuosity of phrase that left room for more than one interpretation. France said nothing. But she watched what was going on, and intervened later with demands totally incompatible with the promises already made to the Arabs.

Thanks to the press, these are known in their main outlines. It must be clear that Sherif Hussein, the acknowledged leader of the Arab party, which had a perfectly definite programme including all the Arab provinces, would not have agreed to put the movement, and his own neck, to the hazard of rebellion without being convinced that success would bring with it the realization of the party's aspirations.

Suppose, in the light of after events, that we were to frame the following offer as coming from Sir Henry MacMahon: 'You and your people wish to shake off Turkish domination. We will in return recognize you as King of the Hedjaz and give you a generous subsidy. If you are chosen Caliph, so much the better. You ask about the future of Syria and Mesopotamia? Well, we are afraid that the French will never be happy unless they establish themselves in Syria — they will take it all. And in Mesopotamia we have interests. To make it easier for you and the other allies who may be jealous of us, it will all be arranged under the form of mandates.'

What is a mandate? 'A mandate is essentially a restriction which the conquerors impose on themselves in the general interest of humanity.[1] And, by the way, Palestine is to be a national home for the Jews. We are not sure exactly what that means, but the Jews want it and you know what powerful people they are. In any case, don't worry. We promise that Arab interests shan't suffer. And to make things pleasanter, we will help to put one of your sons on the throne of Iraq, and another shall be Emir of Transjordania.'

That is what a good many people appear to think was said. The truth is that, in 1915, Arab and British views coincided about the establishment of an Arab state, or confederation of states. There may have been a divergence as to the rôle Great Britain was to play therein; the Arabs doubtless rated it low, and the British high. But there was more than the germ of an understanding. It was the tale of cross-purposes and intrigue that followed which prevented it from taking more solid shape. The British Government might make promises; the Paris press might talk about the rebirth of the Arab nation and the revival of the glories of the Abbasides and Ommiades; but the French Government had its own ideas about Syria and the Middle East — ideas that underrated the cohesiveness of Arab nationality and

[1] Lord Balfour at Geneva, May 17, 1922.

overrated the centrifugal force of religion. The British Government, in its correspondence with Hussein, had reserved the Lebanon for France. But what was the good of Lebanon without the Four Towns: Damascus, Homs, Hamath, and Aleppo? And there was Mosul, on the far-away Tigris. Besides, it was galling to French amour-propre that Great Britain should conceive of the establishment of an Arab Kingdom under British influence. The French had led the Crusades. Louis XIV had asserted French rights in the Levant. The two Napoleons had followed the traditional policy of France. At home, she might be officially agnostic, but everyone in the East knew that France was the great Catholic power, and that her mission schools were centres of French culture and influence. Why, every boulevardier was aware that France had a claim to Syria. The song, 'Partons pour la Syrie,' proved it.

Thus France, determined that England should not alone hold this new portion of the gorgeous East in fee, grew sullen or, at least, discouraged. Had the times been less critical, the British Government might have been more cautious. But in 1916 there were more important things for the Western Powers than the Arabs. So, to reassure France that she would not be cheated of her dreams in the East, Sir Mark Sykes was appointed to negotiate an understanding with France, and the Sykes-Picot Agreement was the result. Sir Mark Sykes loved the Arab East with a sincere and disinterested passion; and that he put his name to a document which has proved, and is likely to prove, an insuperable obstacle to Arab aspirations, is one of those ironies in which the careless Providence that orders our human story takes a cynical pleasure.

If there is a good deal to be said for secret diplomacy, there is very little to be said for secret treaties. The fact that this agreement was kept from King Hussein's knowledge carries its own condemnation. England and France, in the very agony of the Great War, still sought a means, in Professor Hurgronje's words, to incorporate their [future] Mohammedan subjects in their own civilization. But secret treaties, like murder, will out. The Sykes-Picot Agreement[2] was no exception to the rule. In 1917, those *enfants terribles*, the Bolsheviki, unearthed a copy in the Petrograd Foreign Office. They sent it to the Turks, to pass on to the Arabs.

The effect was as they had calculated. The Arabs were very angry, and King Hussein threatened to withdraw from the war. He and his fellow countrymen were not going to fight, if the Allies, at the end, meant to parcel out their country into spheres and zones of influence. The British High Commissioner in Cairo thereupon cabled to him the following explanation: —

> Bolsheviki found in Petrograd Foreign Office record of all conversations and provisional understanding (not formal treaty) between Britain, France, and Russia, made early in the war to prevent difficulties between the Powers in prosecuting the war with Turkey. Djemal, either from ignorance or malice, has distorted its original purpose, has omitted its stipulations regarding consent of native populations and safeguarding their interests, and has ignored fact that subsequent outbreak and success of Arab revolt and withdrawal of Russia had for a long time past created a wholly different situation.

The British reply is lame enough. It is sincere, in that there is other evidence that Great Britain really believed that Russia's withdrawal had changed the situation. It may have, for Constantinople. But for the Arab provinces, it changed nothing. The French

[2] See note on page 561.

had their bond, and they meant to see it fulfilled. At the time, however, King Hussein was pacified. He had gone too far to withdraw easily and, besides, in his own Hedjaz he was in imminent danger from the local Turkish forces. By the Sykes-Picot Agreement Palestine was to be internationalized. That undesirable consummation was prevented by Lord (then Mr.) Balfour's famous declaration of November 2, 1917.

But if it eluded one difficulty, it only created another. A national home for the Jews, interpreted in the light of Zionist claims, appeared to the Arabs incompatible with their ideals. The hope of independence and union with their fellow Arabs, which General Maude had held out to the people of Mesopotamia in his famous proclamation of March, 1917, was receding as the war neared its end. So unsatisfactory was the state of opinion in Palestine and Syria that in November, 1918, the French and British Governments issued a joint declaration couched in soothing language.[3]

It was not the last promise the Arabs received. In October, 1919, Lord Curzon in a letter to the Emir Faisal repeated the British Government's previous undertaking that the four towns should form an independent Arab state.

## III

Thus ends the first phase of the question. The war was over. The Turkish Empire had been shattered. But, though the brunt of the campaigns had been borne by the devoted English soldier, he found himself in November, 1918, occupying the historic Arab lands of Asia as a liberator rather than as a conqueror. We need not exaggerate the work of the Arab armies, which Great Britain paid and equipped. Nor must we slight them. When Lord Allenby and Emir Faisal found themselves together at a Guildhall luncheon in 1919, the British Commander-in-Chief paid a fine tribute to the work Faisal had done with his northern Arab army, which had acted as the British right wing in the final campaign. Mr. Lloyd George, too, said that the Arabs had performed their part of the bargain, and Great Britain meant to do hers.

Happy is the statesman who makes no promises, for then can he never be accused of giving contradictory ones. But happier still, perhaps, must be the statesman who can blandly forget inconvenient obligations. Thus, M. Viviani, at the League of Nations meeting in London last July, extolled the generosity of his country apropos of Syria in these words: 'On the morrow of victory, we could quite well have annexed all the territories which were within our reach. We could have annexed them without asking the populations or considering their interests. But the Treaty of Peace laid down the new principle of mandates.'

We can dismiss M. Viviani's clap-

[3] In the first two articles, it is stated that the two countries are 'prepared to accord recognition to an independent Arab state,' but zones are mentioned where certain administrative and advisory rights are retained.

The third clause provides for the establishment in Palestine of an international administration.

The document is too long to give in its entirety, but this sentence is sufficient to show its general tendency: '*Le but* qu'envisagent la France, et la Grande-Bretagne en poursuivant en Orient la guerre dechâinée par l'ambition allemande, c'est l'affranchisement complet et définitif des peuples si longtemps opprimés par les Turcs, et l'établissement de gouvernements et administrations nationaux puisant leur autorité dans l'initiative et le libre choix des populations indigènes.' Iraq is the only part of the Arab provinces where, so far, any attempt has been made to do this; and even there it has hitherto been largely nullified by the policy of the local British officials.

trap for what it is worth. But was it a new principle? Was it only a new name for an old thing, for the Western domination of Asia? The Arabs, judging mandates by their fruits, have thus decided. But not at once. After the Armistice, there were Arabs who believed they might be an embodiment of new ideas. King Hussein, more obstinate or more wary than others of his race, has all along refused to admit or recognize any mandate over the Arab provinces. For this reason, he has followed the American example in refusing to ratify the Treaty of Versailles. The word was not in the pledges, — that is, the correspondence he had exchanged with the British representative in Cairo, — and he would have none of it. At a meeting of the Supreme Council held in London in March, 1921, General Haddad Pasha, at that time his representative and another of the Arab leaders who have graduated from the American College at Beirut, explained his objections thus: —

> King Hussein objects to the mention of the word mandate, which is not in the pledges. The spirit of the Covenant of the League of Nations, as expressed in Art. 22, para. 4, does not appear to be incompatible with the aspirations of the Arabs. But the word is indeterminate in meaning. The text of the mandates, as published in the papers, has shown how an interpretation contrary to this spirit has been adopted. To this interpretation King Hussein and the Arabs will undoubtedly refuse to agree. King Hussein asks therefore that the definition of this assistance shall be corrected, to make it clear that the intentions of the Allies are simply to provide the assistance mentioned in the pledges without in any way impairing the national independence which the Arabs have been made to understand it was the policy of the Allies to secure.

How indeed can the Arabs believe that the mandate is only a restriction placed upon the conqueror, when they see what has been done in Syria? Palestine, an integral portion of the country, is taken from it. Instead of an attempt being made to develop a national government from the nucleus provided by the Arab administration over which King Faisal presided, that leader is forcibly turned out by General Gouraud, the Arabs previously having been forced to disband their troops while the French had concentrated 70,000 men in the country. When all opposition has been borne down, the French High Commissioner divides Syria into six 'confederate' governments, whose only link lies in his own person. With as much show of reason England might have carved Egypt into three autonomous governments, one with a strong Greek element in Alexandria, another preponderantly Islamic in Cairo, and a third in Upper Egypt, where the Copts would have been predominant.

But the French have done more than this to estrange the Arabs. By the Franklin-Bouillon Treaty with the Kemalists, they have actually handed back to the Turks a strip of Arab territory, from the Mediterranean to the Tigris, containing several Arab towns. This territory was specifically included in the pledges given to Hussein. One of the provisions of a mandate is that the mandatory shall not cede any portion of the territories of the mandated state. A proviso of similar character was included in the Sykes-Picot Agreement. But M. Franklin-Bouillon had to come to terms with the Kemalists; they insisted on regaining control of the Arab towns of Aintab, Urfa, Berejik, and Nisibin, all of which have a strategical importance in controlling the railway from Aleppo eastward. The Arabs therefore were sacrificed. King Hussein protested, as usual, to the Supreme Council and the League

of Nations. And the Arabs gave one more bad mark to the mandatory system.

We know what the Syrians wanted, through the American Commission under Mr. C. R. Crane, which visited Syria and Palestine with that object in 1919. Their report has never been published, it has been repeatedly pressed for in the House of Lords, where there are many expert critics of Near-Eastern and Middle-Eastern policy. The British Government knows nothing about it, officially. It lies in some pigeon-hole at Washington, and may still be lying there when the world ends, and Asia and Europe return together to their original gases in the next radical rearrangement of our universe.

Luckily there is a press, to which even pigeon-holes are not sacred. The New York *Times*, of August 20 last, published the gist of the Commission's report. From this we learn that the Commission pronounced in favor of a mandate, on condition that the well-being and development of the Syrian people was recognized as a 'sacred trust,' but recommended that the 'unity of Syria be preserved in accordance with the earnest petition of the great majority of the Syrian people.' In this recommendation Syria includes Palestine. Other recommendations were that Syria should be placed under one mandatory power, as the natural way to secure real and efficient unity, and that Emir Faisal should be made the head of the new, united Syrian state. I have said enough to show how closely the Commission's advice has been followed.

Syria is the unhappiest example of the working of the mandatory system, for the Syrians are the most advanced of the populations of the Arab provinces and the régime under which they live is the most illiberal. The French have shown as much eagerness to placate their former enemies, the Turks, as to alienate their former allies, the Arabs. Courts-martial, the censorship of the press, and the exile of political opponents have been the accompaniments of Western rule in other places than Syria. But perhaps nowhere else has the ruling race behaved with such arrogance as the French have shown there.

In Palestine, however, where the Administration has dealt comparatively mildly with opposition, the people have no inclination to accept the mandate. Hitherto the Palestinians have been mainly hostile to the Zionists. They have affirmed their willingness to be mandated to Great Britain so long as the Jews were kept out. Now they have gone further. At the last Palestinian Congress, held at Nablus, it was resolved that the British mandate should not be recognized, and that any foreign loans contracted by the Government should be repudiated by the people. Previously, the Palestine Committee, at a full meeting held in Egypt on June 25 last, declared that Palestine and Syria should be united under an independent national government, and that the Palestinians would never accept the ideal of Palestine as a national home for the Jews.

To enter into a discussion of the Zionist question is, happily, foreign to my purpose. But I believe that the Zionists will never find the guaranty of tranquillity they need by relying on Western force, in whatever way it may be wrapped up. On the other hand, history, if it teaches us any lesson in this matter, shows that the Jews have played a distinguished rôle in past periods of Arab greatness. The best hope for Zionism is, in my opinion, to get away from the unreal atmosphere of the mandate, and to approach the Arab as a fellow Semite. Zionism, if it

wants to achieve anything lasting, must go hand in hand with Arabism.

That may happen. Its best augury lies now in Iraq. There Great Britain has at length shown something of the political flair for which her statesmanship is deservedly famous. The British Government, realizing once again that Arab Nationalism is a force and not a farce, has agreed to abrogate the mandate. Not bluntly or directly. Such is not the manner in which British high policy works. It will be done, if at all, through the very mechanism on which the system rests. By the Anglo-Iraq treaty, signed last October, the British Government promises to assist Iraq in securing admission to the League of Nations, which would, *ipso facto*, terminate the mandate.

It is an ingenious solution. Of course, the treaty will remain, and this will give England a privileged position in the country. But if the Colonial or Foreign Office can restrain the not always discreet zeal of the British officials on the spot, the Arabs of Iraq may settle down to the orderly development of their great resources. The Iraqis want advice and assistance. They do not want the system of imperial bureaucracy which has darkened the face of the British Crown Colonies in the past twenty years. It is significant of the trend of affairs that already the British Government is looking toward a solution on the same lines in Palestine. The Palestinian delegation, which failed to come to an agreement with the last British Ministry, is now back in London, and negotiations in this direction are now in progress. If the mandates over Iraq and Palestine are withdrawn, it will be only a matter of time before the same thing happens in Syria.

Such is in outline the story of one more attempt by the great European powers to incorporate a part of Islam, and that the most characteristic part, in their civilization. In admitting its failure, I do not want to draw any moral judgment. No sensible man can believe in the doctrine of the self-determination of peoples, of which the whole course of history is a refutation. Nor is it good to lay too much stress on the sanctity of treaties, or of international pledges. Races will continue to rule where they have the power and the aptitude. It is well that they should do so. But political shams only cumber the earth. Happily they carry their own Nemesis. We can only rejoice in this case that the Goddess has been so prompt to assert herself in this instance of the mandatory system as applied to the Arabs.

# THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

## THE PLUMBER IN RESIDENCE

THE plumber is with us always — but there his resemblance to the poor ceases. His sleek little Buick stands often at my door, taking precedence of my modest Ford; and there you have our relative financial status in a nutshell — and a real car.

But although he is with us always, yet he is never really a permanent inmate of our house. A chronic transient, he might be called, and I have often wished that he were actually living under my leaky roof, and could be paid a salary instead of drawing the same amount in monthly installments as income.

When I think of the Rich and Great keeping private chaplains as household pets, or domesticating resident physicians, my soul is untouched by envy. The thought of a clerical ear or a medical eye forever cocked in my direction leaves me cold; but if the wealth of all terrestrial leak-menders were mine to squander on luxuries, my first extravagance would be a Resident Plumber, in whose calling are combined the ecclesiastical and the surgical functions.

My experience of plumbers as a class being limited to one specimen of his race, it may be that I am guilty of exaggeration, or at least of generalization, when I speak of plumbers generically as alarmists; but the impression produced by Mr. Piper (who happens to be my own minister of grace and healer of leaks), when I open the door of his shop to give him an emergency call, always brings to mind Hamlet's disordered aspect as seen through Ophelia's terrified eyes: —

> Pale as his shirt, his knees knocking each other,
> And with a look so piteous in purport,
> As if he had been loosèd out of hell
> To speak of horrors — he comes before me.

'What is it?' he asks hoarsely.

When I report the murmurings and gaspings of my laundry tub, he looks far more apprehensive than Dr. Mendum would look if I had summoned him to investigate my own bronchial wheezing.

'That sounds very serious,' Mr. Piper says, frowning and shaking his head; 'I can't tell at all what may happen. I must come over at once.'

Thereupon he nervously clutches his bag of tools, and in trembling tones calls to some fellow in the cellarage to come and join him at once in this probably vain effort to save the life of my waste-pipe. By this time I am as nervous as he, and we hurl ourselves into our respective cars and dash down the street in agitated procession, dreading to see the patient, for fear that we merely shall be viewing the remains.

It is at my back door that the ecclesiastical aspect of plumbing comes to the front. The attendant boy produces a candle from some hidden recess of his vestments, and, like a faithful acolyte, reverently follows the high priest of plumbing through the kitchen and into the laundry, where both kneel at the washerwoman's high altar and inspect the foundations of her faith — the laundry tub.

At this point the officiating priest is transformed into the surgeon, and the clumsy tools turn into delicate instruments. In his hands the wrench becomes a lancet, and the acolyte seems suddenly transformed into the physi-

cian's assistant, whose task is apparently to give ether, for a sponge is produced from some inner shrine and Mr. Piper's hoarse whisper utters the command, 'Turn off the water instantly! Quick! I think we are just in time!'

Of course, if this were an isolated experience, it could be borne; but the trouble with my household pipes seems to be organic rather than functional, chronic rather than occasional; and if a resident plumber were always in the attic or the cellar, he could be occupied with the preventive work which we are now told is going to save the human race. Under present conditions, Paying the Piper has come to be something more than a phrase in the family: it has come to be an impossibility — and if he were a member of our immediate circle, our relations would be less strained the first of every month.

The climax to my mortifying dependence on Mr. Piper occurred a few weeks ago, during the middle of a starlit night, when I was awakened by the sound of a steady downpour of rain which seemed to be descending just outside my chamber door. This it was, and nothing more. Investigation proved that the bottom had inadvertently dropped out of a tank on the upper floor, and that the city's water-supply was inundating the house in an unexpected deluge.

Ah, then and there was hurrying to and fro, and gathering tears, and tremblings of distress, and cheeks all pale — and all the usual symptoms of acute Plumber necessity. I rushed to the telephone. A sleepy operator finally located Mr. Piper in his suburban bed; and presently the well-known accents of alarm rang over the wire. 'Turn off the main!' he commanded (if he had said, 'Remember the Maine!' the slogan would have been no more fruitless, for to remember the location of the main was just what I could not do). My family were, meanwhile, slopping about in rubbers and wrappers, holding umbrellas over their heads and offering futile directions to one another. But Mr. Piper ruled the storm that had burst from my cloudless ceiling, and gave at long distance the latitude and longitude and deep-sea soundings that finally disclosed the crucial point of my own connection with the city's water-supply.

This was done in so masterly a way that I was able, as by a nautical chart, to wade through the hall, swim down the stairs, and finally dive to the cellar, where I found the key to the situation, turned it, and the waters were stilled. Like Noah, I stood and viewed the desolation caused by the flood; and as I looked at the disheartening pile of saturated rugs and pictures, dripping draperies, and miscellaneous household articles, all jumbled together into a sort of gigantic soggy pudding, I would have given a great deal to be able to retire to a corner, and, like little Jack Horner, to put in my thumb and pull out — a Plumber!

## A VICIOUS CIRCLE

If Dante had asked me to suggest a circle of Hell deeper, blacker, and more completely outside the pole of possible redemption than any he has pictured, and one that reproduced a scene with which most women of to-day are familiar, I should unhesitatingly have selected an Intelligence Office — that tertible centre of human traffic, where the secrets of all hearts are exposed, and where dignity and truth find no admittance.

When lovely woman stoops to the folly of visiting this modern equivalent of the slave-mart, there is no art that can wash her guilt away. She leaves the Intelligence Department degraded and debased; after investigating the char-

acters of others, she feels that she has lost her own. (By the way, what a bit of retributive justice it would be if every lady had to be given a recommendation by her departing maid, and to have a written certificate stating her to be honest, neat, and good-tempered, and to possess the other excellent qualities that are as important in mistress as in maid. Social reformers should turn their attention to this domestic inequality.)

Nothing but devotion to an elderly cook-less aunt would have induced me to become an Intelligence-Office seeker; but family feeling turned my steps to the door of degradation, bearing the laconic label 'Domestic Agency.'

My first glimpse of cosy little tête-à-têtes dotting the bleak apartment here and there led me to think that I was at a feminine tea-party, so eager was the buzz of voices, raised for the most part in cheerful monologues, occasionally punctuated by unenthusiastic replies. To be sure, in glancing at some of the groups, it was a little difficult to separate the sheep from the goats; but in a few minutes my eye grew accustomed to subtle differences of dress, the interviewers being for the most part less modishly attired than the interviewed. I was glad to see that the lady in charge of the establishment was busy with a successful deal in cook-broking, so that I was permitted to sit on the side lines and enjoy what seemed like an incarnation of those questionable shapes of housemaids and domestic helpers invoked by the art of Miss Beatrice Herford. Some broken bits of conversation that fell on my ears were such priceless treasures of human and inhuman relations, that I jotted them down in my shopping-list while trying to assume the detached expression of one whose absent mind is in a department store.

'No, I have no children at all,' I heard an evident spinster proclaim; 'in fact, I have n't even a husband to mess up the house with cigar-ashes; just a canary — and the Catholic Church is only five minutes from the house. . . . Oh, you're fond of children, are you? Well, that's very fortunate, because my three little nieces spend the summer with me, and they're always running into the kitchen to look for cookies. . . . Oh, you're a Baptist? Well, the Baptist Church is even nearer than the Catholic.'

Here a harsh Irish voice on the other side of the room grated into my consciousness. 'Sure the good cooks do be getting eighteen dollars a week, and how would you be supposin' as I'd go to a family like yours for fifteen? If it was at the beach you was livin', and you offered me sixteen, may be I'd take it an' maybe I would n't; but it'll take more than fifteen dollars a week to get me to the mountains, so I'll be lookin' farther and farin' better, I'll be thinkin'.'

An old-fashioned housekeeper, of a type I had supposed obsolete, then attracted my attention. 'I always lock up the remains every night,' she was announcing rather in the manner of an undertaker, to an open-mouthed Finn, 'and I lay out the fresh linen myself every Saturday night.'

At this lugubrious information, the frightened Finn shook her head violently, and rushed clumsily behind the screen that separated the would-be employers from the would-not-be employed.

Becoming fascinated by the resemblance in type between a sheep and a goat who were confronting each other from the edges of inhospitable chairs, I watched two stout red females glaring at each other, and wondered if they themselves knew which was about to engage the other. Presumably war-profits had drawn the invisible line between them, and a few years ago they

would have stood side by side and replied, 'Yes marm,' when both were asked the questions which one of them now had the privilege — granted by suddenly attained wealth — of putting to the other.

'Of course, you will be expected to provide meals for my shofer,' the stoutest and reddest of these crimson ramblers was explaining in quite the grand manner; 'and I insist upon all my servants wearing caps.'

'Ah, wise woman! That will be a distinguishing mark,' I found myself murmuring, when a down-East voice broke in saying: 'I ain't no cook! I'm a general! And after my chores are done, I like to take the air in my car, — it's one my brother gave me; he's in the auto business, — so unless you can give space in your garage for Mr. Dodge, I shan't be able to accomodate you.'

A 'general' indeed, I thought — used to issuing orders and to being obeyed.

My reporting work was interrupted at this point by the lady in charge saying to me, 'Can I do anything for you?' in the non-committal tone of one who was not sure whether I were myself a bird or a wildflower. I told a brief but moving tale of my invalid aunt, and her resort to a fireless cooker which had proved only a little less difficult than the cookless fire. The impassive brokeress glanced coldly at the intimate details of my aunt's ménage, revealed by my reluctant lifting of the domestic curtain, and then said reprovingly, 'Of course, if you have n't a gas-stove as well as a range, you will find it very difficult to get a maid to stay with you; and the price you mention is absolutely unheard of nowadays. You can't get anyone for less than sixteen dollars a week to take such a difficult place.'

'Difficult!' I exclaimed. 'Surely I told you there was only one person in the family, and two maids to do what in the old days a general housework girl would have done for five dollars a week.'

A superior smile flickered over the features of the lady in charge of this Infernal Circle. 'I will see if any of my women care to speak to you, but I hardly think they will be interested in less than sixteen dollars a week,' she said; and, retiring behind the screen, presently emerged, followed by a very dressy person who swept me with a glance which 'took me in' completely, from the hole in my veil to my square heels and squarer toes. I had innocently imagined that I was to do the interviewing, but not at all — the inquisitor with the nodding ostrich-plumes put me through the third degree, and her hostile glare told me that I should be saved the embarrassment of telling her that she would not do.

Did my aunt keep a kitchen maid?

'No.' (*Sniffs*)

Did the help have a private sitting-room?

'No.' (*Grunts of contempt*)

Did the cook go to church every Sunday, and have Sunday and Thursday afternoons and every evening free for her own engagements?

'No.'

Suppressed scorn of me broke into articulate anger, which was contagious, and we both rose, scarlet with mutual dislike. The Colonel's Lady and Judy O'Grady were sisters under the skin, and the consciousness of this subcutaneous resemblance completed my sense of humiliation.

'I don't think you will suit me at all,' I was beginning; but her harsh laughter interrupted me. 'No, nor I don't think you'll suit me either, nor you won't suit nobody else,' she said; and flounced off behind the screen.

My head swam, and disconnected snatches of dialogues going on around me continued to beat on my brain with incoherent insistence.

'How many in the family?'

'Yes, I have four or five children, but they often pay visits away.'

'No, I can't possibly give you twenty dollars a week. My husband's a professor.'

'Do you have separate meals?'

'I can't work more than eight hours a day — just the same as them in other kinds of work does n't.'

'Yes, I'll give you fifteen dollars a week, if you don't mind turning down the beds the night the chambermaid is out.'

'No, we have only one motor, but we often send the maids out for a drive.'

Then the key to the whole degrading business was uttered by an honest Irish voice, — a voice of the old school of oratory, — saying in a stage whisper, 'Sure, if you don't be tellin' the boss, I'll come to yez for tin dollars a week, and I'm a regular six-dollar-a-week cook! She tells me I ought to get sixteen, but I ain't worth it, an' I know it now, an' you'll know it soon.'

I rose and stood before the desk, and with wasted dignity took my leave instead of my cook, as I had once hoped.

'I shall advise my aunt to continue to use the fireless cooker, or else to get a maid through some less intelligent but more helpful office.' I said it in a tone that was meant to wither.

'You'll have to give sixteen a week,' the old poll-parrot repeated, with the irritating iteration of Wordsworth's little cottage-girl.

'By the way,' I asked, all guilelessly, 'is your fee fixed, or do you receive a percentage of the wages?'

She looked daggers, but spoke none; and as I staggered down the stairs, the spirit of a crusader rose in my humiliated breast. My cook's tour was over, but from the vicious circle of the Inferno I had visited I brought back the conviction that, until someone shall devise a scheme which brings women, whether employers or employed, more hope of freedom from Domestic Dictatorship, their husbands and brothers will rightly regard them as neither free nor equal (to them). Enfranchised women are in reality slaves — until this tyranny be overpast.

## WANTED: MORE TALK

American professors do not talk enough. I know that this may sound incredible to undergraduates, and even to some who are not undergraduates. There are people who feel that professors are, by their very nature, incapable of rational talk, because they know nothing about life. I do not hope to convince either of these groups. I would fain speak to others. There are in our country a vast number of professors. There are even more who hope to be professors. Their departments range from Cereal Husbandry to Tagalog and Bisaya. For these professors, and especially for the males of the species, for their wives, their sisters and their cousins and their aunts, even for their mothers, I have a word. I repeat it. Professors do not talk enough.

I have just come from teaching in an English university. During all the time I spent there, my English colleagues constantly amazed me by their apparent leisureliness. Always there seemed time to talk. At eleven in the morning, there was invariably a large group gathered for coffee and talk. At four o'clock, or somewhere between then and six, the spirit moved all and sundry to seek the college café again. This time we had tea with our cigarettes, and again we had plenty of talk. Once in a while we ate dinner together, and had more talk. More often we dined with our families, and came back for after-dinner coffee. This was known as 'coffee,' but, unlike the morning

coffee, it included a little more. As I remember those 'coffees,' I want to gloat like the boys in *Stalky and Co.*, not only because the coffee included wine, whiskey and soda, and all the 'makings,' but because it also included talk.

For this talk was talk that amounted to something. I have had some wonderful talks in America; but into one winter in England there was crowded a long series of never-to-be-forgotten evenings. One night a distinguished American scholar, who had lectured before the college in the afternoon, was entertained. In our company there was a man who had been an English administrator in India and in Africa; a young American who had served with the marines in San Domingo; a Scotsman with an uncanny knowledge of unexpected things, who enlightened us on the Icelandic sagas; another Scotsman, who once lived in China and who is an authority on modern psychology; and others, each knowing his own subject well enough to see its bearing on the subjects we talked of. We spent most of our time talking of the treatment by Europeans of the primitive races; and then, somehow, we slipped over to the psychology of the primitive races themselves. Of course information was exchanged, but not a man was dull or pedantic. There was anecdote, repartee, wit, and sociability. We went our several ways with new life in us. I know that I lectured on Catullus much better next day because of this mental stimulant. My time was far more profitably spent in a whole evening of talk, than it would have been in reading Robinson Ellis or even Elmer Truesdale Merrill.

I was in one of the 'Provincial' universities. At Oxford and Cambridge, the staff of each college usually dines together in Hall, and after dinner goes to the Combination Room for coffee and talk. The power to take part in the talk that goes on is almost an essential qualification for a fellow of a college. I heard of one man, a brilliant scholar, who was seriously thinking of resigning his fellowship because he felt that he had no gift for conversation. His colleagues won't let him resign, but it is significant that he should consider it on grounds like these. As a result of this constant clashing of wits, these men can talk and write entertainingly. They have learned in the Combination Room to be simple, free from pedantry, and never polysyllabic. A surprising number, even of their technical books, are readable. I have often been told that, in the narrow fields they choose, our American scholars are more accurate. But, let me whisper it here in the intimacy of our own family, that we Americans are not always accurate. We make many slips. I think, on the whole, we make full as many as our English colleagues, and there are comparatively few among us who can convey misinformation so delightfully. It would help us here on this side of the water to have our brains mutually picked and our polysyllabicisms hooted. We need more talk.

I am aware that the way to get things done in America is to form an organization, with committees, an office, and a paid secretary. Too often, it is true, we think that the work is done when we have organized to do it; and it has happened that, concentrating on our organization, we have forgotten our original aim altogether. But, in spite of the danger, I am tempted to start an organization to make professors talk. The meetings might have to be held in Montreal, or in Cuba, for reasons that should be obvious; but, if we could only keep our aim in sight and remember that we were organized to talk, it would pay. We really are polysyllabic. Some of us are afraid

that, if we write intelligibly, we may be regarded as popular, and popularity is damnation.

We have another fault, worse, if possible, then polysyllabicism. We are narrow. We fear the man who can write, or even talk, intelligently on more than one theme. We are like the German scholar my English friends told me of. He came one winter to an English university which has grown up about an ancient cathedral. In the chapter library there is a collection of priceless old manuscripts, and he came to collate one of them, I think a manuscript of *Piers Plowman*. The members of the Faculty thought they should in some way recognize his presence, so they gave a dinner in his honor. After dinner in one of the college halls, they adjourned to the Combination Room for the usual talk. The German visitor would not be drawn. They tried him on all sorts of questions without result. Finally, he explained that *Piers Plowman* was his special field and he did not wish to talk except on his own subject. The saddest part of the story is that, so far as they could judge, he gloried in his shame. We are not quite as bad as he, but too often we have little interest outside our own field, and no knowledge whatever. We should know more of our own field if we knew something of others. We might learn much by occasionally picking a colleague's brains.

But perhaps we should not have an organization. If we had, then our female colleagues would come in. I believe in women's rights. I believe that before the sex there still lie heights which they shall some day reach. Some of them, while mere males still do sleep, are toiling upward in the night. Some of them are experts at picking brains, and would be useful at a picking bee. Many of them are good fellows, and would not object to their male associates 'solemnizing Nicotina's rites' while in deep discussions they spend ambrosial nights. But somehow the women are few who can fit into a group where men are in the majority and not bring with them some slight restraint. I urge, therefore, that in the case of professors, coeducation be abandoned, and that parallel courses be given to small groups of each sex.

And here I turn to the wives of professors, to their sisters and their cousins and their aunts. Women, spare your man. Let him loose for a time, more often than you do, from his smug domestic comfort, even from the training of his children, momentous as this is, and make him a boy again, just for a night. Let him go and talk and smoke and drink non-alcoholic beverages. Your country calls you to this high duty; for American scholarship will never achieve its high destiny until American professors talk more.

## THE WORM TURNS

YESTERDAY I sat on the front gallery, enjoying the Sabbatical fragrance of gumbo and fried chicken which floated from Mammy's kitchen, and gazing appreciatively upon Phyllis-Anne in a rocking-chair much too big for her: a little girl in white frock, pink sash, and patent leather shoes — the conventional picture of a good child reading a Sunday School paper. Suddenly an expression of outraged justice crossed the small countenance, and an indignant forefinger pointed to an innocent-looking photograph of an arbutus plant in blossom. Underneath was the inscription, 'A Flower that Every Good American Knows.'

Now Phyllis-Anne's eight years have all been passed in the land of magnolia and jasmine. I, her mother, was born, as it were, in the shade of a Middle Western sunflower. Therefore I quite

understood the italics of her pronunciamento: '*I am a perfectly good American, and I do not know that flower.*'

I hesitate before making my confession, realizing that it will put me outside the cultural pale, but — I have never seen an arbutus.

I know it academically, of course. My principal association with it is as one of a list of 'words commonly mispronounced.' I have met it frequently in literature, and have heard its virtues extolled. I believe it to be a worthy flower. The dictionary tells me that 'it has oblong, hairy leaves and fragrant pink-and-white blossoms.' I realize that the *soupçon* of prejudice that I feel against it, on account of its hairy leaves, is unreasonable and inconsistent with the fact that I don't like Mexican dogs, who have no hair at all. And in any event the fragrant pink-and-white flowers no doubt more than compensate for the hirsute foliage. Indeed, I have nothing against the arbutus *per se*. The dictionary further informs me that 'it is especially abundant in New England.' (Did I say that Phyllis-Anne's Sunday School paper is published in New England?)

Now poppies are especially abundant in the Far West, dandelions gild the pastures in the corn-belt, and the trumpet-honeysuckle drapes itself on every fence-post in the Blue Grass country; but would it occur to any of these sections to specify acquaintance with its particular flora as a condition of good Americanism?

The arbutus, I am told, is a modest plant. Can it be — this is mere speculation — that its pink blossoms are white ones, which are blushing at having been made the emblem of sectional complacency?

California is conceited, and it is necessary to treat all Californians with firmness, or they will tell you *ad nauseam* that the geraniums reach the second-story windows. The Northwest is blatant, but not provincial. Dixie is rather vain, but, like most vain people, has a wholesome underlying sense of her own shortcomings. But New England is complacent with the complacency of ignorance. It simply has not penetrated to her consciousness that there is any nation to speak of west of the Alleghanies. Corn, certainly — and beef. But culture!

'Oh, yes,' said a New England lady to the man from Montana; 'I have a friend in the West. She lives in Buffalo.'

'June,' says a Boston magazine intended for national circulation, 'is the best-loved month.' Of course, the editor means best loved in New England. Here in the South we regard Lowell's 'What is so rare as a day in June?' as mere poetic license.

But the worm has turned. For many years we have swallowed New England morals and New England culture, and have felt apologetic because we did not care for baked beans and could not learn to say 'kimoner.' Sun-drenched California and Louisiana have patiently taught their children to read 'I have a new red sled' out of New England primers.

But what is the use? In imagination I feel the New England lorgnette turned upon me, and I am shaking in my shoes.

# THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

FROM *time to time inquiries reach this office concerning the 'sale' of the* Atlantic. *In any and every case we should like to state that such rumors are utterly without foundation. We ask our readers to deny upon our authority that there is a vestige of truth in any such report.*

* * *

THE casualties among the artistic conventions of the stage in the last few years have been enormous. Soliloquies have been replaced by the choppy speech of the subway; real rain, real horses, real Chinamen have invaded the stage. For some time a tide of reaction has been causing critics to cry out that in 'Realism' there is no real life. No one can dissect the realistic movement and the present streams and eddies in the stage world better than **George Arliss** who began his professional career in the days of the soliloquy and has witnessed the rise and fall, perhaps the culmination, of realism on the American stage. He remarks, 'The art of the actor is to learn how *not* to be real on the stage, without being found out by the audience.' The Very Reverend **W. R. Inge,** Dean of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, one of the most incisive thinkers on social as well as Church problems in England to-day, takes up from a different point of view the subject of Catholicism and the Anglo-Saxon, treated in the March *Atlantic* by **Hilaire Belloc. George Moore,** author of the *Confessions of a Young Man, Esther Waters, The Brook Kerith,* and many other books that lovers of good writing know, talks to Mr. Gosse in this number of the *Atlantic.*

* * *

Formerly professor of economics and sociology in Smith College, and later at Leland Stanford Junior University and at Cornell, **H. H. Powers** is best known as a lecturer and publicist. His last *Atlantic* paper, 'The Drug Habit in Finance,' appeared in January of this year. **Alice Hegan Rice** is the much loved author of *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch.* She proves she has not forgotten the art of telling a story in this number of the *Atlantic.* **George Villiers,** a new English poet, now appears in America for the first time. ¶ To Americans, the life of the man who built that ubiquitous institution, the *Saturday Evening Post,* must be of keen interest. **Edward W. Bok,** for many years editor of the *Ladies' Home Journal,* continues his intimate biography of Cyrus H. K. Curtis in this number. **Jean Kenyon Mackenzie** has become so familiar to *Atlantic* readers as a poet, that some have perhaps forgotten that she began as a missionary in the African Cameroon, and wrote perhaps the most penetrating and alluring letters ever penned by a missionary. Later readers will remember her as a biographer of her own father who came as a boy to America from Scotland with but a shilling or two in his pocket. (*The Fortunate Youth.*) In this number of the *Atlantic* she is an essayist.

* * *

A missionary and the daughter and granddaughter of missionaries, **Charlotte Chandler Wyckoff** was born in South India and has spent all her life there except for nine years in school in this country. **George A. Gordon,** pastor of the New Old South Church of Boston, is the author of *Humanism in New England Theology,* and other books dealing in a very human way with religion and theology. ¶ A well-known British scholar, **E. Barrington,** is known to *Atlantic* readers as the author of romances with authentic and entertaining eighteenth-century backgrounds. A late volume, *The Ladies!* has recently been published by the Atlantic Monthly Press. **Joseph Auslander,** the young American poet, is now teaching English in Harvard University. **John Sterling,** New England born and bred, desires to avoid biographical attention. **Elizabeth A. Drew** was graduated at Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford, with First Class Honors in English Language and

Literature. From 1919 to 1921 she was head of the Women's Staff of the Department of Education of the British Army of the Rhine.

* * *

**Langdon Mitchell**, son of the novelist, S. Weir Mitchell, is a member of the New York bar, but the profession he has practised for many years is that of author and playwright. Theatre-goers will remember especially 'Becky Sharp' and 'The New York Idea.' He has just returned from extensive travel in Europe. He writes the editor: 'I am interested in the new Europe — the younger Europe — Europe in the bud. Not so much touching politics, as culture, ideas, and art.' ¶ It is of especial interest to Americans to learn how other nations are dealing with their color problem. We have already published a paper by Pierre Khorat on French relations with the Negro in North Africa, and a companion article appears in this number on Britain's Negro problem. **John H. Harris** is a well-known English student of 'Colonial Mandates' and of Britain's Negro affairs in Africa. For many years in English public life, he recently contested a seat in the House of Commons with a Cabinet minister. **H. E. Wortham**, a British student of the Mohammedan situation, formerly on the staff of the *Times* is now a correspondent of the *London Outlook*.

* * *

America is not the only country that has her problem of seditious literature. News reaches us from a subscriber that both the *Atlantic* and the *Living Age* are 'disallowed' in Soviet Russia.

* * *

There was no false emotionalism in Joseph Fishman's attack on 'The American Jail' in the December *Atlantic*, and there is none in this refreshing comment of a man who has been in jail himself.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I've been in jail and prison too — not that I'm proud of it — and am one of the few outstanding men who have 'come back,' and I know that Mr. Fishman 'hits the nail on the head' when he calls attention to the marked improvement in the prisons of the land, and states that the jails have not kept pace with them. Our reformers of all breeds and brands should take hold of this jail business and pour a beautiful flood of sensible publicity into every nook and corner of it.

I bid the *Atlantic* 'Godspeed' in the fine work it is doing in publishing such articles as Fishman's. Frankly, that's the best and most genuine thing you've published. Tannenbaum was too one-sided; his prejudices were *all* with the prisoner, and between you and me they do not all deserve such consideration. Fishman says truly that some of them would literally murder their own mothers for a few coppers, and there are a greater number of such 'cattle' in jails and prisons than the public is allowed to believe by some lop-sided writers. It's only the minority in any jail or prison that's worth saving, and of whom any sane man can entertain any hope whatever. But, even the guilty man is entitled to a square deal; and, no matter what *he* has done, *we* (the Public) should have too much self-respect to allow *our* servants — the police, the jailer, and the sheriff — to abuse, cuff, mistreat, or beat him up.

Sincerely,

A READER.

* * *

It is always interesting to us to know 'Who reads the *Atlantic?*' — and where. The following might be entitled 'Literature *vs.* Rubbish.'

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Last fall, while traveling through the South, our train was detained in a small city of Kentucky, either to wait for another train, or to change engines. Our coaches were switched on to a track which overlooked a piece of low land that was being filled in with all the rubbish that the town could collect. There was already a hard gray tableland on which the wagons moved to throw over their contents.

It was late afternoon and the day's work seemed finished.

Suddenly my attention was drawn to a young boy coming across the flat surface, pushing a wheelbarrow. He was, prematurely, in long trousers. Something around the waist held them in, and something across the shoulders held them on. They were rolled around the feet. He came to the edge of the débris and looked down. He found a stick and fished up the clothing. There was only one piece that he considered — this he shook and held up to the light. It was a shirt. He turned it slowly over several times, and looked at it carefully. Then he threw it behind him.

The removal of the clothing had uncovered a pile of magazines. Their gayly colored covers caught his eye. He cautiously took a few steps down and pulled them up to him.

He gave these a little more consideration than

he had the clothing but, in the end, there was only one he shook (as he had the shirt) and held to the light.

It was the *Atlantic Monthly!* There was hard climbing back, but he had done it before and knew how. He settled himself in his wheelbarrow and on his raised knees he rested the magazine. When we left, his one overhanging foot was wagging contentment, just as we have seen Mary Pickford's do in her happiest moments.

Because I fear you may think the dump yard a likely place for a mirage, I am taking this occasion to ask the gentleman who sat behind me to verify my story — the gentleman who said, 'Well I'll be d —— d!'

N. Fisher.

* * *

Here is an added chapter to Lucy Furman's stories of the Kentucky mountaineers. It tells of a twentieth century belief in witches!

Hazard, Kentucky
*February* 10, 1923

Dear Atlantic, —

An experience I had, just last spring, shows that the belief in witches did not die in Salem, but continues to have life in the minds of these simple folk, living at the 'head o' the holler.'

In such a community, I found only one book, aside from the Bible — a paper-backed volume entitled *Hell's Commerce* or *The Drunkard's Reward*. To take the place of this I carried in, for the children, beautifully illustrated stories of Red-Riding Hood, Snow-White, *etc.* In a few weeks' time the attitude of the community changed, decidedly, toward me, becoming noticeably hostile. Finally I discovered that these stories had been read aloud to the older folk, who 'lowed they was witchcraft' and, 'seein' as how' I had brought them into their midst, I must have the power of a witch.

Finding that old Uncle Hiram, a Hard-Shell-Baptist Preacher, was leader in this movement against me, I decided to visit him. Calling at his cabin gate, I was told by his wife, a frail little old blind woman, that 'him an' Delphie is up yander drappin' corn.' Upon my arrival he carefully placed the felt hat in front of his face, lest I catch his eye to practise my witch-power.

Coming direct to the point, I said, 'Howdy Uncle Hiram. I came to talk over my work with you.'

'Delphie, keep right on a-drappin' an' a-kiverin' while I hear this Stranger bust out.'

'I won t take but a minute of your time, just to tell you what I hope to do.'

'I kin tell yo now, I'm agin hit.'

'But do you know what it is?'

'No, but I'm agin hit.'

'Do you realize it is work backed by Uncle Sam?'

'Let me tell yo, Stranger, there is some all-powerful wicked folk mixed up in this here governmint o' ours.'

'But, Uncle Hiram, do I look wicked?'

At that he risked one eye over the edge of the felt hat with, 'I ain't a-judgin' nothin' by looks, Stranger.'

Knowing that he could neither read nor write, I had with me some illustrated bulletins showing different phases of our work. When these were offered he said, 'Yo need n't leave me nary a one o' that air printed stuff, cause I can't read without specks, an I ain't got no specks. Come on Delphie, let's drap an' kiver.' With that he turned to his slow, primitive method of corn planting, and I was left to slide out of his field, still a witch in his eyes.

Elizabeth Roberts.

* * *

One of the most intelligent comments we have seen on Arthur Pound's 'The Farmer and the Factory Hand' (February *Atlantic*) comes from a Virginia farmer who, twelve years ago, resigned an officer's commission in the U. S. Marine Corps, and has operated a stock farm ever since in Oaklands, Virginia. Referring to Mr. Pound's belief that farmers' hours average less than eight hours a day, he says: —

While the hours that his genial friend 'Hank' put in on his farm may be usual for that locality, they are certainly not those of the average farmer here. With all unnecessary work stopped during the 'holidays' (from Christmas to New Year's), and with a few days off, during the year, to attend Camp Meeting and some of the nearer local horse shows and county fairs, it is safe to say that the farmer works throughout the year from 'sun to sun' and in the winter does many of the chores by lantern light both morning and evening. And these chores — they are just as much work as anything else he does. Feeding, watering, grooming live stock, milking the family cows (if it is not done by his sadly overworked wife), chopping wood, cleaning stables, and the thousand and one repair jobs that are always pressing to be done. Because of this the farmer has practically no time to pick up any dollars from outside jobs. He is not an artisan or day laborer with a farm home.

After all it seems that Mr. Pound has missed the vital point in this discussion of the farmer and his dissatisfaction with present conditions. If it were to be desired that the farmer should

never rise above a modest income — by this I mean just sufficient to pay for food, clothing, a certain education for his children, with never a hope for the most limited travel, for the pleasure of books and some leisure in his older age, for a domestic servant to give his wife at last the doubly earned rest — then perhaps the farming conditions of to-day should not be changed. But such a condition of affairs would really be tending toward the formation of a peasant class so antagonistic to American ideals.

The American farm boy wants a better chance than that. He is brave, thoughtful, and ambitious, and he wants an equal chance with his city cousin, to make farming — his chosen business — a successful business. A chance, for instance, if he starts in as a tenant farmer, eventually to become a small proprietor himself; but not to stop there, but to go on to larger farms, greater undertakings, to less and less manual labor, and more and more nearly to a position of solely managerial and executive responsibility, such as the city offers in industry and trade. Of course, not nearly all will arrive at that eminence, as neither do all in the city; but an equal chance must be on the farm, or the farm boy will not stay there. Only the inefficient and unambitious will remain.

Mr. Pound says: 'The ideal farming community from the social standpoint, consists of active owners and their families.' True enough in one way. But if he means that he advocates small farms *only*, where father, mother, and children all work, — farms so small that they do not produce enough to pay for the employment of additional labor either on the farm or in the home, — then farmers as a class will certainly, positively differ from him.

WILLIAM HENRY CLIFFORD.

* * *

It seems there is not only a 'technique' of being deaf, but a technique of being 'semi-deaf.' Being misunderstood we are told is the worst hardship of the semi-deaf.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Some of us mothers, whose chief duties for a dozen years consist of the 'indispensable non-essentials' (*see* Calkins) in which hearing helps most, are seriously handicapped, to be sure. We must be calm when we are not; we must understand when we cannot; we must discourage the children's loud voices and yet hear their confidences. So many paradoxes! We must invent new ways for maternal love to reach the children around the seeming self-centredness of the necessary rules of our handicap. Perhaps we should not have the children, or should not have children and the work at the same time; but here we are, and necessity itself must invent new methods daily.

We semi-deaf vary according to health and weather. What is noise one day may be sorted out into intelligible sounds the next. Sounds are a heavenly gift, but noise hurts.

My rules differ a bit from Mr. Calkins's. They supply a home woman's need, but the same spirit would pervade a similar set if I were in business.

1. Tell folks you are deaf and need to watch faces. Then usually they will take care to face you squarely.
2. Do not let them shout. It annoys both you and them.
3. Study the peculiarities of your own case, and explain to your family and intimates. You are each other's problem.
4. Eliminate other nerve strains. For instance, we had a red tablecloth which I hated insanely, but kept using because the boys liked it. When I changed to the buff or the white one I felt better. Next wash day the puppy will tear it to shreds.
5. Take care not to seem too finicky or they will ridicule; but prove your point by actual tests.
6. Contrive short rest-periods, even by setting the children in corners, or sending them out.
7. Choose to avoid crowds — of people, or sounds, or sights.
8. Meet new people whenever you can — but singly.
9. 'Keep thy heart with diligence' seems the best rule of all. When you are calm and untroubled you hear better and life flows along smoothly.

Like Mr. Calkins, I see advantages in my handicap. The seclusion is conducive to a wide variety of thinking, to a closer self-understanding, to a wiser choice of effort, to a keener concentration.

Such a type of person is really enjoyable to the most likable people in the world; so our friends are truly select and dear and worthy. Better to be very near to this few than to be merely mixed helter-skelter with many. Being semi-deaf in an efficient and artistic manner is quite a high-class performance. Like exploration or pioneering; like wearing a Phi Beta Kappa key which you have earned — the few who recognize it have probably earned it too, and they are well worth being deaf to find.

A READER.

# THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

*MAY, 1923*

## THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A LABOR LEADER

BY JAMES H. MAURER

### I

I WAS born in Reading, Pennsylvania, on April 15, 1864. Both my father and mother were of 'Pennsylvania Dutch' stock. My first memory is, at three years of age, of carrying an old basket containing a few fish-heads, through the Reading market, and calling out, 'Fish, stinko!'

Father was a policeman. One of his duties was to keep the coal-oil street-lamps on his beat lighted. Twice a week he made a tour with a ladder, five gallons of coal-oil, cotton waste, and wicks. If a lamp was left burning at the break of day, or after the moon rose, the officer was blamed. The police called out the hours of the night and the nature of the weather. I remember hearing a Pennsylvania German officer going down his beat shouting, 'Twelve o'clock and makes someding down like drizzle.' Robbers had an easy task, because they always knew just where the policemen were.

Among my many playmates was a boy named George. He and I often visited his grandmother, who lived a block away. I enjoyed these visits because she understood our appetite. One time we stayed at the grandmother's place the greater part of the day. Children do not realize the passing of time, but mothers do. My mother looked for me all over the neighborhood. Father returned from work, and I was still missing. In his alarm he ordered out the bell-ringers.

In those days, it was the custom to send out men with bells when a child was lost. Above the din of the bell, these bell-ringers would call out, 'Child lost! Child lost!' So they kept ringing and crying till the city was covered. Trailing behind the man with the bell came a group of children. On this day, when the first group passed the house where I was playing, I joined the crowd and for a time helped to search for the lost child.

Finally one of the searchers found me. He told me to run home, as my daddy had a beautiful present for me. Often he brought us children a present. So this story that my father was waiting for me with some gift was not a surprise, only cheerful news. Homeward I ran, happy with the thought. I did not take time to go round to the rear of the house, as my custom was, but rushed into the house through the front door. There, standing in the front room, was father. Instead of coming to me with outstretched arms and greeting me with a hug and a kiss, as he usually did,

he began to thrash me with what is known in the trade of shoe-cobbling as a shoemaker's strap. It is one inch wide and about one eighth of an inch thick.

Finally, mother rushed between us, and gathering me in her arms, took me to bed. When she removed my clothes, she suddenly began crying. She called father, and said to him, 'See what your temper has done.' Some years later, she told me that my body that evening was discolored and bleeding, looking like a battered-up beefsteak. Father's temper vanished when he saw my hurt body. Tears rolled out of his eyes. What I suffered was nothing compared to the joy I felt when daddy knelt beside my bed and kissed me.

'Jimmie,' he said, 'tell me, why did you do it?'

'Do what?' I asked.

Up to that moment, I had no idea what the fuss was all about. To my surprise, father told me it was I who had been the lost child; that I had been away from home for more than a half day, without my mother's consent. I promised never to leave the house again, without first telling mother, and I never did. Even to this day, the habit of leaving word with some one when I am going out still sticks to me.

When my brother Charles was ten and I was six, we delivered the Reading *Daily Eagle* to a route of customers. That was over fifty years ago, and Reading, even with a city water-system, still tolerated a number of village pumps, and this in a city containing about five thousand cesspools. Scattered throughout the city were drain-holes, some of them small lakes in size. At the southeast corner of Ninth and Bingaman streets was one drain-hole where we boys, with strings and bent pins, used to fish. We never caught any. I question whether even a worm could have lived in that slime-covered hole. There was another place known as Katzermayers' Slough, and into it flowed much of the surface water from the mountains. There was a creek running on Culbert Street, and it was an open sewer, with many toilets emptying directly into it. The tannery drained its refuse into this creek, which ran through the entire southern end of the city. As I look back, I see that the city was rotten ripe for the pestilence and death that were slowly settling upon it.

It was during the winter of 1871 that Reading had the plague of smallpox. There was no quarantining; not a single house was placarded. Ignorance on the part of our community singled out father as the victim in our family. He had black smallpox. Within a few days of taking sick, he turned black and became delirious. Our house was not placarded. Visitors came and went. Brother Charles and I continued covering our newspaper route. Mother had her hands full: three boys to look after, one a baby of two years, I eight, and Charles twelve; the house to run; and father to nurse.

When father died, mother was alone with him. Brother Charles and I were selling papers, and the baby was with a neighbor. I was the first to arrive home. As I stepped into the kitchen, mother took me in her arms, and said, 'Jimmie, Pap's dead.' I fancy I can still feel the warm tears as they came from mother's eyes and rolled down my cheeks. She was not hysterical. She wept as people do when you think their hearts will break. A little later, Brother Charles came, and mother said to him: —

'We will keep the family together. You and I will get jobs. You will be a little father to your brothers, and we will raise them.'

This little father was not yet thirteen years old, and was physically frail; but the small body had nerve and grit and common sense.

On the day after the funeral, we took the straw chaff-bag and bolster, on which father died, and emptied the straw on the back lot. The same day, and many days thereafter, we boys played circus on it.

Charles got a job at fifty cents a day, with a wool-hat manufacturer. Mother thought she could earn money by taking in washing; but we lived in that part of town where the poor people lived and did their own washing. She finally got a job at the cotton factory, eleven hours and twenty minutes a day and nine hours on Saturday — 66 hours a week, for a total of $3.30. The combined earnings of mother and Charles were $6.30 a week, provided neither lost any time. These earnings were not enough to make ends meet, so we had another family double up with us in our small house.

In the morning, before I awoke, the rest of the family had left. On his way to work, Brother Charlie would carry the baby to the home of one of my aunts, and bring him home in the evening. From early in the morning until six in the evening, I was left alone to roam the streets. I liked to loaf round the cinder-bank and listen to the yarns of the professional bums, as they told of their travels. My one great ambition was that, some day, I too might grow up to be a bum. In those days, there were no such things as compulsory-education laws, or truant officers, no child-labor laws, no mothers' pensions. The state seemed unconcerned as to how its children grew up. It was this early experience that led me into the fight for legislation. I knew the life of the poor because I had lived it. Each bill I later fought for was based on the struggles of boyhood.

Mother tried hard to keep the family together, but the task was too great. So I was told I was to go to my grandparents. The last week, I was busy hunting up my acquaintances and giving them good-bye. Among them was one just a little different from the rest: her name was Mary. Mary and I had often sat on the old pump-bed in our back alley and talked of what we should do when we grew up. Now I was to leave on a long journey of fourteen miles. On the day I left, Mary was the only one I looked up. We both cried, and I kissed her. It was the first time I had ever made bold enough. She handed me a Sunday-School card, and told me to keep it to remember her by. Down in my pockets I went. I had several marbles and an iron ring, a few fish-hooks, a piece of colored glass, and a Barlow knife-handle (the blades had broken off). The knife was the most valuable piece of property I owned, so I gave it to her to remember me by. We then parted, and I never saw her again. That evening, as the sun was setting, I arrived at my new home.

## II

My grandparents lived fourteen miles from Reading, in Rockland township, along the highway that runs from Dryville to New Jerusalem. Here on a small farm lived my father's mother and his step-father, his half-sister, and their dog, Dick. My step-grandfather was the village blacksmith, Jacob Mayer, reputed to be one of the strongest men in Eastern Pennsylvania, a kind-hearted and gentle giant. He made most of the cutlery and hardware for the neighborhood. He had made his own razor, which he seldom used. When grandfather shaved, everyone knew this meant that he was going away.

To reach the old stone homestead was a two-mile walk from the station. The first to greet me was Dick, the family dog. His bark of welcome brought the old man out of the black-

smith shop and the women-folks out of the house. I stayed with these kindly people for over a year and a half. I had a good home, and I saw a remnant of the feudal and hand-craft order.

In the living-room of my new home stood the eight-day grandfather's clock, reaching from the floor to within eighteen inches of the ceiling. It did not make much difference whether the clock ran or not. These people lived by routine. There was certain work to be done before breakfast, and other work before dinner and supper. This work was done, no matter what the clock might say about it. After supper, we went to bed when it got dark. Sometimes the family forgot to wind the clock by its endless chain, which made a noise like the hoisting machinery of a coal wagon. When they finally decided the clock should be started again, it was set by the sun. At a certain hour the sun left a shadow at a spot in the yard. Sometimes visitors from the city would compare their watches with our clock and point out that we were an hour fast or slow, and suggest we set the old clock right.

'Why should we?' I once heard grandmother ask; 'we set our clock by the sun, and God regulates the sun, so why don't you set your watches to our sun-set clock?'

On one of the neighborhood farms was a pottery, on several a tannery. The spinning-wheel and weave-loom were used by a few. Production was carried on for use, and not for sale. Very little money changed hands. I often heard grandmother say: —

'Eggs should never sell for less than a cent apiece, and potatoes should always fetch, at least, forty cents a bushel.'

The people raised their own broom-corn and made their own brooms. All the clothing was made in the home. The crops were sown pretty much in the same way they were when Christ was on earth, and the scythe and cradle reaped the harvest. The community moved in groups from one farm to another, and put away the crops. These were joyful occasions, with great feasts and plenty to drink. The people lived a simple life, with wholesome food, and I have no recollection that there were any poor people about, or that, at any time, any one was in want. One thing these people understood, which modern industry has lost, and that is making work a pleasure by creating a holiday spirit round the work. An apple-butter party lightened the toil of sorting, paring, stirring, and boiling. So with husking corn and threshing wheat.

In less than a year I could speak Pennsylvania Dutch better than English. Pennsylvania Dutch or German is a language spoken by no one else on earth. Some of the words are German, others English, and most do not seem to belong to any language. Take the word 'potato.' In German it is *Kartoffel*. In Pennsylvania Dutch it is *Grund Berer* (ground-berry). English was taught in school, but the children talked the native brogue. I never heard any of the old folks, except the school-teacher and my aunt, speak English. My grandmother, born in Berks County, Pennsylvania, and ninety-seven years old when she died, could not have spoken a half-dozen connected words in English, if her life had depended on it. It seemed to me these folk were proud of the fact that they did not speak English.

They were intensely patriotic and anti-British. Most of them had ancestors who served in the Continental Army during the Revolution. In nearly every household was some relic of the Revolution, — a sword, horse-pistol, flintlock gun, powder-horn, or bullet-mould, — and round it a history. In politics, the people were Jacksonian Democrats. When they voted, they

voted the Democratic ticket and felt that they were still voting for Jackson. If there was a Republican in the neighborhood, I never heard of him. When Republicans were referred to, they were called 'Black Republicans'; but little politics was talked.

Newspapers were almost as scarce as money. I remember within the last twenty-five years visiting an uncle, then eighty-two years old, who was reading about a horse-sale from a Reading paper. I knew that the man about whom he was reading had left for the South long before, so I asked to see the paper. It was three years old. I said, —

'Why, uncle, this sale took place three years ago. See, that's how old this paper is.'

'What's the difference how old the paper is?' he replied. 'That does n't change the fact there was a sale and the horse was sold and the price paid as much as two good horses are worth. News is news, no matter how old.'

On New Year's morning, in that valley of the Pennsylvania Dutch, the men shouldered their guns, and in groups of three or four visited the neighborhood. Everybody received a call. Standing in front of the house, they fired. At the salvo, the neighbors stepped out on the stoop. Then, in one voice, all the gunners sang, 'Mere winchen eigh oll en Hileich es Glick Saileichs vey vore.' (We wish you all a holy, lucky, Christian New Year.)

Yet there were times among these kindly people when I was homesick. Once I heard a locomotive whistle. 'There,' I thought, 'goes the train that would carry me home.' I ran toward the gate, crying, 'Mother, mother, I want you.'

My grandparents explained to me that I had no home any more, other than theirs; that mother and brothers were now boarding. This made no impression on me, because house and furniture did not mean home, but mother did.

## III

A little later I went back to her, in Reading. She was still a young woman and, after a widowhood of two years, she had married again, and the family returned to housekeeping. I now found myself back among English-speaking people and able to understand very little English. Up to this time, I had not had, all told, ten months' schooling. Nearly ten years old, big for my age, I could not spell. It puzzled the teachers to know what to do with me. I was too big for the primer class and too dumb for anything higher, so they put me ahead. The boys felt that among them there was some force that made for discord. I had the whole school on my hands to whip. I had to fight my way to school in the morning and home again in the evening. I was not only a new boy in school, but a 'Dutch Bush Kid,' and too infernally stupid to know a thrashing was coming to me. I refused to be thrashed, and this meant the long drawn-out war.

The panic of 1873 and after was now upon us. Work was scarce, and wages low. There were six of us to feed, and the family income was thirty-five dollars a month. Day after day I tramped over Reading, looking for work. One boss, after looking me over, said, 'What can a little chap like you do?' The family decided I should try to find a new home. With an old carpet-bag over my back, I started out.

I walked fifteen miles, to the place where my mother's father lived. He said, 'What do I want with you?' I went on to Aunt Louise, who treated me kindly and kept me over night. But she was poor, and could not give me a home.

Next day at noon I struck out for

Aunt Betsy's. She lived at the Red Run Hotel, in a place called Red Run — still seven miles to go. My shoes were ragged, and my feet were sore. Suppose this aunt, like the two other relatives, was to say, 'Sorry, but I can not keep you'? I figured out that by night I should be twenty-two miles from Reading and thirty-six miles from grandmother's. I kept walking. The sun was setting, and soon it would be dark. I asked a man if I was on the right road to the Red Run Hotel. He pointed to a building not more than half a mile away. I walked to the rear of the hotel, and rested on the road-bank. I saw several children and a woman standing on the rear porch of the hotel. I was hungry and foot-sore and sick at heart. I asked myself this question, 'Suppose she turns me down, twenty-two miles from mother, thirty-six miles from grandmother — what will I do?'

I must have cried, because the next instant the woman came toward me. She shouted, 'It's my Jimmie!' Aunt Betsy picked me up, carpet-bag and all, and carried me to the kitchen, with the youngsters all anxious to get a look at me. At the commotion Uncle Hen came in from the barroom. They gave me a washing, doctored my bleeding feet, put Cousin Bill's clothes on me, and gave me supper. Not until an hour later did they ask me to explain. I told them my story — all I had experienced, not only on the two days' journey, but in the last year or so.

When Uncle Hen heard my story, he brought his big fist down on the table, and swore an awful oath.

'Well,' he went on, taking me in his arms, 'there are only seven of us and one more won't be noticed. You stay right here.'

Then he carried me into the bar-room and sat me on the bar. Addressing the half-dozen patrons he said, —

'Men, this is Jimmie Maurer, son of Jim Maurer, my best friend. He died several years ago. Some of our relations did this boy dirt. I mean to make them eat it.'

When Uncle Hen was away, Aunt Betsy ran the hotel and the bar. Saturday evening was a noisy affair. There came a Saturday when uncle failed to return until nearly midnight. Early in the evening, the patrons began to liquor up. Aunt Betsy refused to sell any more strong drinks. A dozen men lined up in front of the bar, demanding liquor, or they would clean up the place. Behind the bar stood auntie, with a stout hickory club, offering to crack the first skull that came back of the bar.

Suddenly there was a crash. The building shook. During the confusion, a thunderstorm had come unnoticed upon us. The rain fell. One of the men, called 'Gid,' rushed to the open door, shaking his fist at the sky and defying God to strike him and the rest of us dead with lightning. He repeated his defiance, and there came another crash of thunder, putting out the hotel lights. While auntie lit them again, my cousin Wayne told her what Gid was saying. Auntie was rather deaf, and at first could not gather what he said. She finally understood. Gid was still at the door, defying God, when auntie reached him. With her left hand, she grabbed him by the back of the neck, and with the right by the slack of his trousers, and sent him out into the rain.

Bit by bit, she cleared the barroom, and locked up for the night. We went to bed, and Aunt Betsy called up the garret stairs to us, —

'Now, boys, don't forget to say your prayers.'

Some few weeks after I came to Red Run, Uncle Hen told me to put on my best clothes and go along with him for a ride, to visit my grandfather Lorah.

This was the grandfather who had turned me away on my walk. Over to grandfather's we drove. Uncle Hen told him in plain Pennsylvania Dutch what he had to do. The old man objected. Then uncle told me to stand up. Pointing to me, he said, —

'Those are the best rags he owns, and he is your own daughter Sarah's boy.'

Finally the old fellow weakened, and the three of us went to the village store. Grandfather bought enough goods, lining, thread and all, for a suit. Uncle Hen bought me a pair of shoes, and a pair of boots with red tops and brass-tipped toes. I took my red-topped boots to bed with me, and wished that, when I awoke, the earth would be covered with snow. It was midsummer.

During the next ten days I was annoyed a good deal by one of the neighborhood women and Aunt Betsy, who made me stand erect while they fitted the new suit. They made a good big job of it because I wore it for several years, growing all the time, and it never got too tight.

## IV

Just as I was becoming supplied with clothes and acquainted with the country and the people, there came a message to return to Reading. Mother had found a job for me. I arrived home in the morning, and at noon I went to work. It was in a hardware plant, and my job was to drill holes in small pulleys for window-casings. This department was known as the Third Floor Drilling and Riveting Room. At least a hundred boys, ranging in age from ten to fifteen years, worked in this department. I had no idea how much pay I was to receive. In those days it would have been considered impolite to ask about wages when being employed, and it might have endangered the chance of getting the job. After working two weeks, I received my first pay for five and one-half days. It was one dollar, for fifty-five hours work. The dollar looked good to me, and in high spirits I rushed home. Mother was pleased. That night after supper she gave me two cents for spending money, and told me I should not be selfish but divide with my step-brother Frank. This I did.

I continued on this job for two and a half years, and, with the exception of four weeks, my wages averaged a dollar a week. Then our plant bought another place and turned it into hinge-works. About twenty of us youngsters were transferred there. My machine drilled four holes as quickly as the old machine drilled one, and I believed that by turning out four times as much work, I should get four times as much pay. My pay-envelope showed no change.

We boys agreed to strike, and we selected a representative to talk it over with the boss. He told us to be patient because the company planned to put in machines that had twenty drills each. My first pay for operating twenty drills was three dollars for five days' work. The week following I drew $3.85. I now had visions of a dollar a day, if I mastered the machine well enough by speeding up to keep everyone of the twenty drills drilling every minute of the day. In the third week, two wage-adjusters came. Word was passed among us to slack up. Everyone, with a single exception, agreed. He was a red-headed fellow who intended to quit soon for another job. The timekeepers used this red-headed pacemaker to fix prices. Two weeks later, when the new rates took effect, we found our wages cut one hundred per cent. Instead of obtaining three or four dollars a week, we now could earn only a dollar and a half and two dollars a week. I told the boss we were turning out about

twenty times as much work as formerly.

'Well, Jimmie,' he said, 'if you don't like it, why don't you quit?'

Some of the boys favored going on strike. Others refused. There was no strike. I stayed on the job, but lost all interest in the work. The day began to drag, and the clock became attractive. This was true of most of us. Half our drills went idle. The red-headed pacemaker quit, and became a pattern-maker's apprentice. I suppose this was his reward. In time, we learned how to put the machines out of commission without being suspected, and this gave us license to assemble in groups and play while the machines were being repaired. In this way the firm developed a scientific bunch of *sabotagers*.

Finally, I made my escape from this child-exploiting institution, and went to a wool-hat manufacturer's. My job here was easy, pasting pictures in hats, for 35 cents a day. Since I was now earning $2.10 a week, I received ten cents a week for spending money. My step-brother Frank had an equal sum; so between us we had twenty cents — more money than we knew what to do with, because five cents would buy all the peanuts or taffy we could possibly eat. So with our savings out of spending-money we bought glassware for mother. Every pay-day we came home with something nice for her old-fashioned sideboard. Mother was proud of these gifts. Although it was cheap ware, she had it nearly all still displayed on her sideboard, thirty-eight years later, when she died.

Every boy wants a sled, but few of us could buy a store sled. Most of us had 'Blockeys,' which we made ourselves. When I was eleven, I made my Blockey out of an old mortar-box. With an axe, mother's butcher-knife, and an old buck-saw, I worked out the runners, braces, and top board. A search through the dump, and I had nails. For iron runners, I found half-round iron in the scrap-yard of the Philadelphia and Reading. Finally, the sled was built, but not painted. With an empty gallon can in my hands, I went up to the railroad-yard where men were painting freight cars. I asked them for enough paint to paint my sled.

'Listen to the kid,' said one of the men; 'he wants paint.' And he lunged at me with his paint-brush.

'Did n't you ever make a sled?' I asked.

'What are you going to name your sleigh?' he went on.

'Sarah,' I answered.

'Sarah!' he roared with laughter, 'And why Sarah?'

'Well,' I said, 'because it is a nice name, and anyway I want my sled named after my best friend.'

'Who in hell is your best friend?' he yelled.

'My mother,' I said.

'So Sarah is your mother's name, and your sled is to be named after her?' said the man. He looked me over for a few seconds, and added, 'You're all right, kid. Give me your bucket.'

I got more paint than I needed, and an old brush. In a few days Sarah was on the hill, and it was one of the fastest sleds that ran any of the dozen long coasts of Reading.

(*A concluding chapter from Mr. Maurer's autobiography will be published in the June* Atlantic.)

# THE EXPERIENCE OF DYING

BY J. D. MacKENZIE

The accompanying article was written by Dr. MacKenzie while en route from Vancouver to the soldiers' hospital near Montreal, where he was to undergo a major operation to correct a war wound received in France, from which he had suffered for four years. The article was completed in the hospital, but he was not permitted to make any corrections or finishing touches before undergoing the last experience of dying, from which for him there was to be no return to living. He cannot relate this final experience for us, but, so far as one could judge who was present at his passing, death to him was, as he describes it in this article, 'a pleasant, sweet release' from a world of suffering which held out no hope to him of complete restoration to his former vigor, even if the operation were entirely successful.

Baddeck, in Nova Scotia, was his birthplace, as it was the home of another famous scientist; but the early death of his father forced him to leave home and make his own way in life. He worked his way through college, securing both bachelor's and doctor's degrees in science at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in Boston, and his friends foretold for him a brilliant career as a geologist. His intense love of country, however, impelled him to sacrifice his own interests and, along with his two brothers, he enlisted for service in the Great War. Both of these brothers were killed, and now the last of them has given his life.

For four years MacKenzie's wound required daily dressing, and what he endured mentally and physically in consequence of his disability not even his most intimate acquaintances knew. Yet his marvelous courage allowed him to carry on when men of weaker fibre would have given in. Conscientious to the extreme in everything he did, and thinking that his wound did not permit him to do his full share of work, he decided to risk his life on the operating table, with the hope of improving his condition. Fate, however, was against him, and he died. His was a strong yet lovable character. He was the salt of the earth, and his passing so early in life is a serious loss to his country, to science, and to his friends.

CHARLES CAMSELL,
Deputy Minister of Mines.

OTTAWA, *February* 9, 1923

## I

I HAVE died several times.

Two of these deaths have been sudden, and these were also entirely unexpected. By five different means, three of them violent, have I come to these deaths; and by one of these different means I have been passed into oblivion five times.

Those with a turn for mathematics will perceive that 'several' in my case means nine at least, which leads to the inference that there is something feline in my tenacity of life, or, perhaps, that in assuming authorship, I am personifying a pussy-cat. I know the latter inference to be untrue, and I trust the former to be equally unfounded, because I am shortly to taste once more of this temporary (I hope) elision of life.

Though I have died a sufficient number of times to require a polygonal monument (if any), I am not yet dead. And before you weary of seemingly futile paradox and withdraw the honor of your attention, let me define dying as it will be considered in this discourse.

By dying, then, I mean the process of passing from that quickened consciousness we term life into the black borderland which, so far as we know, edges eternity. I submit that the act of dying is virtually completed when one's consciousness of life has ceased; our sentient participation in the business is then at an end; what happens to the mere physical body thereafter is unimportant from the point of view of the mind, for that is already dead. When one's intelligence has passed into that blank of forgetfulness from which, if one returns, one brings no memory, he is as good as dead — he *is* dead. Life has left the intellect, and ordinarily its departure is a signal for the beginning of those processes that end in the complete cessation of the complex reactions we call life.

Ordinarily — not always — many have gone into that black borderland, and have returned, and some of them have told us of their going. Some too, of what they found there — or thought they found; for if they had really reached the marches of the Grim Reaper, they would have no recollection of the event, nor of how he guards his hounds.

Now, dying, even in these days of a very comprehensive range of subject for comment, is not ordinarily discussed. One would think that an experience which we must all meet would excite in us a lively interest; but such is not the case. Perhaps its universal inevitability robs it of piquancy; or perhaps the subconscious feeling that it is an experience which, when met, usually ends us, inhibits general interest in what should be a subject of some concern to all. Dying has been investigated of late physiologically, and for centuries we have been terrified by treatment theological — which may be another reason for its unpopularity as a subject over nuts and wine. (This is being written in Quebec.) So far as I know, however, dying, from the point of view of an active die-hard, is a virgin field. With the statistics given above as a basis, I claim the right to turn a few sods. On more than nine separate occasions, in five different ways and in four countries, I have survived the experience of dying, and, in each instance, had the causes of my losing hold on life operated with just a little more severity, I should have been very dead indeed.

## II

My first death occurred in Boston, some fifteen or sixteen years ago. It was unexpected, sudden, violent, and rather sordid.

At that time I was earning a livelihood by a more arduous and less remunerative method than is now the case. It was also less congenial. One of my duties was to sleep in a five-story building otherwise untenanted at night; and through this great empty barracks of a place I had to go, immediately before retiring, and the first thing after rising. To ensure my attention to duty a series of stations had to be visited, from which a magnetic device recorded my presence on a paper dial fastened to a clock-like arrangement in a locked box in the basement. The edifice through which I nightly prowled, pursuing and pursued by fantastic shadows cast by an oil lantern (this was still the pre-Daylo epoch), was separated from the adjoining one by a party wall, through which were doors on every floor. On every floor, doors gave on a freight elevator-shaft immediately adjacent to the party wall, so that the one elevator served the two structures. In the building beyond, which was owned by the same institution that I served, another hireling performed vesper and matutinal rites similar to my own.

The freight elevator was of the usual

sort — merely a platform slung to guides, with an overhead cross-beam to which the suspending cables were attached. Control was provided by means of a rope running the length of the elevator-well, by means of which the elevator could be started and stopped at any point, either from the moving platform or from any landing.

In strict accordance with the principle of the conservation of energy, it was the custom of my fellow-menial and myself to ride up on this elevator, and ring our boxes on the way down, we conceiving it easier and quicker to descend than to climb the stairs. Frequently, however, one of us would reach the bottom of the lift only to find the other making a slow, clanking, but effortless ascent by means of it; and on these occasions it was our custom to carry on with our round, regardless of the stairs to be climbed, we being in that happy condition of health where time is of more value than energy. Or, if the platform chanced to have been left at the top, rather than lose the several minutes consumed in its ponderous, rattling descent, we would proceed upward without its aid, and ride down. And, on occasion, other reasons constrained us to walk up and ride down rather than to reverse the procedure.

On one such night I had begun with the box under the basement floor, reached by a trap-door and a short flight of mouldy stairs (at the bottom of which I should never have been surprised to see the dog with the face of a man, or any one of the assorted banshees provided by a Gaelic ancestry), and from there went to the second floor, and so on upward. By the time the climb to the fifth story began, I remember I was cogitating on the intricacies of '*der, das, dem, den,*' '*die, der, den, die,*' and other mysteries of Teutonic declensions. With my mind thus occupied on the idiosyncrasies of German grammar, I mechanically rang my highest box, situated close beside the sliding door on the fifth floor opening into the eighty-foot elevator-well. I noted that the door was not quite closed.

At this precise moment I heard my fellow watchman whistling meditatively as he approached (as I thought) through his adjacent building. Youngster-like, I thought to hide in the elevator and give him a surprise by finding me there. Watching over my shoulder the corridor in which I momentarily expected him to appear, I slid open the elevator door and stepped into — oblivion.

Oblivion, however did not last long that time. Basing my opinion on the well-substantiated gravitational formula for the elapsed time of bodies falling in air from rest, I should say that I was dead one second. From the remembrance of opening the door until I became conscious of the horrified voice of my friend, I have no slightest recollection. Recollections crowded thick thereafter, however. Abruptly I realized that, instead of being in the adjacent building, my fellow watchman had been coming up in the lift, and, fortunately for me, had nearly reached the top. My thought, much quicker than it can be set down, was that I was on top of the overhead cross-beam of the elevator with one very painful leg doubled under me, and that the cross-beam, with me on it, would very soon be trying conclusions with the sheaves and pulleys at the top of the shaft if the machinery were not stopped. I called to Jones to stop the elevator, and, with that exaggerated sense of humor that I have frequently noted at time of crises, assured him that I was not dead, and inquired how the devil I had got where I was.

Apart from a very badly bruised

shin, there were no ill effects from this odd adventure.

I said above that oblivion lasted about a second, and I base this on the fact that I fell twelve or fifteen feet. Now, a second is a long interval in regard to thought, and much can be apprehended in that space of time. Yet from the opening of the door of the shaft to my realization of Jones's voice my recollection is an absolute blank. In other words, apparently I was unconscious from the moment I began to fall. If I had struck on my head, I should have died then and there, and should have been none the wiser. I believe that, if my fall had been the whole depth of the shaft, I should never have recovered consciousness, and should have died without ever knowing what had happened to me. And the corollary is, that death by falling, about which there seems to lurk a peculiar horror of apprehension, is quick, easy, and painless. I am sure it is if the fall be unexpected; and I believe it is in all cases.

## III

The second time I came to my death was on the Queen Charlotte Islands, slightly before the war. Like my first demise, this one also was unexpected, equally sudden and, if anything, more violent; but I do not consider it sordid. Not that it was heroic, but it was a far, far better thing to do — I mean, way to go — than dropping like a sack of cement in an elevator-well.

On one of these islands a deposit that has been prospected for coal presents some features of special geologic interest. For the purpose of studying these features, I visited one of the tunnels driven into a hillside, one fine July day. With me were two associates, and as we lit our candles in the chilly damp air a few feet inside the portal, one remarked, 'Here goes to get blown up.'

I carelessly replied that it was a quick way to go, never anticipating how soon I should be put to the test.

We went on slowly, examining the rock-walls in the dim light of the candles, and waiting to 'get our eyes,' as coal-miners put it. Presently one of our trio, who was a few steps in advance, called back that the tunnel was blocked by caved-in rock débris. We were then about eighty yards from the portal. I went up to him, and we stood side by side, looking at the heap of broken shale.

Glancing upward, I noted a low passage between the roof and the top of the pile of rocks. I called my companion's attention to this, and without thinking, he raised his candle to get a better view. There was a point of baleful, bluish flame, and instantly we all realized that a pocket of fire-damp in the roof had been ignited. I remember an urgent thought to get away, and turning: a reverberating rumbling roar and — that was all; no fear, no shock, no pain — nothing. I was not.

As in my other resurrection, a voice was the first thing to reach my consciousness. My third companion, who was a step behind us when the gas was lit, and therefore a step ahead when we turned to escape, was blown clear because of this short distance; but we others were not so fortunate. Again, as in the other case, returning life brought pain and discomfort. I could not lift my head, my breath came with difficulty, and I soon realized that the pair of us were pinned under a mass of broken rock. How long we were unconscious, I do not know — at least, one second, but probably less than a minute.

The subsequent hazards through which our escape was finally made good need not concern us here. I wish only to discuss the act of our dying; for I maintain that to all intents and pur-

poses we were dead; we had tasted all the experience of dying, and if the claws of Death merely raked instead of grasping us, it was only because of the lack of a few cubic feet of gas in the pocket he had filled for us, or because his rocks were too small in the cairn he sought to build over us.

So I judge that sudden and violent death furnishes a most pleasant way out of life. There is none of that horrific thrill of elemental terror with which the approach of death is supposed to be recognized, and of which we occasionally read. For while one lives, one's thought is concentrated on how to preserve life, — not on how to avoid death, — so that dying does not enter one's calculations at all.

There is no dying.

## IV

My third was a soldier's death. It overtook me — literally — on the slopes of Dury Hill, in Picardy, on that great day in September, 1918, when we Canadians helped break the Drocourt-Quéant line. It was not unexpected, and, unfortunately, it was lingering rather than sudden; but it made up in violence for any other lack.

The Highland battalion to which I had the honor to belong had done the job laid out for them on that dull raw morning. As usual, they had done it with a finished technique most disconcerting to Jerry Hun; but our losses, alas, were hardly less than his.

When our advance was complete and our gains mopped up, the C. O. sent me back to find some dead ground where we could assemble to continue the advance. Communicating trenches and sheltered ways were clogged with men, living and otherwise; so with two scouts I started overland for the rear. A few bullets were snapping and whimpering near us, and there was a fair amount of shelling, so we ran without haste down the low slope of the hill.

I heard that shell coming, recognized it for a long-distance one, and heard it burst. Heard, too, some of the splinters whining past us. Then I felt a colossal but painless double blow in the back, as if I had been struck with tremendous force by a load of loose hay. The blow lifted me from my feet, spun me around in the air, and I fell (I am proud to recount) facing the enemy.

I remember thinking that if this was a wound, it was a curious sensation, and immediately decided that I was in too exposed a spot for comfort, so I got to my feet and managed to make a score of yards to the shelter of a low bank. There I collapsed, but did not lose consciousness.

One of my companions went on to complete our mission, and the other applied a first field-dressing. Though I did not then know it (and this lack of knowledge doubtless kept me alive), I had been very badly hit by a piece of shell-casing, which had passed almost completely through my chest from back to front. I had had the sensation of two distinct blows, and as there was no external bleeding and no particular pain, I thought that a couple of shrapnel bullets had grazed my ribs and knocked the wind out of me, as I was breathing with great difficulty.

The thought that I might die came to me, only to be instantly rejected. And yet there can be no doubt that I was very near death. I was convinced, however, that I was going to live, though life was rapidly becoming most uncomfortable. Later, it became more so.

During the remainder of that day I lost consciousness several times. As I stated above, I had been very badly hit, and only an extremely tough constitution and a destiny for a less comely end each time brought me back to life.

Now it is to be noted that I have no recollection of losing consciousness of life — only of regaining an existence that seemed not worth resuming.

The inference is, again, that the actual dying is about the easiest thing we do.

Consequent on this wound, I have died a number of times. Some of my departures have been lapses into unconsciousness due to weakness, and five have been by the chloroform route. These milder takings-off, like the more strenuous ones, yielded no recollection of the instant or of the event of departure. I was, and then I was not, and only the returning to life is memorable — not the quitting of it.

Even those anticipated endings, where chloroform, and operating-rooms, and Ku-Klux-Klan-like attendants, and various other supposedly terrifying appurtenances were involved, have lacked at the sticking-point that elemental thrill with which they are popularly credited.

The hours immediately before an operation are not pleasant. One has almost the exact sensations experienced while waiting to go into action, which, in turn, differ no whit from those I used to have at college before a cross-country race in which I was a participant. Once away from the mark, once over the top, or when one is at last on the table, it is all the same — a rather pleasant combination of sensations, focused on the determination to extend every faculty to the utmost to attain the desired end.

But notice — such unpleasantness has nothing to do with dying. One always hopes to live through an action, and no one expects to die in a track meet; yet the anticipatory sensations are the same. But, they are sensations of *living*, not of *dying*.

On the table, the last thing you hear is the reassuring, 'Breathe deeply now — it won't take a minute'; and the next thing is, 'I think he's coming out now' — this some hours later. Dying does n't enter at all, consciously or subconsciously; and much less does the delightful wafting into oblivion envisage Death, though it must be his twin brother.

So I submit that the case against dying is proved. The moment of our release brings no fear; no horror; no regret. The thread does not snap; it parts as softly as a spider's web. And this is true whether it be sudden or slow; unexpected or long-awaited; gentle or violent.

And if you want corroborative evidence listen to William Hunter, the great anatomist. As he lay dying, he said, 'If I had strength enough to hold a pen, I would write down how easy and pleasant a thing it is to die.'

Yes, an easy, gentle thing; a pleasant, sweet release. There is no death.

And yet — I do not want to die!

# A DIALOGUE BETWEEN FATHER AND SON

BY A. EDWARD NEWTON

FATHER

My son, throw an armful of wood on that fire; then bring up a chair and let 's have a good talk. There 's nothing so good for a man as the give and take of conversation. I hate a man who wants to do all the talking himself. I was trained to be a good listener; your mother saw to that.

SON

Have you —?

FATHER

I have, my son. There is tobacco in the jar over there; in those boxes are cigars; and if you must smoke cigarettes, that silver box is full of them — or was, unless your sister has smoked them all. It is positively dreadful the way girls smoke nowadays.

SON

But, father, —

FATHER

I am as free from prejudices as my friend Dr. Johnson, who once remarked, 'I am a man of the world and take in some degree the color of the world as it moves along'; but —

SON

Father! you are not —

FATHER

No, my son, I am not going to talk about Dr. Johnson, or Boswell either, although it was the most remarkable partnership the world has ever seen, except one which was even more wonderful — that of Gilbert and Sullivan. You have heard me speak of them?

SON

Often, father. You —

FATHER

I remember when I was a boy away from home at school, — it 's forty, going on fifty years ago, — all the boys coming back to school after the Christmas holidays were singing songs that I never heard before. I remember one of them informing me that he was the 'Monarch of the Sea.' 'What 's that?' I asked. '*Pinafore*,' he replied. Then another boy, who confided to me that he was called 'Little Buttercup,' when I asked him why, also replied, 'That 's from *Pinafore*.' While I was pondering the matter, another announced in a loud treble that he was the 'Captain of the Pinafore'; and the problem was not simplified when someone replied, 'And a right good captain, too.'

I hated to appear ignorant, but I had to know. 'What 's the Pinafore?' I inquired. Whereupon they turned from me in disgust, and someone said, 'He 's from New Jersey and don't know nothin'; why, the *Pinafore* is an opera; I saw it four times; it 's the most beautiful opera that ever was written — I heard my father tell my mother so.' It appeared that I was the only boy that had not heard *Pinafore*, and I was much ashamed. My time came to hear it, at Easter, and like my companions, I heard it not once or twice but many times.

SON

How many times?

FATHER

I have n't the least idea; all told, twenty, perhaps. You can't imagine how this dainty little operetta swept over the land. There was no operatic copyright in those days, or the laws were defective, or something; anyhow, no royalties were paid, and opera companies were formed by the score. *Pinafore* was played in every city in the country, until finally one's conversation got so cluttered up with bits of it that if a man chanced to say to another, 'I never smoke more than four cigars after dinner,' he met with the rejoinder, 'What, never?' and replied, 'Well, hardly ever'; then they both laughed as if they were great wits and much pleased with themselves.

SON

Was *Pinafore* the first —?

FATHER

No, Gilbert had written a number of successful plays, some of which are not quite forgotten; and Sullivan was famous as an organist and a composer of sacred music when he was asked to write the music for an operatic extravaganza, the book of which had been supplied by Gilbert; I have forgotten its name, it makes no difference. It was not a very great success, but it survived the critics, and when it was in due time followed by *Pinafore*, the world went mad. It was in the spring of 1878, that *H. M. S. Pinafore* was first produced in England; and it must have been in the following winter that it struck this country with the force of a cyclone.

SON

What does 'H. M. S.' mean?

FATHER

'Her Majesty's Ship Pinafore.' There never was anything like it. No church choir so mean as not to provide a tenor who for a moment sank his differences with the soprano so far as to sing to her, —

> 'Farewell, my own!
> Light of my life, farewell!'

And every plump maiden in the land with a teaspoonful of voice felt that nature had especially endowed her for the part of 'Buttercup,' and was perpetually offering 'scissors and watches and knives' to all and sundry. Men felt an urge for a dramatic and musical career, which was hard to resist when the sailors struck up the robust chorus: —

> 'We sail the ocean blue,
> And our saucy ship 's a beauty;
> We 're sober men, and true,
> And attentive to our duty.'

And when the sisters and the cousins and the aunts came dancing on, everybody was glad to be on board, as a little flirting seemed in prospect.

SON

But there had been comic operas before?

FATHER

Lots of them, but they were different. Not since Gay fitted the words of *The Beggar's Opera* to any music he could find, had there been such a success.

SON

How about the French and the Viennese?

FATHER

Well, you see, originally the words of those operettas were risqué rather than clever; and when they were translated into English, they were merely stupid. Now Gilbert was a poet, and he had an advantage over most poets in that he had ideas and was a most painstaking workman; he made himself a master of the technicalities of his craft: rhyme, rhythm, and alliteration.

SON

And Sullivan?

FATHER

Sullivan was the son of an Irishman who was a professional musician. At twelve years of age he knew something of all the instruments in his father's band; at thirty he was an accomplished composer. When he wanted to secure a certain effect, he knew just how to go about it. Gilbert's words and Sullivan's orchestration fit together so perfectly that, to one who has heard the operas, the words suggest the music, and the music the words. Sullivan's mother had Italian blood in her.

SON

That accounts for much.

FATHER

It does, my son: that 's the stock that produced the most talented musician that England has ever had.

SON

You rank them high.

FATHER

With the immortals — both of them. They were so great that they have not yet fully come into their own. The world is slow to realize that a great comic poet is quite as rare a phenomenon as a great tragic one — and much more useful.

SON

How useful?

FATHER

Why, my boy, the lives of most of us are hideously commonplace; anything that makes us forget how stupid we are, anything that lifts us up and makes us merry, is useful. Gilbert may be remembered when A. Tennyson and R. Browning are forgotten. Too many people believe that the only stuff that survives is that which gives us furiously to think, as someone has said. Falstaff is a greater creation than Hamlet. And a poet who has his verses set to music is doubly blest: they are assured of a long life. Who was it who said, 'If I can write the songs of a nation, I care not who writes its laws'?

SON

I don't know.

FATHER

Neither do I. We were talking of *Pinafore.*

SON

Do you think a New York audience would stand for it to-day?

FATHER

Stand for it! Why, my boy, about ten years ago, — maybe it 's fifteen, time passes so quickly, — they gave a production of *Pinafore* at the Hippodrome, which for bulk and magnificence surpassed anything ever done in London. I 'm not quite sure that a good deal of Gilbert's wit was n't lost in the immensity of the building; but the stage pictures and the choruses were superb. The ship which was the glory of the Queen's Navee looked like a real battleship. It was anchored in real water, and Buttercup was rowed to it in a real rowboat. When Sir Joseph Porter came on board, in all his magnificence, my bosom so heaved with pride that it was all I could do not to 'join up with the Navy and see the world,' as the advertisements tell us to do.

SON

Sir Joseph Porter, he 's the great character, is n't he?

FATHER

Well, I should n't say that; he has two capital songs to sing. Let me sing one of 'em for you.

SON

If it's all the same to you, just tell me about it.

FATHER

All right, listen:

When I was a lad, I served a term
As office boy to an attorney's firm.
I cleaned the windows and I swept the floor,
And I polished up the handle of the big front door.
I polished up that handle so carefullee
That now I am the Ruler of the Queen's Navee!

SON

Why, it 's Josephus Daniels to the life!

FATHER

Sure it is. We get lots of our ideas about government from comic operas, and then take ourselves as seriously as Sitting Bull. The English, on the other hand, don't hesitate to poke fun at themselves. For centuries Englishmen have been taught to believe that upon the invincibility of their navy Britain's greatness depends; yet when Sir Joseph Porter, a mere martinet, tells us, in a comic song of many verses, how and by what means he has risen to the control of this great weapon, they positively laugh their heads off. But if anyone in Philadelphia ventures to observe that our streets are unspeakably filthy, our Mayor stops having his photograph taken, and begins talking about what Dr. Johnson said was the last refuge of a scoundrel. It 's a case of the shoe pinching I suppose.

SON

I suppose Buttercup —

FATHER

I have a theory about Buttercup. I don't think she was originally intended by Gilbert to be attractive. He designed her, I think, to be a fat, disgusting old bumboat woman, a sort of operatic Sarah Gamp, 'who practised baby-farming when she was young and charming,' many years before the story begins. I know that Gilbert refers to her as 'the rosiest, the roundest, and the reddest beauty in all Spithead'; but Gilbert had a pretty taste for paradox, and did n't always say what he meant or mean what he said. I think the original Buttercup, the girl who created the part, as the saying is, preferred to be young and charming in the present rather than in the past, and got away with it: anyhow, Buttercup has always been a peachy-looking person, the sort of person who at a church fair makes you remember the price when the article is forgotten.

SON

You know the opera by heart?

FATHER

I know the Pinafore from stem to stern, and am on speaking terms with almost every member of her crew. *The Pirates of Penzance*, the next success, I don't know as well; I have n't heard it for years, but it is from it that we get the music that we sing to our national anthem: —

Hail, hail the gang 's all here,
What the hell do we care.

It must be magnificent to hear it sung by our statesmen in Washington ('all available male voices without orchestra') just after passing some particularly iniquitous piece of legislation, such as the recent tariff bill.

SON

Why iniquitous?

FATHER

Silly would be a better word. Europe owes us ten billions or so. Say it slowly, and it makes your head swim. It is payable in gold: we have the gold. Europe says, 'Take merchandise.' 'No,' we reply, in effect, 'we want gold,' knowing perfectly well that it is impossible for Europe to send it, and that it would be unwise for us to take it if we could get it.

SON

Don't the Secretary of the Treasury know this?

FATHER

Sure, but the Secretary of the Treasury is up against an untrained mob playing politics.

SON

England seems to have plenty of money —

FATHER

Yes, and she knows how to use it. The war gave us a chance which, while we were telling the world how great we were, we let slip: all the time England was sawing wood and saying nothing. Anyone who had said two years ago that she could put her dollar exchange where it now is, and keep it there, would have been told that he was crazy.

SON

They are a wonderful people.

FATHER

They are, my son. While we were talking about making the world safe for democracy, they were making it safe for themselves.

SON

How about *Patience?*

FATHER

*Patience* is lovely! I adore it. A few years ago, going in town on the train, I picked up my copy of the New York *Sun* and read something to this effect: 'Any of our readers capable of appreciating the witty rhymes of the late W. S. Gilbert will do well not to lose the opportunity of hearing De Wolf Hopper in *Patience.* His reading of the well-known verses, "Am I alone and unobserved?" is so inimitable, that we venture to say that never before has this recitative been given with such exquisite humor.'

SON

You felt personally addressed, I suppose?

FATHER

I did, my son; I went right on: I only stopped in Philadelphia long enough to telegraph home, 'Called to New York on important business,' and buy a railway ticket. When the curtain went up, I was prepared for unalloyed delight; and when the Colonel, in his gorgeous uniform, left the stage, and Bunthorne, in great dejection at being outshone, first making sure that he was alone, began his famous lines, I knew that I was having it.

Am I alone,
And unobserved? I am!
Then let me own
I 'm an æsthetic sham!
This air severe
Is but a mere
Veneer
This cynic smile
Is but a wile
Of guile!
This costume chaste
Is but good taste
Misplaced!

Let me confess!
A languid love for lilies does *not* blight me!
Lank limbs and haggard cheeks do *not* delight me!
I do *not* care for dirty greens
By any means.
I do *not* long for all one sees
That 's Japanese.
I am *not* fond of uttering platitudes
In stained-glass attitudes.
In short, my mediævalism's affectation,
Born of a morbid love of admiration!

SON

It 's too deep for me; what 's it all about?

FATHER

Long before you were born, the whole English-speaking world, led by Oscar Wilde, became æsthetic.

SON

Became what?

FATHER

Æsthetic: that is to say, it had a yearning for an inward and spiritual grace, of which the outward and visible

sign was the lily and the sunflower. A single peacock's feather in a blue vase suggested that one's mind was in harmony with one's surroundings. The craze lent itself admirably to Gilbert's peculiar humor. Listen to one of the best songs that Gilbert ever wrote or Sullivan ever set to music:

If you're anxious for to shine, in the high æsthetic line, as a man of culture rare,
You must get up all the germs of the transcendental terms, and plant them everywhere.
You must lie among the daisies, and discourse in subtle phrases, of your complicated state of mind;
The meaning does n't matter, if it 's only idle chatter of a transcendental kind.
And every one will say,
As you walk your mystic way,
If this young man expresses himself in terms too deep for *me*,
Why what a very singularly deep young man this deep young man must be!

I wish you would let me sing it.

SON

Calm yourself, my dear father; be content with reciting it.

FATHER

Listen to this bit: —

Oh, to be wafted away
From this black Aceldama of sorrow,
Where the dust of an earthly to-day
Is the earth of a dusty to-morrow!

SON

Which means what?

FATHER

That 's exactly the question that Patience, the milkmaid, asked, and was told that it was poetry, that it came from the heart — 'Heart Foam,' he called it.

SON

Just chaff, in other words.

FATHER

Exactly; mere fooling. A good deal of poetry is like that. Next to me sat a lady, a widow I should say, of mature years, with a young man evidently her son. 'This carries me back to the early eighties,' I heard her whisper to him as the curtain fell on the first act; and as I was beating my hands to a pulp in applause, I heard the young man say to his mother, witheringly, 'And you enjoy this sort of thing! I call it punk.' I could not restrain myself: turning to the lady, I said, 'Pay no attention to your son, madam; he does n't know any better; I have one just like him at home: address your remarks to me. Was there ever such a rhymer as Gilbert or such music as Sullivan's?

The dash of a d'Orsay, divested of quackery —
Narrative powers of Dickens and Thackeray —
Victor Emmanuel — peak-haunting Peveril —
Thomas Aquinas, and Doctor Sacheverell.

'Isn't it wonderful! I don't know who invented the patter song, but no one but Gilbert knew how to use it; and the cleverer Gilbert's words are, the more delightful is Sullivan's music.' We had a fine time catching one another up on our favorite lines from this opera and from that; and by the time the curtain went up on the second act, it would n't have made any difference to either of us if that unresponsive son had gone home.

SON

We 've got the music of those operas somewhere, but the words are published in book form, I suppose?

FATHER (*Pointing*)

Do you see those three pea-green volumes over there on the second shelf from the top?

SON (*Going over to a bookcase*)

These?

FATHER

Yes, that is the only presentation copy of Gilbert I have ever seen. Evidently, he gave very few books away. Those volumes were given to Captain Shaw, Chief of the London Fire Brigade.

In the first volume is an inscription in Gilbert's hand from *Iolanthe:* —

> O Captain Shaw!
> Type of true love kept under!
> Could thy brigade
> With cold cascade
> Quench my great love, I wonder?

Captain Shaw, I am told, was in the audience on the first night of *Iolanthe*, and was greatly embarrassed at this reference to himself. And there is an inscription in each of the other volumes.

SON

Very nice.

FATHER

You may be sure it is. The fact is that you have never, well, 'hardly ever,' heard a really good operetta. It is so much easier to be stupid than witty; and as for music, why there 's enough good music in *The Mikado* to make a dozen Broadway successes. Take any recent operetta and you 'll find two tunes, or three at most, and not very good ones, interwoven into the piece over and over again. The men who are writing to-day have neither imagination nor training; Sullivan, if his reputation as a composer of light operas had n't overshadowed his other accomplishments, would nevertheless have been a very respectable figure in the musical world.

SON

Which was the greater? Gilbert or —

FATHER

You might as well ask which is the more important, food or drink? Gilbert wrote the book and turned it over to Sullivan, who wrote the music. He fitted the music to the words so perfectly that, clever as they are, without the melodies we associate with them they seem rather forced and unconvincing. Try the music on the piano; the result is the same: lovely, but lacking something. Put 'em together; it 's a sort of wedding. Whom God hath joined let no man put asunder. The fact is that, when after years of coöperation there was a falling out between the two men, neither accomplished anything.

SON

Did they quarrel?

FATHER

Yes, and over nothing: a strip of carpet, I believe. There was a third man in the great partnership, D'Oyly Carte, almost an equal genius. He bought a bit of carpet, which Gilbert thought was an unnecessary expense; Sullivan sided with Carte, and the fat was in the fire. Carte was the producer, a stage manager raised to the *n*th power. No detail was so insignificant as not to receive his attention. He was a tremendous worker — every act, every scene, as finally given, was the result of the most careful study. The world hardly realizes how much of our stagecraft is due to D'Oyly Carte. No stage had ever been lit with electric light until he first used it, in 1881, in *Patience*, at the Savoy Theatre. It was a great experiment, and 'if it works,' Carte said in his announcement, 'it will enable us to secure effects hitherto impossible.' I wish he could see upper Broadway to-night.

SON

It 's a gay white way all right. I never heard of — what 's his name, D'Oyly Carte?

FATHER

He was the greatest theatrical manager of his day who was not an actor. I don't suppose there ever was such an actor-manager as Irving. The only survivor of the famous group is Rupert D'Oyly Carte; he it is who now produces the operas in England, and he is every whit as particular as his father. He was very nice to me the last time I

was in London, and gave me photographs of all three of the great men.

SON

They must have had lots of fun together.

FATHER

Yes, and they worked like the very devil. All three men were autocrats as well as geniuses. 'You are not in the picture,' D'Oyly Carte would shout at a rehearsal to someone who sought to obtrude himself somewhat. 'My music, if you please,' Sullivan would suggest to some tenor singing off key. And woe betide the poor wretch who dared to inject a little wit of his own: 'his doom was extremely hard'; for Gilbert was 'techy' to the last degree. 'Do you think you can improve upon my humor?' and there was never an answer.

SON

I suppose *The Mikado* —

FATHER

You are quite right. In England *The Gondoliers* has always been extremely popular; but *The Mikado* is, in the world's judgment, the highwater mark of their achievement. You see, its humor is not as subtle as Gilbert's humor sometimes is — as it is in *Patience*, for example. The music of *The Mikado* is marvelous, the stage pictures were novel and beautiful, and nothing could be more witty than Gilbert's verses. Of course they can't be translated, but they try to nevertheless.

SON

Have you —?

FATHER

Yes, once: in Germany. All my life I have been told how superbly they gave opera there. 'It makes no difference where you go or what you see, it will be magnificent; such orchestras, such ensembles!' Well, some years ago, I found myself in Dresden. We had arrived late, and after securing a room at the Bellevue, I inquired of a man in superb uniform if he could get me two good seats for the opera. He said it would be difficult, but he would try. I told him to try hard, and I helped him to. After a dinner, quickly eaten, I got my tickets and hurried off to the Opera House, arriving just in time. Making my way over the ample feet of people who declined to move an inch, I was amazed to hear three raps of a baton, and the orchestra began the overture of *The Mikado*, of all things in the world: *The Mikado* with the humor left out. It was a conscientious German performance: the orchestra of eighty or a hundred pieces played for dear life; not a fly-speck but they played it. The stage was vast. 'Die kleine Fraulein Yum Yum' was a young giantess usually cast for Brunhilde parts. The piece, usually so exquisite and dainty and full of fun, was oversung and underacted.

I felt as unhappy as I did when I once heard *Walkürie* in Rome.

SON

London has spoiled you for —

FATHER

London has spoiled me for many things; but I have heard good performances of Gilbert and Sullivan out of London. I heard the first performance of *The Mikado* given in Philadelphia, and I remember the pretty girl I took with me.

SON

She 's a grandmother now, I presume.

FATHER

She is; but do not refer to it. I am a grandfather. It is not so appalling to be a grandfather as to be married to a grandmother. We were speaking of *The Mikado*. I had end seats on the right-hand side of the front row of the balcony; they were the most expensive

seats I had ever bought up to that time; and I remember that I took my girl home in a coupé. Most people used street-cars in those days, drawn by horses, the floors of which, in winter, were covered with what had once been nice clean straw, strewn knee-deep, but which soon became matted down and wet and filthy; and when the streets got blocked with snow, the cars were constantly getting off the tracks. It seems only yesterday.

SON

Who was the girl?

FATHER

Never mind, my son. You don't see such girls nowadays; they don't make 'em any longer. All through the performance I thought of taking that girl home in the coupé. You never saw Mrs. John Drew in a play called *Engaged* — also by Gilbert, by the way? No, of course you did n't — she was John Drew's mother. Well, there is a scene in that play which came to my mind. A man and a girl get into a cab and drive off from a country inn, leaving the host to remark meditatively, as the vehicle disappears down the road, 'He 's got his arm around her waist — if I know anything of human nature — in a cab.'

SON

No wonder you like *The Mikado*.

FATHER

The last time I heard it was a few months ago, in England. We landed at Plymouth, and went at once to Exeter, where we put up at that charming old-world hotel, the Clarence. Driving to the hotel, I saw posters announcing a revival of Gilbert and Sullivan; and before I asked for my room, I inquired if the company was still there. 'No, last night was the last night,' I was told. Where had the company gone? The divinity that worked the beer-pump 'did n't know but would inquire.' Either to Bournemouth or to Weston-super-Mare, I was later informed, which is like saying, either to Newport or to Coney Island. After dinner, I walked around to the little provincial theatre, and there learned, to my disgust, that the company had gone to Weston-super-Mare for a week. 'Very well,' I said to myself, 'we will go to Weston.'

SON

You don't speak of Weston with enthusiasm.

FATHER

A middle-class English watering-place is pretty dreadful, and it is n't on the sea; it 's on the Bristol Channel; and when the tide is out, it is n't even on that. On our arrival, we got a room at the best hotel on the esplanade. 'Where is the Mare?' your mother inquired, as she looked out upon an illimitable expanse of mud, upon which young Britons were disporting themselves, seemingly by millions. You never saw so many or such sturdy youngsters. And far off in the distance was a streak of water — the Bristol Channel. 'If the opera is very good, we can stand it for three days,' I said to myself; and the opera was. *The Gondoliers* packed the house to the doors. I had last seen it thirty-odd years before, with my friend Francis Wilson, the inimitable, as the Duke of Plaza-Toro, who

> In enterprise of martial kind,
> When there was any fighting,
> He led his regiment from behind —
> He found it less exciting.
> But when away his regiment ran,
> His place was at the fore, O —
> That celebrated,
> Cultivated,
> Underrated
> Nobleman,
> The Duke of Plaza-Toro! —

and much more besides. How it carried me back! It had never been a success

in America; even I, enthusiast as I am, had never cared much for it; but it is enormously popular in England, where it ranks with *The Mikado* and *The Yeoman of the Guard*, which we heard the next day.

SON

Did n't you hear that in New York a few seasons ago?

FATHER

No, that was *Ruddigore*. We went over to New York two or three times purposely to hear it. It was a very ambitious revival and very successful.

SON

Tell me about *The Mikado*.

FATHER

Don't rush me, my boy; I don't often get a chance like this. We were speaking of *The Yeoman of the Guard*. I had n't seen it for years, and had forgotten how lovely it is. The curtain goes up, revealing that little square plot of ground, Tower Green, on which so much of England's best blood has been shed. In the background is the gloomy old Tower of London. The scene is laid in the time of Henry the Eighth; and when the Beefeaters and the rest of the chorus crowd the stage, it makes about as pretty a historical picture as I have ever seen. There is humor in *The Yeoman*, but there is pathos, too. You have had examples of Gilbert at play with words. Listen to him in serious mood:

Is life a boon?
If so, it must befall
That Death, whene'er he call,
Must call too soon.
Though fourscore years he give,
Yet one would pray to live
Another moon!
What kind of plaint have I,
Who perish in July?
I might have had to die,
Perchance, in June!

SON

Obviously a song for the tenor —

FATHER

Yes, but you should hear the duet between Jack Point, the clown, and Elsie Maynard, his sweetheart. They are two wandering minstrels singing in the public streets, as they still do in London. Jack Point is a clown out of Shakespeare.

SON

I never thought much —

FATHER

I feared so; but you would think a lot of Jack Point if you could hear him sing, 'I have a song to sing, O!' It 's positively delicious. Then the Governor of the Tower comes along, and Jack asks him if he is not in need of a jester. 'What qualifications have you?' says the Governor. Jack replies, 'Marry, sir, I have a very pretty wit. I can rhyme you extempore; I can convulse you with quip and conundrum.' 'How came you to leave your last employ?' says the Governor. 'Why sir,' says Jack, 'it was in this wise. My Lord was the Archbishop of Canterbury, and it was considered that one of my jokes was unsuited to His Grace's family circle. In truth, I ventured to ask a poor riddle, sir — wherein lay the difference between His Grace and poor Jack Point? His Grace was pleased to give it up, sir. And thereupon I told him that whereas His Grace was paid ten thousand pounds a year for being good, poor Jack Point was good — for nothing. 'T was but a harmless jest, but it offended His Grace, who whipped me and set me in the stocks for a scurril rogue, and so we parted.'

SON

How can you remember all that?

FATHER

That's nothing. I have a memory for

the unimportant; but I can't be sure of my own telephone number. There 's some more; you see Gilbert could write clever prose as well as clever verse. It takes nerve for an author to say, 'Now I 'm going to be witty,' and get away with it. To return: 'I don't think much of that,' says the Governor; 'is that the best you can do?' 'It is much admired, sir. But I will try again,' says Jack. 'Say that I sat me down hurriedly on something sharp?' says the Governor. 'Sir, I should say that you had sat down on the spur of the moment,' says Jack. 'Suppose I caught you kissing the kitchen wench under my very nose?' says the Governor. 'Under her very nose, good sir — not under yours! That is where I would kiss her. Do you take me, sir?' says Jack. But for all this fooling, the play ends in gloom; for Elsie marries the handsome tenor, which is a habit pretty girls have on the stage, and Jack Point dies of a broken heart.

SON

Which is unusual in a comic opera.

FATHER

That brings up a very nice point. As originally written, Jack Point merely swoons away at Elsie Maynard's feet, after kissing the edge of her garment; that is how it was played by Grossmith, who created the rôle. Well, years ago, Harry Lytton, the last of the great Savoyards, was playing the part in Bath. He, on his own, *died* on the stage. The stage-manager was furious, and telegraphed to London to D'Oyly Carte: 'Lytton impossible as Jack Point. What shall I do?' Instantly Carte took train for Bath and, unknown to the company, witnessed the performance. After the last act he went behind the curtain, said that he had greatly enjoyed the performance, shook hands cordially with Lytton, and without another word returned to London. It was evident to all, although not a word had been said, that the great man was not displeased with the innovation, and so the part has been played that way ever since.

SON

What is your favorite?

FATHER

The last one I have heard; but the world says *Mikado*. It is comic and it is an opera — with talk; Gilbert at his very best, likewise Sullivan. It was the last opera we heard at Weston. Glory! how compact it is with fun and with music! It is a *tour-de-force*, both in words and music: Sullivan contrived to give a pseudo-Japanese character to a lot of his choruses; and the fact that some of the best of his duets and quartettes might have been sung in church did not interfere with their effectiveness when given by men and maidens in Japanese costume.

SON

Do the English —

FATHER

Certainly they do. Everyone knows his Gilbert and Sullivan as well as, or better than, I do.

SON

That 's going some.

FATHER

One day last summer John Burns and I had a day's bookhunting together. We started from his house on Clapham Common shortly after breakfast one morning, and as we were tramping through Battersea Park a man passed us whistling *The Mikado*. 'Do you know that song?' I inquired. 'Know it!' Burns replied, 'of course I do, every word of it. I have played in it,' he continued. 'What part?' I inquired. 'The Mikado,' he replied. Of course, with his deep bass voice, I might have known it. Instantly he began, —

'A more humane Mikado never
Did in Japan exist,
To nobody second,
I 'm certainly reckoned
A true philanthropist.
It is my very humane endeavour
To make, to some extent,
Each evil liver
A running river
Of harmless merriment.'

I waited impatiently for him to get through, when I struck up 'A Wandering Minstrel'; then both of us began, 'Taken from a County Jail,' and no one hearing us would have supposed that we were a pair of elderly book-collectors out for a day's sport.

SON

Gilbert's wit is pretty caustic —

FATHER

At times, yes. He created for our amusement a topsy-turvy world, but a world no more grotesque than that created in all seriousness by our political marionettes at Washington. The law against flirting, for example, —

Our great Mikado, virtuous man,
When he to rule our land began,
Resolved to try
A plan whereby
Young men might best be steadied.
So he decreed, in words succinct,
That all who flirted, leered, or winked
(Unless connubially linked),
Should forthwith be beheaded, —

is no more ridiculous than our law against the sale of intoxicants.

SON

Speaking of intoxicants, I met Bill Nye at the Club to-day and he told me to ask you if you wanted to buy any perfectly good Scotch; that he knew —

FATHER

If we are going to discuss buying whisky, come over here where the Chief of Police won't hear us.

SON

Don't bother about the Chief of Police: he has been fixed by the prohibition officer.

FATHER

Now, there you are! That illustrates just what I have been saying: our so-called prohibition is quite as absurd as anything created by Gilbert in his most whimsical moments. Infractions of the law against flirting in his comic kingdom on the stage were punished by decapitation; whereas we very gravely reward our lawbreakers with fortunes beyond the dreams of avarice. A prohibition officer allows it to become known that out of a salary of three thousand a year he expects to save a million. He can give points to Pooh-Bah, and beat him at his own game. One feels that Pooh-Bah is fooling with stage money; but our officials are playing with the real thing.

SON

I should worry.

FATHER

Indeed, you should, my son, more than I, because it 's your world rather than mine that the politicians are making such a mess of under the guise of reform. Do you remember what kind of a stage they had in England when they reopened the theatres that had been closed under Cromwell?

SON

No.

FATHER

It was the worst ever.

SON

You were talking about —

FATHER

After *The Mikado* anything would have been an anticlimax; so early the next morning we got a fast train up to London.

SON

Where you felt happy?

FATHER

Yes. 'My Old Lady London' was in tears when we arrived; but I got my arm around her very considerable waist and gave her a hug, and she brightened up; and what is more, stayed that way.

SON

So you think Gilbert and Sullivan have come to stay?

FATHER

Forever, I should say: as literature and as music. Centuries hence some gifted professor of English will be lecturing on the stage in the time of Victoria, and in his despair will temporarily adjourn his class while a piano is got in upon which to demonstrate the words of Gilbert with the music of Sullivan. Hazlitt attributed the great success of a revival in his time of *The Beggar's Opera* (a revival of which, in our own time, recently had its thousandth performance in London) to the uniting of sense with sound. To these two things these men united another: namely, wit; and wit without nastiness is one of the rarest things in the world. Never before, not since, and maybe never again, will two such great artists work together in such perfect harmony for the amusement of the world. One of the marvels of Gilbert and Sullivan is that, throughout all the years of their alliance, there was never a word spoken that could not have been spoken in church, or a costume worn that would not pass almost unnoticed in the streets to-day; that is to say, girls now reveal quite as much of themselves on the streets as they used to do on the stage. I don't see any reason in morals why they should n't display themselves for nothing on the streets quite as much as they do for money on the stage; but in my time it was n't done. I wonder what D'Oyly Carte would say to the indecency of the *Frolics* and *Follies* and *Scandals* of to-day?

SON

Did you ever see either of —

FATHER

I once saw Sullivan go through the motions of conducting the orchestra for a part of *The Mikado*. I was in the gallery of a very large theatre when the interesting event took place; and the back of his head, from where I sat, looked in no way remarkable. Actually he looked like a successful stockbroker. The distinguished-looking member of the trio was D'Oyly Carte. Gilbert I never saw.

SON

He must have had a host of friends.

FATHER

I think not. Sullivan was much more popular. Gilbert was always saying something that rankled. A good story was told me only the other day by Austin Gray. Gilbert's next-door neighbor in the country was a Sir Thomas Day, of Day and Martin's Jams and Pickles. Having acquired a title and got into society, Sir Thomas had become very aristocratic, and strongly disliked any reference being made to the way in which he had made his money. One day Gilbert's dogs got into his coverts and killed a few partridges. Sir Thomas wrote haughtily to Gilbert, ordering him to keep his dogs in better order. Gilbert wrote back politely — 'Dear Sir Thomas, I have just received your letter about the loss of your partridges, and I am taking steps to keep my dogs from trespassing on your preserves in the future. Yours sincerely, W. S. Gilbert. P. S. You will pardon the use of the word "preserves," won't you?'

SON

Clever!

FATHER

Very. And there is another story, of Gilbert's remark to Lady Tree on the night when her husband was playing Hamlet for the first time. After the curtain fell, Lady Tree went up to him and, expressing her pleasure at seeing him, asked him his opinion of the performance. 'I would not have missed it for anything,' was the reply; 'it was funny without being vulgar.'

SON

That was a nasty one.

FATHER

So Lady Tree thought.

SON

Are they always playing Gilbert and Sullivan?

FATHER

Somewhere, yes. In that vast Empire upon which the sun never sets, *from morning till night*, as Somerset Maugham wittily says, I have no doubt performances are constantly going on. At the present moment, there are two excellent companies playing in England; and there was an enormously successful revival in London a year ago; and I hear there is to be one in New York; the time is ripe for it. D'Oyly Carte, the son of his father, does not permit the slightest deviation from tradition. As the operas were given by their creators a generation ago, so are they given to-day, and so will they be given a generation hence.

SON

When did Gilbert die?

FATHER

Gilbert died as recently as 1911; Sullivan, with the turn of the century. His death was the occasion of a public funeral, and he was buried in the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral.

SON

Are there any monuments to them?

FATHER

Yes. In the Embankment Gardens, not far from the scene of his great triumphs, there is a beautiful memorial to the man who set the whole world a-singing. It consists of a granite shaft surmounted with a bust of the composer; a bronze figure representing Grief clings to the pedestal, against which lies a broken lyre and a lute. It is one of the few successful allegorical pieces in modern London, and hardly requires the inscription, 'Sir Arthur Sullivan,' to make it known to the passer-by. And a few hundred yards east, near the unspeakably ugly Charing Cross railway bridge, is a huge plinth of granite forming a part of the Thames Embankment. Against this has been placed a bronze portrait in profile of 'W. S. Gilbert, Playwright and Poet.' Under the portrait are the words, 'His foe was folly and his weapon wit.' It is badly placed; it should have been nearer, to the memorial of Sullivan. That it serves to relieve the monotony of an otherwise dead granite wall is nothing to the point. But after all, what difference does it make how far apart their memorials are placed? Gilbert and Sullivan, an immortal partnership, will live eternally together in the heads and hearts of those who love merriment and melody.

SON (*Yawning*)

I think I 'll call it a day.

FATHER

Good-night, my boy. I 've been very much interested in listening to you. You 've grown to be an excellent talker; you take after your mother — boys are very apt to.

# GOING TO COMMENCEMENT

BY CARROLL PERRY

In my mother's room, where all seven of us were born, stood a certain bureau, with a little drawer in the upper right-hand corner. To us children this drawer was a kind of sanctuary; for therein lay a little red pasteboard box with the printed legend 'Brown's Bronchial Troches.'

But Brown's Bronchial Troches were not what fired the boyish imagination: it was the sacred object, not germane to medicine, reposing in the box. Here lay a red ticket, denoting Life Membership in the Hoosac Valley Fair. No individual and non-transferable privilege, this. It was a family ticket and for life. It raised the great question, recurring every autumn: 'Are you going to Cattle Show?'

And so, in the last week of September, every year, we hitched up Cobden, or Chevalier (our family horse always bore the name of some noted economist), to the blue-lined carryall, and started eastward for the Cattle Show.

On these occasions, the term 'family' was given its broadest possible interpretation; its content was equivalent to the capacity of the chariot. In addition to the sons of the household, we packed in Billy Cooper, naturally; then Cholly Spooner, and Cholly McCoon, and Monk Raymond, and the Ethiopian Amos Jackson, who looked like a gorilla, having long black arms that reached below his knees. It was always a fine point of casuistry during the rest of the year, whether, as we plunged past the gatekeeper at the Fair Grounds, and flashed our ticket before his eyes, we were really justified in shouting, as we always did, 'We're Professor Perry's boys, and he's a Life Member!' My brother Walter has never had, to this day, a doubt on the subject. 'We' meant 'We Perrys.' But he is a business man.

There was for us, moreover, another season of excitement to anticipate; and when the snow was off the mountains, and the mud was off the roads, and the new grass had grown tall enough to wave in the wind, and the lilacs had bent down fragrantly over Walden's spring, and the bats came in the twilight, and fireflies, and the sound of college singing as you tumbled into bed in the dark— every boy in town would put this second question to his pal, or write it shyly on his slate: 'Are you going to Commencement?' An engagement to preclude this, no one could have; that was well known; for none of us ever went away in summer time.

Oh, wonderful question! utterly superfluous, yet asked in utmost soberness; not for information, but for utterance, for the glory of the word, for the sheer mystical joy of the thing!

'Are you going to Commencement?'

For Commencement had a meaning. It meant a brass band all the way from Boston, a band clangorous and martial, in magnificent uniforms with gold braid. There was a boy in my school, a fine boy except for his pride, at whose house the leader of the band boarded all during the three days' engagement.

It meant that the Governor of the Commonwealth was coming to Wil-

liamstown, and the sheriff of the County of Berkshire, with bell-crown and cockade, in buff waistcoat, carrying a staff. It meant wearing your Sunday suit all day Monday and Tuesday and Wednesday; it meant pretty girls from big cities; pretty girls, in stylish dresses, with wonderful parasols — girls who lived in New York.

But they were not going back there till the cool autumn; they were on their way to that wonderful place called 'the seashore,' which none of us had ever seen; and they talked about going in bathing, just the way you would speak of going huckleberrying, without blushing a bit! They danced the 'German,' whatever that was; and they were laced so tight that you wondered where all the food went to.

It meant, here and there, a grand equipage, spacious victorias, with resplendent coachmen and great, glistening horses in harnesses that creaked and squeaked, and were covered with gold. I know it was gold: a fellow said so. In those days, a lady sitting in her carriage had time to see you coming, and when she bowed to you slowly, with a smile, she dipped her parasol a little, and made a slight forward motion of her thin shoulders. I guess you would call it graciousness or good breeding, or something. Oh, I know, you have no need to tell me; I know well enough it was because she loved my mother.

When the train gets in from New York on Monday, Cyrus W. Field will be here. A boy in my school said to me that Cyrus W. Field was worth a million dollars; and Toad Parsons, from the Whiteoaks, spit some tobacco juice and said, 'Yes, and then you can add another million to that!' And we added it.

Everyone was so happy and generous and open! Ah, when the band struck up that wonderful music, and you marched along at the side of the road, it nearly tore out your heart to think how badly Napoleon must have felt on that retreat from Moscow. Anyway, Napoleon Bonaparte was the greatest man in the world.

Somehow, everything seemed open at Commencement time. The doors of the two Museums of Natural History were open all day long. One could go right in. Here were stuffed bears and stuffed birds and a stuffed giraffe, and snakes in great glass jars all drowned in alcohol. 'Monk' Raymond, who was older than I, — he was almost twelve, — said we would better be pretty careful in here; that there was a lot of arsenic around; they stuffed the birds with it.

Monk was my best friend. As a friend, he was always steadfast; but as a philosopher, he was sometimes fallible. He was an orphan, brought up by a crotchety old grandfather who carried a crooked stick, and a grandmother who, spiritually, was a cross between a crab-apple and the north wind.

Monk was staring into a hummingbird's nest. He looked at it a long while, and then remarked, — it seemed for no reason at all, — 'I heard something funny about Jack Perkins the other day.'

'What was that, Monk?'

'His mother kisses him every night when he goes off upstairs to bed.'

'But, gosh all hemlocks, Monk, —' I began; and then suddenly, looking at him, I saw behind the mask. I saw, and I am proud to recall that I lied like a gentleman, and remarked, 'Well! that's the darndest piece of foolishness I ever heard of!'

He also asserted, in a whisper, that the janitor had lifted a snake out of one of those glass jars, and then drunk up the alcohol. That seemed to me quite awful; it seemed incredible that, in the midst of all these wonderful, wonderful things, and with the chance

to see them every day, a man could think just about himself, and the delicious pleasure of strong drink.

'But the worst is wine,' said Monk. 'Wine is the worst there is. I drank some once. I took just a sip of grandmother's cherry bounce, and I reeled like anything.'

'Monk, what do you think is the wickedest thing a fellow can do?'

'Well, murder is pretty wicked,' reflected Monk, 'murder and adultery.'

'Do you mean — do you mean having two wives?'

'Yes!' answered he, 'and never speaking to either of them; never going near them at all; just neglecting them.'

Depression sat upon both of us. But hark! What's that? It's the Band! There goes the Band!

And out we scurried as fast as our short legs could carry us.

'And so we sang the chorus from Atlanta to the sea,
While we were marching through Georgia.
And so we sang the chorus from Atlanta to the sea,
While we were marching through Georgia.'

'Monk, how would you like to be General Sherman, and sit on a hotel piazza in the evening, and smoke a cigar from Havana, and put up your feet on to the railing, and just think and think and remember?'

'Fine!' said Monk; 'but Hannibal was the greatest of all — if only those Romans had given him a fair show.'

## II

From neighboring villages and outlying farms, from Blackinton and Pownal, from Bee Hill and Hemlock Brook, from Whiteoaks and The Hopper and South Part, came the rural population to Commencement.

The men were dressed in their best black suits, and they wore new shoes that squeaked. The advanced industrial age in which we now live has eliminated the squeak from shoe-leather. What a lamentable loss! It gave a personal note; it was a veritable annunciation. The women were always dressed in white, and were either excessively spare or else excessively stout. In any case, they carried fans. There were palm-leaf fans, and fans that shut up with a click; but all were needful, and all were in action, for the weather was sure to be intolerably hot.

Better judges of oratory, keener critics of forensic discourse, could nowhere have been found than in this assemblage at the village church. This was no peasantry; it was only here and there in the building that one could have sighted a rustic. This was a segment of the Yankee race. Sharp intelligence was here, and abounding humor, and a moral integrity, deep-rooted in Calvinism.

Take flight, O Sophomore of the prize contest, take flight into the empyrean, if you will; you will fly alone; you shall not take this people with you. Storm, O Senator from Washington; they will listen and wonder, but inwardly they will laugh you to scorn.

College graduates in very respectable numbers would be found among this farming group; fathers and mothers of college men in greater numbers still. Their daughters were school-teachers, and teachers of Sunday schools; and the whole family read the Springfield *Republican*. At many a four-corners, among syringa bushes, rested a plain white House of God; and men of brains, men like my father, used to commune there with these people upon the deep things of life. I repeat: this was no peasantry.

There were further attractions, however, beyond the things of the mind and the spirit. If you began to be wearied by the graduation oratory; and the programme seemed to extend on

and on, away to the bottom of the third page; and the intermissions for music by the band appeared too few; and 'The Soul of Matthew Arnold' began to get a little blurred in your mind; and you grew indifferent to 'Bismarck and the Unification of Germany'; and you yourself began to feel the contagion of 'The Unrest of the Age'; and it grew hotter all the time; and the Doctors of Divinity on the platform began to loosen, just a little, their snowy white cravats; and His Excellency the Governor of the Commonwealth had become suspiciously still — you could steal out of church, with a serious expression, and visit the merry-go-round.

For Stephen Bacon, proprietor of the Hopper farm, those rich broad acres of meadow and upland overhung by Bald Mountain, used to descend upon the town at Commencement time, with his mighty swings and his merry-go-round. These he installed in open spaces near the College; and what with booths and the rest, the neighborhood would take on the aspect of a county fair. In years far later, when one sat at Bacon's supper-table, after a happy day of trout fishing, he would observe to his guest and to his hired men, 'Anyone can succeed at farming who uses good energy and good calculation.' We knew his grandfather had proved this on the very same homestead; his father had proved it in his time; and he himself had proved it.

But nature's harvest out of those generous fields was not his only harvest-time. Commencement and Commencement crowds also brought to him their goodly returns. Yes! it was 'good calculation.' One cannot forget the patient blue eye and the measured drawl of this sage son of Ceres, who dwelt beneath the shadows of Greylock.

And here at the merry-go-round would be Abe the Bunter, the very blackest of all Blacks. His life had come in with the century, and in boyhood he had escaped from slavery in York State. He had married an Amazon named Elsa, of Indian blood mingled with that of a Hessian soldier in the army of Burgoyne.

Abe was afraid of her, but so was everyone else; for when she strode down the street, silent and sinister, she was as formidable as a regiment of the Old Prussian Guard. They occupied a cabin in the Whiteoaks, by the side of Broad Brook; but if, as preachers tell us, the French have no word for home, neither had Abe the Bunter.

Abe, in his prime, was a most powerful Negro, and he performed, not with hands or feet, but with his head, Herculean labors. It happened in this wise. He had a cranium as resistant as armor plate. More than this, at the summit of his forehead was a large protuberant mound, the size of a hen's egg.

This African Pan would use his head as a battering-ram, and no dormitory door could sustain the shock. Thus, for the inconsiderable sum of half a dollar, a group of busy undergraduates in a college study could be induced to satisfy their intellectual curiosity and their destructive instincts at the same time. It was magnificent, and, if not war, it bore a close resemblance to it.

This eccentricity of cranium became Abe the Bunter's chief financial resource; it was literally his capital. And when age came on, and caution, and when prowess was relaxed, he still throve; for in the interest of science he hypothecated his skull. To no less than a half-dozen different students he had sold his cranium for cash, delivery to be made when the Lord should call him.

Yet the last time I saw him, he was in the poor-house. As I handed him the package of tobacco I had brought for him, he sagely observed, 'It has al-

ways been worth a great deal to me to be a nigger.'

Epictetus! Epictetus! can you equal that?

I sometimes suspect that Abe the Bunter may be destined to greater fame than any of the gifted sons of Williams or of Williamstown. It may be that ages hence, when the Hoosac shall have overrun its banks, Macaulay's traveler from New Zealand, with an anthropologist in his company, may unearth the skull of the gallant Abe.

'Here was a Nordic,' the anthropologist will affirm; 'a direct ancestor of the blue-eyed, blond-haired Nordic race.' And the Williamstown Man, *Homo Bunterius*, will take a place in the ringing halls of Science, even as the Neanderthal Man, the Rhodesian Man, and the Man of Piltdown.

But why that group of gleeful listeners surrounding the person with the wheelbarrow? They are gulping down the oratory of the redoubtable Bill Pratt. For this is Bill himself — Bill, with his sawbuck and his saw; Bill, who took no holidays, but was himself a holiday; Bill, who was the joy of college boys throughout more than sixty years; Bill, who claimed membership in my grandfather's class, in my father's class, and in my class. A sturdy, muscular man, and grave, he can neither read nor write. He is wearing several pairs of trousers and half a dozen shirts; and his sleeves are rolled up at the elbow. Winter and summer, this is his garb. He is not only clothed, but clothed upon. His diet, never varied, consists of crackers and cheese and hard cider. To feed his body, he saws wood; but to satisfy his soul, he makes orations. To the layman they are sound and fury, signifying nothing; but to the poet, the artist, the mystic, they are joy and bliss ineffable.

Years ago, when I was a small boy, my mother used to go on pilgrimage with me, one day in spring, one day in autumn, to buy me clothes against the coming season.

Not Damascus, hardly Athens, certainly not Rome, has stirred my pulses as did, in those great days, the Main Street of North Adams. For on a corner of this street stood a wonderful store; and behind the counter, a wonderful man, whose voice was very quiet and whose manners seemed the gentlest in the world.

When the garments had been chosen, these long-awaited words would fall from the lips of Henry Savage: 'We should like to present to the young man, either a necktie, or a pair of suspenders.'

The Valley of Decision!

I would walk to the front door and look out upon the tumultuous roaring life of the World of Men. I have found no more vital question. Here lay the whole problem of Art and Morality.

Dear Reader, have I taken too long to tell you that the oratory of Bill Pratt was of the necktie, rather than of the suspender order? It was for ornament, rather than for moral uplift.

Art thou an impressionist? Listen; this was taken down in shorthand: —

'Gentlemen of the noble conjugation! Sanctified embodiments of the dust of earth! I greet you with the testiments of munification, huminity, proserpy, and destruction.

'By the efforts of my shad-glooms of death, by the fables of conjuity and the vance of dormant worship, I select myself. I elevate myself on prospersity and tain and parmenity and generosity, to the gable-end of Christianity. Arise! the Tain of Progress! Hear us, Sakes of Life and Glooms of Death. On the fancy verge of Egotism, may the whale gates of parmenity transform my elevation, and concess my headways of bluce in the ornaments of munition and the tain of gollidge.

'Transform my own sanctity in the ballads of life, and, purified by the rich views of the dust of earth, strike the Shakespeares of the gable-end. Proserpize the glooms of the infinesimal destruction. Fountain of Headways and Charge of the Glooms of earth! By the verb defections of parmenity, mangenism, resurrection, and redemption, Hail to the Dust of Earth! Spit of the halfways, ornaments of publicity, vance of worship and tain of progress, concess myself with all-spice and ranggang to the gable-end of the cartridge-box, to the inguinity of the brainless hymoniky, the concessive tweed-shell, and the Shakespearean spit-fire. Oh! for the whale gates of Sanctity, the testiments of gollidge and glooms. May the shoulder-blades of Time and the inguinity of Purification consume us!

'Sakes of Life and Fountain of all Headways, transform us by the ornaments of testimonial pardonation to the Shad-Glooms of Eternity!'

This, of course, in the realm of Thought is pure mysticism; and in the realm of Sense, what Music, what Music it was!

And what shall I more say? For time would fail me to tell of Sugar Billy; of Aaron Blue, that Merlin of the Whiteoaks, who peddled the gleaming sea-sand; of Sabriny Beebe; of Mandy Crum; of Josh Maynard, who looked like Lord Palmerston dug up from a barnyard; of old Doctor Porter, the suave Ethiopian who could set your bones if that was your desire; and of that strange apparition, Lon Leet of Moon Hollow.

At this June season, our house would be filled with guests; the more crowded it was, the happier was my mother, the smile upon whose lips in every season no poet could describe. Her graciousness and unfeigned delight in welcoming back some lonely missionary from India or South Africa, home on furlough, put heart into many a good man or woman, half-dazed by America after years of foreign residence. Ranged about our dinner-table sat college classmates of my father, the men of '52.

I wonder how clearly I can recall Henry Hazeltine?

By Saturday noon the Reverend Henry Hazeltine would climb down out of the stage-coach. He was father's oldest and dearest friend, and they were members of the same fraternity. Though a gentle, pulmonary soul, he was one of our hardy perennials for the Commencement season. His voice was very thin, but so was everything else about him, save his ancient carpet-bag, which always bulged with spotless linen. He wore low shoes, and white socks, and white cravat, and a white-linen duster for traveling; but his Panama hat had been browned by the glare of many Stockbridge summers. His upper lip, perhaps the longest and most solemn in modern history, was clean-shaven; the rest of his face was covered by a dark red beard. And he had brown eyes of the greatest depth and beauty.

Father claimed that in a 'Logic' examination at the end of their Junior year, Henry had beaten him by one point. But the Reverend Henry declared that he had been beaten by father. In a friendship lasting for half a century, this was their only point of disagreement.

Just one other portrait — this of father's fellow townsman and intimate friend, 'Jimmie' Paul. Always at table with us on these high occasions, he must have seemed a puzzle to many of the 'Gown.' Everybody called him 'Jimmie.' To old and young, to even the smallest child in town, he was Jimmie Paul. This, too, not by reason of affection for him, but by reason of a veiled contempt. For Jimmie Paul was 'queer.' There was no society for the

prevention of cruelty by children, and Jimmie was fair game for the silliest and for the most stupid. He was an old bachelor and a hermit. Perhaps no man ever lived among the Berkshire Hills who was so sensitive to natural beauty, and who felt so passionate a love for little children. His voice he sent forth in a rhapsody or chant, and as he talked, he blinked his eyes. As I recall him, he resembled the portraits of Thoreau, and he was about one hundred times more interesting.

Some Friday in June, about the time of the wild azalea, he would appear at the schoolhouse and announce that on the following day he would conduct a picnic on East Mountain. At the head of his troop of boys and girls, all carrying their luncheon packages, with here and there a teacher, he would lead us through the woods, pointing out sudden beauties hid from the foundation of the world. He was a poet, worshiping at the Temple's inner shrine.

There at the table also would be college presidents, and teachers from the Middle West or the Pacific States. Stalwarts these, who had gone out from our Vale of Beauty to become pioneers of education on the treeless plains of Nebraska and on the California coast. Stirred by father's stimulating interest, each had his tale to tell of small beginnings, of valor, and success.

There was one magic key never touched at these formal occasions — a note reserved for the intimacy of the family circle, when the Commencement Season should be over. This was my mother's astounding mimicry. The Lord had permitted mother to be left-handed; the manifest purpose, this: that, while pouring tea with her left hand, she might be free to gesture with her right.

Nothing rested my father like a demonstration of this kind, though it was a gift wholly left out of his own composition. The roaring waves of laughter from him and the six children always disconcerted the Puritan soul of my mother. To the end of her days she would blush with confusion.

Impersonation, with her, was a wholly interior thing; it needed only a wave of the hand, the raising of an eyebrow, a twitch of her mobile lips, and she achieved perfectly, in a fraction of a second, what a blunderer would take five minutes to do, and fail in doing. O ye holy, who sat in amplitude of white waistcoat on the Commencement Stage — you never knew! Just a moment's quick posture, a trick of the voice, and the bland gods of the platform became deflated for us forever!

Our chief social lions were the adventurers of the Cross — that gifted family from Syria: that immensely tall athletic man, who carried on his forehead the great scar, from the scimitar of a Kurdish bandit in the mountains of Armenia; that vigorous missionary from Southern India, who took me for companion on a lonely walk one day in the high pastures, and remarked, as he lighted his cigar before vaulting the rail fence, 'I would as soon expect to convert the devil in hell as to convert a Hindu of the Brahman caste.' How entertaining, after a day or two, they all became! What stories they told! And how they dreaded the thought of being parted, by the width of the world, from their growing children.

Yes! these were our social lions, and how unfashionable they were! Looking back at the various types, they seem the most unworldly group of people ever drawn beneath a single roof; and, within somewhat narrow limits, the best-educated lot.

But this present world they knew better than most, for they were workers in it. They had been bred to its enlightenment, and dedicated to its healing.

# CALL TO ADVENTURE

## THE QUAKER VIEW

BY EDWARD THOMAS

### I. The Story

Close to the battle-lines in France, from September, 1914, until the Armistice in 1918, a group of adventurous idealists faced the realities and the perils of war among the common people. They maintained maternity and general civilian hospitals, operated milk-stations for babies, ploughed fields, sowed grain, reaped crops, restored devastated farms. They sold and distributed many thousands of dollars' worth of seeds, of furniture, and of other supplies. Much was sold a little below cost; much they sold for nominal amounts of money, often on long credit, according to the ability of the purchaser to pay. Some goods they gave away. They built hundreds of demountable houses, for this purpose operating two wood-working factories; they cared for many thousands of refugees, especially women and children; they cared for the insane. In places more remote, to obtain adequate supplies for restocking farms, they became large-scale emergency farmers, raising, or buying and shipping to the needy, horses, cows, sheep, goats, chickens, pigs, rabbits, and bees.

They managed the government of besieged Ypres, when the proper forms of authority failed to operate. They found typhoid raging among the neglected populace, and stamped out the epidemic by effectively vaccinating over twenty-six thousand people, treating seven hundred of those already stricken in extemporized hospitals. Wherever they found themselves, they attempted to construct livable ways of living out of lives broken by the war-machine, and neglected by the armies called their protectors. Moreover, they supplied and manned several convoys of motor ambulances at the front, which ultimately carried two hundred and sixty thousand wounded; and manned four or five ambulance trains, of some ten cars each, running to base hospitals; and provided and manned two hospital ships on the sea.

Those who did this work were, for the most part, well-educated idealists, devoted to the cause of humanity, but untrained for such work. Their ideals were despised and rejected by the military mind, and they were called conscientious objectors. They proved to be marvelously efficient in carrying out this work scorned by so-called patriots. No better proof is needed than the success of their maternity hospital at Châlons. Out of 878 babies born there, 838 were born alive and survived the first month. Of the mothers only two died, and one of these was brought in dying. The record of this hospital in the war zone, even though all were living on a narrow and often insufficient diet, and though mothers and babies had to be moved, in emergencies, into and out of bomb-proofs, is equal to the

best peace-time records of well-managed hospitals in any city. Its devoted, intelligent attendants, serving without pay, proved as efficient as the highly trained, well-paid staff of the best hospitals in the world.

During the war these adventurers, ever looking toward the brotherhood of man, were in France, Russia, Serbia, and Italy. Besides this, they provided regular visitors or supervisors at prison-camps and relief-camps in England, Holland, and Corfu. After the Armistice, they went with their helping hands into Belgium, Germany, Austria, Syria, and Siberia, stretching out over Asia until they came to Japan. They operated their own freight trains on a branch railroad in France; when a locomotive failed them, they stripped a heavy motor-truck of its rubber tires, and fitted the iron rims of its wheels to the railroad track, that their operations might not be interrupted. They opened a chain of coöperative general stores. They became the largest milk-dealers in Austria, and they handled millions of dollars' worth of other supplies. They unexpectedly found they had no bad debts; the refugees paid for all the goods they had received on sales. So these workers endowed a $200,000 hospital with these and some other surplus funds of the French work.

Their uniform came to be so respected, that those who wore it were given free passes on some of the greatest railroads of Europe. Goods in warehouses labeled with their name and insignia, often guarded by only nominal and unarmed watchmen, proved safer from thieving than the military camps and national well-guarded storehouses in either America or France. Their losses by thieving on their far-flung lines of transportation and from their storehouses were less than a New York department store loses within its own walls.

They were more effective peace-makers than armed police. It was unsafe to be out alone at night in the Balkan towns. Two years after these adventurers had established their hospital in Petch, one of the worst of the towns, the spirit of brotherhood had planted itself so firmly that anyone could walk alone at night and find the streets safe. What some psychologists call the 'hate-complex' had been cured by the love that suffereth long and is kind, that vaunteth not itself, and is not puffed up.

Those who came to Continental Europe after the Armistice had many surprises. They expected to find the doors of government offices shut in their faces. Instead, government officials welcomed their visits. One worker, who entered late upon the work and for only a short time, thus expresses himself:—

'It is very strange to be on such intimate terms with ministers of state. Most people find more difficulty in meeting European ministers than in reaching the President at Washington; but with us it was very different. If I wanted to see the Minister of Foreign Affairs, or the Minister of Reconstruction, or the Minister of War, I merely telephoned for an appointment. I was usually told to come at once, and was never put off more than half a day. We always got along very well with the ministers, in spite of our different point of view when it came to war or politics or economics.'

Another worker needed more than a thousand horses to enable returning refugees to plough their lands for seeding. Ploughs were available, but everyone said, 'All the horses are in the army. You can't get them. Poland refused to reduce her military establishment when the League of Nations asked her, and also when the Supreme Council of the Allies asked her.' But

this adventurous worker refused to be discouraged. She went to the Polish Minister of War; and because she asked nothing for herself or for her organization, but went in the spirit of the prophets of old, the Minister of War listened to her, and gave her all the horses she needed.

Bread cards, and even legal-tender currency, were issued by cities as tributes to the unselfish efficiency of the workers, bearing the name of their church and their insignia. When one of their head workers in Russia asked how much land he could count on controlling for the work, he was taken up into a high place and offered all the land as far as he could see. And they had many other adventures.

## II. The Lesson

Every church that seeks will find adventures. If any church is ready to forsake its property, its houses and lands, and is ready to be brought before rulers and be persecuted for the sake of bringing good news to the poor, for the sake of healing the broken-hearted, for the giving of sight to the blind, and for the breaking of chains, economic or military, it will receive its reward, manifold more, and in the time to come good reputation. Eventually rulers will welcome its messengers, listening to their words as to the words of those who are true prophets.

Adventures like these interest the world; they interest the man in the street, command the respect of the scoffer, open the eyes of the self-satisfied, and teach the needs of the world to the thoughtless. These adventurers for the brotherhood of man awaken sympathy for those who need the very help they have to offer.

In their homelands one adult in every thousand of the population is counted as a member of the Church which gave its name to the work and staked its reputation on the faithfulness and wisdom of the workers. If ten times as many would give their support to such work carried out by their own churches, can anyone doubt that war would be banished from the earth? If one out of every hundred adults were willing to support this kind of work, and their churches were willing to undertake it, wars would be impossible. The common people will gladly hear a physician who will cure the world of war and all its unutterable brutality. They are looking for the church which will be a physician.

The remarkable reverence which grew up in hostile countries in less than two years for the uniform of these adventurous relief workers is in sharp contrast to the mere tolerance for the uniforms worn by some other groups of workers. This reverence and respect, amounting to love, was won in several of the countries by workers from nations recently bitterly hated as enemies. It is evident that patriotism and the emotions of solidarity can be personified and idealized in the uniforms of workers for brotherhood as effectively as has been done in the past by the uniforms of soldiery. The insignia of brotherhood, worn by workers striving against evil in the spirit of Jesus, can be made inspiring, as inspiring as war and hate have made the insignia of war — uniforms and flags and swords and guns.

This war-time adventure of one group has shown the conditions for success. The workers should serve without pay, except for necessary pocket money, and should enlist for short terms only, so that the spirit of adventure is ever fresh. They must be intelligent and devoted to the ideal, wear inconspicuous uniforms, and go unarmed, lest the form of the institution outshine the spirit of the work.

They must be willing to accept minor positions, to do their full share of monotonous weary labor, and to undergo some persecution.

The constant endeavor of relief workers must be to make continued work unnecessary. They must avoid pauperizing those they seek to help. Unlike foreign missions, which are most successful in well-tilled fields and succeed only if they build up churches, relief workers must always be ready to abandon their work before it becomes an institution in the eyes of those they help. These workers, for this reason, with the advice and consent of the governments concerned, have withdrawn from France, from Germany, and from Serbia. Like the most forward-looking of the foreign missionaries, who seek to build up self-reliant congregations, relief workers must make self-reliant people out of those they help. Workers must not only be adventurers, but teach others to adventure toward constructive ideals.

The very complexity of modern life gives each church an opportunity to centre the romance of adventure in itself by offering adventurous relief work to its young men and women. The romance of adventure has gone out of everyday modern life. Civilization means institutions, means organization, makes adventure less normal and more difficult to seek out. For an organization to run smoothly on its wheels, men and women must fit the deep ruts worn by travel of the wheels. Whoever leaves his groove, whoever jumps the track, is likely to cause a serious wreck. In adventurous relief work the workers are restoring to usefulness lives wrecked by the selfishness of the economic machinery of civilization or by the war-machine. Such lives are numbered by millions, and all the charitable institutions of the nations fail to lessen their number. Christians must learn again that the spirit of Jesus does not come by outward forms, does not thrive in institutions, but within the soul of the adventurer for the brotherhood of man. When the military machine made its hospital ships institutions in which the spirit of Jesus could not dwell, these workers gave them up, and turned to other work. They were about to give up their ambulance trains for the same reason when the Armistice came.

It is unnecessary, perhaps it is unwise, for a church officially to organize constructive relief work. Small bands of adventurous men and women in England, in August, 1914, assured of the moral support of their church, independently began the work which resulted in the adventures recounted above. All that is needed to start work which may revolutionize the world is the moral support of a church numbering a substantial fraction of the population among its adherents; any church with a million members can supply the leaders and the financial backing adequate to become a leader of the nation toward higher ideals. A central organization is needed for selecting and managing workers and supplies; but financing relief work is the least of its difficulties. Five thousand dollars, together with the vacation-time, free use of a college equipment, and the volunteer services of a few instructors and business men, started the American branch of the work, which soon grew until it was contributing largely to the results.

In the winter of 1921 to 1922 some forty workers were in the famine-stricken regions of Russia. A fourth of these fell sick with typhus. New workers have gone to replace those invalided home. The adventure still calls in Russia. It calls in the Pennsylvania and West Virginia coal-fields, all up and down the Appalachian Mountains, in Mexico, in China.

The whole world is calling for adventurers who will do everyday work, ever looking toward the brotherhood of man. The world is profoundly thankful and deeply stirred when the spirit of Jesus shows itself embodied and personified in a group of adventurous workers. In our complex civilization such work can be done only by individuals working in groups and burning with the spirit of idealism. The world should find that spirit in the churches, and is saying to each church, 'Art thou he that should come, or look we for another?'

### III. Toward the Outlawry of War

The causes for which wars are fought — liberty, justice, and peace — are noble and Christian causes. But the method of war is not only un-Christian — it is ineffective for these ends. The 'War to end War' has failed. Those who have been in the trenches and have seen the fate of the civilian population behind the lines agree with G. A. Studdart-Kennedy, the most popular of the British army chaplains, who said: 'The brutality of war is literally unutterable. There are no words foul and filthy enough to describe it.'

Just before he died, William Austin Smith, the clear-sighted editor of the *Churchman*, began a campaign against war. He cried out, 'War is sin.' Almost his last words named one pole of the compass-needle which he hoped was to guide men toward better ideals. Every compass-needle has two poles. The pole which actually points toward the better ideal is adventurous belief in the brotherhood of man.

More than a compass is needed. A chart is indispensable. Not every chart that is offered can be trusted. Trustworthy charts are based on the experiences of the successful navigators of the past. To learn the dangers which must be avoided, inexperienced navigators must go to such charts, and to the history of voyagers who have come closest to their aim.

Moreover, before prosperous people, living well-ordered lives in comfortable houses, can see war in its true light, as an embodiment of evil, injustice, and hate, they must meet evil, injustice, and hate face to face, in concrete form, and learn the impossibility of overcoming them with weapons made in their own likeness.

An engineer who is typical of the Rotary Club type, genial, optimistic, enterprising, and appearing prosperous, asserts that all progress is due to selfishness. Like so many of his type, he talks about service, meaning the intelligent selfishness which realizes that it can do business only by producing serviceable goods, saying that selfishness is the greatest thing in the world. He believes that he has a moral obligation to be prosperous. But imagination and adventure are really just as important a part of his life as selfishness. They are a part of the successful business mind and of the successful scientific mind. This engineer's scientific mind can accomplish nothing without adventuring into the unknown, bringing his imagination to bear on the problems that face him. He recently gave up a good position to start out for himself under great handicaps. Preaching love will not reach him now, but telling stories of adventure toward the brotherhood of man will open his eyes. Such stories not only will interest him, but eventually will teach him that there are other things in the world, and that the greatest of these is love — love working through adventure, and imagination working through love.

History is full of the stories of adventurers who had such a clear vision of the brotherhood of man that they refused to take part in war. Some of the

stories are almost as old as the books of the New Testament. Many who refused were followers of the saints — of Francis of Assisi. There were great numbers who refused military service in Cromwell's time. A century ago, the Mennonites refused to serve as soldiers under Bonaparte, but shared the dangers of his campaigns, while succoring those to whom war brought suffering. These, and other groups who have set their faces firmly against war, have been adventurous idealists. The great groups of reformers who gave us free public education, who agitated against slavery until the slaves were free, who reformed the worst of the prisons, were the spiritual ancestors of those whose deeds have been recounted above.

The stable structure of peace and of education for peace has always been founded upon a sympathetic human interest in the sufferings and doings of all mankind; a loving interest that believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things, until it becomes an adventurous following of the Man of Nazareth, an adventurous belief in the brotherhood of man. If a man hate not the spirit which wrongs his neighbor whom he hath seen, how shall he hate the spirit which wrongs the foreigner whom he hath not seen? If a man hate not the selfish economic spirit which wrongs his unfortunate neighbor whom he hath seen and passed by on the street, how shall he hate the military spirit of his own nation, which wrongs foreigners whom he hath not seen? In adventurous relief work, begun in peace-time, with workers devoted enough to withstand the temptations of prosperity, lies the possibility of establishing so firm a tradition of the evils of war, that coming generations will forbid any experimentation with war, even as a means of redressing wrongs.

# THE TEST OF FAITH

## A CHAPTER IN NON-RESISTANCE

BY EDWARD RICHARDS

### I

DURING the war, in almost all the larger countries involved, there were groups of people who, for religious reasons, could not see their way clear to take part in it. These people were sometimes members of an organized religious group, such as the Mennonites, Quakers, Seventh-Day Adventists, and the like; but in other cases they were isolated individuals, who took the same position against war, but were not affiliated with any organization whose creed opposed participating in war. Many of these people suffered severe persecution for their beliefs. Some of them went to jail for considerable periods; some of them died, or were killed there; some went into non-

combatant service, or into the Red Cross or relief work; some went out on the North Sea at the extremely dangerous work of mine-sweeping; and others undertook other work which they felt was suitable in demonstrating their beliefs.

I have met and talked with a considerable number of these conscientious objectors, not only in the United States, but in other parts of the world, and have heard their stories. I have found that my own story is apparently unique in one respect. All the conscientious objectors with whom I talked had certain beliefs — which varied a good deal with different personalities — concerning the Christian method of dealing with violence. For the most part, however, during the war these men were not called upon to face personal violence — at least, not in a way to test out the various supposititious cases brought forward as arguments against the non-resistant position by people who opposed the idea of pacifism as impractical. Because, to a certain degree, my case is different from the usual run of conscientious objectors, I have been led to believe that it might be well to contribute my story, as a partial answer, at least, to these supposititious arguments. In order to do so, however, it will be necessary for me to state briefly my own position in connection with war and non-resistance.

As I understand the teachings of the New Testament and the life lived by Jesus Christ, the fundamental bases of Christianity are, first, a belief that Jesus Christ and God were, in some mysterious way, one; that is, that the picture of personality and character demonstrated by Christ is a true picture of the personality and character of God. The second basis is that absolute power and utter love, as combined in the character of Jesus Christ, are a fundamental fact, in which the man who is trying to follow Christ can trust. In other words, the man following Christ can rely upon a Divine Power which has power over all things. This Divine Power is fundamentally the power of utter love. These two bases are the fundamental principles on which the follower of Christ rests his belief.

The working out, practically, in everyday life, of the above-mentioned ideas goes much deeper than the ordinary church member or religious person thinks; and in its ultimate end it goes much farther than anybody except Jesus himself has ever put into practice. In regard to war, it means that the Christian pacifist believes that the forces of love are stronger than the forces of hate, and that, in order to overcome evil, — really overcome it, — one force, and one only, can be used: that is the force of love. Such a position eliminates the possibility of partaking in war; for war fundamentally believes in the use of evil means to attain a good end — I must kill people in order to bring about democracy, freedom, self-determination of nations, and so forth. I must do what we all recognize to be evil, and what we punish men for in times of peace, and do it in the belief that good will come from it. Such a position is a contradiction of terms to the Christian pacifist who believes that the only way of overcoming evil is with good.

What then should I do, holding such beliefs, in the spring of 1917, in the United States? Many sincere men believed that the most Christian thing to do was to give their lives in the front trenches, believing that they, in that way, were helping to do away the evil of war. To hold my position honestly, and meet such men face to face, it was necessary for me to be willing to do something at least as disagreeable and dangerous, and to do it with the motive of keeping people alive, of

bringing about reconciliation and goodwill between hostile factions, and to do it using only methods which were uplifting and helpful and beneficial to everybody concerned. I had to be willing to get killed, but to do so loving everybody and trying to help everybody, including the Germans, the Turks, and all other people. Then, and only then, could I meet the sincere men whom I knew, who were risking their lives in the trenches. My belief was that such a programme of the use of good means could produce only good results, and that all I had to do was to insist upon continuing the use of good means, refusing to use evil means. I feel more convinced now, in 1922, than ever, after seeing the results actually obtained by fighting, that my position in 1917 was correct; and I have met a number of people who have been pretty well brought around to my point of view by the events of the last four years. Such was and is my position as a Christian pacifist in regard to war.

In 1917, I frankly expressed my convictions in regard to the Christian participating in war, and found very frequently that people wanted to push me into answering supposititious cases. Two of these cases were as follows: —

1. 'You say you will not use evil means, even to attain a good end. Do you mean to tell me that, if you were in a room full of women and children, and some of those wild Turks and Kurds from the mountains of Turkey should come and begin to break in the door, you would stand aside, like a coward, and let them come in, refusing to fight to protect the women and children? Would not fighting be right in such an emergency, and would not the Christian be doing the most loving thing, even toward the Kurds and Turks, by killing them to prevent their assaulting the women and children?'

My answer to this, while I was in America, was that I felt that I was a *Christian* pacifist, not just a pacifist, and that I believed that, if I honestly tried to follow the teachings of Christ, God would never put me in a position where I would be unable to act in a spirit of real love toward everybody concerned, including the Kurds and the Turks. As for the killing of the latter in a spirit of love, the thing in itself is an absurdity. Nobody deliberately wills to kill those to whom his loving, affectionate heart has gone out. Love is not so constituted. I have now a small boy. I love him very much. There may come a time when my son may determine to do something wrong. As his father, I have the right and the duty to urge upon him a different course of action. I may even punish him if, in so doing, the punishment may be beneficial to him; but everyone will admit that it would be wrong for me to kill my son, in order to prevent him from doing evil.

The attitude of the Christian pacifist toward the Kurd or the Turk would not be different. My position in regard to this supposititious case was that I could not guarantee that no one would be killed or injured or assaulted: that did not rest in my power; but I believed that, if I continued to act in a spirit of love toward the intruding Turks and Kurds, — mind you, not in a spirit of subservience or cowardice, — I should be using the most effective means to prevent the killing or assault from taking place. As long as I continued to use the right means, I could be sure that I was doing the very best thing that I personally could do, and I could then count on the real Divine Power of God Almighty to direct the thoughts, wills, and acts of the Kurds as He desired. Also, I could safely leave the situation in his hands. If we were killed or assaulted, in spite of any refusal to fight, I could then count on it thus being

God's will for us all to die or be assaulted, and that our death or injury would be more effective in bringing about the Kingdom of God on earth than any other thing we could possibly do.

2. The second supposititious case was this: 'What about the drunken or crazy man running amuck? What would you do if you saw a drunken man armed and lusting for blood in the midst of a crowded street? Would you not be justified in killing him as you would a mad dog?'

My reply to this case was that a man is a man and not a dog; and that whether he is drunk, or whether he is mad, does not alter the case. He still is a man, and, if I believe in the life and death of Christ, I must believe that Christ came to save drunken, evil madmen as well as others. As he put it, 'I come not to bring the righteous but sinners to repentance.' I therefore can no more picture Jesus Christ shooting down a wild, drunken madman running amuck, than I could picture him in the trenches in Flanders sticking a bayonet into the stomach of a German, or squirting liquid fire into the faces of a group of Austrians. The man Christ Jesus, as I see him in the New Testament, was not that kind of person. Moreover, I believed that there would be a better and more effective way of handling the drunken madman than by killing him; because, when I killed him, I could do nothing more for his soul; and fundamentally a Christian pacifist must consider loving his enemy as well as protecting his friend.

## II

These supposititious cases were very commonly brought up, and are still commonly brought up, by those who wish to show that Christianity and war can be reconciled. I felt that the above answers to the supposititious cases were adequate and right from a Christian point of view; but somehow I felt called upon to give myself an opportunity of demonstrating in action that such a method of handling the cases would work. I felt that I should be an active pacifist, not a passive one; and so I went to a friend of mine who was well posted on the Near-Eastern and the general world situation, and asked him to tell me what in his judgment was the most dangerous and disagreeable part of the world at that particular time.

He at once answered me by saying, 'West Persia.' At that time, 1917, in West Persia a combination of war and a mixture of racial antipathies and religious fanaticism, which had come down through hundreds of years, existed in a marked degree. The country had been the fighting ground of the Turkish and Russian armies since the beginning of the war. Mohammedanism, with all its complications, was very strong. Massacres and flights of peoples had taken place, and were liable to occur at any time. At the same time, the country was very backward in its culture, there being no sewers in the cities, no sanitation of any kind, only a few hospitals run by American missionary doctors, and most of the worst diseases were continually present and often raging: smallpox, cholera, typhoid, para-typhoid, typhus, relapsing fever, malaria, pernicious malaria, and a number of other diseases were not only common but were a pressing concern. On top of all this, law and order were very weak in this section of the world; and altogether I believe from experience that my friend was right when he named West Persia as the worst place in the world at that time.

I therefore volunteered to go to West Persia, to assist in the relief work. I agreed to pay all my own expenses and to accept no salary. I did not expect

ever to come back again, as it did not seem probable that I could stay alive in such a country for more than a few months; so I made my will, put my affairs in order, said good-bye to my family and friends, and started for Persia. This was in May, 1917.

The long journey through Norway, Sweden, Finland, across Russia, and through the Caucasus, to Persia, was slow; but finally I arrived safely in a city of some 50,000 inhabitants in West Persia — Urumiah. Here I was put in charge of the orphans, the industrial relief, and was made secretary of the Relief Committee. During the summer, autumn, and early winter, I was very busy riding from village to village over the plains, visiting, classifying, and arranging for the feeding, clothing, and general care of the 500-odd orphans scattered throughout this stricken area. I organized some of the refugee Assyrians into a cloth-industry, giving several hundred women work in carding and spinning wool, and arranged for the building of twenty-five native hand-looms. I soon had them weaving the native cloth which for countless generations has been an important material for men's clothing in the high mountains of Kurdistan. We finally worked the production up to 1000 Turkish *arshines* of this cloth per week. (One Turkish arshine equals 29 inches.)

Later on, as need arose, I took charge also of cleaning up the streets of the city of Urumiah (my first and only job as street-cleaning commissioner). This developed, among other lines, into one very unpleasant task: namely, the collecting and reburying of bodies dug up by the dogs in the graveyards, and partly eaten. The cleaning-up and keeping clean (as far as possible in such an unsanitary country) of the yards filled with refugees also fell upon my shoulders, as did the complete care of the relief-transportation equipment of autos, horses, carts, harness, and the rest.

All these activities kept me very busy during the remainder of 1917, and on into the spring and summer of 1918.

In July, 1918, the situation around Urumiah was very intense. The ill-will stirred up by the war, the persecutions, the massacres, the assaulting of women and the carrying-off of girls, had intensified to a terrible degree the age-long hatred between the Syrians and Armenians on the one hand, and the Turks, Kurds, and Moslems on the other. The country had suffered terribly from the destruction of property. There were thousands of people who had been driven from their homes and were refugees. By far the most destitute and miserable of these were the refugee Kurds, who were Mohammedans, in the streets of the city; and the great majority of people throughout the region were by no means beyond the need of relief.

The Russian army had been withdrawn following the Bolshevist revolt, and with their withdrawal the two factions in the city of Urumiah — on the one hand, local Mohammedans, and on the other hand, the Armenians and Syrians — had each determined to gain military and political control over the country. In this the Syrians and Armenians were greatly assisted by the Russians, who not only armed them but organized them into battalions, and even left some officers to drill and direct them. The Moslems also secured what arms they could; and on the twenty-second of February, 1918, there was a clash ending in the capture of the city by the Armenians and Syrians. This control spread over the great part of the Urumiah plain and, as it spread, the most disorderly element among the Syrians and Armenians took advantage of the situation to take revenge on the

Mohammedans. This resulted in so much massacre, robbery, and indiscriminate killing, that the great mass of Moslems of the surrounding regions got together an armed force, to overthrow the control of the Armenians and Syrians in the city.

For months this fight kept up, the city and plain being practically surrounded by hostile Moslem bands, while, in the centre, all sorts of evil things were being perpetrated by those in control. Finally, the assistance of the regular Turkish army was obtained by the surrounding Moslems, and with their advent on the scene, with artillery and a better organized body of men, the Armenians and Syrians were finally forced out and compelled to run away to the south, hundreds of miles over the Persian mountains, to the English forces operating from Mesopotamia and Southern Persia. On the morning of July thirtieth, this great flight to the south of 75,000 to 100,000 people began, and the test of the first supposititious case took place about ten o'clock in the morning.

All the Americans except Dr. and Mrs. W. A. Shedd decided to stay in Urumiah, rather than to attempt to go with the Syrians and Armenians. We had been living in the College Compound, — an area about the size of an ordinary city block, — surrounded by a mud wall varying in height from five to fifteen feet, and situated about two miles from the city. Inside this area were the dwelling-houses of the missionaries and some of the native assistants, a boys' college, and the hospital, together with outhouses, stables, and so forth. With the exception of myself, all the Americans were missionaries, the relief work being carried on practically altogether through their efforts.

Throughout most of the period when the Armenians and Syrians were in control, a number of Mohammedans, both Kurds and local Persian Moslems, had come into the College Compound, to seek protection from the disorders which reigned outside. At the time of the flight the number of these refugees was only a few hundred. These were camped out under all sorts of shelters, or no shelter at all, in different parts of the yard. A road coming down from the mountains of Turkey passed directly in front of the College Compound and continued on to the city.

## III

When the news was telephoned out in the middle of the night that the Armenian and Syrian populations were starting to flee to the south, we Americans made what preparations we could for the coming change of control. As soon as it was daylight, I took Dr. Packard and Dr. Ellis into the city in the Ford, and left them there, busying myself by carrying food and people back and forth, until about ten o'clock, when the advance-guard of the Turkish army arrived. I had expected to bring Dr. Ellis and Dr. Packard back again before the Turks came; but their sudden appearance prevented this being done.

The first men to arrive were the Kurdish horsemen, with an occasional Turkish soldier. It was apparent that they must have been ordered to leave us, the Americans, alone, for the great majority of them rode right by the gate, and on toward the city. At this time we were assisted greatly by the Moslem refugees, who had been receiving protection in our yards for so long. Most of these Kurdish and Moslem fugitives stood at the open gate, their faces wreathed in smiles, and welcomed the oncoming horsemen with joy; but they did not do anything to turn their attention toward the Com-

pound, but quietly allowed them to pass on toward the city. It happened, however, that a few of the Kurds gained entry through a small back gate, and it was these irregular stragglers who raided us and put me through the supposititious case number one.

Dr. Dodd and I sat on the long music seat, in front of Mrs. Ellis's piano. In the living-room with us were Miss Lamme, Miss Schoebel, Mrs. Ellis and her two little children, and a number of native Syrian servants. Dr. Dodd and I had just come in from the yard outside, where both of us had nearly lost our lives at the hands of some of the raiding Kurds, mine being saved twice — once by a Moslem hostler and once by a friendly Kurd. I did not know what was going to happen next, as things outside were in great disorder, and we could hear shooting all around us.

The setting for the supposititious case was practically complete. Here I was, a Christian pacifist. In the room with me were a number of helpless women and children. Dr. Dodd had only recently got out of bed, and could scarcely be considered as an able-bodied man. I therefore was the only one present physically fit to defend this group of helpless people. At any minute the door might open and the Kurds might enter. Truly, the setting was complete. But I had been holding in my mind the fixed determination that, under no circumstances, would I use violence, to protect either myself or others; and I trusted that in some way I should be able so to act that the best results for all would be achieved.

As Dr. Dodd and I told the ladies of our experiences of a few moments before, there suddenly came a tremendous pounding on the door leading from the dining-room, which was next to the sitting-room where we were, out into the kitchen and the back yard. The time had arrived. The Kurds were at the door. What should I do?

The thought came into my mind that it would be better to open the door and let the Kurds in, than to stay away from it and allow them to smash their way in. If they broke down the door, they would come in in more of a rage than if we opened the door and let them in. I suggested this to Dr. Dodd, and he and I together walked into the dining-room and over toward the door leading to the kitchen. I remember, as I approached it, seeing one of the panels bulge from the blows of the gun-butts from without. A small bolt was all that held the door closed, and I reached over and pulled this and opened the door, saying as I did so, 'Buyurun' — meaning 'Come in.'

As the door swung open, we found ourselves looking into the business end of three rifles, backed up by the dusky faces of three Kurds. They had made themselves up, with their fringed turbans, to appear particularly ferocious, and they certainly looked the part. My judgment, however, is that they were surprised at having the door opened and being invited to come in. In any case, they did not shoot; and, as they entered, in voices of intense excitement they demanded 'Pool! Pool! Pool!' (money! money! money!) This was a decided relief, as we had some money, and possibly, if we gave it to them, they would go away. With this in mind, Dr. Dodd and I led the way out of the dining-room back into the sitting-room, where the ladies were. I remember walking as rapidly as possible, with the thought of getting the Kurds past the ladies without any unnecessary delay. This scheme worked, and we entered Dr. Ellis's study through a little side door, leaving the ladies and the children behind us.

It so happened that Dr. Dodd had the key of the top drawer of Dr. Ellis's

desk. He opened it, and I remember standing close by and watching two brown hands grab for the small bag of coin lying in the bottom of the drawer. Following this, the three Kurds began rummaging around the room, looking for valuables. I recall about this time noticing Dr. Dodd, as he slipped out of the room back to the sitting-room, to look after the ladies. This I considered as a good thing, and I then realized that it was my task to entertain the three Kurds and keep them away from the ladies.

Dr. Ellis had removed to his study the relief money of which he had charge. There were two Russian safes in the room. One was empty, while the other contained several thousand dollars in money. While the Kurds were rummaging around the room, I walked over to the safe that had the money in it, and tried to open it. Like all Russian safes, it was an iron box with a lid like a trunk, the keyhole being in the top of the lid. Finding the safe was locked, I stood there for a moment, and a horrible sinking feeling began to creep over me as the realization of the situation came to me. There was nothing to do, however, but to play the game; and so I turned back to the Kurds, who were on the other side of the little room. They had pulled the rug off the lounge, had looked under it, had emptied some of the stuff out of the drawers of the desk; and, as I turned, one of them suddenly threw up his rifle, covering me, and, speaking in Turkish, demanded the key to the safe. Now, I honestly did not have the key, and I looked him in the eye over the sights of his rifle and told him so. Recognizing that I was speaking the truth, he put his gun down and began to rummage around again.

About this time one of them found Dr. Ellis's Corona typewriter in its case. It was heavy and looked like a small bag or box, which, of course, led the Kurd to think that it contained coin of some sort. I moved over to open it for him; but before I could reach him, he had thrown it on the floor and broken the box open. The three men gathered around and peered with wonder at the little metal bars and shiny parts; and I stood there, speaking in English, and tried to demonstrate with my fingers what the typewriter was for. But in a moment they had turned away, looking elsewhere.

I now realized that I must hold their attention and keep them occupied. The thought came to me that I must adopt the principle of going the second mile with these men. Here they were, compelling me to go a mile with them, and now I must also go the second mile. They were taking away my coat, and I must now give them my cloak also; and so I entered into the looting myself and sincerely desired to get the safes open. With this in mind, I began aggressively to direct the attention and activities of the three men toward the opening of the safes. The thought came to me that, possibly, if we shot into the keyhole of the safe, we might spring the lock. (The use of the word 'we' comes perfectly natural, because I really joined their party in their efforts to smash the safe open and considered myself as one of them for the moment.) I therefore took hold of the arm of one of the men, and shook it enough to attract his attention; then I put my finger on the keyhole of the safe and, talking to him in English, explained to him that I wished him to fire at the place where I had my finger. He got the idea and raised his rifle; I took my finger away, and he fired. All the people in the next room, of course, hearing the shot, thought, 'Well, there goes Richards — the Christian pacifist is through.' But the lock did not spring, and the safe did not open; so he fired a

second time, at my suggestion, without result. I then tried to open the safe by pulling and overturning it; but this did no good either.

And here an interesting point arose. The Kurds were growing impatient. The safe had not opened; and suddenly one of them, without a moment's notice, lost control of his temper, threw up his rifle, and hit me on the shoulder with the butt of it. Then a curious thing happened. I had been honestly sincere in trying to help them open the safe; I had joined them in their efforts, and considered myself, for the time being, one of them. This sudden blow on the shoulder, therefore, was a real surprise to me, and I remember turning and looking at the man who struck me with an expression which must have said to him, 'What are you hitting me for. I am doing everything I can to help you.' I spoke no word, but he must have read my look; for he put his gun down, and paid no further attention to me.

We continued our efforts with the safe, and finally one of them fired again into the other safe, without springing that lock either. Things were getting more intense for me in my efforts to keep these three men out of the other room. With these failures to open the safes, one of the Kurds again threw his rifle up, and threatened to shoot me if I did not give up the key. But once again I looked him in the eye, and told him what was the truth, — that I did not have the key, — and the shot was not fired.

Finally, this same man came forward, reached down, and began to take off one of my shoes. Thinking that he imagined that I had money in them, I helped him, and also took the other one off for him. Much to my surprise, he took both the shoes and walked into the room where the ladies were, following his two companions who had preceded him. In order to continue to exert my influence on the Kurds against violence, it was necessary for me to continue to play the game with them; and so I followed into the room where the ladies were, and found them all standing up and Dr. Dodd in his shirt sleeves and stocking feet.

It seemed that other Kurds had followed the first three into the house, and had come in to where the ladies were, had demanded their jewelry, and had looked around for what they could carry off. One of them proceeded to go around and open the cupboards and boxes, and some of the ladies and myself, in order to prevent him from breaking things, helped him. The man who had taken my shoes sat down on the piano-stool, took off his own *charicks* (rawhide sandals), and proceeded to put on my shoes. Finally, after taking a raincoat, an overcoat, Dr. Ellis's small traveling medical case, and other odds and ends, they all went out, — passing right by the Ellises' sideboard, on which stood some of their silverware, — and left us alone. It was then that I discovered that Mrs. Richards had entered the sitting-room just as Dr. Dodd and I had passed through it with the first three Kurds, on our way into the study where the safes were. I had not known where she was; but she knew that I was in with the Kurds and, of course, had feared that the firing was directed at me. After a short time, some friendly Kurds came into the room; and before long some of the regular Turkish soldiers appeared to take charge.

I had been through the Kurdish raid, and the first supposititious case. I had been able to act in a general way along the plan outlined theoretically by myself before I left America, and the plan of action had worked. Mrs. Ellis, in her story of the raid, published in the *Atlantic Monthly* for September, 1919,

speaks of the situation in these words: 'I shall always be thankful that Wilder [Dr. Ellis] was kept in the city that morning, for I fear he might have resisted the attack, and in that event he would certainly have been killed.' Looking back at it, it seems at least a reasonable supposition that, if I had started in to resist, I not only should have been killed myself, but that, in all probability, Dr. Dodd also would have lost his life, and in the excitement even some of the ladies might have been shot.

There is another point in this connection of which I think it worth while to speak. I am temperamentally more or less hot-headed, and when asked in America whether I thought I could stand the strain of watching some Turk or Kurd abuse my wife, or someone whom I loved, without flying into a rage, I had answered that, being a *Christian* pacifist, I did not believe I should ever be called upon to endure anything beyond my moral strength. I learned after the raid was over that one of the Kurds, coming into the sitting-room while I was occupied with the three men and the safes, had pointed his rifle at Mrs. Richards and threatened her, and that another one had talked about carrying her off to the mountains with him, and had taken her wedding-ring. None of this was I called upon to witness, or even to know about until it was all past. To me this is a striking coincidence, to say the least.

## IV

But what about the case of the drunken man, armed and lusting for blood — this being supposititious case number two?

One day in the spring, it must have been some time in May, I was busy in the rear of the yard in the city, supervising the shoeing of a horse. Dr. Ellis was up in the treasury-room, and we two were the only American men in the yards. Mrs. Shedd and Mrs. Richards were in their respective houses. There was the usual crowd at the big gate opening on the street; and scattered through the yards were various people occupied with many kinds of business. Among them were the Kurdish and Moslem refugees, who here, as in the College Compound, were seeking safety from their enemies, the Syrians and Armenians. One of these refugees, a rich and prominent local Moslem, was a particularly bad character, who had aroused the special hatred of the Armenians and Syrians by his abuse of them three years before, when the Turks were in control.

Suddenly I heard an excited roar go up from out near the gate. Leaving the horseshoeing, I ran to see what was going on, and found a panic-stricken group of Syrians and Armenians peeping into the large main yard through a narrow little door. From them I learned that a young Armenian, wild-drunk and armed, had rushed into the yards from the street, crying that he had come to kill Agha Sader — the wealthy refugee rascal. He had entered the main yard through the little door, everybody fleeing before him, and was now alone in the centre of it, crying out to Agha Sader to show himself.

Here was supposititious case number two — the wild drunken man running amuck. What was the Christian thing to do? I could easily have snatched a rifle from someone in the crowd, — a very large proportion of the people were armed, — and shot the drunkard from behind the cover of the wall; but that would not be a loving way of treating him. He was drunk, and I was used to dealing with drunks in the rescue-mission work I had done in New York. Also, he had no grudge against me personally. If, therefore, I treated him

without showing fear, and very decidedly showing friendliness, there was a good chance that I could persuade him to go home. Of course, there was a serious chance that he might shoot; but if I was a Christian pacifist, I could count on the power of God to control the drunken mind of the young Armenian as long as I held nothing but love for him in my heart.

With this in mind, I entered the little gate and walked quietly but directly toward my man. He was looking for Agha Sader, and holding his gun ready to shoot, crying out as he did so. To reach him I had to walk perhaps one hundred feet in plain view. If I could get up close to him before he saw me, he would perhaps recognize me as not being an enemy. But could I get up close before he turned? I went ahead, passing my house, and saw Mrs. Richards open the door and look out. I motioned to her to keep back as I went on.

I had got about half-way to the Armenian when Mrs. Shedd, who was looking out of a second-story window of her house, spoke to the Armenian, and he swung around to see where the voice came from. This enabled me to come even closer without his seeing me; and when he finally turned toward me, I was only a short distance from him. I smiled and held out my hand, offering to shake hands with him. Here was the test. I strove to appear to this poor drunken mind as a friend who was not afraid. He swung around and caught sight of me, hesitated a moment, and then, drawing himself up to attention, he grounded his rifle and saluted me in unsteady, drunken seriousness. As I came up close to him, I continued to hold out my hand; and much to my surprise, he handed me his gun, saying as he did so, 'A present.' Taking the rifle in one hand and his arm in the other, I quietly walked with him to the gate, Dr. Ellis joining me.

Next day the Armenian came around to see me, sober and shamefaced, and apologized for his conduct the day before. I had kept his rifle for him over night, and gave it back to him, along with some very straight talk. I had been through the second supposititious case. The wild, drunken 'mad dog' turned out to be a *man*, and not a dog at all; and instead of shooting him down the day before, I shook hands with him and we parted on excellent terms. Incidentally, throughout this entire affair, nobody was killed or even injured.

In telling of these two tests, I make no pretense of claiming that they cover completely every possible detail of what might have happened, but they do, at least to a degree, cover some of the ground of the supposititious cases. They both tested out my belief in Christian pacifism; and my theoretical answers to each supposititious case, uttered while I was in America, proved workable in practice nearly nine thousand miles away, among wild, uncivilized, and even drunken people, in Western Asia. I was not tested beyond my ability to hold true to my ideal of action; but so far as I was able to hold fast to the attitude of good-will toward everyone, I found from experience that the results actually obtained amply justified my faith.

# THE SHENANDO' VALLEY

BY LAWRENCE SHAW MAYO

## I

WHY do many people yearn for the South Sea Islands, and why do some actually go there to reside, when the Valley of the Shenandoah is so much more accessible? That is a question I often ask myself in April, when sitting under a half-blown apple tree and gazing across the rolling countryside to the comfortable outline of the Blue Ridge five or six miles away.

At the outset, I may as well confess that Mr. O'Brien's best sellers left me cold. Neither his beautiful brown ladies, nor his cannibalistic old gentlemen, could persuade me that the delights of a primitive existence in the midst of a partly colored race and insects of large dimensions were sufficient compensation for voyaging innumerable miles in avowedly uncomfortable ships. I have escaped the lure of the South Seas — and I attribute my good fortune to the fact that I know and love that part of Virginia called the Shenandoah Valley.

When I returned to it last April, I was more than ever convinced that it is an enchanted land. As the evening train, — any time after noon is 'evenin'' in that country, — as the evening train whistled its way up the valley, the Blue Ridge was never bluer, the rolling fields of winter wheat never a more vivid green. Here and there upon the landscape the whitewashed walls of comfortable farmhouses shone through the tall groves of oak, which screen them from the summer heat as well as from the inquisitive eye; and their red roofs glowed in the fading sunshine.

Was it my imagination that gave the people on the station platforms such gentle and honest expressions? Or were they really more amiable to look upon than the average rustic in New England? Interesting faces they were. Distinctly American, blue-eyed, good-featured, but not at all Yankee. I love the Yankee cast of countenance, especially in old age; but Calvinism or climate, or both, have differentiated it from other American types. It may be stronger, but it is not so happy or so engaging; certainly not so winning as that of the Shenandoan, whose expression suggests restraint without severity, open shyness, but not self-conscious reserve. For this difference perhaps physiography is more responsible than either religious convictions or hard winters. New Hampshire's rocky pastures and the stony fields of Massachusetts may be character-builders, but they do not produce so happy a race as do the more fertile parts of our continent. Whatever the cause may be, the Virginian face is sunnier than the New England face; and upon every return to the Old Dominion, I am more impressed by the contrast.

Not many miles from the junction of the Shenandoah and the Potomac sleeps the village of Mayville. Of course, no Mayvillian would agree that his town sleeps. It is true that the men

in the fields work from sun to sun, and that the storekeepers' work is never done. It is true also that the roosters, especially during full moon, crow all night. Yet from the perverse Northern point of view Mayville sleeps, or, at any rate, possesses the beauty of the sleeping countenance. Even its most commercial citizen would hardly deny that modification of the actual fact.

Undeniable, too, is the foreign aspect of the town. The cluster of buildings is dominated by a picturesque church, which might just as well look down upon some village in southern Germany. It is of brick painted buff, and the main edifice is surmounted at one corner by an octagonal belfry. This belfry, turbaned with red, rises just high enough above the surrounding tree-tops to be always in sight. Not reprovingly, but rather affectionately, it watches over Mayville. To this place of worship every Sunday come the Morgans, the Lewises, and the rest of the first families, who have been on the land almost since the days when Washington surveyed the country thereabouts. Some of them, indeed, are direct descendants of Washington's adopted family.

Then, too, the shade trees up and down the turnpike and the village street have a foreign look. What has been done to them, and why? The first is the easier question. At regular intervals, apparently, these ancient maples have been cut back almost to their trunks, much as willows are frequently shorn. Why, I do not know. To ask a resident of Mayville such a question would imply criticism; so it is safer to remain unenlightened. Do the multitude of young shoots cast a denser shade upon the street and sidewalk, or do the topless trees shut out less air from the houses? I give it up. But I do know that my pristine resentment at what seemed to be unnecessary tree-butchery gradually gave way to an appreciation of the resultant picturesqueness. Perhaps it is that one forgets the peculiar appearance of a tree if there is a cardinal in the upper branches, whistling, 'What cheer? What cheer? What, what, what, what, what?'

One of the public buildings is undeniably American. Not American like a standard post-office or an office-building, but rather as a New England meeting-house (with due acknowledgment to Sir Christopher Wren) is American, or as Mt. Vernon is American. This is the courthouse, which sits diagonally across from the church. It is not a remarkable piece of architecture by any means, but its two-storied portico of white Doric columns gives a classic air to the red-brick walls, and draws one's gaze away from a somewhat unfortunate cupola.

Not the least attractive feature of the Shenandoah Valley is its abundance of horses. For the most part, they are farm horses and second-rate carriage- or saddle-horses, to be sure; but the sight of them and the clatter of their hoofs in the village street afford a blessed contrast to the vibrant motors, squealing brakes, and nerve-torturing horns of urban civilization. There is little interest, and less romance, in the purring response to a self-starter, but one involuntarily turns to the window when he hears the sound of horses' hoofs. In Mayville he is often rewarded by the sight of four stalwart work-horses — usually gray — hauling a heavy truck. There is nothing extraordinary about four horses, perhaps; but in this valley it is customary for the driver to ride the near pole-horse. What an air this gives to the whole equipage! The rider may be, and probably is, clad in blue overalls and a denim shirt, open at the neck, but the effect is very pleasing. No Rolls-Royce

or gliding Renault has ever held my attention as have occasional four-horse teams on the pikes and country roads of the Shenandoah Valley.

Of course most of the farmers own Fords, wherewith they shorten their five- or ten-mile trips into town; and I grudge them not the convenience which these afford them. But I hope — rather than trust — that it will be many years before tractors will have banished from the face of the land the three-horse and four-horse teams which now plough and harrow the red-brown soil of the Shenandoah Valley. Three horses abreast, and a sturdy young man holding the plough are a reassuring sight to city eyes. And as for four horses dragging a harrow, with their master riding the near wheel-horse — that is a subject for a Rembrandt. The Polish rider is splendid, but give me the Virginian rider, with his four-horse team and the dust drifting away from the lumbering harrow!

## II

The people of Clarke County claim to be the best people in the United States. There is nothing original about a claim of this kind: one hears it anywhere, from Eastport to San Diego; but the sons and daughters of Clarke are, I think, unique in their effort to validate it. Nowhere, surely, do Southern manners, Southern friendliness, and Southern hospitality flourish more delightfully. Here there is no stony ignoring of the presence of an unintroduced human being. On the road a slow nod, in the village a friendly 'Good-morning, ma'am,' or 'Good-evening, sir,' makes one's heart warm to these people. And how ready they are to converse with a stranger! I can't say that they are very well informed regarding the history or geography of their county; but they always have time to talk to you on some subject. And their hospitality passeth all understanding.

There seem to be many more men than women, and a large proportion of young people. The New Englander is accustomed to seeing only middle-aged and old men in the country districts of his region. Maine is a happy exception to this rule, but even Maine is not peopled and cultivated by such a young and deep-chested race as is the Shenandoah Valley. These Virginians are almost never red-cheeked, but there is a healthy look to their sunburned faces. Climate may account for the absence of high color; but why are these men invariably blue- or blue-gray-eyed? Is it that they are of pure English or Scotch stock? Their names suggest or confirm this conjecture.

I like these men and women of Clarke County. I like them exceedingly. I especially like to hear them talk; but I do wish I understood their language better. Unless a Shenandoan says just what I expect, — and that seldom occurs, — it is a pretty difficult proposition. Some may call it a drawl, but to my ear it is far from a drawl. It is rather an inarticulate volume of sound which, at first, suggests no word or phrase that one has ever heard. In the course of time, one learns that 'Bayville' is Berryville, that 'Low' is Laura, and that 'Bad' is Betty. And of course a 'moanin' dove' is a mourning dove. (After I had heard one, I thought these Virginians came nearer the truth than they perhaps intended.) But, oh, there is so much that is completely unintelligible — and usually uttered, unfortunately, with a rising inflection. After one awkward conversation, which centred, not about the *chef*, as I had supposed, but about the sheriff, I abandoned both hope and further attempts at sociability.

Has anyone ever explained satisfactorily the language of the South? If

not, I am willing to submit my theory of its origin. The general supposition has been, I suppose, that climate gradually converted the more or less pure Shakespearean English of the early Virginians into the present interesting vernacular. Why the pronunciation of the colored people should be like unto it is obvious: they learned their English from the whites. But let us look at it from another angle. When the African immigrants, to use a delicate phrase, learned the English language, they must have spoken it with an accent. When the colored mammies talked to the white children intrusted to their care, they unconsciously, but inevitably, transmitted their pronunciation and inflection to the rising generation of their masters and mistresses. So, in a half-century or so, Shakespearean English became African-English, the present-day English of the Southern states. Some may contend that, if this theory is correct, the English of the North ought to have become Gaelic-English during the last seventy-five years. But probably the Irish nurse of our childhood was never so universal in New England as was the antebellum mammy south of the Mason and Dixon line, nor did she enjoy such exclusive possession of her protégés.

Speaking of colored folk, we must not overlook them, for they are the most picturesque element in Mayville. After the war, a number of erstwhile slaves acquired small lots of land on either side of a lane that turns off the pike a scant mile south of the village. Here they built cabins, and named their community Josephine City — or Josephine, for short. Apparently Josephine prospered, for to-day many of the original cabins have been replaced by shacks, some of them neatly painted. However, enough of the original atmosphere is preserved to give the settlement individuality and interest.

There is all the difference in the world, by the way, between a cabin and a shack. A cabin is a crude but very substantial one-and-one-half-storied affair constructed of timbers, more or less squared with an axe. The chinks are filled with plaster, and the outer walls, thus completed, are given a coat of whitewash. A roof of shingles, or shakes, crowns the habitation, and presumably keeps out more or less rain. A shack, on the other hand, is a cheaply built wooden house, usually unpainted. As a place of abode, it probably possesses infinite advantages over its lowly neighbor, the cabin, but its artistic merit is yet to be discovered. What attractions has even a newly painted shack — yea, even one with forsythia bushes blooming in the front yard — to compare with a non-perpendicular cabin, built of non-parallel and non-horizontal timbers, with a half-dozen pickaninnies in the open doorway, and indications of at least another half-dozen concealed in its shadowy interior? Sometimes there is room in the yard for a puddle of noisy ducks. There is always room for a pig-pen, situated with a thought for convenience rather than for sanitation. Occasionally its proximity is overpowering to the passer-by; but apparently the populace of Josephine have long since adapted themselves to such minor objections.

The backyard is largely a repository for scrap-iron. What the ultimate purpose of the collectors may be is not clear. Perhaps they themselves do not know. There are collectors of this type in every field of art. All the observant layman knows is that the heaps of rusty iron increase from year to year and give great joy to the Carolina wrens, which dart in and out among the hoops and springs and broken ploughshares.

Not the least interesting of the fauna of Josephine City are its dogs. These

are of an uncertain breed. The general idea seems to have been a hound of some sort; the color, either from heredity or from environment, approximates black. Their ears are floppy and, under more favorable conditions, might be silky. These dogs devote most of their time to sleep; but when awakened by a passing white man, they rush forth with wild eyes. Their preference for light meat seems to be as pronounced as is the reverse in the dogs of Mayville proper. Yet I have never known them to draw blood, so perhaps I have misjudged them.

The best time to stroll through Josephine is late afternoon. Then you will meet the old-school darkies, who bow and scrape one foot with appealing deference. Groups of pickaninnies, of various shades and hues, return your familiar 'Hello' with a proper 'Good-evenin'.' Rastus leans on the fence and talks with Alexander, who is spading up his garden; and, at the first suggestion of the humorous, slaps his knee and doubles up with loud but melodious mirth. How happy they all seem!

I like to watch these colored people at work with their horses or mules. The Shenandoans, both black and white, have a very friendly way with their animals. Instead of a harsh 'Whoa!' or 'Back up!' one hears now and then a long, low moan, which the horse or mule understands and responds to with docile alacrity. I remember that, in my childhood, after hearing a northern farmer guide his oxen with the customary shouts, I asked if oxen were always deaf. In Virginia, at the same age, I should not have been concerned for the hearing of any beast of burden, but I might well have expressed sympathy for the moaning driver. One day in Josephine the somewhat white horse of a very black man, when released from her harness, began to caper and snort with delight. I anticipated a volley of oaths and a strap well laid on. But no! The very black man regarded the prancing steed with mingled scorn and amusement, and remarked indulgently, as he might to a ridiculous child, 'Well, now, look at yer, look at yer!'

## III

It was in Josephine City that I first met Lucullus — Lucullus the Imaginative, aged ten, but a genius in his own field. Nature has produced blacker Africans than Lucullus, I have no doubt, but no man or boy has ever been clothed in shabbier raiment. The most striking feature of his costume was a plaid cap, many sizes too large. In spite of the constant attention required to keep its visor within ninety degrees of the correct angle, this cap was evidently a source of great pride to its possessor. A much-worn jacket, which was too small, was more or less offset by an unrelated pair of knickerbockers, the dimensions of which suggested that, at an earlier period, they might have belonged to the original owner of the cap. But even his knickers Lucullus wore in an individual manner. On one leg they were buckled below the knee, even as yours and mine; but on the other, the buckle was either missing or neglected, with the result that the unrestrained garment fell almost to the boy's ankle. Yet none of these things troubled Lucullus. Perhaps that was part of his genius. Great artists are so often either carefully dreadful, or dreadfully careless in their dress.

However that may have been, I soon forgot Lucullus's eccentricity as to dress when I caught sight of his glistening teeth and rolling eyes. He was half kneeling and half sitting at the foot of a tree, digging in the loose earth with his hands. And all the while he talked

to himself. It did not take long for us to become acquainted, and I soon learned that he was endeavoring to unearth a dollar, which he had buried a few minutes before. This dollar — which was not coin, but a bill, by the way — was a present from his 'a'nt,' who lived in Philadelphia. It had come in a letter to his mother that morning. Apparently Lucullus had spent the hours since in alternately burying and exhuming it.

My mind tried to connect this process with a well-known parable in the New Testament. To recall the lesson was easy, but to identify Lucullus with 'him who hath not' was not so simple; for apparently he got at least a dollar's worth of ecstasy every time he rediscovered his buried treasure — and so far, at any rate, it had not been taken away from him. One thing was clear to my mind, however: never again should I wonder how paper money becomes so vilely dirty — as it sometimes does — before it returns to Washington to die.

When this particular government note was disappearing once more, Lucullus changed the subject abruptly by announcing in a confidential tone: 'Dis yere tree is ha'nted.' His eye rolled ominously. I expressed doubt, but left the way open for proof of his statement. To Lucullus, however, proof seemed unnecessary. He merely repeated, 'Yassir, dis tree is ha'nted, and a ha'nted bird lives in it.'

I looked up into the branches and, between ourselves, almost expected to see some mythological bird of grotesque shape and gorgeous coloring.

''Tain't no use lookin' fo' him now,' declared Lucullus. 'He's gone away — he's gone away in a ball of fire.' And to him this was a mere statement of fact, much less interesting than his recurrent search for the present from his a'nt.

Remembering Miss Pratt's experiences with her young friend Ezekiel, I looked forward to an interesting dissertation upon the habits of the haunted bird. But I was disappointed. All I could persuade Lucullus to divulge was that the bird assumed different shapes at will, and without warning. Sometimes he chose to be a 'hoppin' frog,' sometimes a bat of extraordinary size. 'But most of the time he's jes' a bird and he lives in that hole up there,' asserted my imaginative friend, with sudden intensity. And sure enough, there *was* a hole in a dead limb, about twenty-five feet above the ground.

How and when the flaming departure occurred, I could not ascertain. Lucullus became suddenly reticent, and seemed wholly absorbed in rapturous contemplation of his private fortune. And yet he gave me the impression that he knew all about that phenomenon, but, being overcome by emotion, could not relate the details. At all events, he lapsed into moody silence, and I turned away to continue my daily stroll through the city of Josephine. I had gone about a hundred feet, when I heard a voice, African, young, and excited, calling to me. It was Lucullus. He was still kneeling at the foot of the haunted tree, but his mind was on neither vanished bird nor buried treasure. The whites of his eyes were almost terrifying. Solicitude rather than fear proved to be responsible for his outcry.

'Take care that dog don't bite you.'

'That dog's all right,' I called back reassuringly. Certainly no dog ever looked less dangerous than this black one, who dozed in the sun.

But Lucullus refused to be reassured. 'He bit boy's seat-a-pants out the other day,' he rejoined.

At this point the dog in question opened one eye, a large yellow eye, and, without raising his head, uttered a growl that sounded distinctly business-

like. Now I have never been afraid of dogs, and I was reasonably certain that Lucullus was one of the world's most gifted fabricators. And yet, whether he spoke of tree or bird or dog, his remarks carried an absurd amount of conviction. I looked at the dog and visualized a 'seat-a-pants' in those ancient but still powerful jaws. Then I looked at my watch and decided that, if our evening meal should be on time, — a condition contrary to all precedent, — I should be late if I did not at once turn toward home.

If Lucullus deceived me, within a week I had the satisfaction of retaliation — not upon him, to be sure, but upon some of his many cousins. On a byway a mile or more to the eastward of Mayville stands an ancient grist-mill, by all odds the most individual building in the countryside. In autumn and early winter it is probably a busy place; but I know it only in the spring-time, when the stream that gives it life is turned aside, and only a few sparkling drops splash over the idle wheel. Then the old mill is somnolence itself; its brick walls take on a soft rose-color in the warm sunshine, and glow against the background of vernal green. Whenever my steps led me to this spot, I was invariably rewarded by a sense of harmony, poetry, and repose.

But there came a day when it produced quite the opposite reaction. The millstream flows across the road a few yards this side of the mill, and the shallow ford is a favorite resort for a few well-behaved frogs. As the road is little traveled at this season, they are seldom disturbed in their meditations and occasional utterances. But to-day they were very much disturbed, though apparently too proud to admit it. Two or three black imps of approximately the size and shade of Lucullus were amusing themselves by throwing stones at the largest and most dignified member of the community, whose head — or about two thirds of it — offered an alluring and unresisting target. How best to prevent the impending assassination was a problem. I suppose I should have appealed to their sense of sportsmanship, or read them a lecture on kindness to animals, or even resorted to force if necessary. But, for better or for worse, I chose a less commendable course.

'Look here, you children, you don't want to throw stones at that frog!'

They ceased firing, open-mouthed, but with their weapons still in their hands. They did not ask, 'Why not?' but they looked it, so I continued.

'Don't you know that that is an *unlucky* frog?'

They did not turn pale, — at least not perceptibly, — but I think that they felt the corresponding emotion. Their mouths opened even wider. The stones dropped from their limp hands. They stared for a moment at the blinking apex of the frog, and then pattered nervously down the road toward home. Then, and only then, did my conscience protest. 'But after all,' I comforted myself, 'it *was* an unlucky frog — or soon would have been if I had not intervened.'

## IV

As a country to walk in or over, the Shenandoah Valley has a serious drawback in its wire fences. In my innocence, I had supposed there was nothing in steel fencing more prohibitive than the old-fashioned barbed wire of our Northern fields and pastures. But I was mistaken. Although the passage of three or four parallel lines of barbed wire requires a certain amount of suppleness and caution, the effort expended is as naught compared with that involved in the ascent and descent of a five-foot barrier of wire sheep-fencing. But somehow, with the meadow-larks

whistling in the fields and the apple orchards bursting into bloom, and the Blue Ridge ever in sight and ever changing its lovely aspect, one easily accepts these too frequent barricades as necessary flies in an ointment of pure joy. Besides, after a little exploration, one discovers that this network of steel wire is here and there penetrated by lanes. And when one has become conversant with these, he can walk abroad with little discomfort.

How pleasant is Saturday night — in the village of Mayville! The sidewalks that have been almost deserted throughout the day are now crowded with sunburned farmers and their wives who have come in from the outlying farms. The women are pale and pathetic, and often are burdened with sleeping infants even paler and more pathetic than themselves. The street is bordered by a multitude of horses and buggies and Fords. The unattractive stores swarm with traders, while the moving-picture house and the poolrooms receive their share of patronage. The moustachioed constable, ununiformed but wearing a badge suggestive of comic opera, mingles with the crowd on the sidewalk, or, 'grand, gloomy, and peculiar,' stands at the corner, and from under his slouch hat scrutinizes any unfamiliar face or figure. He would like to have every stranger feel that he is under surveillance, as he doubtless is; but the constable's attention really centres upon the opposite corner, where a group of darkies are lounging against the wall and telegraph pole.

At ten, or ten-thirty, the last basket of eggs has been bartered, the movies are 'out,' and scraping carriage-wheels announce the first departures for home. Then follow the cranking of Fords, the impatient sputter of motors, shouted good-byes, and jerky progresses down the village street. Finally, the pedestrians start for home, in friendly groups of three or four. It is now that the black loafers who have been the chief concern of the constable throughout the evening more than vindicate their presence. As they scuff along toward Josephine City, one of their number begins to sing the refrain of an old plantation song. His companions immediately, and apparently inevitably, supply the other parts. And how they can sing!

Never have I been so completely persuaded that this is a good world, and that man was intended to be happy, as on one evening in late April in Mayville. I sat at my window, and looked out through the lacy foliage of the maples to a full moon that had risen over the Blue Ridge. The gentlest suggestion of a night breeze wafted through the room the perfume of nearby apple-blossoms and distant lilacs. Above the treetops of the village street rose the softened outline of the church-spire and its less graceful neighbor, the cupola of the courthouse. The hour was late, — for Mayville, — and the more animated sounds of Saturday evening had given way to the closing of doors and windows and to the clumping of heavy feet turned toward home. Then, blended with the sweet fragrance of the night, came the strains of 'Swing low, sweet chariot': first a single voice, then three or four in perfect harmony, as the song progressed into 'Coming fo' to ca'y me home!' The music was neither soft nor loud, but it was fresh and resonant, and its shading was as natural and exquisite as the crescendo and diminuendo of rustling leaves in a summer breeze.

Such moments are rare — and more and more rare as we grow older. Probably it was on that occasion that I first said to myself, 'Why do people go to the South Seas, when the Valley of the Shenandoah is so near, so idyllic, so reassuring, so satisfying?'

# UP EEL RIVER

BY MARGARET PRESCOTT MONTAGUE

STRANGER, did yer ever hear tell er the time that thar missionary woman from 'way up North somewheres — Maine er Spain, one er them little States, I fergits which — come down inter West Virginia fer ter save the soul er Tony Beaver? You hain't? Wal, hit was er powerful interestin' experience fer the woman, an' ef yer have the time ter 'light down off'n yer beast an' set er spell, I kin pass the tale on ter you like hit was passed ter me.

Jest hitch yer horse ter that thar little saplin'. No, hit don't matter ef he do chaw the fence some — he ain't the furst beast ter cut his teeth on them rails. *G' way from here, Ponto!* No — no, he won't bite, Stranger; he's jest er sniffin' 'round ter see who you air. Now then, set right down, an' make yerself at home — Yes, *sure!* Help yerself — an' jest spit anywheres you please!

Yes, hit's er right fine open prospect from here. Hit's kinder smoky terday, 'count er the forest fires out on Big Breshy, — that's Big Breshy, over yon' way erginst the sky, — but in pretty weather yer kin see clar over acrost the State line ter the mountains in ole Virginy. On them days, hit looks like yer kin see so fur, ef you was jest ter stretch yer eyes er little mite, yer could see up Eel River hitself. You say yer hain't never heard tell er that river? Then I reckon you hain't been 'round the log camps in West Virginia very much. Why, Stranger, hit's up Eel River that Tony Beaver lives, an' er heap er mighty onusual things happens up thar. Tony he's got him er lumber camp thar, an' I've heard hands tell how he's got er yoke er oxen so big hit takes er crow er week ter fly the distance betwixt the horns er one er them. Hit don't seem hardly likely they kin be *that* large, fer you know, Stranger, er crow would kiver er right smart stretch er space in er week's flyin'. But I know they air mighty powerful beasts, fer oncet Tony he hitched 'em on ter the wheels er time, an' hed time goin' an' comin', an' bein' yesterdy, er termorrer, er las' week, er nex' month, jest whichever way he pleased. An' anybody would know hit would take er right stout team fer *that.*

Hit was up Eel River, too, that Tony he growed him that powerful big watermelon er hisn. Hit was so large hit tuk er whole freight flat ter hitself fer ter ride hit down the river. Tony hed the hands ter load hit onter the flat, an' then he clum' up ertop er hit, an' started out. But, Stranger, hit's mighty rough up Eel River; the grades is steep, an' the railroad makes er powerful lot er sharp bends; an' bein' er watermelon, I reckon hit jest natcherly tuk ter the water. Wal, anyhow, that ole freight was jest hittin' the rails licketty split on er down grade, an' goin' so fast, er feller could n't hardly git out, 'Here she comes!' 'fore he hed ter holler, 'Thar she goes!' An' Tony, he was settin' up erstraddle er his melon, with the dust flyin' an' the wind singin' in his years, an' all the hands hangin' on ter t'other cars fer dear life, when whoop-ee! that ole freight struck er

sudden bend, an' dogged ef hit did n't switch Tony an' the melon both clean off'n the flat, an' down the bank an' inter Eel River hitself!

Wal, the hands they was all skeered ter death, an' thought poor Tony sure was er goner that time; but when they got the train stopped, an' run back ter look — hold an' below! the melon hit hed busted all ter pieces, an' here come Tony ridin' down the river on one er hits seeds, jest as onconsarned as you please. He hollered ter the t'other fellers ter git 'em seeds too, an' come on jine him. Wal, sirs! Hit wa'n't no time 'fore the water hit was full er hands er whoppin' an' hollerin', an' bucketin' down the river on them black watermelon seeds. Folk ses hit sure was er sight ter see 'em! An' hit cert'nly must er been er turrible jamberee. But you hear me! Hit would have ter be er mighty big melon ter have seeds *that* large; an' I know doggone well hit could n't er growed nowheres 'cept up Eel River — but

> That's the way they do
> In the Eel River crew!

That's er kind of er little song the hands hes made up erbout Tony, an' all the things that happens in his camp.

But I did n't set out ter tell you erbout that melon, Stranger; hit was erbout that thar missionary woman, what come down inter these parts ter save the soul er Tony Beaver.

Hit was er right funny thing how the woman ever got wind er Tony, fer hit's like I tole yer, she come from 'way up North somewheres — Maine er Spain, I fergits which. But howsoever hit was, she'd heared tell of that thar melon, an' them oxen, an' she 'lowed that things that big was right down scan'lous, an' a outrage ter the Lord; an' any feller what owned 'em must think he owned the earth as well; an' ef he thought that, he was headin' fer hellfire jest as fast as the unlocked wheels er time could carry him, an' hit was her business ter save him.

Wal, when she come down from the North an' struck these parts, an' commenced ter enquire 'round fer Tony Beaver, she run up erginst er snag right off, fer seemed like hit was powerful hard ter locate him. Everybody she ast tole her he lived up Eel River; but seemed like nobody could n't tell her whar that was. She was er right well-informed woman, an' hed been er schoolteacher back in her own state 'fore she tuk up the profession er savin' souls; so she hollers fer er map, an' asts someone ter pint out Eel River on hit.

Wal, ther was some Eel Rivers here an' thar in the country, but did n't none er 'em seem ter be whar Tony lived. Everybody knowed hit was up Eel River he hed his camp, but seemed like could n't nobody pint ter the place on the map.

The woman 'lowed she jest *never hed* struck sech er ignorant parcel er folks in all of her life, an' hit looked like she never would er got ter see Tony, ef he hed n't er sunt after her hisself. He got the word some way that thar was a strange woman come down from the North lookin' fer him. He's allus mighty perlite ter the ladies, so he hed two er his hands ter come out'n the woods an' fotch her inter camp. Hit was Big Henry he sunt fer her, on ercount er him knowin' the way; an' he hed ter go erlong with him er little Eyetalian feller — whose name I done fergit, ter give style ter things. Eyetalians, now, Stranger, ef you'll notice, they ain't much force in the woods, but put 'em at any kind er diggin' job, an' you'll find 'em nigh perfect in dirt. I reckon that's why Tony allus has er few er them in his camp — an' on ercount er their nice manners too.

Big Henry now, he did n't have no

style at all ter *him*. He was jest one er these yere great big two-fisted Jim-bruiser fellers, what's er boss hand at fellin' trees, spuddin' tan-bark, an' skiddin' logs, but no hand at all with the ladies, an' would be mighty apt ter handle his table-fork like hit was er cant hook. That was why Tony had the little Eyetalian ter go erlong, 'cause he had all kinds er manners, an' knowed when ter take off his hat, an' when ter stand up an' set down, an' all like that.

Wal, I never did hear which way hit was they tuk ter reach Eel River; I only know they tuk their foot in their hand, as the sayin' is, an' traveled er right smart piece; an' after er spell they come ter Tony's camp.

Now that thar lumber camp er Tony's, Stranger, ef er person sees hit oncet, they ain't ever liable ter fergit hit ergin. Hit's like I tole you erbout that thar melon — things is powerful big up Eel River, an' Tony he's got him er sawmill, an' everything ter match in size them oxen er hisn. I hain't never seed the place myself, an' I would n't hardly like ter tell yer all the monstrous tales I've heared erbout hit, fer fear you might think I wa'n't tellin' the truth. An' you know I sure would hate that mighty bad, fer ef there is one thing I jest natcherly *dee*-spise hit's er lie. I maybe er fool, but that's the way I feel erbout hit. One time I recollect ole Brother Moses Mutters was preachin', an' he ses, refutin' some statement er feller had made, 'My brethren, *that's* er lie! An' why is hit er lie?' he hollers out, thumpin' down on the desk in front er him. 'I'll tell yer why,' he ses, speakin' mighty solemn, 'hit's er lie because hit *hain't so*.' That sure was one time ole Brother Mutters hit the nail right *on* the head, an' hit's the truth, the onliest thing in the world the matter with er lie is that hit ain't so.

Wal, ter double on the trail ter whar we was — that thar missionary woman, she was right smartly set back when she got er good look at the place she'd struck. Hit wa'n't like nuthin' she'd ever set eyes on afore, an' hit did n't reely seem possible ther was any chance er that lumber camp, er Tony hisself, bein' squeezed inter any kind of er meetin'-house she'd ever been used ter. I reckon the woman wished she was back home ergin, an' had er lef' Eel River erlone, fer she seen right off she'd run up erginst er bigger job 'n she'd erlowed fer. Howsomedever, now she had come, she knowed hit was neck er no duck, as the sayin' is, an' she'd jest natcherly have ter stay with her pig, an' see the thing through.

But Tony, he ain't never er hand ter skeer er lady, an' he come forred jest es nice an' common es yer please, an' ses, 'Welcome, Stranger.'

Wal, the woman she wa'n't used ter things too free an' easy, an' she kinder drawed back at that, an' ses mighty short-like, 'My name's Miss Prudence Priscilla Bradford,' an' buttons up her mouth right tight ergin after she'd said hit.

'Miss Prudence, pleased ter meet yer,' Tony ses, an' holds out his hand.

I reckon that woman kinder sensed she ought n't ter shake hands with Tony Beaver; but hit would er looked awk'ard not ter, with him so friendly an' nice, so she done hit. But right then an' thar, she knowed she'd made er big mistake, fer the minute she give her hand ter hisn, an' looked up in his face, sumpin' kinder slided erway inside er her, an' hit seemed like she could look right through Tony's eyes, an' at the back er them was forest trees wavin', an' the sky with clouds trailin' over hit; an' in the shake of er lamb's tail, she jest did n't know *nuthin'* 'cept mountains an' mountains, stretchin' erway pretty nigh ter the end er the world, an' er sky over everything that

was bigger 'n the world hitself; an' the wind blowin' down the hollers from 'way off yonder somewheres, an' goin' on by, ter 'way off somewheres else; an' all eround the good hot smell er the ground under the sun. An' seemed like all them things she'd been raised ter an' set store by, like sin an' jedgment an' hell fire, sorter blowed erway inter never, an' hit come ter her that maybe the Lord wa'n't settin' up in the sky keepin' tabs on the sins er the world, but was out thar in the mountains enjyin' creation.

An' right then an' thar, she seen that Tony Beaver was draggin' her soul straight ter hell erlong er hisn. An' at that all the blood er her anchestors riz up, an' she braced herself, an' dug in with both feet. One foot hit was Puritan, an' t' other hit was Pilgrin, an' when she got 'em planted good an' straight, they saved her. She snatched her hand outer Tony's, an' the minute she was loose ergin, she was right back in her everyday self, an' knowed this world was er vale er tears, an' that she had er never dyin' soul ter save an' fit hit fer the skies. An' she recollected too what she'd come fer.

'Mister Beaver,' she ses mighty solemn, an' like she was lookin' over the fence inter the nex' world, 'I hav' come fer ter save yer soul.'

Tony he looks kinder du'bus at that, but he hain't never one ter diserpint er lady, so he ses, 'Wal, anyhow, let's set er spell an' talk hit over.'

So him an' the woman, they set theirselves down on the banks er Eel River. The hands they fotched er cheer out fer the stranger, but Tony he jest set on the ground. That's one thing folks allus tells erbout Tony, how he never will set in er cheer. He'll set on er log, or er rock maybe, but 'most times he jest gits right down erginst the ground. An' I have heared hands say, that when he's figgerin' out one er his big jobs, he'll jest sprawl right out flat with his back erginst the earth, an' nuthin' betwixt him an' the sky. They say that's on ercount of who his mother is — but I don't know nuthin' at all erbout *that*.

Wal, Tony he sets on the ground, an' the lady sets in the cheer, with her skirts well drawed down; fer she wa'n't none er these yere little fly eround pretty-by-nights, but was er settled woman, with er stern an' rockbound kind of er face, what knowed that life was but er dessert dreer, an' that heaven was her home — an' that bein' so, I reckon what she seen up Eel River made her feel like home was right fur erway.

The hands, they'd all knocked off work, an' kinder stood 'round in the background, passin' time erway stretchin' theirselves, an' tradin' knives, an' seein' who could spit the furthest, an' all like that, while they waited fer the woman ter git in her fine work on Tony's soul. But Tony, he looks back at 'em, an' hollers out, 'Here, quit that foolin', an' rustle 'round now an' fotch the comp'ny er snack er sumpin' ter eat — fotch her some er them huckleberries,' he ses.

Some er the hands went off ter do like Tony said, an' the woman, she did n't waste no time, but got right down ter business.

'Mister Beaver,' she commences —

'Aw, jest call me Tony,' he ses. 'I ain't used ter no misterin'.'

The woman looked mighty prim at that, but she made out like she did n't hear, an' commenced all over ergin. 'Mister Beaver,' she ses, 'from things I've seed up here, an' from all I've heard folks tell, hit looks like ter me you must think yer own the earth.'

Tony he give her er mighty peculiar look at that, an' all the hands acted sorter oneasy too. I reckon the woman seen sumpin' strange erbout Tony, fer

she gripped her hands right tight ter-gether in her lap, an' I guess she knowed she was up erginst things what was all contrary ter her religion.

Tony he did n't answer her nuthin' back when she said that erbout his ownin' the earth, but he fotched out his pipe, an' lighted hit up kinder thoughtful. Now when Tony smokes up Eel River, a person could easy think the whole mountain was erfire. The clouds er smoke he blowed out come pretty nigh chokin' the woman ter death, an' sunt her off in er turrible fit er coughin'.

Wal that thar little Eyetalian feller, he hated mighty bad ter see Tony do sumpin' that wa'n't the style, so he slinked up right easy an' whispers in Tony's year that hit wa'n't perlite ter smoke where ladies is.

'Wal be dogged ef that hain't so!' Tony ses; an' with that he knocks his pipe right out, — an' hit's the truth, when Tony knocks his pipe out, you'd think hit was thunder back in the mountains, — an' hollers fer his plug er terbacker. Three er four er the hands kotched erhold er hit an' drug hit up ter Tony, an' he tuk him er broad ax an' whaled hisself off er right smart quid, an' then he sets down ergin an' chawed 'stead er smokin', 'cause Tony he's allus mighty pertic'ler 'bout how he treats the ladies.

Hit was erbout that time that the hands fotched up the huckleberries Tony'd hollered ter 'em ter gether. Now hit's like I'm tellin' yer, Stranger, things grows mighty fine an' large up Eel River, an' them huckleberries sure was er sight ter see! Hit hed been er mighty good year fer berries all over the county; but even erlowin' fer that, an' their bein' all swelled up with the rain, them Eel River huckleberries hed jest farly outgrowed theirselves. There wa'n't airy one er 'em smaller 'n er man's two fists tergether, an' er heap er them run up ter the size er punkins; an' you know, Stranger, that *is* large fer huckleberries. They jest plum scan'-lized that missionary woman; an' when Tony hands 'em ter her mighty perlite, an' ses, 'Help yerself, take one, take two, take damned nigh all,' like er person does with comp'ny, the woman she drawed erway an' would n't tetch er one er 'em; fer she 'lowed berries that size was jest natcherly temptin' the Lord.

Tony he was kinder set back at that, an' he grabbed them berries an' pitched 'em all inter Eel River; an' every one er them made er splash very nigh fifty feet high when hit struck the water — which was right prutty ter see, but sorter onnatural, too.

The woman she ses, 'That's right Mister B aver, yer got ter remember you don't own the earth — the earth is the Lord's an' the fullness thereof.'

'Ther fullness thereof?' Tony ses, an' looks kinder tickled; an' all the fellers hed ter turn ter one side an' laf behind they hands, 'cause they knowed Tony he was thinkin' er that still er hisn up at the head waters er Eel River. An' I've heared folks tell that the licker Tony brews up thar is so powerful that jest one swaller er hit 'll make er rabbit spit in er bull-dog's eye.

But the woman, she'd hit the pike er salvation, an' she did n't break her stride, but jest headed right on. 'No Mister Beaver,' she ses, 'everything's mighty monstrous up here, an' I reckon you think yer er powerful big Mister Man yerself, but I'm right here ter tell yer, *yer don't own the earth.*'

Wal, hit was the third time that thar woman hed said that, an' hit was jest the one time too many.

'*Don't own the earth!*' Tony hollers out; an' with that he spit the quid out 'n his mouth an' stood up — *An' he stood up!* — AN' HE STOOD UP! An' every time he stood up, he growed

taller an' taller. The furst time he done hit, his head went level with the white oak trees; an' the second time, hit was over the top er the ridge; an' the third time, hit went inter the sky.

'O my Lands!' the woman ses; an' she jumps up right quick out 'n her cheer an' looks erbout her powerful oneasy. An' well she mought be, fer when she looked, she was all erlone up er farerway holler in the woods. Ther wa'n't any Tony Beaver, ther wa'n't any lumber camp, an' ther wa'n't any hands no more, an' Eel River hitself had gone in the ground. Looked like what had been Tony wa'n't nuthin' but er gray cliff er rocks hangin' out er the ridge; what had been the lumber camp was the mountain hitself; an' what had been the hands standin' 'round lafin' an' whisperin' tergether was jest the hickory an' white oak saplin's, with the wind blowin' through their leaves.

Well, sirs! hit cert'nly did come sudden ter that thar woman ter find herself out all erlone in them far-erway woods, with nuthin' but the wind blowin' through them saplin's, what jest er minute back had been er husky parcel er hands.

Stranger, was you ever 'way out in the mountains erlone, an' all ter oncet sumpin' comes over yer? Yer erlone, an' yit yer hain't erlone. Hit looks like the lonesomeness hitself hes kinder come erlive inter sumpin' mighty onnatural. Seems like yer hear sumpin' whisperin' behind yer, an' yer jump 'round right quick ter look, an' ain't nuthin' thar — 'cept the underbresh an' the earth, an' maybe er gray rock lookin' at yer in er powerful curus way. An' ergin d'rectly yer think sumpin''s behind yer, an' yer jump 'round, an' ergin ther ain't nuthin' thar. All up an' down yer back feels powerful lonesome, an' yer wished yer could see both ways ter oncet. An' hit hain't no kind er wild varmint yer skeer of — hit's sumpin' worse. Yer pick out er right stout tree an' squeeze yerself up erginst hit, fer yer erbliged ter have sumpin' betwixt the spine er yer back an' whatever hit is that's er creepin' up at yer out 'n the woods er round, an' the earth below, an' the sky erbove.

When that happens ter er hand out in the woods, sometimes he prays, but most times he jest runs, an' he'd be glad then ter see his worst enemy s' long as he come in the shape of er human.

Wal, that was what happened ter that woman all erlone out thar in them distant woods, comin' right on top er Tony an' the lumber camp an' all goin' out so sudden. I reckon hit was the furst time in all of her life that the woman had ever been right up erginst natur, with nuthin' betwixt her an' hit. Hit sure did give her er powerful naked feelin'. She heared the wind whisperin' through them saplin's, an' she seen the sky mighty wide an' empty over her, an' she knowed sumpin' was er stealin' up at her out 'n the woods. She jumped 'round ter look, an' wa'n't nuthin' thar. An' ergin she jumped 'round, an' ergin ther wa'n't nuthin' thar, 'cept the Big Stillness.

An' jest erbout that time er rain crow, w-a-y off on er far ridge, commenced ter holler in that kinder wide lonesome *hoo-hoo-hoo* way they got, like ther wa'n't nuthin' in all the world 'cept woods an' mountains an' sky. Wal, that bird hit jest natcherly finished the woman right up, an' she let out er powerful screech; an' once she bust loose an' let the brakes down, she jest whopped an' hollered an' screamed! She pretty nigh split the heavens open yellin'. She was jest so skeered right through an' through, hit seemed like ter her that every time she let out a yell hit farly scraped the bottom er her soul.

'Aw, Mister Beaver! Aw, Mister

Beaver! *A-a-w, Mis-ter B-e-a-ver!'* she hollered; an' then she ketched her breath an' listened er second, but only her own voice sayin', 'Bea-ver,' come back at her from over ferninst er ridge. Wal, with that she jest natcherly got down an' *scratched gravel* an' hollered.

'Aw, Tony Beaver! Aw, Tony! *Aw, Tony!* Aw, please, sir! Please! Please, Mister Tony Beaver! *A-a-w, T-o-n-y!'*

Wal, that fotched him, an' thar he was ergin — thar was Tony lookin' at her, an' thar was all the hands ergin, an' the lumber camp, an' Eel River hitself, an' even the very cheer she'd been settin' in.

'Was you wantin' me, marm?' Tony ses, mighty perlite an' nice.

The woman ketched her breath, an' tried ter gether herself tergether an' sorter smooth herself out.

'I — I was jest wantin' ter say goodbye,' she ses kinder short-winded an' weak like, an' not lookin' Tony straight in the eye.

'You was sayin' hit looked like I thought I owned the earth,' Tony ses.

'No — no, sir!' the woman answers right quick. 'No, Mister Beaver, sir, I did n't reely say hit, you — you jest *thought* I did.'

'I don't own the earth,' ses Tony, '*the earth owns me!'*

'Yes, sir, yes — so I sees,' the woman ses, speakin' right small an' meek, fer she could still see the look er that gray cliff hangin' outer Tony's face, an' mountain ridges, an' forest trees blowin' in the wind at the back of his eyes, an' the sight of hit made her powerful anxious ter git on back home. 'An' now, ef yer please,' she ses, 'I'll be much erbliged ef you'll jest have the hands ter take me on down the river — while — while *the river's thar,*' she ses; fer she was powerful oneasy fer fear hit would go in the ground ergin, an' ef hit did, she jest did n't know how in the world she'd ever git back ter whar she come from.

Wal, Tony he had the hands ter ride her down the river in the finest style, an' she went on back ter Maine er Spain, er whichever place hit was she come from. But I've heared tell she was er changed woman from then on, an' that she allus 'lowed there was *some* things er person could n't never onderstand less 'n they'd been up Eel River an' seen Tony Beaver face ter face.

An' *that's* the way they do
In the Eel River crew!

# HANDS

BY ARCHIBALD MacLEISH

Emperors, prophets, priests, named one by one,
Great names of prophets who foretold the sun,
Names of great emperors whose armies won —
These are but names and, being named, are done.

But you are never dust, that had no name,
Nor any honor in your ages' fame;
You that were ageless and all times the same.

You raised the stones that lie at Eridu,
Petra you built, where once the date-palm grew;
And Egypt's pyramids, that cannot say

What king they house, nor what his death and day,
Nor how he lived, are eloquent of you,
Naked and nameless modelers of clay.

You have no monument, yet every king
Who built a tomb for his remembering
Built with the marble you could hew and bring;

And every conqueror who set a tower
To mark forever his triumphal power
Marked but your skill that labored there an hour;

And every prophet who cried out the Word
Cried only meanings that your hearts had heard,
Hearing the twilight silence and the bird.

And when these cities made of steel and stone
Are choked with earth and vaguely overblown,
Nothing will rest of all that now they own,
No fame, no wonder, but your hands alone.

# 'MORALIZING STRAINS'

BY ROBERT M. GAY

In the days of my youth, among the so-called senior subjects in college there was always a course in moral philosophy. Nowadays it is called ethics, but I do not believe it is really the same thing. Ethics sounds like a much lighter, a more frivolous subject than moral philosophy. However, I cannot tell. I took that course in moral philosophy in my senior year (students always 'take' courses, probably by analogy with taking medicine), and, when I had taken it, my dear old professor told me with a catch in his voice that I had been positively his worst student in the subject. 'I have had some pretty bad ones in my day, but I really think you take the cake.'

'But you passed me, Professor,' said I, thinking I had him.

'Passed you! Confound you, of course I passed you,' he replied. 'Do you suppose I wanted you all over again?'

Now I had a great respect for my professor, because no one had ever told me so many home-truths without any hard feeling on either side; and for that reason I forbore to ask him whether, in view of his reason for passing me, his own morals did not seem a little mixed. Besides, I knew that he would cheerfully agree. Teaching moral philosophy as he did, he took, in real life, an innocent pleasure in pretending to be immoral. And so I left him without further argument, merely recalling to my own mind how many times he had told us that moral philosophy was the most theoretical of subjects.

Nevertheless, as we are likely to do with many subjects that we study — or, shall we say, take? — in college, I have wished ever since that I had not been the worst student ever known to my professor; for nowadays, when we are hearing so much about the New Morality, it would be at least handy even once to have known something about the Old Morality — in a systematic and philosophical way, I mean. But I never studied the latter, as my professor seems to have discovered; and, as a consequence, I have never been able to determine whether my own morality is of the new variety or the old. And I seem never to have time to read up and find out. After leaving college, one goes on working from day to day, being good or bad by rule of thumb, and never being quite sure whether one's morals are even up-to-date, until one fine day some youngster, whose morals are of the very latest model, comes along and calls one Victorian, or something terrible like that; and then one is filled with chagrin, and spends the rest of the day mourning over one's lost opportunities.

Such ignorance is the more unfortunate in one of my generation. We who grew up in the peaceful eighteen-seventies and eighties are somewhat in the pathetic case of the man who, when asked whether he liked white meat, replied: 'I don't know. When I was a child my father always got it, and now I am a father, my children always get it.' We were born after the old morality had lost a good deal of its fine fury,

and before the new morality had been popularized by certain novelists; and I ascribe to this cause a certain levity which I seem to detect in my coevals. We apparently lack the preternatural solemnity of both our grandfathers and our grandchildren, and lacking it, it is hard to see how we can ever amount to much. Sidney Smith recognized the danger when he pointed out that, contrary to the laws of physics, his brother had risen in life through gravity and he himself had sunk through levity. For it is the man who can say 'an undisputed thing in such a solemn way' who gets on in the world. A light mind is a practical misfortune. I envy a speaker who can say, 'Life is superficial because it is spent too much on the surface,' with so wise an air that his hearers all breathe, 'How true!' He will go far.

But to return to moral philosophy, which, when I was a senior, impressed me as the most solemn of subjects. Ignorant as I am, I may be all wrong when I say that it seems to me that nobody dares to be as moral nowadays as almost everybody did, say, a hundred years ago. We were pretty moral in my youth — much more so than to-day; but nothing to what people were in 1820.

In that simple era the New Morality and Higher Ethics had never been heard of; and, as a consequence, everybody knew exactly what was moral and what was not. The people of that day would have been extremely puzzled by many of the problems propounded in our contemporary plays and novels. Running off with another man's wife, for example, was a custom or habit which they could never excuse, for they had not come to realize how exceedingly complex, and even intricate, the motives may be which lead one to do it. For them it simply was not right; and if anyone in the neighborhood did it, they did not hesitate to write a letter to the newspaper and say what they thought of him. They were too primitive to realize how difficult it is to decide for or against so unconventional an action, or how many biological, psychological, sociological, and economic questions one must consider before one can do it with a clear conscience. In their day, of course, men did run off with other men's wives, just as they do to-day; but they seem to have done so impulsively, and they would have been quick to admit that in doing so they were immoral. The burden of public opinion upon ardent souls was, therefore, much more severe than it is upon our contemporary heroes and heroines, who live in an age of acute intellectuality.

And yet, for the great mass of souls that were not particularly ardent, the period must have been a comfortable one to live in. For even though their own moral problems might at times seem intricate, those of their neighbors were always very simple; and when they spoke of their neighbors' actions they always had one definite rule to guide them — 'A thing is either right or it is n't.' In a world which is complex enough, at best, to have even one rule so easy to apply is a great convenience; and it seems possible that the rarity of neurasthenia among them can be traced to their possession of so simple a formula.

Especially to be envied is the father of the period, because he could plant himself on his hearth-rug, with his legs apart and his hands under his coat-tails, and thunder moral remarks at his children without any fear of being interrupted. There is nothing that gives one such a sense of well-being as to thunder moral remarks at somebody; but the opportunities for doing so are becoming fewer and fewer. Now and then, in an advertisement in a magazine we see a well-fed and well-pre-

served man of middle age sitting behind an office desk and pointing a finger at a group of cringing operatives, as an illustration of what a course in will-power can do for one; and we see at a glance that he is being moral with all his might, and is, consequently, a happy man. But in real life we rarely see any one do that — certainly never a father. When it is necessary for the modern father to be moral, he tries to be jovial rather than Jovian, and insinuative rather than incendiary. He begins his homily with some such preamble as, 'Not to seem to preach,' or 'Not to pose as an oracle,' or 'With no desire to appear omniscient'; and, as like as not, the son or daughter who is listening breaks in encouragingly, 'That's right. Don't come the heavy father, that's a good fellow,' or, 'That's a dear old thing.'

Who could be moral after that? And is it really quite fair? The modern father has few enough pleasures in any event, and it seems as if he might have been permitted to keep this little one of thundering at his family now and then. No one ever paid much attention to him anyway, even in 1820; but he got an innocent pleasure out of it, as well as an abiding sense of security out of feeling his feet planted firmly on the eternal rock of fundamental right and wrong. He said proudly, 'I am an old-fashioned man'; and all the other fathers cried, 'Hear, hear!' To-day he prefaces his remarks to his family with the phrase, 'I may be old-fashioned, but — '; and the younger generation giggles.

In 1820 folk admired not only a man who was moral, but a Moral Man, and that is not inevitably the same thing. A Moral Man not only had convictions, but was not afraid to air them in public. 'I, sir, am a Moral Man,' he said; and his wife did not hesitate to proclaim herself a Moral Woman. It is about a hundred years since Lord Melbourne made his famous remark that 'Things have come to a pretty pass when religion is allowed to invade the sphere of private life,' feeling, apparently, that solemnity should be reserved for ceremonial occasions. In the noble lord's day, religion and morals, whatever else they might be, were official.

It was a period of the obvious, when people not only expected to be moralized over, at, and to, but seem to have liked it. They liked to read poems which ended, 'So live, that when thy summons comes to join'; or, 'I would that thus, when I shall see The hour of death draw near to me'; or 'Let us then, be up and doing'; or 'Thanks, thanks, to thee, my worthy friend, For the lesson thou hast taught.' A poem seemed properly wound up, applied, and clinched when at the close it rose from the artistic particular to the ethical general, and gave them a neat rule of conduct to remember. They might have their Keats and Shelley, but most of them read their Mrs. Barbauld, L. E. L., and Mrs. Hemans; and their avidity for instruction gave employment to a large class of industrious poets, who spent their days pondering over flowers, butterflies, autumn leaves, larks, and nightingales, in order to extract from these little pagans the most irreproachable Christian sentiments. The pendulum of time has swung so far that the most advanced of our poets today would rather express nothing at all in a poem than express a sentiment.

But in nothing is the revolution more marked than in the attitude of men toward women. Men have always liked to preach to women, even more than to children; and one of the now vanishing pleasures of husbands has been an owlish solemnity in the presence of their wives' frivolities. The modern husband is careful not to be solemn

often on moral topics, because of the modern wife's curious assumption that she knows as much in that field as he. In the old days, whatever a wife might think on this head, she seems to have kept discreetly to herself. In 1720, to go back no further, she expected to be insulted, arrogantly though neatly, as a matter of course. 'Nothing so true,' said one man of that era (though he was, I must admit, a bachelor), —

Nothing so true as what you once let fall,
'Most women have no characters at all.'
Matter too soft a lasting mark to bear,
And best distinguished by black, brown, or fair.

. . . . .

In men, we various ruling passions find;
In women, two almost divide the kind:
Those, only fixed, they first or last obey,
The love of pleasure and the love of sway.

. . . . .

Men, some to business, some to pleasure take;
But every woman is at heart a rake:
Men, some to quiet, some to public strife;
But every lady would be queen for life.

In 1922, equally critical but less brave, we write novels in which we can express the most devastating opinions about the sex through the mouths of our characters; and the ladies read them, just as they did the couplets of 1720. But in 1820, men did the thing archly, with a kind of ogling tenderness, as who should say, 'Weaker vessels, timorous creatures; they need our guidance, but let us be gentle'; and they sometimes achieved a degree of solemnity without parallel. In such virtuous moments they produced something like this: —

Ye lovely Fair, while flowery chaplets bind
Your youthful brows, and o'er the verdant paths
Of gently gliding life ye graceful sweep,
Arrayed in purple pride; as on your breast
The diamond shines, and in your floating train
The ruby glows, and emeralds around
Beset the flying robe; while dazzling thus
In Orient pomp, forgive if yet the Muse,
In moralizing strains, essays to draw
The evening veil o'er all the glittering show.
Vain is their blaze, which, like the noontide day,
Dazzles the eye; so flaunt the gaudy flowers
In vernal glory, wide diffusing round
Their odoriferous sweets, and shoot profuse
Their blossoms forth, and flourish in their May,
In Nature's livery clad; but when the sun
Beams in his pride, they droop their blushing heads,
Their blossoms wither, and their varied tints
Fade with his sultry rays. Behold, ye Fair,
Your gay delusions; read in Nature's book
Their transitory life, how quickly fleets
The dream of pleasure.
So beauty fades, so fleets its showy life,
As droops the lily, clad in all its pride
Of rich array.

I am inclined to think that this is the worst poem in the English language, and is, to that extent, worthy of admiration. It has, at any rate, given me more pleasure than many poems of great fame. The meaning of the lines seems to be, Set not your heart on jewelry; and the author used the poor little flowers as a horrible example, because moralists have always loved to do that. But I am especially taken with the way in which he rises on successive waves of emotion, like an aeronaut executing a series of 'zooms,' or like Mrs. Raddles going upstairs; and with his manner of marshaling his nouns, each leading its adjectives by the hand, like a young ladies' academy of the period, out for a promenade. The extreme delicacy of his mind — soft as his subject — is also beyond all praise. I feel sure that the composition gave him a pleasure such as no man can know to-day.

One can picture him in starched neckcloth, ruffled shirt-front, and black smalls, as he watches his wife ('Pretty, childish creature,' he murmurs) putting on her bracelets, rings, and necklaces, and then takes his pen in hand and, his brain buzzing with poetic echoes, invokes the Muse in moralizing strains. A moment's sentimental musing, and all is done. Nothing remains but to write. 'T is as easy as lying. For in 1820 writing poetry was an art within

the reach of all men. Given a thought sufficiently didactic, memory could be trusted to do the rest; and phrases like 'flowery chaplets,' 'verdant paths,' 'purple pride,' 'floating train,' 'orient pomp,' 'flying robe,' 'glittering show,' 'odoriferous sweets,' 'shoot profuse,' 'Nature's livery,' 'blushing heads,' and 'transitory life,' would flow from the pen as freely as the ink.

But nowadays the writing of poetry has become such hard work that there is no pleasure in it. So long as a poet sought only to be instructive, his brain could secrete lines as the liver bile; but now the art is so hedged about by unreasonable restrictions that Solemnity has ceased altogether to court the Muse. Their final separation, doubtless on the ground of incompatibility, seems to have occurred about the year 1840, when Philip James Bailey published his *Festus* and Martin Farquhar Tupper his *Proverbial Philosophy;* and since the birth of these portentous prodigies of longwindedness, Solemnity has sought another spouse.

Looking over the world to-day to discover his latest affinity, one seems to find her in Psychology. He has had other passing fancies meanwhile, for mankind has always to be solemn about something, and during the industrial revolution he was much taken with her dismal sister-science, Political Economy; but it is appropriate that, in an intellectual era like ours, he should be particularly struck by the somewhat indefinite charms of the science of mind, especially since Religion and Morals are not in vogue.

A consideration of this latest liaison leads one to suspect that men are always solemn over something that is abstract, and most solemn when they know least about it. A professional psychologist will chirp merrily enough over his science; but not so a business man, who has recently discovered the psychology of business. There was a time when business was a somewhat light and airy activity, but to-day there is nothing over which one can shake one's head more darkly or speak with more esoteric depth. The melancholy change is due to the appearance in business of certain long words. Our grandfathers spoke crudely of using the brains one was born with, where we speak of the psychology of efficiency, or the science of industrial management. Simple souls, who feel the weight of too much mystery, flee from it daily to the links or the bleachers; but during office hours they never deviate into mirth. Outside of business, solemnity seems to flourish most greenly in our political journals, where the style most cultivated is the oracular. This is the more interesting because of all subjects politics seems to be the last on which it is safe to be oracular, and to be the one most provocative of levity.

It seems probable, on the whole, that the hearth-rug on which our forefathers used to make clear the rightness of right and the wrongness of wrong will never lack an occupant. The ladies, who were insulted in 1720 and moralized over in 1820, are doubtless still listening with the sweet patience that has always characterized them. They know that all men to be happy must occasionally be solemn, and that some men, like Mr. Waddington of Wyck, must be solemn all the time. They themselves are never solemn, perhaps because a big word never fills them with awe and because they have a devastating habit of stripping verbiage down to the grain of common sense that may lie hidden within it. Throughout the ages the world has retained its aplomb because of this fine natural balance of the sexes. If ever women should take to being solemn — but the thought is too disturbing even to toy with.

# EUGÉNIE DE GUÉRIN AND DOROTHY WORDSWORTH

BY GEORGE McLEAN HARPER

## I

A CERTAIN young woman wrote in her diary one March morning: —

He has a nice bright day. It was hard frost in the night. The Robins are singing sweetly. Now for my walk. I *will* be busy. I *will* look well and be well when he comes back to me. O the darling! Here is one of his bitten apples. I can hardly find it in my heart to throw it into the fire.

Another young woman, on a February day, in a different country, many years later, wrote in her diary: —

That you are no longer here seems to me impossible. I keep telling myself you will come back, and yet you are far-away, and your shoes, those two empty feet in your bedroom, stand perfectly still. I stare at them and love them.

One would suppose that the man who had left the bitten apple and the man who had worn the shoes were lovers or husbands of the writers; but, in fact, it was a sister in each case who penned these words about an absent brother. Between Dorothy Wordsworth, in the North of England, romancing about her poet brother William, who had gone away for three days to a neighboring village, and Eugénie de Guérin, in the South of France, pining for her poet brother Maurice, who had long been in Paris, there is at least a superficial resemblance. But they were most alike in the height and purity of their characters — a springing height and exquisite purity, which set them apart even from other most delicate and lofty spirits.

Sixty years ago, Matthew Arnold, who was always trying to interest his countrymen in the finer aspects of French life, and to that end kept his eye upon current French criticism, was attracted to the literary remains of Eugénie de Guérin by one of Sainte-Beuve's *Causeries du Lundi*. Nothing could be slighter in bulk or, seemingly, in importance than the fragmentary poetry, the letters, and the journal which are all that we have of her writings; yet Sainte-Beuve, who might justly have professed to know the highest and tenderest things recorded by the pens of Frenchwomen, said that the little volume, *Reliquiæ*, was filled with sweet and lofty thought, and called its author a rare person.

Her life was brief and obscure. She was born in 1805, of a family rich in a noble name and the possession of an old château at Le Cayla, in Languedoc, but so impoverished that they hid there rather than flourished. She had a brother five years younger than herself, who, after a period of religious and scholastic retirement with Lamennais, in Brittany, had gone to Paris, seeking a channel there for his pure, yet by no means copious, stream of poetic genius. He was her pride and joy, though his prolonged absence from the shelter of home, his experience of unbelief, and the failure of his health caused her to live under the shadow of a hovering

distress. From her dim retreat in the mountains of the Cévennes, his existence amid the glare of Paris seemed full of danger to body and soul. She tremblingly felt that his acquaintances there, scholars and literary people, belonged to the 'world,' and that his ambitions were unhallowed. The contrast between her life, deepening at home and growing ever more quiet there, and his, who had ventured forth into change and temptation, is full of pathos.

Her writings have but two subjects — this brother Maurice, and the religious faith which tortured her with apprehension while he was alive, and supported her through the blankness left by his early death, in 1839. She survived him less than ten years, endeavoring in vain to bring out an edition of his fragments of prose and verse. They have since been published, and her judgment of their quality has been confirmed by the best French critics. I remember the delight with which, in my undergraduate days, I read what I still regard as Arnold's most charming pages — his essays on Maurice and Eugénie de Guérin. With their copious quotations from the journals of brother and sister, they introduced me, as he desired to introduce his readers, to a peculiarly refined and elevated region of French life, — a nook perhaps rather than a region, — such as one could not discover in French fiction, though, as I did not then know, places like it may be found in French memoirs.

Mr. George Saintsbury, in his rough, hurried style, stupidly grumbles: 'One may marvel, and almost grow angry at the whim which made Mr. Arnold waste two whole essays on an amiable and interesting person like Eugénie de Guérin and a mere nobody like her brother. They are very pretty essays in themselves. . . . Seventy-two mortal pages of Mr. Arnold's, at his very best time, wasted on a brother and sister who happened to be taken up by Sainte-Beuve!' Mr. Saintsbury continues: 'Even in the Guérin pieces, annoyance at the waste of first-rate power on tenth-rate people need not wholly blind us to the grace of the exposition and to the charming eulogy of "distinction" at the end.' —

'The Guérin pieces'! What elegant rhetoric! 'Tenth-rate people'! What discernment, and what amenity!

With no encouragement, then, from Mr. Saintsbury, but heartened by the company of two 'strong siding champions,' Sainte-Beuve and Arnold, I venture to say that her poor little fragments of writing show Eugénie de Guérin to have been a very distinguished woman, indeed.

Beauty, wisdom, power, distinction, — the rarest of these is distinction. It is a quality, not an attribute, and generally an inherent grace rather than a faculty acquired. It has a negative and a positive element. The negative element is entire freedom from vulgarity; and this freedom consists, to use part of St. James's definition of true religion, in keeping one's self unspotted from the world. One has but to reflect upon this phrase, to perceive that it means living true to one's self or to standards recommended by something other than the world's approval. If a man is either attracted or abashed by practices to which he cannot give genuine assent, he is vulgar. Thousands of persons, especially among the lowly, are free from vulgarity. They live boldly, not fearing the opinion of others. They do not seek to rise in any way by affecting to be different from what they are. But distinction is uncommon, because, upon this negative basis of freedom from vulgarity, it requires that an elevated character shall stand; and the elevation must be intellectual as well as moral. In a dis-

tinguished character there will be found, on the one hand, unusual knowledge, judgment, or taste, and, on the other, unusual energy, patience, kindness, courage, love of truth, or some other eminent virtue.

That Eugénie de Guérin was one of these rare persons, a few extracts from her journal will suffice to make evident. It will be observed, too, by anyone who is at all well acquainted with French life, that, notwithstanding the obscurity in which her short years were passed and the lonely heights on which her spirit dwelt, she represents much that is peculiar to the French race and much that is inherent in the Catholic ideal. The soul of France, with its possibilities and its limitations, is as roundly epitomized in this quiet young woman as in her celebrated admirer, Madame George Sand, for example, or Madame de Staël, or Madame Roland.

## II

As one reads her journal, there rises, foot by foot, a picture of the dilapidated château, with its somewhat pinched and meagre housekeeping, its wild surroundings, the domestic servants and farm-hands, the dogs and cattle, the visiting priests, the rare passers-by. The touches that compose it fall lightly from her pen and are so rubbed over with religious coloring that it is impossible to pick them out and show them here. She has a very direct and intimate approach to nature, and it is not impossible that she was cheery and helpful and went laughing through the wide, bare rooms, though the journal tells much of tears and yearning. She had few distractions. The monotony of her daily round gave time to note many little details, which would have been overlooked by a woman less simply occupied, and from them she drew lessons which she appropriated with gratitude. The poise of her mind was almost perfect because her faith was firm. The poise of her feelings was altogether perfect, because her love had one supreme object. Only when her love seemed to be in conflict with her faith was the balance disturbed.

Without being in the least discontented with her domestic duties, in a solitary country-house in which whole days were spent with no more lively incident than a call from some passing beggar, she kept her heart fixed upon the saints and upon God and upon her absent brother. Though keenly perceptive of natural beauty, she would not dwell upon it with frank delight unless in some way she might connect it with religion. Describing her conception of a Christian, she writes to Maurice: —

> Through tears or festivals, he journeys onward toward Heaven; his goal is there, and what he encounters on the way cannot turn him aside. Do you suppose that, if I were running to you, a flower in my path or a thorn in my foot would stop me?

She shrinks from attempting to penetrate the secrets of nature, however much they solicit her imagination. On a moonlit night, when her sister and other girls are singing, laughing, playing beside the brook that flowed beneath her window, she sits alone, writing to her brother: —

> I could spend the whole night here, describing what is to be seen and heard in my sweet little room — the things that come and visit me, little insects black as night, little moths spotted and slashed with color, fluttering about my lamp as if they were mad. There is one burning, one flying off, one coming, another returning, and my table is covered with a sort of moving dust. How many inhabitants in so small a space! A word with one of them, a look at one, a question about its family, its life, its country, would lead us off into infinity. I had better say my prayers here at my window, before the infinity of Heaven.

Similarly, she chooses books and avoids books with a view to the salvation of her soul rather than the gratification of curiosity or taste. After long hesitation, she decides to read Hugo's *Notre Dame de Paris*, excusing herself for so bold a step by saying: 'It is not to acquire knowledge, but to lift my soul that I read; everything is to me a ladder by which to climb to Heaven.' She sets down the titles of the volumes in her little library, chiefly books of devotion, sermons, lives of saints, with a few of those poets, notably Racine and Lamartine, who were considered free from worldly taint. This deliberate narrowness in one so sweet and generally so wholesome affects the reader unpleasantly; yet she states but the truth when she laments the pride and vanity of authors.

> Oh! if these illustrious writers had begun with a lesson in humility, they would not have made so many errors or so many books. Pride hatches such a number of books; and just see what fruit they produce, and into how many a maze these mazed men lead us!

Otherworldliness, or the fear of this world and the planting of one's hopes in a world to come, is not a characteristic of Puritanism only; it is as truly a Catholic trait, not to mention the mystical religions of Asia. We see it in this young girl's account of her feelings on receiving a letter from her brother's intimate friend, the Breton poet La Morvonnais: —

> My heart is moved, penetrated, filled, by the letter I received this morning from M. de la Morvonnais: he speaks to me of Marie [his dead wife], of another world, of his sorrows, of you, brother, of death, of all the things I love so much. That is why these letters give me a pleasure which I feared I should feel too keenly, because all pleasure is to be feared.

Not without a faint sense of shame at her own credulity, and yet stubbornly defending herself, she writes: —

> I have just hung about my neck a medal of the Holy Virgin, which Louise sent me as a preventive of cholera. It is the medal that they say has performed so many miracles. It is not an article of faith to believe this, but does no harm.

Nothing, perhaps, could do more harm, in the long run, than the indifference to rational evidence of which this remark is an example; but in the presence of so gentle a creature, one shrinks from being censorious. She overflows with approval of the sacrament of confession, not perceiving, or not admitting to herself, that loneliness and a natural feminine instinct to seek the moral support of a masculine mind may have something to do with the confidence she reposes in her confessor. She goes on pilgrimage to 'sacred places,' though realizing apparently that such conduct *is* superstitious. She is distressed by the free-thinking which has penetrated even the mountain recesses of the Cévennes, and cries out against two gentlemen who find it absurd to fast, to believe in original sin, and to venerate images; and is particularly vexed that some of the illiterate country-folk have been discussing theology. She is opposed to schools, and thinks it enough that the poor should be taught 'religion.'

It is hard to believe that such ideas were entertained by an educated Frenchwoman in 1837, by a woman, moreover, whose brother was a disciple of the liberal theologian Lamennais, and moved in the literary circles of Paris. Maurice had been one of the group of earnest seekers who followed the prophet of a new social order to his retreat at La Chênaie in Brittany. From Lamennais he learned that obedience to Jesus means to love our fellow men, and that this love leads to God and is the essence of religion, no matter

how many entanglements the churches may have spun over the simple though difficult truth, so attractive in our best moments, and so repulsive to our selfish hearts.

How close to each other in spirit, yet how far apart in rational experience, Eugénie and Maurice were, can be gathered from one of her appeals to him on the subject of prayer: —

My dear, I wish I could see you pray like a good child of God. What would it cost you? You have naturally a loving soul; and what is prayer but love, a love that flows out from the soul like water from a fountain? You know that better than I do. M. de Lamennais has on this subject said divine things, which must have penetrated your heart if you heard them, but unfortunately he has said other things too, which I fear have hindered their good effect. What a calamity, once more, what a calamity, that you are under the influence of that erring genius! Poor Maurice, let us think no more about it all.

Apprehensive, reactionary, obscurantist, no doubt she was; yet it is precisely her quiet aloofness, the integrity and unity of her spirit, her detachment from current fashions of thought, that give her the tone of distinction which breathes through the pages of her journal. There is something which, if not admirable, at least strikes us dumb with a sort of amazed respect, in the firmness with which she narrows her mental outlook. She is willing to forgo experience for the sake of faith, to forgo modernness and the sense of solidarity with her own generation, for the sake of beliefs very old and in her opinion venerable — breadth for the sake of height. And that there was not always mere loss in the exchange is shown in many a fine and penetrating remark, such as that 'prayer is too often an effort to impose our will upon the will of God,' whereas prayer of the right kind is 'a submissive desire'; or her sensible statement: 'When I feel or see affection growing faint, I hasten to revive it.'

No doubt there was a romantic element in her religion; to dwell upon the emotions associated with religious practices,to yield to them freely, to express them beautifully, gave her an æsthetic satisfaction. Perhaps there was moral unsoundness in this; intelligence was subordinated to feeling, and feeling was too often disconnected with action. But her love for her brother Maurice was both sound and romantic. In this love, both reason and will had their full scope; yet it was adorned with all the graces of imagination, hope, and memory. One entry in her journal reads: — 'I have just spent the night writing to you. Day has supplanted candlelight, and it's not worth while to go to bed. Oh! if father knew!' And next day she adds:

How quickly, dear, last night flew by, when I was writing to you! Dawn appeared when I thought it was only midnight; yet it was three o'clock, and I had seen many stars cross the sky; for from my table I see the sky, and from time to time I look up and consult it, and it seems that an angel dictates to me.

The old-fashioned simplicity of her life, as well as her constant yearning for Maurice, appears in many a jotting like this: 'I was milking a ewe just now. Oh! the good ewe's milk of Le Cayla, and how I wished you could have some!' Slight as are these traces of her character, they contain something unique, a rare fineness, a different tone from that which the world imposes upon its devotees. If they retain any value after the lapse of nearly ninety years, it is because of their distinction and for a reason also which Eugénie herself expressed in a luminous phrase: 'Do you care, my dear, for this notebook, in which I wrote two years ago? It is all old now, but *the things of the heart are eternal.*'

## III

A woman equally free from the vulgarity which is worldliness, of equally fine moral texture, and of higher intellect, was Dorothy Wordsworth. It is not without a clear purpose that I associate her with Eugénie de Guérin, though at first the connection may seem slight. There is an obvious parallel, and a less obvious but more instructive divergence between them.

Each was born and reared in a remote mountainous region, secluded and primitive. If Mademoiselle de Guérin's family was of ancient nobility, Miss Wordsworth's was what is called in the north country 'gentle.' Each remained unmarried and poured out upon a brother the love of her whole heart. In each case the brother was a poet, and went through a heart-shaking religious crisis in early manhood. Each of the sisters was endowed with keen powers of observation, which she delighted to exercise; each was aware of a life or soul in nature; each felt the possibility of harmony between humanity and nature, though, as we have seen, Eugénie stood on her guard against acknowledging anything in favor of nature which might appear prejudicial to a religion of otherworldliness. Each was unaffectedly interested in the details of human activity as displayed in simple country life, and by the conduct of poor and uneducated people. Each was sensible of the value of 'minute particulars' — a trait more common in women than in men. Both possessed, though not in equal measure, the rare literary gift of exact, concise, original, unpretentious, imaginative expression.

There were, to be sure, differences of degree and circumstances, especially in the way they were able to serve their brothers. Dorothy seems to have had complete confidence in her William, and a belief that he was almost perfect. After his twenty-fifth and her twenty-fourth year, they were able to live together in constant intimacy, having defied their uncle and guardian, who, for quite plausible reasons, had long refused to let him visit her; and down to the beginning of old age, she had the happiness of knowing that her care and labors were contributing to the immortal achievement of a great poet. There is, therefore, little or no painfulness in her mention of him, though there are traces of profound anxiety and even acute grief, which she suffered when he determined to marry Mary Hutchinson after, as it would appear, considering himself for ten years bound to Annette Vallon. Apart from this, the record of Dorothy Wordsworth's relations with her beloved William is one of almost perfect happiness, and I am not aware that biography presents anything equal to it in this respect. It is a comfort to know that there was such a woman, that there was so full and happy a life; there seems to be some compensation here for humanity's imperfections and sorrows. Of what use are they, if here and there a flower of joy and beauty does not bloom? The foundation of Dorothy Wordsworth's happiness was her confidence in her brother's goodness, grace, and power.

Eugénie, on the other hand, was haunted by the fear that Maurice might lose his soul. Reticence on his part, and perhaps too great importunity on hers, sundered them to some extent in spirit; and his ambition to make his way in a larger field than Languedoc kept him from her through many long months. The record contains more pain than joy. We must remember that to alarm about his spiritual state was added the knowledge that he was suffering from consumption. When Dorothy was only twenty-one, in the terrible crisis when William told her about his entanglement with

Annette Vallon, she followed her sympathies and flew to the lovers' relief, took their part, treated Annette as a sister, and acted altogether in a most spontaneous and unconventional way. When Maurice offended against the principles of Le Cayla by turning his back on Catholicism, Eugénie could not stand at his side. Her arms received him when he stumbled home to die; but she could not look on him and say, 'I have seen of the travail of my soul and am satisfied.'

The divergences between the lives of these two women are very wide, and are significant of much — of racial difference, of the profound gulf between Protestantism and Catholicism, of the contrast between eighteenth-century rationalism and the reaction that weighed upon Europe between 1815 and 1848. Dorothy Wordsworth was a daughter of the dawn. The energy of England, the intellectual light of religious freedom, the hopefulness of the Revolution animate her letters and journals. She lived in the natural world of human affections, of reason, of fresh individual perceptions. Eugénie endeavored to establish contact at all points with the Catholic past and with a supernatural future, distrusting reason and her own senses, and standing upon tradition and external authority in cases of conflict. Dorothy represents English womanhood, or, for that matter, the womanhood of her generation of Americans, in its independence, its subordination of merely feminine instincts to those feelings which men and women have in common. What a man could read and think, she read and thought. Eugénie represents French womanhood in its full and constant consciousness of femininity. Dorothy Wordsworth is Protestant, in that she exercises her private judgment upon all questions of moral conduct. Indeed, her Protestantism is of a very extreme kind, for she seems almost unaware of any corporate religious forms and external religious authorities. She seldom mentions Bible, Church, or Priest. Impossible to think of her going to confession. Ridiculous to think of her wearing a medal to keep off the cholera.

Unlike the evangelical Englishwomen of her day, Dorothy seems little, or not at all, preoccupied with the idea of sin. It is to her and this freedom of hers, no doubt, that her brother refers in the second stanza of his 'Ode to Duty'; she was, in his mind, one of those naturally beautiful and good souls who, he hesitatingly imagined, do right by instinct and without moral striving:—

> There are who ask not if thine eye
> Be on them; who, in love and truth,
> Where no misgiving is, rely
> Upon the genial sense of youth:
> Glad Hearts! without reproach or blot
> Who do thy work, and know it not:
> Oh! if through confidence misplaced
> They fail, thy saving arms, dread Power! around them cast.

As the manuscript was first sent to the printer, the last two lines showed no misgiving; they were: —

> May joy be theirs while life shall last,
> And may a genial sense remain when Youth is past.

Dorothy, with her turn for realism and humor, must have disclaimed the perfection implied in the original stanza and have suggested changing the last two lines to the humble prayer they now are. A Christian she truly was, in humility, self-forgetfulness, and love of her fellow creatures; and all the more Christian, it seems to me, because she does not worry about the future of either her body or her soul.

Eugénie, on the other hand, is a Christian in the narrower sense, preoccupied with the ideas of temptation, sin, repentance, penance, forgiveness, divine retribution, and personal immortality. Though beautifully unselfish with respect to her brother, she is

religiously self-conscious, not through selfishness, but for conscience' sake; and when she catches herself taking an interest in active life or in nature, she is pathetically startled, as if it were a stolen pleasure.

Shy though she was, and spending her years in privacy, Dorothy Wordsworth sympathized with the Revolutionary movement, which was equalitarian and rationalistic. It is impossible for me to believe that she, with her high powers of intellect, could converse, day after day and through the long watches of many a night, with her brother and Coleridge, two scorned radicals, without consciously sharing, or else violently repudiating, their opinions. That she did not repudiate them is evident; and I can find nothing to indicate that she gave up the social and religious heresies of her youth when her companions sank back into apathy and conformity. She was thirty-four years old in 1805, when Eugénie de Guérin was born, and too settled in her mental habits and of too intrepid a temper to be much affected by the reaction which benumbed the younger generation.

To think of Dorothy Wordsworth as leading a life of seclusion would be to mistake quietness for inactivity; for in fact she was intellectually the least secluded woman in England. While well-bred and spiritually minded French girls were limited in their reading to a selection of the French classics and to books of piety, Dorothy ranged freely through literature, — English, Italian, French, and German, — making no distinction on grounds of mere refinement; devouring the best poetry and fiction her country had produced, from Chaucer to Scott, including the Elizabethan drama and the eighteenth-century novel. She was personally acquainted with a host of interesting persons, several of whom were among the leaders of the age — with her brothers William, Christopher, and John, with Coleridge, with Charles Lamb, with Wilberforce, who is said to have offered her his hand in marriage, with Hazlitt, with Thomas Clarkson, with John Wilson, with De Quincey, who worshiped her, with Southey, who was her neighbor, with Sir Walter Scott, with Charles Lloyd, with Sir Humphry Davy, Thomas Poole, John Thelwall, and Crabb Robinson; and among friends of her own sex she numbered the lively Jane Pollard, the public-spirited Mrs. Clarkson, Mary Lamb, and her own sister-in-law, Mary Hutchinson, William's wife, and Sara Hutchinson, whom Coleridge esteemed above all other women.

I think it is quite likely that she was socially the most highly privileged and intellectually the best-educated woman who crossed the divide between the eighteenth and the nineteenth centuries. That she was also the most permanently interesting woman writer of her generation in England, is also my opinion, and perhaps many readers would agree with me if her exquisite journals were more available. They were incorrectly edited by Professor Knight, who guessed wildly, or omitted deliberately, when he could not decipher words and phrases in her handwriting, which is by no means a difficult one; and, underestimating the value of her artless notes, he left out much that he considered trivial or unedifying. Even this imperfect edition of Dorothy's Alfoxden and Grasmere Journals is out of print.

The world is thus deprived of a gentle power that it can ill afford to lose. We want our daughters to be more fully aware than they are of the life of nature around them; to have a more solid education; to possess their souls in quietness; to understand the poor and humble and be kindly disposed toward them; to be free from vulgarity

which is worldliness; to read the best books and write with simplicity and charm; to realize that the highest personal distinction is compatible with the faithful and competent performance of household duties. It might help them to live thus, in the beautiful old-fashioned way, if they had Dorothy Wordsworth's journals at hand, in which to learn how lively and happy and deep and serene a woman's life may be.

I have gone over in my mind all the diaries, autobiographies, and collections of letters I have ever read, without finding one of them more capable of moulding the character of a girl. The educated young women of our time are too well instructed in history and science to be much edified by the timid reflections of the Languedocian recluse; but they would find in the frank maid of rocky Cumberland a helpful sister. She shrank from no truth. She was modern in her outlook, facing the future hopefully. She made a mark for herself in her station where she stood, accepting her brother's maxim, —

Shine, Poet, in thy place and be content.

And though she could speculate with the philosophers and dream with the reformers, her soul

The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

# PEARLS BORN AND MADE

BY LOUIS BOUTAN

## I

'Is it true that to-day genuine pearls can be made by man?'

I was recently asked this by a friend of mine who is an ardent tree-cultivator, but not widely acquainted with matters of science.

'No, they cannot,' I replied.

'But I thought you had explained in a long memorandum,' said he, 'that the Japanese were successful in producing genuine pearls by cultivation.'

'That's a different matter,' I returned. 'You are a good tree-cultivator, I know. In fact I have seen you graft shoots to barren pear trees. You obtained excellent fruit which would never have grown without your intervention; but do you pretend that you have made pears? No, you are fully aware that that is the business of the pear trees, and you content yourself with helping them as best you can; the Japanese do the same.'

'Then, the Japanese graft pearl-buds?'

'Quite so, only, instead of pear trees yielding pears, the Japanese have molluscs which bear pearls.'

Science is compelling economic and social adjustments almost daily, but here is one of the most curious results of her researches — the discovery of how to cultivate pearls which differ in no way from the natural products of the fisheries. Superficially a trivial matter, there are nice commercial and legal, if not ethical, questions that flow from the Japanese discovery. Can jewelers be

compelled to declare a cultivated pearl not genuine, when in all qualities it is identical with the natural product — in other words, declare a difference, where there is none?

And what effect will the ability of men to produce these jewels have on their market-value? Will the discovery invalidate the Scriptures, so that it becomes no longer foolish to cast pearls before swine? A key to these curious questions can be found in the qualities and life-history of the pearl itself.

What we have to know first is, that a pearl is genuine only if it fulfills two essential conditions: —

1. If it has been produced by a certain tissue of a mollusc;

2. If it shows a certain number of qualities of surface, which give it what is called its lustre.

Genuine pearls can be produced only by molluscs. This is an essential condition — though not the only one. The tissue of the mollusc, which forms both the pearl and the mother-of-pearl of the shell, is such a perfect laboratory that man can only imitate its production very clumsily, by the means offered to him in industry. As the mollusc is the only animal that possesses this laboratory, a pearl made either by man, or by an animal other than a mollusc, will be an imitation, a counterfeit, a false pearl.

Thus an imitation pearl-necklace, if well manufactured, can give the illusion of genuineness, even to an expert, if he is at four or five yards distance; but if he takes the necklace in his hands, and examines it under a strong magnifying glass, its artificial qualities are at once apparent. Molluscs, so to speak, have the monopoly of genuine pearls, and the control over their production. And yet not all molluscs are able to make pearls. In my childhood a story used to be told of a beautiful maiden who, going to the fountain to fetch water, showed kindness to an old woman by giving her a drink. Now, the old woman was a powerful fairy, and to reward the girl for her kindness of heart, made her a gift. Whenever the girl spoke, pearls proceeded from her mouth, mixed with her speech. This manner of pearl-production always seemed to me a very great inconvenience in conversation; but however that may be, the girl had a wicked sister who, anxious to receive the same gift, also went to the fountain. But she showed herself impolite to the old woman, and the fairy punished her by causing serpents and toads, and not pearls, to issue from her mouth.

It is much the same with molluscs. Some can produce pearls and others can produce only a meaner substance — mother-of-pearl. It should be noted that it is the same organ of the mollusc which ordinarily produces the mother-of-pearl and exceptionally the genuine pearl.

After long years of research in Japan, Mr. Mikimoto succeeded in producing pearls with the variety of pearl-producing oysters called 'Meleagrina Martensi Dunker.' We shall see further on, that these pearls show all the external characteristics of the natural Japanese pearls, and are obtained by an operation of animal grafting.

The clever operator envelops a little nucleus of mother-of-pearl in a fragment of the external tissue of a Meleagrina that is sacrificed. This nucleus is then introduced by means of a delicate operation into the deeper tissues of the graft-bearing oyster, and after six or seven years a complete pearl is born.

## II

The preceding statements were necessary to make a useful and practical comparison between natural and cultivated pearls. Natural pearls can be classed as such only if they possess

certain characteristics of very unequal value. Some of these, such as the elasticity and the density, can give useful indications, but they will always remain secondary and acquire value only when complementary to other characteristics that exclude rather than confirm. I mean that a pearl which has the elasticity, the density, the hardness, even the chemical composition of a pearl, may not of necessity be genuine. But the absence of one of these characteristics would tend to prove its falsity. The examination of its density, for instance, in the case of a pearl which we suspect to be hollow, will help to prove this serious imperfection, and yet will not force us to the conclusion that this pearl can not be classed as genuine.

Such is not the case with certain qualities of surface, where we find the true characteristics of a genuine pearl.

I say *certain* qualities of surface, and not *all* qualities, because several of them — shape, size, and color, for instance — though very important, are not fundamental. A fine pearl is generally spherical; but some expensive pearls have a more or less elongated form, pear-shaped, for instance. A white pearl is highly esteemed by the jewelers; a pearl of a slightly yellow color is considered of great value; and certain gray or black pearls are particularly in demand by reason of their rarity.

The true characteristic qualities of surface are brilliance, lustre, and orient, the last two constituting the 'water of the pearl.' If we examine either with the naked eye, or with a magnifying-glass of a maximum power of two diameters, we can only distinguish a surface of a polished and smooth appearance; but this surface gives several impressions which we can classify as follows. It has: —

1. Brilliance, which shows itself by a luminous speck if the pearl is placed by itself on a horizontal surface.

2. Lustre, the appearance the pearl gives of being like velvet, together with the quality of iridescence.

3. Orient, revealed by an impression of depth in the midst of warm tonality.

The examination of intact complete pearls of Japanese cultivation shows that they possess identically the same characteristics as natural genuine pearls. Examining the surface of a number of these pearls with the microscope, and comparing them with the natural Japanese pearls, I could not detect a difference of any importance. Had I not been in possession of a certificate of their origin and, in many instances, of a section of the pearl, I should have been quite unable to state which were natural and which were cultivated.

It is easy to understand that, under these conditions, a jeweler with his magnifying glass, or a scientist with his microscope, can make no distinction whatever between a natural Japanese pearl and a cultivated one, without sawing or cutting the pearl into fragments, which is a rather drastic method of investigation. The only difference between a natural and a cultured pearl lies in the nucleus. If we cut pearls into sections a real difference appears. A complete cultivated pearl, sawn in two, reveals the presence of a large nucleus (generally mother-of-pearl) surrounded by concentric layers of pearl substance. This nucleus, in spite of its size, represents, in weight and volume, but a small portion of the pearl.

If we compare sections of the two pearls, we discover that the nucleus, giving birth to the natural pearl, is much smaller. It forms but a tiny black spot, around which concentric layers are formed, yellower and darker than the layers of the periphery. This fact has often been noticed in cut pearls, so that we may say that around the primitive nucleus of the natural pearl (the black spot) there is a kind of

secondary nucleus, as big as the mother-of-pearl nucleus in cultivated pearls.

I wondered if this difference, which has its importance but which we can notice only if the pearl is divided into two or more parts, could have an influence on the exterior qualities of the pearl. Does the nucleus influence the beauty of the pearl? I made a series of experiments on this subject, by removing the mother-of-pearl and substituting several nuclei of different colors. I reached definite conclusions: the characteristics of the nucleus cannot furnish a test of the genuineness of a pearl, and have no direct influence upon its beauty.

Can cultivated pearls be obtained without a mother-of-pearl nucleus?

Through Mr. L. Pohl, the importer of culture pearls, I recently received for study a sample of a pearl cut in two, which bore the label: 'pearl obtained by cultivation without mother-of-pearl nucleus (the two halves together weigh 13.68 grammes).'

This fine, irregularly pear-shaped sample is a little over half an inch long. It bears on its broadened extremity two longitudinal furrows, and on the right side of the wider part, a small black swelling. Its external characteristics differentiate it from the Japanese pearls and bring it nearer to the pearls obtained with the big Meleagrina Margaritifera. From the point of view of external characteristics, it is a typical pearl. There is no trace of a mother-of-pearl nucleus, and all the pearl-layers are visibly concentric. The aspect of the section reminds us of natural pearls of an elongated type, where we often find a central granulous portion and a very large secondary nucleus. Nothing, either in the outward aspect, or in the appearance of the section which has been submitted to me, could distinguish it from a natural production.

Since then, I have had the opportunity of examining another sample of the same origin. It offers nearly the same characteristics, with a more regular appearance. Its exterior shows no imperfection; it is, like the other, a typical pearl in all its surface qualities, and the section is the same as that of many natural pearls of the elongated shape. There is nothing at all to distinguish it, either in surface or interior, from a natural product.

If, as I stated in my memorandum to the Academy, both samples really represent culture pearls, we have a definite answer to the question: 'Can we obtain cultivated pearls without a mother-of-pearl nucleus?' Unfortunately, even if one had on hand a great quantity of these new pearl samples, it would be difficult to state with certainty whether they were cultivated or natural; for even after sectioning the pearl, we have no better indications of its authenticity.

*Is it possible to compel dealers to certify that they are selling either natural or cultivated pearls?*

Such was the question recently put by Professor Cazeneuve, of the Faculty of Medicine and Pharmacy of Lyons, President of the French Society of Experts in Chemistry. Shortly after reviewing the present data on cultivated pearls, Professor Cazeneuve, without deciding between the different opinions, wrote as follows: 'I presume that the complete identity between natural and cultivated pearls has been sufficiently demonstrated. The proof is made. It is decisive. But the prejudice remains. The commercial value, very different for the pearls of the two different origins, remains also a prejudice, and we know the strength of prejudice. A question arises immediately. Has a tradesman the right, in consequence of their absolute identity, to substitute a cultivated for a natural or "wild" pearl? Science seems to absolve him and prej-

udice condemns him. Besides, after further reflection, the question appears to have extensive implications which cannot be ignored. Has a manufacturer the right to sell synthetic indigo instead of natural indigo of the *Isatis tinctoria*, asked for by a buyer who refuses to consider the absolute identity of the two materials? The question of origin arises in the same way for pearls. Speaking more generally, after the buyer has demanded a material of a determinate origin, has one the right to deliver a material of a different origin, but whose intimate nature and whose substantial qualities (to use legal terms) are identical with those of the material expected? In addition, it should be noted, the demand is made, according to hypothesis, under the influence of mere prejudice. I asked you for indigo of a vegetable origin; you are giving me synthetic indigo. Are you not deceiving me, in spite of the absolute identity of the two substances chemically, even in spite of the lower price that you are charging me for the synthetic indigo, and in spite of the absolutely identical dyeing qualities of both indigos?

'The controversy that I am starting,' continues the learned professor, 'takes on considerable importance when we touch upon cultivated pearls, which I shall call by analogy "synthetic pearls," and which may to-morrow disturb the natural pearl-market, and influence transactions amounting to millions of dollars.

'Litigation may arise. The identity of the gems renders useless an appeal to science. A legal inquest on origin will often meet with practical impossibilities. Cultivated and natural pearls will come out of the same laboratory. The waters of the Pacific are the laboratory where pearls of both origins will simultaneously be elaborated. Pleadings will, as usual, lead to assaults of cleverness and eloquence. What will the judges do?'

I do not pretend to solve juridically the question asked by Professor Cazeneuve, since upon this point I am quite incompetent; but I can, at least, look at it from the point of view of common sense. First of all, the comparison between synthetic indigo and complete cultivated pearls seems to me highly superficial, since, in the case of indigo, we have a cultivated and industrial product, whereas in the case of the pearl, we have a natural and cultivated product. The industrial product can be catalogued, and its true origin can easily be traced to the factory. Not so for cultivated products, and particularly for the submarine cultivated products, which are, as Professor Cazeneuve remarks, a special case, since *they are developed in the waters of the Pacific, where pearls of both origins are simultaneously elaborated.*

Now, cultivated as well as natural pearls are by-products of the oyster, or rather of the Meleagrina, which have been reared for a long time in the submarine farm of the Ago Bay and in similar pearl-fisheries.

Besides the culture pearls produced by grafting, natural pearls are regularly gathered from these Meleagrinæ. Now, if the new process really furnishes cultivated pearls without mother-of-pearl nucleus, and since the operation for culture is made on Meleagrinæ which are themselves capable of bearing natural pearls, Mr. Mikimoto himself will never be able to tell whether the pearls are cultivated or not. He will not even have, as for cultivated pearls with mother-of-pearl nucleus, the resource of cutting them open.

Now could a dealer substitute a cultivated pearl for a spontaneous natural product? With the best will in the world, a pearl-cultivator can only indicate a probable origin; as soon as the pearls are on the market, *they will have to be classified, of course, as natural pearls,*

*even if the prejudice establishes a difference of value between the two products.* It seems improbable that pearls will ever have a certificate of birth. Yesterday, I met Mrs. X, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Z, whom I had not seen for twenty years. Formerly, she was a beauty, a symbol of perfection, a pearl. To-day, she no longer resembles the beautiful Mrs. X of my youth — yet in fact she is still Mrs. X.

Not so for pearls. In a few seconds a chemical agent can transform a beautiful pearl into a dead substance, as worthless as mother-of-pearl. Its origin counts for nothing. It has now the same value as a pearl of a comestible oyster, since it has none of the exterior qualities of a fine pearl.

For a long time, researches were restricted to inserting a nucleus between the tissue of the mantle and the shell. In this way, half pearls only were obtained. The Japanese have circumvented the difficulty, and without having solved the theoretical part of the problem, they have succeeded in overcoming the obstacle before which the other naturalists failed, *by creating a sac out of the external tissue of the mantle, and by isolating it in the deeper tissues of the mollusc through grafting.* We know that, by introducing a bit of the mantle's outside tissue into the depth of the body, we can provoke the formation of pearl substance.

This discovery marks a great advance in pearl-cultivation, since it has led from the culture of half pearls to the culture of whole ones. We have seen that further improvements are being developed in the suppression of the mother-of-pearl nucleus in cultivated pearls, the only characteristic which allowed us to distinguish cultivated from natural pearls. The sentence: 'Man will never be able to make pearls' ought to be modified by adding: 'But man is demonstrably able to provoke their formation in pearl-producing molluscs.'

It is always imprudent to forecast the future. I shall, therefore, only reconsider the immediate consequences of the facts we already know. Pearl-producing is a cultivation, not an industrial fabrication. Like every new process of cultivation, it is difficult and expensive. According to Mr. Rosenthal, the great Jewish jeweler, who is strongly opposed to cultivation, the cost-price is not far from that of wild fishery pearls.

Will this process of cultivation, then, depreciate the value of natural pearls? I do not think so. The difficulty of the operation, the time necessary for the pearl to form inside the body of the mollusc, and to attain a commercial value, are such that, in my opinion, the price of pearls will only fall to a slightly lower level, just as the price of gold or diamonds falls slightly when fresh mines are discovered. There is no reason, then, for being pessimistic.

Considering their limited production (for pearls can be successfully cultivated only in the warm seas), it is probable that the cultivation of a great number of small pearls would not be remunerative, but only the production of a few large and beautiful ones. The desire for a quick profit has incited a certain number of cultivators of half pearls to introduce, between the mantle and the shell, nuclei of mother-of-pearl, which are sometimes very big, and to leave them inside the mollusc for too short a time. This is what led certain English jewelers, who seem to confuse complete pearls with half pearls, to say: 'Cultured pearls are mother-of-pearl beads covered with pearl nacre of varying degrees of thickness.' The attraction of profit clearly might tempt some pearl-cultivators to such operations, inasmuch as the fraud is more difficult to detect in complete pearls than in half pearls. Luckily, this dan-

ger does not appear to me as much to be feared, on account of the difficulties of grafting the pearl sac. A sac containing a big nucleus will be voluminous, necessarily, and require a large wound in order to be introduced into the graft-bearing Meleagrina. For this reason, it will be impossible to exceed a certain size of nucleus, and the cultivator will have to allow the oyster to secrete a great number of thick concentric layers on the nucleus in order to obtain a pearl of a saleable size.

Considering, therefore, the impossibility of discriminating by precise characteristics between a genuine culture pearl and a natural one, the best policy, perhaps, for the intelligent jeweler would be to admit that it is impossible for the time being to distinguish natural from culture pearls by their external characteristics; to make buyers of pearls share this conviction; and to declare publicly that a pearl presenting all the characteristics of the natural product is a genuine one, instead of asserting that a culture pearl is an imitation; for this statement throws suspicion at once on natural pearls, from which science itself cannot distinguish them.

## QUAINT

BY FANNIE STEARNS GIFFORD

It is quaint to scuttle home
For three drops of rain;
Lest, like paintless houses,
We catch a weather-stain.

It is quaint to be afraid
Of freezing ugly toes;
To hide in furry luxury
A thing like a nose.

When you think that we shall lie
Tight in the ground
Fifty years — a hundred years —
And till the stars turn round —

Not abashed by glacial floods,
Nor frost that cleaves all stones —
It is quaint to take such care
Of our skin and bones.

# IN THE BEGINNING

## AN INTERPRETATION OF SUNLIGHT ENERGY

BY FRANK C. EVE

All things flow.

— HERACLITUS

### I

THIS account of my simple views on Life and its origins in terms of Energy will be intelligible to those who have the most rudimentary acquaintance with Chemistry and Physics. If they are also lovers of nature or gardens, and endowed with scientific curiosity, this essay will give them a fresh and simpler outlook on living things; so that even such common objects as tree-buds and leaves, weeds and rust, clouds and rivers, will acquire a new and fascinating interest and relationship.

My own mind was set wondering about these things by noticing that, in a photograph of a landscape, the vegetation appears on the whole much darker than the background of rock or soil. This contrast is specially noticeable when the soil is of the tawny color of a recent volcano, such as the Peak of Teneriffe. Soil of this color would probably predominate in our earth, when it had cooled sufficiently for Life to originate.

This contrast shows that the light-energy of the sun has been absorbed and degraded to a greater extent than would have occurred if vegetation had never been invented. This raises certain questions: — Were plants evolved for the 'purpose' of degrading the energy of sunshine? Are plants the elaborately evolved manifestations or materializations of the law of degradation of energy? Has energy carved these elaborate organized channels to conduct its energy downhill, in the same way that the energy of water falling on a watershed has carved the beds of the rivers? These are some of the questions we shall inquire into; and although they seemed to me wild and improbable at first, they do not seem so now.

### II

First, what do we mean by Energy. It is defined as 'the capacity to do work'; but in reality we do not know what it is. Some think that matter may be a manifestation of energy. At any rate, energy has now been measured in units, or *quanta*, so presumably we may regard it as an entity and not as a mere state of matter.

Energy exists in a flowing river (kinetic energy), or when it is dammed up (potential energy). Food and fuel are full of potential energy. Sunshine is the source of practically all the energy on the earth.

I shall constantly have to use two new words, Katergy and Anergy. For

the comprehension of this paper it is *essential* to remember their meaning — briefly, downflow and upflow of Energy.

By *Katergy* (Kata-energy) I mean 'the flow of energy to a lower potential or level,' whatever the kind of energy may be. When Katergy occurs, work is done, heat is produced, and the energy becomes less available.

By *Anergy* (Ana-energy) I mean 'the flow of energy to a higher potential,' regardless of what kind of energy it is.

Katergy always occurs when possible. Hence Anergy never occurs unless, as an episode in Katergy, part of the energy is compelled to flow 'uphill' by some device such as chlorophyll. These terms should be of real service to biologists, because the leaves of plants, when they absorb and katergize the energy of sunlight, simultaneously anergize a part of it into the chemical potential energy of their seeds, leaves, and wood. Thus they make energy more available, in apparent contradiction of the law of degradation of energy, which I will shortly explain.

Plants, from the energy point of view, are evolved protoplasmic mechanisms, which trap and katergize the energy of sunlight, converting part of it by the anergic agency of their green coloring matter (chlorophyll) into the chemical potential energy of starch, and so forth. Out of this is built up the rest of the growing plant. No energy is absorbed by the roots of a plant — only water, and a few simple salts which are, however, indispensable.

Animals, from the aspect of energy, may be grouped with fungi and bacteria as being protoplasmic mechanisms which carry out the degradation of the chemical potential energy that has been stored in the bodies of plants or other animals.

Thus animals, when full-grown, are mostly katergizers of food; whereas plants are simultaneously katergizers of sunlight and anergizers of food. Hence we estimate the vitality of an animal chiefly by its activities (katergy), and of a plant chiefly by its growth (anergy).

*Law of Degradation of Energy* (Law of Katergy). — This states that energy is constantly tending to flow to a lower potential, whereby it turns itself into lower and less available forms of energy, and eventually into low-temperature heat.

The word 'tend' seems misleadingly weak to express the driving force, or motive-power, or 'go,' inherent in this great law of Energy. Hence I shall often use the less scientific and less cautious expression, 'straining' of energy to flow to a lower potential. Thus, when energy is in the potential form, it certainly seems to strain to flow; for an apple strains on its stalk, and the electricity of a thundercloud must strain violently to flow before the great lightning discharge bursts through the resistances that bound it. Iron tends to rust; flame tends to burn; no opportunity of katergy is ever missed.

Wherever we look around us we can see this obvious tendency or tugging of energy to flow downhill to a lower potential level.

It is the driving force or motive-power inherent in this law of degradation of energy, and manifested in the above great group of phenomena, that I would make the foundation of my paper. It is almost impossible to express this tendency, or 'go,' in words which will not offend some physicist or other; but if I merely transplant the tendency or straining toward katergy manifested in this immense group of phenomena, and apply it to Life and its origins, it seems to me that we shall be on sure ground — even if our present knowledge, or my way of wording it, is at fault.

This law of Degradation of Energy seems to me to stand alone among the laws of energy in connoting a driving force, which is the motive-power of Astronomy, Chemistry, and Physics. I submit that it is the driving force of Life, too, and that it brought living things gradually into being. A driving force is badly needed by biologists to apply to Life; and it is quite lacking in Newton's three laws of Motion, which were adapted to Astronomy.

## III

The laws of Energy, for biological purposes, can be grouped, I think, under these three heads: —

1. *The Law of Metergy* — that energy can be changed from one form into an equivalent amount of another form, but cannot be created or destroyed.

This covers the various transformations of energy, such as light, heat, motion, sound, electrical, chemical, osmotic, and surface energy, which occur kaleidoscopically in living things.

2. *The Law of Katergy* — that energy tends constantly to degrade itself into less available forms of lower potential, and eventually into low-temperature heat. We can now express this as, 'Katergy tends insistently to occur.'

How or why this happens is a mystery. It is just an attribute of the mysterious thing which we call energy. When iron can burn, it will do so; if not, it will katergize much more slowly by rusting. The shortest, steepest 'ladder' downhill will be taken.

Katergy transformers, such as spongy platinum or the digestive ferments, often assist by providing the necessary 'ladder' downward. Thus it is easy for iron to oxidize in the air into rust, with the help of a trace of water, but very difficult without its help as a katergy transformer.

Some ancient forms of bacteria live in sulphur springs. They grow and get their energy by oxidizing sulphuretted hydrogen, which is their food. Doubtless, the katergy of sulphuretted hydrogen is accomplished much more quickly with their aid than without it.

Katergy cannot be expected to show prescience. Energy merely takes always the first chance of katergy, even if it leads a ray of light-energy to be absorbed by a plant, and is largely converted into starch, and perhaps has its stored-up energy buried for ages in a seam of coal.

3. *The Law of Ana-katergy* — 'Katergy may encounter an anergy transformer which compels *part* of it to flow simultaneously to a higher potential.'

This combined simultaneous process is *Ana-katergy*, and the greatest example of it is the green leaf, which katergizes sunlight, but at the same time — by the agency of chlorophyll — anergizes part of the light-energy into the chemical energy of starch.

It will be noticed that only a part of the katergy is converted into anergy, that is, only a part of the downflow of energy is diverted into upflow. So that ana-katergy is like katergy with a bit bitten out of it. Since we know already that katergy tends always to occur, ana-katergy will also tend always to occur, though presumably less forcefully by reason of the bit bitten out of it. Hence we may complete the Law of Ana-katergy by stating that 'Katergy, minus the anergy imposed on it, tends to be maximal,' or K−A tends to be maximal, though this is not intended to be a strict mathematical statement.

But obviously, if A was equal to K, there would be no flow of energy; and if A exceeded K, the law of conservation of energy would be broken. Also, A should act as a brake on the downward tendency of K; but, as we are dealing with the action of very minute light-waves on minute molecules, we cannot

follow the process in a detailed manner

The efficiency of a leaf, that is, the proportion of the light energy which is changed into chemical energy (starch, and so forth) by ana-katergy, has been measured, but the results so far are variable.

From the fact that beech leaves have been found fossilized in the chalk, I conclude that leaves have long ago attained all practicable perfection, and that present evolution and adaptation are responses to variations in environment.

Although the Law of Ana-katergy is of necessity only a special case, or sub-law, of the Law of Katergy, its results are so far-reaching and so upsetting to the ordinary laws of energy, that I feel sure it should be stated as a separate law, for the sake of clear thinking in Biology. In Physics (except Meteorology) it seems of little use. It is the great law of sunshine and plants, clouds and wind, and all that these imply for us. Food and fuel, rain and rivers, are its products.

## IV

As this conception of ana-katergy has not been formulated before, I must give three instances of it — a mechanical, a physical, and a chemical instance.

1. The hydraulic ram. — This is a simple arrangement of valves and pipes, which may be heard in lonely valleys giving vent to loud mysterious thumps like the beatings of a great metallic heart. A large pipe, led from a stream, is the source of katergy. A small pipe leads from the apparatus to a cistern of a country-house high above the valley. Thus, without fuel or human regulation, the potential energy of the water in the stream is prevented from total katergy and a portion of it is automatically turned into anergy. The combined simultaneous process is ana-katergy.

2. A physical instance of ana-katergy. — When the sun shines on the sea, the water surface is warmed and turned into an invisible vapor, which happens fortunately to be lighter than air. This ascends, and condenses in the cool upper air into a cloud of droplets of water, which has thus been raised against the force of gravity and thereby been given potential energy. That is to say, anergy has occurred in a process of katergy; the energy of sunlight has been degraded, but, by help of a device, part of it has been simultaneously turned into anergy. What is the device? Clearly the warmed water molecules which, being lighter than air, act like little fire-balloons. They diffuse into the surrounding warmed air and rise *en masse* in the heavier air, at first as invisible moist air, and later, when cooled, as a visible cloud of water droplets.

If we imagine that liquid water was brown in color and its vapor purple, as it is in the case of iodine, this constant purple ascension of water and brown descent of rain from purple-brown clouds would have been a very striking and almost concrete phenomenon. It would have seemed to us almost 'living,' much in the same way that flame does. But flame is pure katergy; the sun-cloud phenomenon is an anergic mechanism actuated by sunshine — just as, in my opinion, a plant is. Hence, from the aspect of Energetics, the cloud is the exact physical analogue of the chemical plant. And the water-molecule fire-balloon is the physical analogue of the chemical chlorophyll; they are both anergy transformers.

Further, it has hitherto been considered that plants, in some mysterious way peculiar to living things, reverse the ordinary law that energy tends always to degrade itself to a lower potential. This they apparently do (in one sense) when they form food and

fuel. But this is no peculiarity of living things as we have just seen in the analogous sun-cloud phenomenon. It is strange how this appears to have been overlooked. Lord Kelvin expressly excepted living things from the law of degradation of energy; but, so far as I know, made no exception of clouds. When the three conceptions — anergy and katergy and anergy-transformers — are crystallized into three words, no confusion is possible.

3. I shall now describe a delightful recently discovered chemical instance of ana-katergy, which has proved most useful in supporting my thesis. Professor Moore exposed to sunlight a soup-plate of water, containing sodium nitrate (1 in 10,000). After two hours, he found by test-papers that the nitrate had been turned into nitrite, which contains 21,000 more units of potential energy per gram-molecule than the nitrate. This energy had been put into it by the sunlight. If we were a billion times smaller, we should be able to see the terrific light-waves breaking on the quivering nitrate molecule. We should see the molecule and its revolving atoms shaken so violently that an atom of oxygen would be detached from the molecule, which thereby would be converted into nitrite. Meanwhile, the light-wave passes on with diminished amplitude and lessened energy. It has been katergized, but the obliging nitrate molecule has served as a device compelling a simultaneous formation of chemical anergy. Moreover, the nitrite molecule is an unstable one, and will slowly oxidize back into nitrate — perhaps in a single night.

Hence we see that the nitrate molecule behaves exactly like a minute plant, in that it katergizes sunlight, with the simultaneous transformation of part of the energy into chemical anergy. Further, it liberates oxygen in the light, and absorbs oxygen in the dark, by a miniature respiration — just like a plant. Or, the nitrate molecule may be regarded as analogous to chlorophyll, because they are both anergy transformers of sunlight, converting deenergized chemical bodies into energized compounds — nitrites or starch, respectively.

If, at the dawn of life, a nitrate were associated with a pigmented slimy carbohydrate colloid, to give substance and coherence and an opportunity of growth, and to take advantage by coupled reactions of the chemical energy of the nitrite formed by sunlight, then we should begin to see possibilities of a primitive attempt at vegetable life.

Since writing this, the fundamental importance which I attached to this nitrate experiment has been confirmed by some remarkable experiments by Professor Baly and his coworkers at Liverpool (1922).

It was already known that sunlight could very slowly turn carbonic acid into sugar (*via* formaldehyde). Baly found that, if potassium nitrate was present, this sugar formation was very rapid, and that complex alkaloids were also formed, and — still more wonderful — that even proteids were produced. In other words, these complex 'organic' chemical bodies, which hitherto had been regarded as marvelous achievements, possible only to the living cell, were formed automatically, when sunlight acted on carbonic acid and a nitrate.

These experiments (when confirmed) seem to me of enormous importance in five directions, at least: —

1. They obliterate the distinction between organic and inorganic chemistry.
2. They remove a whole block of difficulties in our attempts to explain Life and its origins by laws already known.

3. They indicate that complex 'organic' carbon compounds must have been present in the sea long before the origin of Life, which is thereby easier to imagine.
4. They are instances of *growth*, though without form or visibility or coherence.
5. These highly anergized chemical bodies (soluble carbohydrates and proteids) would be excellent foods. Since sea-water contains carbonates and nitrates, these invisible chemical foods would presumably be formed when the sun shines on the sea. The ultimate plankton of the sea could feed on this dissolved food — a supposition which makes the cilia of these minute creatures far more intelligible than if we regard the cilia as wafters of solid particles only. This should be verified experimentally.

## V

In explaining my ideas to friends and critics, the greatest difficulty has been their insistence that plants and living things reverse the ordinary law of degradation of energy; whereas I maintain they obey the laws of physics, and act as we have just seen the nitrate and water molecules doing.

My friends are more impressed by the food and fuel which plants produce in apparent contradiction of the law of katergy, than by the much larger amount of sunshine energy which was katergized when the food or fuel was anergized.

Hence I must try to make this simultaneous anergy and katergy clear by an analogy.

Imagine big waves breaking on an island girt with low cliffs. Shingle will be thrown up by the waves on to the cliff-tops. The cliffs have katergized the energy of the waves, and by acting as inclined-plane-and-shelf, they have simultaneously trapped the anergy given to the shingle by the wave when it lifted the shingle against the force of gravity. Nearly all the energy of the wave has been katergized into heat of low temperature; but a fraction has been anergized as the potential energy of the shingle. It is an instance of ana-katergy, just as the waves of sunlight falling on a leaf are katergized and simultaneously partly anergized into the chemical potential energy of starch. In both cases, the combined effect is a degradation of energy, and no laws are broken.

If our island were inhabited by imaginary shortsighted creatures, who could not climb down the cliffs and whose food was shingle, they would conclude erroneously, as some men do, that the laws of physics had been specially reversed for their benefit, in that the shingle had fallen up, instead of falling down as it should do.

Moreover, the shingle-heaps on the cliff top would gradually accumulate. This illustrates growth by ana-katergy.

And in some places the slope of the cliff would be better adapted for anergizing shingle than in others. In these places the shingle-heaps would grow quicker and overgrow the neighboring heaps. This illustrates survival of the fittest individuals, and shows that it is the best ana-katergizers which survive; that is, the shingle-heap survives by supplanting its competitors, because it is the product of the bit of cliff which receives the most waves, which traps and katergizes their energy best, and which acts best as an anergy transformer — which, in short, is the best ana-katergizer. And at the end of my thesis I shall submit that, for precisely similar reasons, it is the best ana-katergizers which survive among plants in the apparent struggle for existence.

Animals, on the other hand, with

fungi and bacteria, are, broadly speaking, katergizers of the chemical energy of food. In these it is the fittest katergizers which will survive.

There is a third class of living things, where plant and animal live in partnership — the *symbiotic* creatures, such as the green amœba. A colony of these microscopic jelly-fishes has been known to live for ten years without food. That is possible, because the plant-partner traps light energy, and thereby anergizes carbonic acid and nitrates into starch and proteid, on which the animal feeds. The animal partner katergizes this food back again into de-energized carbon and nitrogen, which serves again as raw material for the plant-partner.

The energy changes in this cycle can be illustrated by the following mechanistic analogy. Imagine a sort of knitting-machine, driven (like a plant) by sunlight energy, which knits up beautiful fabrics out of raw material consisting of straight steely filaments like the hair-springs of a watch. The fabric will be full of energy because the filaments composing it are full of bends. Hence another (animal-like) machine can be driven by the energy unlocked when the fabric is unraveled, just as a caterpillar can feed on the energy contained in a leaf.

If we were to put the two machines together in series, we should have a picture of a symbiotic creature. We should then see, not any fabric formation, but merely the straight filaments — the raw material — entering and leaving the combined machines.

This brings home to us that the plants and animals supply each other with the necessary raw materials, and that the plant-animal cycle begins and ends with deënergized carbon and nitrogen. The only thing that flows is the stream of energy, starting with sunlight and ending with low-temperature heat. The laws of Katergy and Ana-katergy provide the driving force throughout the cycle.

'All things flow,' said Heraclitus of old. Was there ever so much truth and prophecy compressed into two Greek words?

## VI

Let us now test our Law of Ana-katergy by asking it to solve the problem why weeds supplant the more useful or beautiful garden plants in a neglected garden. First, we must compare the individual plant with a business man owning a factory. Any money (energy) he puts into his factory (leaves) is productive; but his advertising department (flowers) is only indirectly productive and must not be overdone. Similarly, he must not spend an unreasonable amount on cradles and baby-clothes (large fruits) for his enormous family. This money must be put into the factory; for otherwise his competitors will supplant him. This makes it clear that the garden plants, with their large redundant fruits or numerous double flowers (all unproductive anergy), cannot compete with the weeds, which seem to reduce their flowers and fruit to the bare minimum needed to advertise to the insects, and to bribe the birds to distribute their seeds.

Our Law of Ana-katergy states that katergy minus anergy (K−A) tends to be maximal. K is bigger for the weeds, because they grow quicker and put their anergy into leaves. A is smaller for the weeds, because their unproductive anergy (flowers and fruit) is minimal.

Hence on both counts K−A is 'more maximal' for the weeds than for the garden plants. The weeds triumph because they carry out better the Law of Ana-katergy; they provide a steeper wider channel for energy to flow down.

Hitherto the explanation of the triumph of weeds has been merely that they are more hardy. The Law of Ana-katergy has provided a much neater and more satisfying explanation, and has strengthened itself thereby.

This could be tested experimentally by allowing wild oats, for example, to compete with cultivated oats for two or three seasons, on equal terms. The anergy in each case for a given katergy could also be measured and compared.

The assumption that deciduous trees in winter do not attempt to katergize sunshine energy does not seem to be correct. For in December I found that in all the common trees, if the thin translucent brownish cuticle were stripped off, there was a layer of pale green chlorophyll beneath. Hence all these twigs had on a small scale the apparatus of photosynthesis (growth by sunlight).

Further, there is far more energy in the infra-red rays of sunshine than in its visible spectrum, but in the heat of summer the tree dare not or need not absorb these heat-rays. In winter, the very dark color of the twigs and their velvety light-trapping effect when massed in a bush or wood, certainly absorb nearly all the visible rays, and doubtless these dark heat-rays too.

Hence English woods and bushes in winter are very effective katergizers of solar heat and light.

What do they do with this absorbed energy? They do not seem to grow. Here the point of view of my thesis suggests a fascinating question.

In Southern France, the twigs in December seemed to me much paler than in England, presumably because the need for heat is less and its danger greater.

The buds on a tree or bush may be regarded as separate individuals, just as the polyps on a coral may (Darwin). There is a natural selection going on among their buds, but it seems to me not to be a survival of the fittest, for every bud has the same sap and constitution and heredity, and may be regarded as potentially almost equal in fitness to survive. The buds that survive seem to be those which find themselves with the best chance of katergizing sunlight and the least chance of cold winds or other unfavorable factors. These buds will leave descendants (twigs) ready for next year. The buds that point in an unfavorable direction languish or die. Similarly with larger twigs or branches.

The summated effects of this simple principle of survival of the best-lit buds is to render the total panoply of the leaves of a tree a very perfect trap for sunshine, which could hardly be improved upon by design.

Now is it not queer and suspicious to find ourselves with one law for the tree and another for its buds — that the survivors are the fittest trees and the 'littest' buds?

Can we reconcile this? We can, by stating that the trees or buds which survive are, not the fittest or littest, but the best ana-katergizers of sunshine. And that is my main hypothesis; it is supported by the reconciliation it effects in this case.

Further, it is not really a case of competition or struggle between buds (or plants). It is merely that energy flows (with consequent anergy and growth) through channels or mechanisms which provide the fullest opportunity of ana-katergy for it. This view relieves us of the unpleasant necessity, unavoidable in the old view, of considering that the gentle plants deliberately stifle and murder each other. But the effect is the same: the inferior katergizers die because insufficient energy flows through them.

There is a strong tendency for variegated shrubs to revert to the all-

green condition; so that gardeners have frequently to pick off the all-green shoots. Why is this? Clearly because the white part of the leaves, which contains no chlorophyll, carries out the law of ana-katergy far worse than the green leaves. It is a survival of the best ana-katergizers. In my garden is a variegated maple which has now become almost entirely green.

## VII

Let us now consider rivers, for they have helped me very much in elucidating this katergic hypothesis of Life. When in doubt, I have always asked the river. River-systems seem wonderfully adapted to achieve the katergy of the water falling on the watershed. Each tributary is adapted in width and depth to the amount of water it has to carry.

The course of each stream seems designed to achieve katergy in the best and most direct and economical way possible. Thus the streams cross all contour lines at right angles. Hence the river-system seems made for the katergy of water. In truth, we know that rivers are made by the katergy of water, and hence the 'adaptation' and 'design' are only apparent.

A river-system is a beautiful materialization of the straining to degrade of one form of energy in one sort of environment. So is a plant or animal. Electricity, heat, and atmospheric air, when flowing from high to low potential, carve for themselves river-beds. But these are either invisible, as in heat-flow or winds, or strictly temporary as in lightning. Although lightning leaves no permanent 'river-beds' after carving its sinuous branching path of incandescent air, yet when it strikes into a sandy soil, it leaves a permanent river-bed in the form of beautiful branching tubes of fused silica, two to three inches in diameter, penetrating thirty feet or more into the earth.

But to return to river-systems. We must not consider them alone, but as part of an energy-cycle. The sun causes the water-molecule fire-balloons, acting as anergy transformers, to rise and turn into clouds in the condenser of the upper air. The rain falls from these, and creates the river-system which carves its course of katergy to the sea and completes the cycle. In this physical cycle we discern a wonderfully complete analogy to the chemical sun-chlorophyll-plant-animal cycle.

In both cases the katergy of sunshine is the driving force. Anergy is compelled by the water-molecule fire-balloon, or by chlorophyll. The anergized product is a cloud or a plant. This stored-up energy is fed upon by a river or by an animal.

The sun-cloud system and river-sea system provide the raw materials for each other. For if water accumulated entirely as cloud or entirely as sea, the cycle would cease.

Similarly the sun-plant system and the animal-to-carbonic-acid system provide the raw materials for each other. Without this, the plants would stop for want of carbonic acid, and the animals for want of food-energy.

But the river-cloud system remains just the same as when it started — when the earth became cool enough for water to liquefy. It is not capable of evolution, only of repetition. Why is this? Because there is only one best way of anergizing a cloud and katergizing rain on the earth's irregular surface. And that one best way is the way the river does it. This does not permit of competition, or of evolution, save in the limited sense that energy improves its katergy by gradually lowering the river-bed and decreasing its resistance.

On the other hand, at the time when the primeval rivers had cooled a little,

it is inevitable that these busy insistent laws of katergy should start working on very different materials, namely, the carbon compounds; and these *would be* capable of evolution.

This brings us to the consideration of the Dawn of Life.

## VIII

It is clear to my mind that the only law of energy in which any 'go' or driving force is inherent is the Law of Katergy (and its Sub-law of Ana-katergy). It provides the driving force of Physics, Chemistry, and Astronomy; why not of Life, too? It expresses a positive command — 'Energy shall always degrade.' This involves an eternal procession of changes and determines the direction of these changes. That is the kind of law needed to initiate Life, and which will do so, I think, if it finds sufficiently plastic material to act upon, — such as the carbon compounds, — and a continual stream of energy, — such as sunshine, — and a suitable anergy transformer.

The other laws of energy seem to me to be merely regulating laws,[1] and not to be of direct interest to biologists.

If we accept the laws of Katergy and Ana-katergy as the driving forces of animal and vegetable life, respectively, then a vital force becomes unnecessary, and the innumerable mysteries of living things resolve themselves into mysteries of regulating devices. In the same way, a man may be hopelessly puzzled by the works of clocks, but he has learned their chief secret when he has discovered that, in every sort of clock, the driving force is the straining of katergy.

In speculations on the origin of Life, besides (1) the essential driving force, there must be (2) a source of energy, (3) suitable plastic raw material for this energy to knit up, (4) an anergy transformer, and (5) a means of renewing the raw material, which is attained most simply by an unraveling device.

These five cardinal rôles can be adequately filled, I submit, by (1) the two laws of katergy, (2) sunshine, (3) and (4) carbonic acid and nitrates, and (5) bacteria, or simplest animals, or even enzymes. These last need not develop till all the raw material has been knitted up; or, more probably, a symbiotic mechanism would knit up and unravel simultaneously in the earlier humbler instances of life.

I submit that living things are the actual evolved manifestations of this tendency (or straining?) of energy to katergize, in the same way that flame, or rather incandescence, is the only manifestation of life on the sun. On a cold world of iron in an atmosphere of oxygen, rust would be the only manifestation of life. But the raw materials would quickly be exhausted, unless we imagine sunlight to have the power of deoxidizing iron. Then only would you get a simple life-cycle, but it would be incapable of further evolution.

Flame is a rapid high-temperature oxidation, and is a far more rapid katergizer than animals are. Hence flame triumphs over animals when it gets a chance of katergizing foodstuffs. But fortunately flame is very poorly provided with means of reproducing itself, save by direct continuity, or it would entirely supplant animals on the land.

In considering Life and its origins on this earth, the first thing to remember is that all raw materials would soon be katergized unless anergized again by

[1] Thus, Energy cannot be destroyed, but may be changed in form; a moving body shall not change its motion unless compelled by a force and proportionally to that force; action and reaction are equal and opposite. Contrast these laws with 'Energy shall ever *tend* to degrade in the direction of diminished availability' (increased entropy).

energy from the sun. It is the inexhaustible river of sunshine energy we have to consider — always tending to flow downhill, or katergize. But it *cannot do so unless it acts on matter.* Some forms of matter absorb sunshine, and give it the chance of katergy by vibrating and turning it into heat. If the earth and waters had been dead black, there would possibly have been nothing more. However, the seas and primitive earth (specially where it was of the pale tawny color of much volcanic soil) would reflect a large amount of sunshine. Now reflection means a refusal of matter to permit the katergy of light. The law of katergy would be always opposing this, and seeking to evade it. When the earth had cooled enough to allow the seas to form, and the dense pall of cloud had condensed sufficiently for the sun to shine upon the sea, then we must picture sunlight as testing all sorts of matter, specially in the waters, where Life must have originated.

The sea would have been then, as it is now, a dilute solution of all soluble chemical compounds on the earth. The probing sunshine would strike black objects, and be katergized into low-temperature heat, and be content. It would strike pale objects, or strike things glancingly, and be reflected into space with its yearnings for katergy unsatisfied.

But we must focus our attention on the sunlight which fell on anergy transformers, such as the nitrates, which would have been present in sea-water in company with carbonic acid (or its carbonates).

From Baly's experiments it seems inevitable that on the surface of the seas every nitrate molecule would be a little focus for the rapid formation from carbonates, of proteins, alkaloids, and hexose sugar. At any rate, nitrites would be formed, and the light-energy during its katergy would be partly anergized into chemical potential energy, which could be utilized to form higher chemical compounds by the well-known 'coupled reactions' of chemistry. It is urgently necessary that sea-water should be filtered aseptically through porcelain, and tested to see if these complex organic compounds form in sunlight. In ordinary sea-water of the present day, these compounds would be absent, because the smallest animals would katergize them as their food. At any rate, it seems clear that organic chemical compounds of carbon and nitrogen, and so forth, long preceded life. Carbon compounds have the unique property of combining in long chains (or rings), and so producing an endless variety of chemical and physical property, which would be available to provide sunlight with better and better opportunities of katergy. Many of these compounds would be colloids — gelatinous or slimy bodies with their molecules aggregated into great groups.

Now colloids, even simple ones like hydrate of iron, may act as photo-catalysts, that is, assist in converting sunlight energy into chemical energy. Still more important, they might absorb nitrates and carbonates, and so provide the physical basis for the astonishing chemical changes which occur when sunlight falls on the combination. In some such way growth, which, as we have seen, has already occurred chemically, might or would occur physically, in the form of a slime growing by the ana-katergy of sunshine falling on such anergy transformers as nitrates and colloids. This would occur, not only in one way, but in many crude and various ways and places — each giving rise to a different kind of slowly growing slime. The slime which anergized best the katergy of the stream of sunlight of its environment would grow quickest, and would overgrow physi-

cally its neighboring competing slimes The fittest slimes would survive, and we can now see plainly that the fittest are the best ana-katergizers of sunlight — that is, those which have absorbed and katergized the maximal proportion of the sunlight of their environment, and have anergized the greatest proportion of this katergy into the anergy of chemical compounds, enabling growth to take place.

Furthermore, we see plainly in these hypothetical elementary instances of early life that the struggle for existence between two slimes is not real, but only apparent. Actually, the better slime permits better the katergy of the available sunlight; it acts as a better organized evolved channel for the conduction of sunlight in the direction of katergy. That sort of slime is thereby enriched with energy; and the more efficient is its anergy-transformer, the quicker it will grow and thereby trap more sunshine.

Chlorophyll and the chloroplast are probably elaborately evolved improvements on simple anergy transformers, such as the nitrate molecule.

We have traced in imagination the formation of the first growing slimes. It would be a disadvantage if they grew too big. However, the waves would knock bits off them, thereby increasing the indispensable surface-area. Each little fragment, by surface tension, would assume a spherical form. Thus, in the great genealogical Tree of Life, the inorganic roots have now converged, to form the organic trunk. But we can see that the trunk must have been exceedingly multiple.

## IX

In this way an utterly new kind of evolution would have been initiated. So far it had been all katergy (except cloud-formation) — all mere devolution. Now, a new upward process of competitive evolution had arisen by the action of light on anergy-transformers with growth and 'competition.'

Where would it end? It must have started soon after water assumed the liquid form, and have continued until now. Every environment would have evolved a different and appropriate ana-katergizer. The evolved products after that inconceivable time must have become unimaginably perfect and complex and varied. All partial successes would have become extinct, and all early attempts would have been unfossilizable.

Where are these products? It seems to me inconceivable, in view of all the possibilities I have outlined, that these two busy insistent laws of katergy should have produced no evolved products in all these ages. Where are these products? They must be somewhere. Nowhere else but in the lovely and lovable plants and animals of to-day.

The Dawn of Life would have consisted in sunlight finding by evolution better and better means of ana-katergy — at first inorganic, then insensibly becoming organic. In consequence, reflection of sunlight from the earth's surface would get less and less. The camera shows that it is now very slight where vegetation is thickest. As a result, the earth, when viewed from the sun, must surely reflect much less light than the moon, which has no vegetation. It is suggestive of some form of vegetation on Mars, that a darker belt approaches the poles in summer and recedes in winter.

The view of the Dawn of Life which I have just submitted is the obverse of the current view, which looks upon evolution as having produced, in some unexplained way, colloid complexes more and more able to utilize the energy of sunlight. This does not seem to me sufficiently automatic. I regard

sunlight as testing all kinds of matter and complexes. It would flow through those channels which katergized it best; and, whenever an anergy transformer was activated, growth would result.

So far we have considered the origins of plant-like organisms — the anakatergizers.

The primeval animals — the katergizers — had their supply of energy ready-made by the plant in the form of complex chemical compounds (food). There would be a natural tendency for these foods to oxidize slowly back again to carbonic acid, and so forth, just as iron tends to oxidize. This process would be accelerated by enzymes or simpler catalysts. The chemical energy thus liberated could be expended in the form of movement by cilia. In fact, I have seen very actively lashing filamentous processes actually originate on dead blood-corpuscles.[2] Thus the chance of adsorption of fresh supplies of chemical energy would become greater, with potentialities for growth or more movement.

Cilia can be used for locomotion by a detached organism, or as food-wafters by an anchored creature. A present-day infusorian very neatly uses his cilia one way or the other at will.

If we start from a symbiotic anergy-katergy jelly, the animal partner could be only very sluggish and small, unless he dissolved partnership and lived on a much larger amount of vegetable food. He could evolve in this direction and become more elaborate and active. He could still, as a neighbor, return to the plant the raw materials (carbonic acid and nitrates) which he used to do as a partner.

Adaptation to environment is regarded by physiologists as a cardinal attribute of living things. Hence I shall be expected to give an explanation of this power of adaptation. But, with my views, this does not seem necessary. The river teaches us that the river-bed is not adapted *for* the katergy of water but is made *by* the katergy of water (Wallace). Similarly, it may well be that plants and animals are not (as they seem) adapted *for* the katergy of their environment, but that their wonderful forms and activities have been made *by* the action of the Law of Katergy, with the aid of immense ages of evolution. Thus an elevated food-supply slowly carved the giraffe. A dim light in a damp grotto slowly carved the liverwort.

But if only adaptation in general is apparent, does that apply to some special organ, such as an eye? Surely that is an adaptation? Even in this instance the answer may be the same. For an eye enables its owner to keep in that stream of energy (food-supply) for the katergy of which it is the evolved channel or agent. Also, the eye usually enables it to avoid entering the stream of energy running through a carnivorous animal.

Variation, Heredity, and Reproduction I have not space to touch upon. They seem to introduce no added insuperable difficulties to my thesis. Immense complexity is inevitable.

The flow of food-energy and the channels down which it flows seem very like a river. Some twenty years ago, in southern Scotland, the field voles became astonishingly numerous. Very rapidly the owls and kestrels became correspondingly numerous, and laid double clutches of eggs. The quantity of energy represented by the flesh of the voles was in excess; the channels which had been evolved to katergize that energy overflowed their banks; that is, the owls and kestrels became very numerous.

[2] Figured in *British Medical Journal;* 1907, ii, p. 1399.

Can anyone assert with confidence that plants and animals are too complex for such a history and origin as I have outlined, and for an evolved pedigree of such inconceivable length? Remember that a juggler can astonish and confound our minds after only a few years' practice.

Does such a material view make us think any less of the animals and plants? Not a bit. It makes them ten times more interesting and fascinating than ever. In science, to simplify is to beautify.

However simply living things began, it is inevitable, in my opinion, that their evolved complexity should by this time far transcend our imagination and intelligence. Hence present complexity is no argument against the simplest beginnings.

If such a katergic theory of Life be accepted, an important and illuminating addition can at once be made to Darwin's law of evolution by survival of the fittest. Fittest for what? Fittest for the most efficient katergy of their environments. In the case of plants, it is the most efficient ana-katergizers of sunlight energy which survive; in the case of animals, fungi, and bacteria, the most efficient katergizers of the chemical energy anergized by plants. I have given a few instances of this. It seems to me a direct corollary of my main doctrine, that living things are the evolved materializations of the laws of katergy. In other words, that they are the evolved channels carved for itself by katergy. Energy will naturally flow through the widest, steepest channels; the others will starve. The best katergizers will survive.

In conclusion, I submit that the above katergic hypothesis of Life and its origins is a single coherent view, which does unify, simplify, and illuminate our ideas of living things. It brings them into line with inorganic nature. It forms a thread of thought which strings together coherently an immense jumble of facts, just as a necklace may be strung together from a jumble of beads in a box. It is a simple common-sense hypothesis, without a trace of metaphysics. Also, since the hypothesis confines itself to the driving force of life, we can get a comprehensive view, unobscured by the dense clouds of our ignorance of the intimate regulating devices of living things.

Of the evidence I have submitted, each strand by itself is very weak. But as the strands point all in the same direction, they can readily be twisted into a rope.

In the newest book on the new school of Physics (*Within the Atom*, by Mills: 1922), I am pleased to see energy defined as 'the motive-power of the physical Universe.'

I submit that it is also the 'motive-power' of Life.

# ART AND TONY

BY KATHARINE GIBSON

TONY stands now before the assistant's desk in the Children's Museum. She sees but a small portion of him. He is only eight. There is visible a shock of rich, upstanding, brown hair; a wide brow; deep black eyes, so full of changing mood that their color seems negligible; an ordinary, unformed, small-boy nose; lips full and red against eager, snapping little teeth — one gone. His head is well back, jauntily set on his shoulders. His shirt was a color, once. It *is* mostly gray, where it is not black with grime, or slit, showing a bit of the child's thin chest.

Tony is legion — one of many, still distinctly Tony. He fits in tightly glued to his 'gang,' yet there is always some recalcitrant edge that catches one's attention and, out of all 'Little Italy,' makes him potently himself. He is, by just that much, one to be watched — 'a little difficult' on ordinary days, a young brown demon on rushed ones. If he stands too long, or if he is closely companioned, the assistant's nostrils twitch involuntarily, for in Tony's house garlic is possibly a trifle overemphasized, while perhaps bathtubs are not sufficiently stressed.

'Do you want to draw, Tony?'

'Sure.'

Tony goes out, a rectangle of binder's board on which is a piece of 'bogus' paper in one hand, a red pencil, with 'a 'raser what you rubs wid, please' clamped in his other brown fist. He usually has a vanguard, a rearguard, and a 'mud guard' of attendants, — they *are* dirty, — similarly equipped. His bare feet will not walk. Suppressed skips make his toes wriggle, and his whole nondescript figure rocks with intimations of activity 'not allowed in dis place.'

Tony comes of a race of explorers undaunted. The great Christoforo Colombo was his ancestor. How young one feels! How crude and new a thing it seems to be an American, even though of New England stock, when looking into the saucy face of Tony — in whose country, so early, art reached her blossoming; whose Amerigo Vespucci named these shores, a few hundred years ago.

Tony is worthy of his noble heritage. Neither he nor any of his kind, when armed with a pencil, fears to tackle anything made by God, Man, or Praxiteles.

In a few moments Tony and his retinue return.

'I wish, Tony, you would try harder and not draw so fast.'

'Me de queek draw-er, me de queekest draw-er' — with a sumptuous look of superiority and kindly scorn at his companions..

The assistant experiences a feeling of triumph, in her turn, justly earned, as she mentally constructs Tony's dashing, tripping lines into a recognized form.

'So you drew the Venus, Tony, the beautiful white one in front of the gray velvet curtain, with the light above her head?'

'Yep; and say, teacher,' — the age-

old question — 'Say, teacher, who was de guy dat knocked off de lady's arms?'

Tony says this with an air that clearly means — 'If I just ketch dat guy, I'll plunk him one!'

If there is leisure, — and sometimes there is, — Tony and the others press close around the assistant — sharp elbows, fascinating curves at the back of brown necks, and mysteriously wide eyes, momentarily make up her landscape while she talks. She thinks of their homes. Arms get bruised there in angry brawls, she supposes, if not 'knocked off'; and it is hot and dirty. Three babies occupy the space by many deemed too small for one. She thinks of what she knows of Greece trailing lovely fingers in the Ægean. She thinks of the temples and olive groves and Olympic games, white, taut figures flashing to the goal; the discus hurtling its way through fact and myth — just the first, obvious things. How fuse Tony's background, or lack of it, with the classic environment of the Venus de Milo of Praxiteles?

The one possible connection, as she sees it, is that Tony comes to the Museum and draws 'the lady' because, of his own free will, he wants to. Her beauty — static, and seemingly eternal — has caught his fickle, eight-year-old consciousness.

The assistant tries. For a long time the head of the Children's Museum and the curator of the whole department work with and for Tony and his kind. At last, —

'You know,' Tony announces, 'I saw the Venus the other day.' He now knows 'the lady's' name. 'I knew she comed from this Museum and Greece.'

'Where did you see the Venus, Tony?'

'I saw her on a box, a shoe-box, So-ro-sis,' — spelling, — 'and I cut dat picture out wid me knife. I'd have it yet, 'cept my little sister — you know, Santina, I brought her last Sunday — busted it and kind of chewed it up.'

Tony is, unless the law of averages mercifully gives way in his case, going to dig ditches, or work in a steel mill with white hot metal, or, at best, run a fruit-stand of his own. He is to be of the common rank and file, unheeded by the front line of culture in America. Yet at eight he is making headway with the 'First' of antiquity. That is well. When the guards are not looking, in spite of 'please do not touch,' he will undoubtedly smooth her drapery with an impish, inquisitive, brown little finger; he knows the place of her inception; can recognize her when he sees her; and can speak the name of the Venus.

Nor does his familiarity with art end there.

'Dat Madonna of — of Buglioni — he was Italian like Nick there and me. Dat Madonna wid de pickles around it is swell! We got lots of pictures of her in our church. We got a statue, too. My cousin, he lights de candles fer her every Sunday. Maybe he will go to high school, if my uncle ain't laid off de railroad.'

'Why do you like that Buglioni Madonna, Tony, with the garlands of fruit around it?'

There *is* a suggestion of 'pickles' in the garland, gray-green against lemon-yellows, and low-keyed orange picked out with cream and brown.

Also there is a suggestion of those offerings of housewifely skill placed on the altar of the Divinity by faithful women since the first fire was built under the first clay-daubed basket.

And a suggestion too, —

> Of candied apple, quince and plum and gourd;
> With jellies soother than the creamy curd,
> And lucent syrops, tinct with cinnamon;
> Manna, and dates, in argosy transferr'd
> From Fez; and spicèd dainties every one
> From silken Samarcand to cedar'd Lebanon.

To the casual observer, however, the garland might remain unnoticed in the general charm of the Holy group; but Tony's artistic perception evidently has a gastronomical slant, as indeed has Keats in the above quotation.

'What do I like about dat Virgin? Oh, de blue, I likes, and de shine.'

'You know, Tony, once there was an artist in your country whose name was Luca della Robbia. He knew more about that "shine," — glaze, we call it, — and that blue, than any of the other artists. But Buglioni, who made our Madonna, worked much in the same way. That is what is meant by "school of Luca della Robbia." Did you notice, on the label?'

'Guess I'll be a "school of" dat man when I gets big — 'lessen I'm a movie operator. Goin' to have a show today?'

Tony means: 'Are you going to have a Saturday afternoon entertainment for your people?'

'Yes.'

'What's it goin' to be about?'

'About the knights upstairs in the Armor Court, I think.'

A howl goes up. Restraint is for the moment non-existent. Roland — Tony, fighting in the pass for Charlemagne; Arthur — Tony, in his own eyes, king over Sir Kay and Sir Lancelot; and all the glory of chivalry personified *in* Tony, live *for* Tony in that Armor Court. He and 'Nick there,' arm-in-arm, swaying with excitement, if left alone, exult in the primitive.

'Nick and Tony, come here and look at the tools in this case. The sword you are talking about was probably made with tools like these. Just think, Tony, a solid lump of iron, and then that sword! Do you think you could draw that pattern with your pencil?'

'Naw' — for once, Tony, the indomitable, is abashed.

'Then think of making it in metal.' How curb this barbarism, and make it look with caressing eye at the burnished surfaces of 'cold steel' warmed by flower-like traceries, dreamed of, one is sure, in spring?

'Hammer at them,' says the head of the Children's Museum.

The assistant is still laboring at the forge.

Standing in front of a mummy case, one wearily makes the seemingly unexciting statement: 'A man who once lived in the desert country, the model of which you have seen in the Children's Museum, was buried about four thousand years ago in this coffin. Think back as far as the first Christmas, and then back as far again, and you will know when Senbi, the scribe of the Royal Records, lived in Egypt.'

'Aw, come off! That box ain't that old. It can't be. Why did n't it get busted? Why ain't it dust?'

Tony's voice, and a face like a Greek phalanx, features all firmly locked into an expression of incredulity, confront the assistant. She hopes Tony feels as young as he looks when she is through, and that he is somewhat subdued after a half hour as near as she can put him to the 'shadow of the Sphinx' and the Pyramid of Khafre — those structures which caused to grow up around their builders that favorite proverb of Emerson's: 'It is the strength of the Egyptians to *sit still*.' Tony feels that his strength lies, not in sitting still, but far in its polar opposite. He is sent off to the park, to exercise that strength in his chosen direction.

His friend Abe, grave with a heritage of desert wanderings, accepts antiquity unquestioningly — a strange contrast to Nick and Tony. He lingers quietly, on the whole, over the ornaments of the people who subjugated his forefathers and who worshipped strange gods. The oldness of things falls naturally into the current of his thinking.

His adherence to his own traditions was never more apparent than on one luckless day, when the assistant took an unlabeled group into the room of Italian primitives. She stood contemplative before a favorite Baldovinetti, a delicate head, fair and virginal, against a dark background in which there is a stiff angel. A piercing silence interrupted her musing. A frozen wall of prejudice gripped her. She passed quickly into the 'French Room.' That awful quiet had told her that unknowingly she had brought the 'little citizens' of G —— synagogue district into a room of Italian church paintings!

'It is well to know one's groups,' said the head of the Children's Museum. It *is!* Still, they make themselves known fairly soon, if one does not happen to be informed in advance, as 'we all should be.'

Abe of the patriarchal mind is a friend of Tony's, but Michael Cistone is 'his bright particular star.' Michael was in the 'talented children's drawing-class' on Saturday mornings. He has a job in the summer. He is fourteen.

Michael was conversing confidentially with the head of the Children's Museum, at his side a friend of his who had lost two fingers from his left hand at the 'Commercial Electric Factory' the week before, and Tony at his heels.

Introducing his *bonhomme*, Michael said: 'My friend is also a painter.'

The Head was impressed.

'How about the "job," Michael?'

'All right, but the men told me not to draw the "boss." I did n't. I draw everyone else, noon hours. The watchman 's always eatin' fish. I draws him eatin' fish. Since then I draws all the time I can get off. After while the boss sees one of my drawings, and calls me in. The boss, he's little. He's got little tiny bit-ty eyes, — most meet across his nose, — and big ovalish, round cheeks.' Michael at this point makes an expansive fat sausage gesture with arms widespread. 'And in the middle of his face there sprouts up a little moustache. He's awful funny. He says: "Such a talented boy in my factory. I will see that he gets a scholarship. To-morrow he shall go with me to the Art School in my automobile." '

Tony, bursting with excitement, —

'Did you go, Michael, did you go?'

'I comes to work in my best clothes the next morning. I works all day in my best clothes. The boss can't see me. I, right under his nose twice, I am not there at all. At night I walks home. My clothes is all dusty and two grease-spots. I guess I get that scholarship somewhere else.'

'What on earth does this card on your desk mean?' said the assistant to the Head, reading: ' "Mr. X ——, Art School on Little Wonder Tack." Why Mr. X —— on Little Wonder Tack?'

'Oh,' somewhat absently, 'Little Wonder Tack factory is where Michael works. That card is to remind me to set Mr. X —— to work on his "boss" for a scholarship for Michael. The man can't deceive the child like that without paying something for it.'

Yesterday the assistant was standing before a Monet, which had been rehung after a long absence from the gallery. Fleeting blue mist is over a landscape colored like a peach-blossom. A house in the foreground is transfigured by Spring and Monet.

'Say, teacher, is that there picture painted by hand?' inquires Tony.

Probably there could be no keener comment on the machine-loaded horizon of the average child in America. We, of even a generation earlier, could hardly conceive of Monet paintings coming from a shoot, sixty per minute, like Ivory Soap bars, or Shredded

Wheat Biscuit. Some such idea was obviously Tony's. Descriptions of paints, palettes, and preliminary sketches may have some effect in clearing up his ideas.

Still, it is rather doubtful. The machines are so ever-present. He has never seen a painter at his easel; and to connect the work of the great impressionist with his own drawing is quite a mental skip.

Russia, Africa, Czechoslovakia, Bohemia, Poland, quiet and full of craft interest, all are companions of Tony. In short, over the tables in the Children's Museum, our democracy is at work. In drawing a butterfly or a Persian textile, distinctions of social strata are erased. Tony is arm-in-arm with what might be Uncle Remus's little brother; and his head is perilously close to — 'Do you see that blond child in the velvet coat? Her father become a life member Monday.'

What does it mean to Tony? what is coming to him out of it all? the assistant wonders. He is so grimy at times that one would like to close all introductions to the world of æsthetics, and put him in hot water and 'let the Gold Dust Twins do the work.' What are the jewels of India and woodcuts of Japan going to add to his life, to-day, to-morrow, and in twenty years? There is a possibility that Tony may some day show talent, and reach the Art School, like Michael or Abe. But, judging from present indications, this will not happen.

Undoubtedly China, India, Greece, will be more than pink, green, or yellow spots on the map to Tony, when he studies geography. They will be centres which produce objects that enchant him, if one may judge from his continuous presence near those objects in the Museum.

When he digs ditches, or works in any other immigrant fashion for his bread, China will seem remote, and the current of human progress will vanish in his own race for bread.

But if he comes to the Museum now, every day, one can but believe that a sensitiveness to beauty must result; he will be so well 'initiated into new experiences' of perception, that he will stay awake.

What the assistant wants to do for Tony is to deepen, and widen, and crystallize that love of 'de blue and de shine of it,' so that even the blackness of the steel mill will be penetrated, and the monotony lessened in the ditch.

# THE ARMIES OF EUROPE

BY SIR FREDERICK MAURICE

## I

ARTICLE 8 of the Covenant of the League of Nations begins: —

'The Members of the League recognize that the maintenance of peace requires the reduction of national armaments to the lowest point consistent with national safety.' When that clause was drafted, in the spring of 1919, it was generally agreed by the Allied and Associated Powers that the competition in armaments, which had preceded the World War, had been one of the causes of that calamity. It was pointed out that the extent and efficiency of Germany's military preparations had created in the German people a war mind and a sense of their own invincibility which not only proved fatal in the event, but, in the years before the war, caused the rival group of Entente Powers to answer armament with armament, until it was commonly said that Europe had been turned into an armed camp, and that its peoples were groaning under the burden.

One of the first cares, therefore, of the victors, in framing the Treaty of Versailles, was to impose upon the defeated a drastic reduction of armaments. Not only were the standing armies of Germany, Austria, Hungary, and Bulgaria strictly limited in size, but the most elaborate precautions were devised to prevent the expansion of those armies on the outbreak of war, to regulate the stock of arms which they might maintain, and to destroy the accumulation of arms in excess of that stock. As the result of this procedure, the great navy of Germany has been reduced to six battleships of old type, which have very little fighting value, six light cruisers, the youngest of which is nineteen years old, and a few torpedo boats, while the navy of Austria has disappeared altogether. None of the four states in question is permitted to maintain any military air-service; and, after making all allowances for the territories and population which they have lost as a result of the treaties, and allotting to them only that proportion of the armies of 1913 which was raised within their present reduced boundaries, their standing armies have been brought down from 894,135 men in 1913 to 198,000 in 1922.

The framers of the Covenant of the League of Nations evidently expected that these drastic reductions would make it a comparatively simple matter to obtain at least corresponding reductions in the armaments of the other European states. That expectation has proved to have been woefully wrong.

The one effective step that has been taken in the past few years toward the reduction of armaments has been the Washington Conference, with which the League of Nations had no concern, and by which a material diminution in the standing navies of the principal naval powers was obtained and a limit was put to the costly process of competitive shipbuilding. During the same four years the problem of the reduction

of the land armies has been almost continuously under discussion, both in the Assembly of the League and in its committees; but, so far from any practical result having been obtained, the armies of Europe have actually been increased since Article 8 of the Covenant was drafted. The strength of the standing armies of Europe in 1913 was 3,747,179 men. In 1922 the strength was 4,354,965, an increase of 607,786, despite the compulsory reduction of 696,135 men in the standing armies of Germany, Hungary, and Bulgaria. This means that in the remaining states of Europe there has been in 1922 an increase of 1,303,921, as compared with 1913. In 1913, when the burden of taxation, due to the maintenance of armaments, was generally held to be oppressive, Europe had immense reserves of wealth, which have since been dissipated to the extent of thousands of millions of pounds. In 1922 comparatively few of the states of Europe were able to balance their budgets; the majority are adding annually to the already vast burden of their debts. These startling increases in armaments have therefore taken place despite any influence which the League of Nations has been able to exert, and despite every financial inducement to exercise the strictest economy in unproductive expenditure.

To what is this state of affairs due? It can no longer be ascribed to the inordinate ambitions of autocratic governments. Autocratic government has disappeared from Europe, and it is not to be supposed that its statesmen are so mad as to maintain extravagant forces for the sake of enjoying the splendors of military display, or so foolish as to divert money from their depleted treasuries for the purpose of military expenditure, unless they are in a position to justify their action to their people. In these days it is the people of the countries of Europe upon whom the responsibility for the maintenance of armaments ultimately rests; and, as these are the very people who have to pay the heaviest taxes, the very people in whose minds the horrors of war are freshest, it is obvious that there must be some very potent inducement to cause them to accept conditions which the majority of them agree are objectionable, unless they are truly necessary.

Nor can this increase of armaments be ascribed to the imperialistic aims of a few of the Great Powers, though it is very generally believed by the advocates of a reduction of armaments that this is so. Great Britain has accepted, under the Convention of Washington, a lower scale of naval armament than she has ever agreed to since she became a great naval power. It is not many years since she sought to maintain a two-power standard, that is, to have a fleet equal to those of the next two naval powers. Then she adopted a two-keels-to-one standard, that is to say, she built two battleships to every one built by the nation with the next greatest fleet. Now she has accepted a one-power standard, and has made very material reductions in her fleet. Her standing army in 1922 was stronger by about 10,000 men than it was in 1913, but she is maintaining considerable forces in Constantinople, Palestine, Mesopotamia, and on the Rhine, as the result of obligations which she has incurred since the war, obligations which account for far more than 10,000 men.[1]

The standing army of France in 1922 numbered 736,261 men,[2] against 760,439 in 1913, a reduction of 24,178, though France's obligations in North and West Africa are enormously greater

[1] In the British army estimates for 1923–24, the strength of the army is reduced by a further 40,000 men.

[2] The French estimates for 1923 provide for a further reduction to 680,000 men.

than they were before the war, and absorb now more than three times as many troops as they did in 1913.

Italy, with a greatly increased land frontier, had reduced her forces in 1922 by 80,390, as compared with 1913.

## II

No, the increase in the standing armies of Europe as compared with 1913 is not due to any increase in the armed strength of the Great Powers. It is due, chiefly, to the creation of a whole crop of new armies by the new states brought into existence by the treaties of peace, and by increases in the forces of the smaller states. In the days before the war, Italy was regarded as a great military power. To-day the standing armies of Poland and of Rumania are larger than the standing army of Italy, while those of Czechoslovakia and of Jugoslavia are not much inferior. The burden of military service falls upon the peoples of the new states far more heavily to-day, when they have obtained their freedom, than it did when they were under the rule of the Tsar, the Kaiser, and the Austrian Emperor.

In the days when the territory which is now Czechoslovakia was governed from Vienna, it contributed to the standing army of Austria a quota of 73,000 men. To-day Czechoslovakia maintains an army of 160,000 men. The incidence of military service upon her people is, therefore, more than twice as heavy. The territory of the new Poland was, before the war, partly under German, partly under Austrian, and partly under Russian rule. It then found 190,000 men for the standing armies of those three great military powers. To-day Poland has a standing army of 275,000 men. Finland before the war provided 30,000 men for the army of the Tsar; she now has an army of 120,000.

The scale of the armaments of the smaller states of Europe was described by Field-Marshal Sir Henry Wilson in one of the last speeches that he made before his death as 'terrifying'; and when one recalls the fact that the spark which lit the flame of the World War was a murder in the Balkans, that statement is more than justified. The increase in the armaments of Europe is due to the action of the smaller states, of whom many are still in the stage of political organization and development, and require all their resources for those purposes. The standing armies of the three great European Powers, Great Britain, France, and Italy, to-day number 1,099,047 men, those of the remaining states of Europe 3,255,918.

It is not to be supposed that this arming of the smaller states is due in the main to aggressive ideas. Neither Finland, Poland, nor Rumania can entertain any hope or desire of conquering Russia. Yet it is in the states bordering upon the western frontier of Russia that the most striking increases have taken place. These states together maintain standing armies numbering 650,000 men. In their case, and one may say in the great majority of cases, the motive is fear. That this is so is shown by the answers which one of the armaments commissions of the League of Nations has received to a questionnaire which it has addressed to the members of the League. Replies have been received from twenty-six European states, to request for information as to the size of the armies maintained and as to the reasons for maintaining them. In very many cases the answers are to the effect that no smaller force than that now in existence would suffice for the protection of the frontiers. Obviously, this protection of frontiers is required against possible attack from the forces on the other side of the frontiers. Most states have, there-

fore, armed themselves as a means of obtaining security against possible aggression by their neighbors. Such a state of affairs implies a reversion to the pre-war competition in armaments, and predicates a tendency to increase rather than to diminish armaments; for any increase in the armed forces on one side of the frontier will, unless there is a drastic change in the policy of Europe, result in determined efforts to make corresponding increases on the other side. It also implies that few, if any, states have confidence in the guaranties provided by the League of Nations, and that most consider it to be necessary for them to provide security from their own resources.

The problem of security lies at the root of the matter; and it is necessary to remember that Englishmen and Americans view the question of security from a very different angle from that of the nations of the Continent of Europe. The United States is not now in the most remote danger of attack from Europe, and the Pacific agreement has removed any danger of Japanese aggression. [3] Great Britain is to-day safer from invasion than she has been for generations. The greater part of the German fleet is at the bottom of the sea; and though she has accepted an agreement to reduce her fleet, that agreement leaves her with a proportion of battleships of 5: 3.25 as compared with the next two strongest naval powers of Europe — a preponderance which she has not enjoyed in European waters for a very long time. Only in respect of attack from the air is her home territory in any danger. But a great number of the nations of the Continent of Europe have within the last few years seen the invader cross their frontiers, and the problem of security is for them a very real and pressing problem, so real and so pressing that their peoples are willing to answer every call to compulsory service, and to put their hands deeper and deeper into their pockets to pay for their armies.

For France, in particular, the question of security is, I believe, the chief question to-day, and accounts for much of French policy. Every Frenchman remembers that his dear land has been invaded four times in little more than one hundred years. Every Frenchman sees before his eyes the devastation of the last war; and every Frenchman is determined that, somehow or other, this terror of invasion, under which he and his fathers before him have lived from infancy, shall be removed. It is not that responsible Frenchmen believe that their country is in very immediate danger from Germany. The stories of Germany's secret armies and secret stores of arms are no longer credited. The report of the Army Commission of the French Chamber of June, 1921, which established the principles on which the organization of the French Army should be based, says: —

> The disarmament of Germany is being carried out. It must be continued to the end, and at any moment we must be ready to exact the execution of the clauses of the Treaty. . . . However that may be, it is as well to admit for the present that the absolute and complete disarmament of Germany is not possible, if by that is meant that she is not to have a single gun, a single rifle, or a single machine gun; that it is not to be possible for her to manufacture arms and hide them away.
>
> But we believe that the real inferiority in which Germany is at present placed lies in the fact that she has lost her strategic base of departure, beyond the Rhine, and her machinery for mobilization, in the destruction of her fleet, and in the loss of her Continental allies; and that, so long as we remain on the Rhine, the mobilization of

[3] For the expression of a different view, see the article by Hector C. Bywater, in the *Atlantic* for February. — THE EDITORS.

German forces, provided that the Treaty is not openly violated, (and it is our business to prevent that) will be a slow and difficult operation. . . . Such is, in our opinion, the exact position to-day. It is at any rate that which your Commission has examined. We have given Germany credit for every favorable chance; and if the position of France as regards Germany is one that still requires attention, that position is very far, and as long as we remain on the Rhine it will continue to be far, from presenting the aspect of immediate danger in which we were placed in 1914.

On the contrary, the situation has been reversed, and it is Germany which would have every cause to be afraid, if France had the same warlike spirit which animated the Germany of Bismarck and of William II.

There is here no cry of immediate alarm; but Frenchmen are looking to the future. They see that they have a population of forty millions which, at best, remains stationary, and may decline; that Germany, even in her reduced frontiers, has a population of between sixty and seventy millions, which is increasing. They are seeking to make good this deficiency by recruiting large forces in North Africa, the Mohammedan population of which produced excellent soldiers during the war, soldiers who proved to be more capable of standing the strain of European warfare than many of the soldiers of Great Britain's Indian Army.

It is because she desires to ensure that these native troops can, in case of need, be transported rapidly across the Mediterranean, that France was, at Washington, unwilling to agree to a limitation of her submarine programme. This policy of seeking to bring in the population of her North African territories to counterbalance the numerical superiority of the German population is the key to France's recent policy in the Near East. To give effect to that policy, France must remain on friendly terms with the Mohammedan world; and with that object she sought out Kemal, backed him against the Greeks, and, since the overthrow of the Greek army, has repeatedly shown her unwillingness to oppose the demands of the Kemalists. It is not so much that she has sought peace at any price with the Turks, in order that she might be free to devote herself to the occupation of the Ruhr, as that she has feared the reaction of a quarrel with Kemal upon Morocco.

But what France regards as the most important and essential measure for her security, in present circumstances, is, as the report which I have quoted clearly states, the occupation of the Rhine. France has got Germany down and feels that for her own safety she must keep Germany down. She is in the position of a small boy who is sitting on a big boy's chest, and knows that he is in for a bad pummeling if he lets the big boy up. It is neither a very dignified nor a very safe position. 'But,' says France, 'what else can I do? I must have security. The guaranties which the League of Nations provides are altogether inadequate, and the guaranty which I asked Great Britain and the United States to give me has been refused. I must continue to sit on the big boy's chest, in the hope that he will cry "'Nuff." If he does n't, I shall continue to sit there.'

That this is the present view of France is shown, not only in the report which I have quoted, but in a number of authoritative statements which have since been made in the French Chamber, notably on November 8 last. M. Poincaré and other French statesmen have repeatedly said that, in default of adequate guaranties from outside, France must provide her own guaranties, by maintaining a large army and by remaining on the Rhine, until Germany is helpless.

## III

The problem of security is, then, the main problem for France and for most of the smaller nations of Europe. Until it has been solved, it is hopeless to expect that any general reduction of European armies can take place, or that Europe will cease to drift toward a position in which another world war will be inevitable. None of the nations to which I have referred consider that the guaranties of the League of Nations are at present adequate. All of them are seeking to provide the guaranties which they hold to be necessary from their own resources, a situation which must result in the recreation of the pre-war system of the balance of military power, with the division of Europe into rival camps, and a renewed competition in armaments, which must retard financial reconstruction if it does not, as is highly probable, lead to bankruptcy.

The want of confidence shown in the guaranties of the League connotes a grave defect in the Covenant. Those guaranties are contained in Articles 10, 16, and 17. Articles 16 and 17 provide that any state, whether a member of the League or not, which commits an act of war or aggression, shall have been deemed to have committed an act of war against all members of the League, who shall sever all intercourse with it and subject it to a complete blockade. I believe that this sanction of the League is far more effective than it is generally supposed to be, and that the threat of the application of blockade would, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, prevent war. No nation in Europe could carry on war with any hope of success if it were cut off from all financial, commercial, and personal intercourse with other states.

But few of the nations of Europe have the 'sea sense,' and they are not satisfied as to the effectiveness of this guaranty, though in the one case in which its application was threatened, that of the Serbian-Albanian dispute, the result was immediate and satisfactory. They fear that it may be a long time before the blockade makes itself felt, and that, in the interval, war may be carried into their territory. They fear that a group of nations, strong enough to be economically self-supporting, may be formed to defy the sanctions of the League. They do not consider that the guaranties provided by these articles are sufficient; and that fact must be accepted.

Still less are they satisfied with the guaranties of the famous Article 10, which recites that 'The members of the League undertake to restrict and preserve as against external aggression the territorial integrity and existing political independence of all members of the League.' As is well known, the vagueness and indefiniteness of the obligations which this article imposed on the signatories of the Covenant was one of the main causes of the unwillingness of the United States to enter the League; while the present strength of the armies of Europe is sufficient indication that the views held in the United States regarding this article are not peculiar. No general staff could draw up plans of defense in reliance upon so nebulous an engagement. It would require to know where, when, and in what strength, assistance would be forthcoming; and in default of such information would advise its Government to provide the troops considered to be necessary for the safety of the nation against possible aggression. It is absurd to suppose that an American nation would agree, at the behest of the Council of the League, to send troops to assist in the defense of the frontier of Serbia, or that a Central European nation would undertake to dispatch a force to the Northwest of

India. It is, therefore, in no way surprising that the guaranties provided by Article 10 should be treated with skepticism.

France has long maintained that the sanctions of the League will not be adequate until it is provided with a force of its own, sufficient to enforce its orders. But it is not possible to avoid the suspicion that the French advocates of this proposal have it in mind that the greater part, at least, of the League army would be quartered in France, and under the command of a French General; and it is difficult to conceive that the other members of the League would, in these circumstances, readily agree to pay for the maintenance of such an army, while there are other and graver objections to such a scheme. The League possesses no permanent government, and to give it a standing army uncontrolled by a permanent government would be in the highest degree dangerous, while to give it a permanent government, superior to the governments of its members, would be to change its character fundamentally, and would imply a surrender of national liberties for which the world is far from being ready. If there is to be a limitation of land armaments, it can come only when and if the nations are satisfied that the limitation does not imperil their security; and that security cannot, at present, be provided by the creation of an international army under the control of the League. Can it be provided in any other way?

There is a proposal now being considered by the Temporary Mixed Commission of the League of Nations on the reduction of armaments which seems to me to answer the question in the affirmative. The plan, which is the result of some three years of consideration, was approved in outline at the last meeting of the Assembly of the League, and is now taking definite shape. It is intended to make the guaranties provided by Article 10 definite and precise by the addition of a treaty which limits the world-wide obligations of that article to continents. For example, the nations of Europe will be asked to guarantee each other against aggression, but will not be required to undertake to send troops to the continents of Asia, Africa, or America. It is further proposed that, within these continental agreements, regional agreements shall be concluded between nations in the same part of the world, to deal with specific problems, — such, for example, as the protection against aggression of the eastern frontiers of France and Belgium, — and that these regional agreements shall be in a form sufficiently precise to enable military plans to be prepared to meet certain eventualities.

The execution of these guaranties is to be in the control of the Council of the League, and any nation providing a force for the purposes of the League is to have, for the time being, representation on the Council. In return, and conditional upon the provision of these guaranties, there is to be a general reduction of armaments upon an agreed scale, while any member of the League is to be entitled to call the attention of the League to any suspected departure from the agreed scale.

This plan, of which I have here given the briefest summary, maintains the basic principle of the constitution of the League, that the old system of the balance of military power shall be replaced by the system of concentration of power in the hands of the League, for the preservation of peace and security. Once nations are satisfied that the League offers adequate guaranties of security, the question of limitation of armaments can be approached with some confidence. The results of the Washington Conference have shown

that this is so. When that Conference was held, the three chief naval powers concerned, Great Britain, the United States, and Japan, were in no danger from external aggression; public opinion, released from fear, had free play, and definite results were achieved.

The difficulties of finding an agreed scale for the limitation of land armaments are admittedly far greater than they are in the case of naval armaments. The battleship is a convenient and obvious unit, the existence of which cannot be concealed; but there is no corresponding unit to be found in armies. On the other hand the inducement to find an agreed basis for the limitation of armies is, in Europe, at least, far greater than was the inducement at Washington. Great Britain, the United States, and Japan are in a position of comparative financial security, while to-day a great part of Europe is treading the road to bankruptcy. When the question of security is solved, the voice of the burdened taxpayer will become loud and potent; and as the technical difficulties are not insuperable, if expectations are moderate, this voice will, I believe, be heard readily by harassed ministers seeking to balance their budgets.

The problem is one of supreme urgency, and it will come formally before the Assembly of the League next September. If the foundation of a solution is then laid, there will be some hope for the moral, material, and financial reconstruction of Europe; if it is not, the outlook is indeed gloomy.

# BOLSHEVISM FROM AN EASTERN ANGLE

BY ARTHUR MOORE

## I

CAN Bolshevism carry the East? Lord Curzon some time ago spoke as if the British should play the part of some high and lonely sentinel, some watcher of the skies in Central Asia, and try to grasp the significance of these troubled times. New planets swim continually into our ken. What response do they rouse in our consciousness?

For over five years Bolshevism has run its course. Even if it falls from power in Moscow soon, it will not immediately be ended. Over weak minds it has established a moral superiority throughout the world. Fear is a bad counselor, and many of our postures toward Bolshevism betray fear. The public feeds itself on travelers' tales about the bogey. One says it is like this, another that it is like that. The public listens to them all — to these men and women who have actually heard the monster roar. Bolshevism is civilization's obsession, the world's nightmare. Capital cowers over an atlas, looking, alas! in vain, for some country untainted by breath of Bolshevism, whither it may fly. In Persia, in 1921, British Government servants spread among British subjects a panic that should make a Briton blush. 'Flee to the coast,' 'Women and children

first,' and such lifeboat mottoes, were the orders of the day. Had we allowed the Germans to establish such a moral superiority over us as we yielded to the Bolsheviki, we had been doomed men. The only true answer to the *défaitiste* who told us that we could never 'beat the Boche' was, 'No; we could not hope to beat him, if enough of us felt as you do; but happily you are in a hopeless minority.'

Let us take a pull of ourselves. There is plenty of time. Civilization will not collapse overnight, even before the united soul-force of Lenin in the cold North and Gandhi in the hot South. What, after all, is demoralizing us? Two things: First, there is our own weakness. Civilization's conscience is making a coward of it. If we had risen to the height of our mission, could any vision of a Red proletariat, fired only with a frenzy for our destruction, have come to trouble the sober sanities of life? We have said, and we have believed, that the capitalistic system is an instrument of human progress. But how if we have regarded human progress as a by-product of the system, and if the only thing for which we have cared were dividends? That would account for some of our present tremors. For clearly, if we saw dividends as a by-product and human progress as the main affair, we should fall back upon evolution; and the capitalist would say to the truculent Trotsky: 'Touch me if you can, my dear fellow. I am in the cosmic scheme of things, and beyond all harm.' But it takes more *aplomb* than even a profiteer possesses to enable a capitalist to assure himself that the maintenance of his dividends is written in the scroll of the cosmos.

Western civilization then, or, if you prefer it, capital, to win the fight, must first settle any little accounts it has with its own conscience. This will put the most surprising heart into it.

Its second ground of fear is its military ignorance of its adversary. I use the word military because we are at war, and it is essential to discover the opponent's force; but I must not be misunderstood as referring primarily to his armed forces, for, *pace* Mr. Churchill, this is not a war of bayonets, though bayonets at times play a part. In spite of all the travelers' tales, in spite of our various Intelligence departments, the plain man still feels that he is confronted by a strange terrifying monster. *Omne ignotum.* He has now imported into the three simple syllables of one word, Bolshevism, fear of every kind, and is in danger of hypnotism from it.

Let us search, then, for the force behind Bolshevism. I have Russian friends who have escaped from the Terror, who label it simply, and quite sincerely, 'Anti-Christ.' There is a large body of people outside Russia that holds a similar view. They are convinced that there exists an ancient diabolical secret society of international Jews, the members of which are animated by an undying hatred of Christianity and of the social order of the Christian era. Having unlimited financial resources, these conspirators are supposed to toil, unhasting and unresting from generation to generation, to promote unrest, distress, and despair in the world, till at last some final cataclysm of anarchy shall enable the conspirators to step forth from the shadow and give peace and order to an exhausted world under the beneficent rule of a prince of the House of David. With the crash of 1914 we are supposed to have entered on the final agony; and hence it is that the hands hitherto hidden can already be discerned at work in the shadows. For us there is no more peace. The 'good old days' are fled beyond recall. The virus of discontent has entered the veins of the working millions of mankind, and will

not release them till the old order is destroyed. We march from strike to strike. Step by step, the property-owner is driven to the wall. At the wall he will disappear.

Here then is one theory, and — let us make no mistake — it is a widely held one. But the proofs are wanting that Bolshevism has this mysterious force behind it. We need not therefore accept it. Yet a prudent general mentally credits his opponent with all the possible resources open to the latter, and then contrives his counterstrokes. The conspiracy theory, however strange and fantastic, is clearly not impossible; so let us for the moment assume it to be true. In that case we should have opposed to us religious fanaticism, long experience, and vast wealth.

But Christianity, after all, is its own witness. Either it is what it claims to be, — in which case it will certainly triumph, and there is no need for little people like ourselves to fuss about its perils, — or it is the lie which the supposed conspirators are imagined as believing it to be. In the latter case we stand to lose a sham; but if we admit the possibility that the nature of the universe is such that a conspiracy of hate could gain a final irreversible victory, then we may at once despair. For such pessimists, existence should be insupportable.

The bulk of thinkers will remain nervously optimistic. They do not really believe in the possible ultimate triumph of evil, and will refuse to allow themselves to be stampeded back into obscurantism, and submission of the conscience to outside authority, as a means of combating a supposed danger to religion and ordered government. On the other hand, they are from time to time seized with nerves, and worry intensely about the future because they lack positive faith either in evolution or in religion. So that we come back to our own consciousness. If we believe positively in good, not even the hypothesis of a diabolical conspiracy has any terrors for us. Whoever may attempt to usurp authority, we have no other real leaders in the world-struggle with Bolshevism than those who possess unshakably this positive belief.

If this sinister international conspiracy exists, we have doubtless an immensely harder row to hoe; but provided we ourselves are all right within ourselves, we can remain supremely confident of victory.

## II

We can now turn to consider the strength of Bolshevism itself, whether we regard it as a movement cunningly engineered by arch international conspirators, or as an independent manifestation, an outcome of Tsarist rule, the Russian temperament, the World War, and whatever other factors analysis can bring to light.

What is force? When one is in the Middle East, — a place which will soon thrust itself more on the attention of the West, and is likely to dwarf those domestic politics to which we seem to have returned with unaccountable ardor, after a brief glimpse of a finer kingdom in the dusty rapture of the war, — between Leninism in the North and Gandhiism in the South, it is plain enough that in one sense both these men are right. Force is ultimately moral force, or will-power. It was the fanatical force of Lenin's steely will that kept the wretched Slav peasant, long ago overdone with suffering, in winter trenches, or sent him over the top against Poles or Georgians or some other 'objective.' Gandhi's power lay in his devotion to his idea, his complete indifference to all normal worldly baits or bribes. How is an average comfort-loving European, with a humdrum

sense of duty, but by no means indifferent to worldly success and popular opinion, to combat such a man? Yet we have got to combat such men, and there is a way to do it.

If we push our inquiry a stage further back, we find that it is the passionate will of Karl Marx that we have to meet in Russia. For everyone who reads Lenin's writings with care sees that the force of Marx's idea has hypnotized Lenin. Lenin makes no pretence of original thought. He would consider originality blasphemy, even as Peter or Paul would have scorned the idea of going one better than Christ. Lenin glories in being the slave of his master. He sees himself as the true commentator, the purifier of the Marxian church from the heresies introduced by those who have not understood or have willfully misrepresented the master's teaching, the essence of which is revolution by violence. It is Marx then with whom we have to deal, for Marx being dead yet speaketh. He too is in a choir invisible. He has woven a spell that binds millions of workers, and this is the spell we have to break. That Lenin is the true interpreter of Marx is clear to every unprejudiced student who has no interest in Socialist bickerings. Whatever the Second International may say, Marx plainly preached the necessity of violence.

Now what is the force which Marx has breathed through Lenin into civilization's enemy, Bolshevism? How have the wills of men been captivated so that ordinary kindly mortals, big gentle Slavs, people full of music and tears, will rage and kill? Some explosive was there already in the heart of humanity, waiting at this moment of world-tension, or Lenin would have detonated in vain. Look through the string of causes that the various writers and observers give us. Tsarism, the war and its upheavals and scandals, the peasant's earth-hunger, Tolstoyism, the intensive culture of a numerically small *Intelligentsia* largely debarred from political outlets — all these things, and others too numerous to mention, have a real meaning, and one has one's self seen them at work in Russia.

And look again at the list of reasons why Bolshevism, which, some optimists would have us believe, represents not three per cent of the Russian people, maintains itself. A marvelous spy system, militarism, an appeal to national spirit in a succession of campaigns thoughtfully provided by short-sighted Westerners, a ruthless, intellectual dictatorship, log-rolling, corruption, terror, greed — all these again have doubtless a meaning. But neither list, however we lengthen it, will in itself furnish the key. They are, as the Oxford philosopher said, a string of onions without the string. There remains some unifying principle. Let us find that, and we shall have found the secret of Marx's and Lenin's success; and we shall also have found the means of defeating them.

Now it is plain that this principle, to have produced such wide results in such different places, must be something very human and very simple. In fact, while we ransack heaven and earth to explain these catastrophic miracles, the explanation may be suspected to lie under our noses. Something simple and something human, some instinct common to the mass of mankind. Think long and think well, and little lights will begin to break in elusive points. Look inside you, the surest place to learn about humanity's desires. What was it that enabled Lenin to sweep the wordy social revolutionaries, with their mistresses and motor-cars, from power in the autumn of 1917? What does Lenin give a Russian in return for forced labor and the bread of affliction? Liberty? Fraternity? Equality?

Liberty — clearly not. What about fraternity and equality? Neither Lenin nor Marx had any illusions about the brains and capacities of all men being equal. But is there not another kind of equality? We sometimes say in a canting way that we are equal in the sight of God. Most of us, of course, do not believe it. We feel sure that the penetrating eye of the Almighty discerns our superior merits. We even console ourselves for being passed over in the sight of men, or through what we consider the intrigues or jealousies of others, by the fact that, doubtless, we are getting full marks in heaven. But, on the other hand, there come times when it is borne in upon us that all comparison is impossible, that everything has its own value, and that 'a leaf of grass is no less than the journey work of the stars.' In regard to our estimate of men, such a moment comes in presence of peril. In a shipwreck, the typically good man saves the women and children, and himself goes down with the ship, though perhaps only because he has been brought up to believe that that is good form. The typically bad man jumps for the boats and leaves the women to look after themselves, which, fortunately, some of them prefer to do. But both the good man and the bad recognize absolutely the truth that all men are equal. For the bad man claims the right of self-preservation, and the good man never dreams of saying, 'Being better than the rest of you, I must have the privilege of surviving. Make way, please.'

Now there we have it. What the rest of us realize in the trenches, or when the torpedo strikes, but forget when we ring the bell for the servant, this Lenin knows all the time. He cannot forget it, because it is part of his consciousness. When he, a highly educated professor from the petty nobility, talks with a workman or a peasant, he does not merely pose as talking to a social equal: he *is* talking to a social equal, and has no feeling of social superiority. To him one task is as good as another; and though shoveling snow is not his job, and is in a sense a ludicrous waste of time, he shovels snow in the Kremlin, without the slightest sense that he is doing anything menial or degrading. He has given the proletariat real social recognition. He has taken power; but he has made ruthless war on pomp and pomposity, flunkeyism and officialism. And so, though the dream of liberty recedes and the seas of blood are sickening him, the tortured Slav still stumbles after Lenin; for his ruler has given him that recognition of his manhood for which his heart hungered.

This, then, is Lenin's secret, the very simple spell by which he makes otherwise sensible citizens join a dance of death. The potency of that spell throughout the world at the present moment is easy to see. We have already noted that the truth that we are all social equals becomes plain even to the most superior of us in the face of danger. Marx, who hitched his damnable wagon of bloody revolution to this truthful star, could not hope for the success, in those comparatively safe and solid nineteenth-century days, that has befallen his successor. For a revolutionary, it is good fortune to live in dangerous times; for danger exposes hypocrisies and shams, and gives him a chance of thrusting his panacea into the void.

Now, the World War has produced a feeling such as has never been in this world before, that all men are social equals, for each has his own value. Sitting in an underground shelter, listening to the Zeppelin bombs bursting overhead, the Colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady discovered that they were sisters under their skin; and though in many cases the Colonel's

lady has since forgotten this important truth, Judy O'Grady imbibed it to an extent that has altered her forevermore. So have her brothers and her cousins, who returned alive from Hellfire Corner, or escaped the harvest of the sea. And here we have our finger on the cause of world-unrest. This transcends wages and hours. In all lands the war has brought up from the deepest consciousness of all under-dogs the desire for social recognition. Every badge of servitude is abhorred. It is not work that is abhorred, for mankind is incurably industrious. It is the insults to human dignity that vain pride and social superiority inflict.

Whether I am right in holding that the source of all world-unrest, wherever found, is fundamentally one, and whether I have touched the innermost aspiration of Labor in the West, I must leave you to decide. Let me turn to the East, which is more within my sphere.

## III

Ten years ago, by contrast with the Russians the British were supposed to be politically popular in Teheran. I had a Persian friend who had spent many years in the British service, spoke English, and understood us well. He was universally reputed an Anglophile. But one night he opened his heart to me, and spoke, as nearly as I can recall his words, like this: —

'You know, if Persia had to pass under either Russia or England, all of us Persians would really prefer Russia, though we trust you English more, and often lead you to believe that we should prefer you. Why should we prefer Russia? Because the Russians might be more brutal, but they have not got your rigid social attitude toward Orientals. Look at the general commanding at Kazvin now [there were Russian troops at Kazvin at the time]: we all see that he is a Mussulman. If the Russians came here, I or my son might hope to be a general in the Russian army. But if you came, the most that I could hope for would be to become a "native officer," and by condescension be sometimes invited into the Mess after dinner, to have a glass of port.'

Now the whole of the British position in the East has been, as de Gobineau pointed out long ago, built up by maintenance of a caste system far more rigorous than the Portuguese, Spanish, French, Dutch, or other famous colonizers ever attempted. Without this caste system, it is indeed difficult to imagine how we could possibly have obtained our success in India at all, or how a handful of whites could have maintained their dominance over so many millions. We selected good men, and they went East definitely as superior beings, to play the rôle of Providence to extremely helpless people. But the system that made our success is now outgrown. Our supreme self-assurance, our consciousness of other people's inferiority, has become a canker eating the Oriental heart. The Oriental himself has hopelessly complicated the problem by his slow progress in sex matters. Until he can give to womanhood the same recognition of its own inherent equality of value which he demands for his manhood, real social intimacy between East and West is doubly difficult.

Here is another true story. Some years after the war, a young Egyptian of a well-known family of Lower Egypt was my fellow passenger on a Mediterranean boat. He had graduated at Oxford, and had also taken an agricultural course, and was now returning to his own country. He was, as I discovered from conversation with him, a raging Nationalist, thirsting to oust the English and, in fact, I saw him detained at Port Said, as the police had informa-

tion that he was bringing seditious literature into the country. This Christ Church youth sat generally alone on deck when the evening gayeties began, looking on hungrily at the dancers; for it was July, and he was still full of memories of the first post-war Eights week and 'Commem.' But one evening he secured a partner and danced. Presently I found myself sitting beside the wife of a senior military officer who was going out to join her husband in Egypt. She was a highly cultivated, charming woman, who seemed in general refreshingly free from prejudice in her conversation.

'Did you see the "Gyppo" dance?' I asked her with vague curiosity; for I had noted that he had danced particularly well.

'I tried not to look,' she replied with obvious sincerity. 'That sort of thing gives me the creeps. I wonder it is allowed.'

Here indeed was the edge of an abyss between East and West of which we have all had experience, though it is too rarely frankly considered when we discuss unrest.

Some people will tell you that the East is sick of civilization. But that is merely the form which Gandhi's fever took in India. The East is not sick of civilization; it is sick of patronage. It is sick of super-government. It has stirred in its sleep. Older than all of us, it has dreamed new thoughts while we supposed it dying. What will happen when the sleeper wakes? Has our hustling efficiency something yet to learn? Once again, is light upon our path coming from the East?

## IV

How, then, is civilization to disarm Lenin? We have seen that the weapon with which he goads men to attack civilization is the rankling sense of injustice at social, rather than financial, inequality, which is now widespread both in East and West.

Clearly, in order to save itself, civilization will do well to proceed on scientific lines. Lenin's idea, which is being used to our undoing, that all men are social equals, is after all a true one. Since, therefore, we cannot hope to expel it, have we phagocytes in our system capable of seizing on it, of incorporating it in civilization, even of making its recognition the hallmark of civilized man, as much a part of him as his breathing, or the circulation of his blood? If we can do that, we shall be immune, and can laugh at Lenin. His occupation will be gone; for in a society where all men extend to one another the courtesy and consideration required between social equals it will be idle to try to get up a bloody revolution.

We shall do something still more insidious. The great military lesson of the World War is compact in one word — the counter-attack. Before the war the last word of military wisdom was the offensive: 'Attack, attack, attack.' Prussia embodied it, and the French and ourselves were in danger of Prussian hypnotization. But the offensive school lost, both tactically and strategically. The offensive failed wherever it was tried, and finally it lost the war. It failed with us as completely at the Somme and Paschendaele and, most signally of all, at Cambrai, as it failed with the Germans twice at the limit of the Marne. The true field-strategy is to await attack and, when the enemy has penetrated into your line, to be ready with your massed reserves to deal a deadly *riposte*, far more crushing than a simple offensive.

In the moral world there is no difference. It was our strength that we were the attacked and not the attacking party. It was our weakness that we had not massed our reserves, and were

not ready with our counter-stroke till late in the war, when our propaganda did deadly work. Lenin has penetrated civilization's position. We must deliver our *riposte* instead of quarreling among ourselves. If civilization, in face of a common peril, will abandon petty national jealousies and bickerings, as well as class jealousies and bickerings, and will embrace the axiom that all men are social equals, so that the man who won the D. C. M. will not be required to cringe to his employer, who peradventure was a profiteer, it will conduct the deadliest of all counter-offensives. For the vulnerable spot of both Lenin and Gandhi is precisely the same as their strong point, namely, that they are sincere. Lenin believes that civilization must be brutally shattered before it can be remade. Gandhi, now in prison, also despairs of Western civilization, and believes that the East must annihilate it by boycott and produce a new civilization modeled on the East's own ancient wisdom. If civilization can show that it is indubitably finer than the thing whereof they despaired; if, in short, it can steal their thunder, it will carry confusion into the very souls of these men, it will undermine the foundations of their belief, it will divide their will at its very seat, and end by making them our helpless prisoners.

But this, you will say, is sheer idealism. Is not this the old story that nothing will save us but a change of heart? When the founders of all the world's great religions, and all the hosts of teachers to whom they have given birth who pray for and preach to us on Sundays, Fridays, Saturdays, and whatever other holy days different religions have selected — when these have not yet succeeded in producing that change of heart, why waste time and ink in writing to the *Atlantic Monthly* about it?

Now that is just where the East comes in. After all, the founders of religions, or evolution, or the march of civilization, or whatever other motive-force or label we ascribe to progress, can be said to have failed only in the sense of having not yet succeeded. *Respice finem.* And the battle is obviously much more than half won. Mankind has suffered an immense change of heart since each man had to guard his own cave, and clubbed his bride; or since a king's slaves sweated under the lash to build such follies as the Pyramids; or since we burned heretics; or since that pre-war past, — which seems so remote but is yet only a few years gone, — when we British thought that to give old men pensions or young women votes would violate the laws of nature. The mere fact that the world's workers are now everywhere clamoring for social equality is in itself a proof that we are within an ace of coming to it. The question is merely whether we are coming to it through red ruin and the breaking up of laws, or whether we are coming to it through a change of heart. If, like Lenin, you despair of civilization, there is nothing for it but the former. If you believe in civilization, we shall attain it by the latter. But the question is no longer unpractical idealism. It is urgent, and has come up for settlement.

The West is not likely to collapse to Lenin. He makes big dents in its line, he makes a temporary break through in Budapest, or Munich, or perhaps on the Clyde, or in Dublin. But, all in all, the West, where the big masses, the great industrial armies, are deployed on both sides, may be trusted to hold for civilization. Lenin's *attaque brusquée* has failed, to his intense surprise. The world-revolution, whereon he counted in 1918, did not come. He has had to settle down to siege warfare. Sometimes his spirits rise when he reads a bulletin from Turin, or Milan, Cork,

New York, or Chicago. But, in general, he is checked, though at great cost. And there is little sign of the great counter-offensive.

## V

All this time the side-shows are going on in the East. There is an odd parallel to the Great War in this Greater War, in this second chapter of the momentous volume which the war began. It is already an historical curiosity to read the memoirs of some British soldiers. They might well serve as a warning to us now not to forget the East. For these soldiers damned the side-shows in every mood and tense. Saloniki was an obsession to them, and the word could not be written with calmness. They called it a politician's stunt, ignoring the fact that it had the full sanction of French military opinion; for the famous French military genius was true to itself and resisted the obvious temptation to call for every available man to hold the sacred soil of France. Yet it was the side-shows, Saloniki, Palestine, and Mesopotamia, that finished first, and were the sure forerunners of the great victory in the West.

If the Western front can do no more than hold, if it is at present unpractical idealism to talk to holders of stocks and shares of a change of heart, is it possible that the supposed corrupt and somnolent East can deliver the moral counter-stroke that will free the world of Bolshevism?

I believe that it can and will.

When the truth that all men are socially equal dawns upon a man, it can strike him in one of two ways. In that ultimate moment, truth is balanced on a razor's edge. On the one side is all good, on the other side is all evil. He may see truth in a flash in the form of 'You are as good as I,' or he may see it in the form of 'I am as good as you.' In the first form, it is evident that the Prince of Wales saw it during the war, and that was what he meant when he told us quite simply that he came into his manhood. Hence he rules all hearts because, though his job is to be Prince of Wales, we feel instinctively that he recognizes the manhood of everybody, and does not conceive himself as a superior being.

We have seen the instance of the typically good man and the typically bad man in the shipwreck. Lenin and Trotsky, like Marx, have seen the truth, but for them truth is poisoned at the source. *Corruptio optimi.* Fundamentally, good and evil are two facets of one truth. Lenin and Trotsky are now banking on the evil that is in mankind. And though it is hard for a rich man to enter the kingdom, it must be confessed that, when an upper-dog does see the truth, he is more likely to see it in the good sense than is the under-dog. For the upper-dog's trouble is that he has been accustomed to think himself not only as good as, but also a lot better than, other people. Whereas the under-dog's trouble is that for many generations he has been made to feel that he is inferior to other people.

Now it is the contemplative East and not the industrial West that is the eternal trustee of the pure facet of truth. Throughout the ages, when toiling man has grown fretful, and the lights that had seemed so clear to his fathers have become dim to him, the East has relit the torch and put a song in his heart. So it seems likely to be again. Many devout Christians have often wondered what was the historic mission of Islam, and they have conceived it only as a thorn in the side of Christendom. The day seems coming with rapidity when we shall all recognize the service of Islam to the world. It is the barrier on which Bolshevism will break, and it is from the heart of

Islam that a new conception of human freedom is likely to be given to the West.

For there is just no danger at all of real Bolshevism in the Middle East. India is a storm-centre, for, as we have seen, the socially superior attitude of the British has bred evil passions. But in Central Asia there is no such focus of hatred. Trotsky's purely materialistic Communism and its base appeal cannot penetrate Islam, for Islam will transmute it into something finer. There is, indeed, a strange spiritual unrest in Islam. The Khalifat agitation is the merest outward sign of a deep stirring, which, in my view, will ultimately find its expression, not in military ebullition, but in a great religious revival, which will be so untainted with reaction or clericalism of any kind that it will powerfully influence the world. On occasion the East has a moral courage that far exceeds the West's. It is capable of converting the Sermon on the Mount into a serious political programme, under the sway of a great religious teacher. Everywhere in the Middle East one finds the expectation of him, and the belief that, in spite of contrary appearance, a golden age is near. The Shiahs await the Imam, the Sunnis await the Mahdi, the Wahabis look for a second coming of Christ. The Jews in Jerusalem are convinced that the Messianic age is opening. The Bahais go further, and from the Persian heart of Islam announce to all religions that the fulfillment is upon us. Between the Mediterranean and the China Seas their numbers grow apace.

And meanwhile Islam, which for twenty years followed politicians and believed in constitutions, is now faced with the bankruptcy of mere political machinery. It has turned in upon itself, to seek a remedy for those ills which neither kings nor laws can cause or cure. Pan-Islamism has become a vague but powerful yearning for fellowship. Thought is building up new political conceptions, and, in particular, one notices a reconciliation between kingship and democracy as a trend of Asiatic political theory. A new interpretation is given to the divine right of kings. In this dream the king is the central symbol of the love of his subjects. He, being at the centre, has the largest circle of friends, and is therefore the most loving, as well as the most beloved, man in the kingdom. He is the servant of all, and makes no other claim save loving service; hence he can have no enemies and is truly royal. The kingdom produces enough wealth for all, and every man finds as much pleasure in his neighbor's prosperity as in his own. So that all are contented, for every man regards his own property as equally at the service of his neighbor, and knows that his neighbor's property is at his service.

We shall be told that this is against human nature. But human nature is two-sided. Once more we are in presence of the two facets, one evil and one good, of a single truth. What is certain is that mankind's greatest leaders have made many men see only the good facet; therefore the power of seeing must be in human nature. It is true that only a great teacher can do this. The earnest expectation of the East is such that it is reasonable to await such a teacher. There is a void which must be filled; the power of evil let loose from Moscow has brought the world face to face with it. And in such turning points of the world's history the new light which has enabled men to carry on has never failed them. The life-force does not fail.

For in the whole universe there is only one truth. You may see it sparkling brightly in the light heels of Karsavina, or gleaming fitfully in the dim pages of some dull divine.

# AMERICA MUST DECIDE

## A STUDY IN INTERNATIONAL DETACHMENT

BY WILLIAM HOWARD GARDINER

### I

On all sides, and in all sincerity, the cry is being raised by many Americans and others that the United States should 'do something' to help Europe. But to the question, 'Do what?' innumerable and contradictory answers are given, some quite uninformed and merely emotionally sympathetic, while not a few indicate a natural partisanship, in no wise improper when it is frank.

It would seem, however, that, if we are to act with any hope of using our capabilities effectively, we should endeavor to make a calm and rational estimate of some of the major overseas problems now confronting the United States, looking both East and West in a balanced way, and facing facts rather than cherishing fancies. Then we may be able to see more clearly how to act in order to maintain and develop effective ways and means for the realization of our national ideals, whether at home, in Europe, or elsewhere.

Some believe that the main purpose of the present policy of the United States toward world-affairs is to abstain as much as possible from participating in them. They characterize it as a policy of 'isolation.' Others believe that our present policy aims at the utmost participation in world affairs now compatible with our national characteristics — a naturally evolved policy, supported by character, rather than a less natural one superimposed by intellect. So an outline of some of the less generally recognized considerations which, several years ago, led to the formulation of our present general policy may be a helpful introduction to an attempt to estimate what action we should take toward some of our major overseas problems.

It was recognized that the very gradual evolution of the parliamentary system from the moot-hill of early England seemed to have bred a canny aversion to specific commitments, and to have resulted in that habit of mind, so deep-rooted that now it seems like a racial instinct, which finds expression in the unwritten constitution of England and in her traditional avoidance of definite alliances with their unforseeable complications.

A notable instance of this fundamental policy was that, when the principal powers of Continental Europe set up the Holy Alliance, avowedly to maintain the order of things established at the end of the Napoleonic wars, England abstained from joining the Alliance, and contented herself with sending 'observers' to its conferences, who gave much advice and exercised considerable influence. And when the Holy Alliance proposed to support Spain in the reconquest of her

seceded Latin-American possessions, England was entirely free forthwith to make to the United States the proposals that led to the Monroe Doctrine, which ended the designs of the Holy Alliance upon Latin America.

The immediate result of England's following this general policy of detachment was that she held the balance of power *vis-à-vis* the Continent until 1914. But in order properly to exert her influence, first in one way and then in another, or in different ways in simultaneous situations, — yet ever with a minimum of definite commitment, lest the subsequent conduct of others call for a change of position, — it was necessary for England to participate far more actively in the guidance of world-affairs than did any other single power. It would seem, therefore, to be quite mistaken to characterize England's policy as one of 'isolation' — if by that term is meant non-participation in world-affairs.

Meanwhile, the United States was having a very illuminating experience in the futility of a foreign policy that lacks public support. From 1844 on, the United States had consistently tried to develop in the Far East the policy of equal commercial opportunity for all peoples, without sequestration of territory or political impairment; and in 1899 she secured the official subscription of the principal powers to this Open-Door doctrine.

The consonance of this doctrine with the traditional feelings of the American people aroused the most enthusiastic approval of it in the United States. But at that time Asia took less than one and a half per cent of the exports of the United States; so, whether the commercial doors of the Far East were open or closed was not recognized by the mass of Americans as being of material concern. And when, beginning about 1905, it became increasingly manifest that Japan's policy, rather than really supporting the doctrine of equal opportunity for all, aimed at obtaining virtually exclusive opportunity for the Japanese in an ever-increasing sphere, — as by their annexation of Korea, — then it became even more manifest that the American people had no intention of supporting effective steps actually to maintain the Open-Door doctrine. In fact, it is difficult to avoid taking this failure of the American people — or of their politicians — to manifest any definite intention of enforcing the Open-Door doctrine as another demonstration of that ancient and world-wide tendency not to give immediately costly and persistent support, even to the most righteous and altruistic doctrines, unless commensurate and compensating material interests promise to make such action worth while.

It was with this demonstration of the inadequacy and unreliability of merely emotional interest in the not remote background that the strongest of emotional appeals were made during 1919 and 1920 to the altruism of the American people to join the League of Nations.

It was realized, however, in other American quarters, and as early as January 1919, that the great tide of world-events had swept the United States into a position *vis-à-vis* the whole world that was potentially quite similar to that which England had occupied *vis-à-vis* the Continent of Europe at the close of the Napoleonic wars; a position in which England had declined to become merely one of the members of the concert of Europe, and had chosen to remain uncommitted, in order better to exercise the balance of power — the determining voice which resulted in the century of comparative peace that was characterized by the unprecedented development and expansion of the

power and ideals of our civilization.

The position of the United States in North America may be likened to that of a lesser continent off the Continent of Europe and also off the Continent of Asia — which two, with Africa, form the great world-continent; for the United States is facing problems both across the Atlantic and across the Pacific — problems which, as we shall see, are portentous in both directions. The American position is analogous to that of England a hundred years ago off the Continent of Europe; but the American position is bilateral, — East and West, — whereas that of England was almost entirely unilateral — toward the powers of Continental Europe; and the world-factors of to-day vastly transcend in magnitude and complexity those of a hundred years ago.

The call is that we 'do something.' What? Which way shall we turn? In which direction may the power of the United States be needed most for the welfare of our civilization?

In order to attempt even an appreciation of such a situation, we must examine our transatlantic outlook and our transpacific outlook — and then try to balance them with discrimination.

## II

The major frontiers in Europe before the war may be said to have run from the North Sea to the Adriatic and from the Baltic to the Black Sea, the central region containing a group of strong buffer states between eastern and western Europe, and the whole constituting the elements of that complex balance of power which was held in more or less stable equilibrium. The rise and eruption of the German Empire upset this; and the ensuing peace — or truce — broke up one of the major powers of the central buffer region, Austria-Hungary, into many lesser units of doubtful stability, and aimed to render Germany impotent to attack France, and consequently, defenseless against Russia, except for such strength as unstable Poland may develop with the aid of France.

To-day many believe Bolshevist Russia to be impotent because of political and industrial disorganization, somewhat as Revolutionary France was believed to be at the dawn of the Napoleonic era. But the continuance of such a condition is not to be expected, especially if it is recalled that the Krupps now are managing Russia's munition works — and that the age-old method of reorganizing a people and of riveting one's hold on them is to lead them in a successful foreign war. Nor should it be forgotten that Russia diplomatically is prepared for such an enterprise in Europe, by alliance with Germany on her right wing and Turkey on her left; that in the centre of her European line she is opposed only by Rumania and some of the disintegrated elements of Austria-Hungary; that, furthermore, alliances exist between Turkey and Afghanistan, between Afghanistan and Russia, and that it may be impossible for Persia to be kept out of this entente.

On the edge of this Continental complex has been insular England, whose primary interest, from the days of Henry VIII, was to balance power against power, so that none could attack her in her weakness. Then, as her overseas expansion began, it continued to be to her interest to maintain this Continental balance, so that there should be a minimum of competition against her for power at sea and overseas on the part of the Continental powers. And finally, after the sea power and industrialism of England had brought her into the position of being the great *entrepôt*, finishing factory, and merchandiser of the world, it continued to be to her interest to maintain the bal-

ance for peace on the Continent as her greatest market; and furthermore, she became vitally interested in preventing any Continental power from coming into control of all such basic materials and facilities on the Continent as would enable such a power to set up such an industrial establishment as might tend to drive England's products off the Continent.

This Germany threatened to do when to the coal measures of the Ruhr she added, in 1871, the iron ores of Alsace-Lorraine; and her consequent industrial menace to England she further increased by her subsequent development of overseas commercial colonies, overseas trade and transport, and naval power. But the late war ended that phase of Germany's career; and since then we have seen the amazing period in English policy wherein the Celtic opportunist, Lloyd George, handled home and Continental matters; while, after 1919, the Orientalist, Lord Curzon, tried to conduct England's more extensive foreign relations in accordance with pundit practices.

England's need for increased markets wherewith to end her post-war industrial depression and unemployment produced a popular demand for the reconstruction of Germany's economic power, so that again Germany could buy English goods. But this policy of politico-economic opportunism overlooked the further prospect that a Germany economically rebuilt might be expected, *ipso facto*, again to be a great economic rival to England. Furthermore, the English argument, that only a reconstructed Germany could be expected to pay reparations, seemed to make disappointingly little impression in France, where the conclusion prevailed that an economically reconstructed Germany would be also a rebuilt German military menace to France. So the English moves to rehabilitate Germany started schism between France and England, and gave color to the claim that it was all the more necessary for France to maintain a great army, and to be able to mobilize her African Colonials at the Rhine frontier — avowedly only for defense.

While these views and policies seem to be generally appreciated, it does not appear to be as widely realized that, even before the Peace Conference adjourned, France set out to develop her political prestige and control in an amazingly extensive way — from Poland through the Ukraine (whence she was ejected), through the so-called Little Entente, into Asia Minor, down into Central Africa, and westward to Morocco. And in these adventures in what it is difficult not to call politico-military imperialism, England does not appear to have lagged one step behind France, paying more attention, however, to economic opportunities, — particularly of an oily nature, — and concentrating her efforts on obtaining control over that strategic focus, the Near East.

It was as if two business concerns, heavily indebted, and having barely escaped bankruptcy because of assaults by a rival, should rush forthwith, upon the latter's failure, into extensive new adventures of a speculative nature in competition with each other, to recoup their losses, instead of first setting their home affairs in order and balancing their budgets. But it should be remembered that large parts of Europe and Africa and most of Asia Minor were in political flux, with preponderant power to whoso might secure the greater measure of control over them.

The anxiety of France over England's policy as to the reconstruction of the German market to a certainty has been increased immeasurably by the realization that a reconstituted Germany would furnish England with

an effective counterpoise to French preponderance on the Continent and to French adventures across the Mediterranean. And, until recently, the utter insincerity of Germany toward every phase of the reparations question undoubtedly added greatly to the precariousness of the French position; this because the receipt of reparations in volume was necessary to France, not only to meet the costs of French reconstruction and pensions, but also to meet the costs of French extraterritorial adventures not very dissimilar from those of England in the Near East.

Paradoxical as it seems, Germany's dishonest evasions of reparations payments appear to have furnished France with the solution of her situation — if her daring adventure with Belgium into the Ruhr and other industrial sections of Germany can be kept isolated from external interference, and entirely as a matter between France and Belgium on the one hand and Germany on the other.

While the reason given by France for seizing these all-important industrial regions is that she may hold them as collateral and work them to her profit until Germany pays her reparations, — a matter of decades, — it is feared in informed English circles that the French purpose is to evolve a permanent industrial combination between the ores of Alsace-Lorraine and the coking coals and metallic and chemical industries of the Ruhr and Rhineland, under French fiscal control, aided, in all probability, by German executive operation. And it is pointed out that whether this colossal plan would lead to separating these regions politically from the German Reich, and setting them up as a federation under the shadow of France, is a secondary matter.

The main point is that, if France can acquire and hold the fiscal control of this principal source of German wealth, she will divert its flow to herself. Then, it is believed, the rest of Germany will be reduced to an agrarian state of relatively little industrial power or military menace to France; this reduced Germany will be of relatively little value to England as a counterpoise to France in the political balance; France will have under her own control sufficient volumes of substantially all the supplies and facilities necessary to displace most English products from the Continental market and, perhaps, to enter into overseas competition with England for the wider markets of the world, as Germany did from the same source; consequent economic depressions in England and Germany will reduce their populations, while economic prosperity in France will result in her population overtopping theirs; and the French Government, having made it impossible for reduced Germany to pay reparations, can take countervailing excises from France's multiplied business.

In short, and except for untoward complications, the prospect suggested is that the France of, say, twenty years hence may be as was the Germany of ten years ago in the industrial world, and in the politics of Western and Central Europe, debarring England from political power and economic profit there.

Be all of this as it may, it is apparent that there is more to England's problem than industrial revival to give work to a million and a half unemployed; there is more to the French situation than the collection of reparations from a dishonest and delinquent debtor; and the American fancy to rehabilitate Europe economically, in order to reëstablish her capacity to buy American goods and to pay American claims, would involve much more than counsel and the most open-handed financing. England's recent effort at the economic rehabilita-

tion of Germany for similar ends, and all its consequences, raise a grave question as to whether the United States could succeed toward Europe as a whole (with Russia in the background) where England has failed toward Germany merely, and failed because of Continental rivalry and in spite of England's centuries of intimate experience in balancing just such Continental matters. But for the immediate cause of England's present failure toward the Continent we must look to her over-extension in the Near East.

## III

Though France, Italy and Greece were to have shared in the dismemberment of the Turkish Empire proposed by the Treaty of Sèvres, and though the United States had been urged to participate in this dismemberment, and thereby to commit herself to supporting it, by accepting a humanitarian mandate over Armenia and even over Constantinople, nevertheless, by far the major part of the undertaking, from Baku to Suez and from Constantinople to Aden, was to be British. Consequently, when the Turkish Nationalists of Angora displaced the ancient Osmanlian rule of Constantinople, refused to ratify the Sèvres treaty, and announced their purpose to reconstitute the late Turkish realm as a sovereign power in every respect, — except for Syria, Mesopotamia, Arabia, Palestine, and Egypt, — they entered upon a career that was certain to bring them ultimately face to face with Britain.

That France, after fighting the Turks, virtually joined hands with them in 1921, and that the Turks overwhelmed the Greeks in September, 1922, left the issue actually as between London and Angora — with Paris as the equivocal factor. So when, after the burning of Smyrna, the Turks turned to recapture Constantinople and the British forces alone stood firm, it must have been supremely cheering to the Turks to have Lloyd George's ultimatum to them greeted in England by an outcry which stated in no uncertain terms that the English public would not support any policy that might lead to a war. And in view of this, the fact that the truce of Mudania was made in October, preparatory to the ten-weeks' conference at Lausanne, indicates appreciation by the Turks that the trend of events between England, France, and Germany promised more to them, if skillfully used, than could be expected from immediate combat.

The outstanding hazard to the British Empire from an Anglo-Turkish clash is that the Turkish Caliphate is the spiritual head of the two hundred and thirty million Mohammedans, over one third of whom are British subjects; and as prestige, supported by the potentiality of force, is of prime importance in governing Mohammedans, it is of the utmost importance to British rule not to lose face before the Mohammedan world, and to keep clear the sea-ways for the transportation of British forces. On the other hand, most of France's Colonials are Mohammedans, and friendliness to the Turks on her part would strengthen her in almost all her colonies.

Another complication is that the Mediterranean is like a grade-crossing; for the assured naval command of the line of communication from England by Gibralter to Suez is vital to the stability of all British interests east of Suez; but the French claim that certainty of naval command over the line from Algiers to Marseilles is vital to the safety of France, because over it she must be able to mobilize the manpower of French Africa on her Rhine frontier — which suggests why the French positively refused, at the Wash-

ington Conference, to agree to the limitation of their submarines, useful both as guards to the French line from Algiers to Marseilles, and as a menace to the main artery of the British Empire. But in order adequately to appreciate the bearing of this balance in world-politics, we should have to consider Mediterranean strategy and policy at least since Louis XIV was advised to capture Egypt and thence attack the Far-Eastern trade of the Dutch, in order to reduce the Netherlands.

While Continental, Mediterranean, and Turko-Mohammedan policies tended to break up the Anglo-French front *vis-à-vis* the Turks at Lausanne, parallel interests solidified the Russo-Turkish front there. For Bolshevist Russia has shown her adherence to the Tsarist purpose to secure the right to issue through the Dardanelles, — as her fleet did in 1798, — and to obtain an outlet on the Persian Gulf. It is to her interest, therefore, to aid in securing for Turkey absolute military command and closure of the Dardanelles against entrance into the Black Sea by any of the naval powers of the world; while Russia, expecting to be the dominant partner in the Russo-Turkish alliance, might look to obtaining from Turkey the use of the desired exit to the Mediterranean for a future fleet if need be — a situation and move of great strategic importance in the event of Russia's pushing toward the Persian Gulf or India.

As the safety of India is the pivot of Lord Curzon's policy, such considerations may have led him to the conviction that the consolidation of British control over Asia Minor against the day of Russia's return to strength was of paramount importance. But in embarking England on this enterprise, he not only diverted her attention and resources from the critical Franco-German balance, but he gave to France the chance she used to aid the Turks to defeat the English in Asia Minor, while the supreme importance of that situation to the English prevented them from acting arbitrarily against the French adventure into the Ruhr. And furthermore, when Lord Curzon committed England to an anti-Turkish policy, he undertook a task which, if not carried through to success with a minimum of irritation to Moslem susceptibilities, would seriously impair, not only British prestige but the prestige of the entire white civilization in the eyes of the whole colored world.

The Lausanne Conference broke down early in February, when Lord Curzon tendered the Turks a treaty of peace which yielded to them substantially every territorial claim, but which did not acquiesce to the Turkish views on such important matters as the capitulations — matters wherein the United States is vitally interested and wherein the American representatives at Lausanne had supported the English against the Turks. Even without the Angora Government's subsequent refusal to ratify this treaty, and insistence on virtually complete acquiescence in the Turkish stipulations, the mere tendering of it connoted the overthrow of England's Near-Eastern policy; and it connoted an unprecedented loss of prestige before the whole Asiatic world — a loss of prestige which attaches in a lesser measure also to the United States, because American support of English policy at Lausanne was unavailing.

If England decides to accept at the hands of the Turks such an unprecedented humiliation, she will lose the strategic position in Asia Minor which is so important to her against the day when Russia is ready to move southward, and, in all probability, a series, or group, of uprisings will take place

in British Mohammedan possessions, which will either succeed, or require more force for their suppression than would have been necessary to overcome the really slender forces, and meagre facilities at the command of the Turks last autumn, when the English public refused to fight — and when the American Government did not respond to American demands that we insist on all our rights in Turkey, by force if need be.

If England withdraws from Turkey alone, and without fighting, the United States will not be in a position to retain anything more than a semblance of our present rights there. But it should be realized that substantially all the mandates and other arrangements for the dismemberment of Turkey under the Treaty of Sèvres have been approved by the League of Nations. Consequently, in defying the Treaty of Sèvres, and in attempting to reconstitute the Turkish realm in Europe and northern Asia Minor, the Turkish Nationalists are defying the mandates of the League of Nations. The prospect of the United States losing much, if not all, of her traditional rights in reconstituted Turkey therefore brings the interests of the United States in this region into substantial parallelism to those of England there under the League of Nations.

The obvious answer to the Turkish use of force in defiance of the mandates of the League would be to confront the Turks with the prospect of being overwhelmed by superior force if they do not forthwith submit to these mandates. But seemingly a controlling element of the British public has said that it will not fight alone; and forces from the other larger European members of the League of Nations apparently are elsewhere engaged, or not to be counted on. Therefore, without the United States being committed in the League, the parallelism of her interests in Turkey to those of England there seems to confront the United States with the question whether she is prepared to stand beside England in force, to defend her own humanitarian undertakings and to support her own economic interests in Turkey, — and incidentally those of England, — and to enforce the mandates of the League of Nations as to Turkey.

Of naval forces and transport facilities England has a superabundance wherewith to handle the Turkish situation alone. But an expeditionary force of from one to two hundred thousand more men seems to be the *sine qua non* essential to bringing the Turks to terms; and beyond a reasonable doubt, the mere mobilization of such an expeditionary force in England and America would do this without actual conflict.

## IV

At this point it seems appropriate to submit some of the major conclusions from an estimate of the situation which was made immediately after the Turkish victories of last September — an estimate the conclusions of which do not seem to have been vitiated by developments since then.

The assumption was that England decides to fight the Turks. Apart from the bellicose Balkans, what alignment of the principal powers would then be likely? And by what line of action can the United States best serve her own interests and those of civilization?

So far as the principal European powers are concerned, —

France would not support England to any material extent, but would confine her attention substantially to improving her own position *vis-à-vis* Germany, to consolidating her hegemony of western and central Continental Europe, and to improving her

situation in Africa, all of which would be quite likely to lead her to policies the reverse of helpful — except under one contingency.

Italy's ultimate interests probably would be best served by aiding England, within such limitations as might be imposed by Continental considerations — with the result that any aid she might give would not be considerable.

Russia, beyond a reasonable doubt, would come to the aid of Turkey; but she might hold off until the first phase of the Anglo-Turkish contest had been worked out; for, while it is to Russia's interest to have Turkey victorious, it is also to her interest to have Turkey as weak as possible after the victory. Russia might act also against Poland, with the object of making contact with Germany, with whom she is in alliance; and this is the contingency that might cement anew the Entente between England and France.

There seems to be no doubt that Britain could concentrate promptly on Turkey sufficient forces to do very serious damage to the Turks. During this phase, the latter hardly could be expected to make any serious offensive move. On the contrary, their principal object at first would be to avoid being seriously cut up by the aerial bombing expeditions of the British, who, undoubtedly, could bring the Turks to terms if the British forces could be kept concentrated on that objective. But, for that very reason, the Turks may be expected to do everything within the power of Mohammedanism to create diversions, from Cairo to India, which will necessitate a dispersion of the British forces concentrated against the Turks. The British problem then will be to maintain a concentration of force in the critical area — Asia Minor — sufficient to effect a crushing defeat of the Turks there within the shortest possible time, and before really serious trouble can be developed in the dispersed areas.

In short, if the English were to decide to fight the Turks practically single-handed rather than submit to the humiliation now confronting them, in all probability it would result in a European war. But if the Turks were to be confronted, beyond a reasonable doubt, with the prospect of being crushed promptly by overwhelming forces, they probably would yield, there would be no war, and white prestige would be enhanced in Asiatic esteem.

Surprising as it may seem, further consideration of this situation leads to the conclusion that it would present the United States with a much more serious problem even than has been suggested. For evidently such an Anglo-Turkish clash, and its immediate consequences, would immobilize in Europe and in the Near and Middle East substantially all the army and navy forces of the European powers — somewhat as they were immobilized upon the outbreak of war with Germany in 1914.

It will be recalled that then Japan set out to advantage herself as much as possible in the Far East, under the guise of helping the Entente Allies. Her first actions were to seize for herself all the defenseless German islands in the North Pacific, to capture the German base at Tsingtao, and to occupy the Chinese province of Shantung behind it. But within six months after the outbreak of war, Japan presented her notorious Twenty-one Demands to neutral and defenseless China — demands which were in flagrant violation of the Open-Door doctrine to which Japan herself had subscribed; demands which would have turned China virtually into a Japanese dependency, had all of them been carried out. And in spite of the 'new spirit' which some

allege to be animating Japan since the Washington Conference, it was only last March that Japan curtly refused China's request that the treaty whereby she acceded under compulsion to most of the Japanese demands be abrogated by mutual agreement.

In 1914 and 1915 no power, including the United States, was in such a naval position as to put any material obstacle in the course upon which Japan then embarked. But it is noteworthy that in 1916 the United States undertook the building of a great fleet of capital ships, useless against German submarines, but of the utmost use to call a halt to Japan's career of conquest in the Far East — a fleet the completion of which was halted by the Washington Conference.[1]

Of late there has been some evidence that Japan has changed her policies and practices to conform more nearly to present conditions; but convincing proof that she has abandoned her main purpose of obtaining the exclusive hegemony of the Far East has not yet appeared.

In view of this, and of the probable immobilization of substantially all European forces around the Near-Eastern theatre in the event of an Anglo-Turkish clash, it was estimated last September that, in all likelihood, Japan would seize such an opportunity to repeat the procedure she had followed in 1914 and 1915, in modified form but on a scale more commensurate to her present increased facilities; and that in doing this she probably would go through the form of helping her ally, England, against Russia in Siberia, but with the ultimate purpose of extending her own exclusive control over China and other parts of the Far East — unless she were to be dissuaded from such a course by being confronted by at least the potentiality of sufficiently forceful opposition.

Evidently, with the forces of Europe immobilized around the Near-Eastern theatre, the United States navy would be the only force approximating competency to express such dissuasive arguments with any hope of success. And if the United States navy were not free to do this, because committed to transatlantic operations, then the efforts of eighty years of American diplomacy to secure equal opportunity for all in the Far East would be destroyed, all the Far East would be at the mercy of imperialism, and an exceedingly great ultimate menace would be free to develop there — matters of much greater and more direct concern to the United States than to Europe.

As geography has ordained that the United States is in the front rank of our civilization on the Pacific, and is its only great power *vis-à-vis* the rising power of the Far East, the particular duty of the United States to herself and to her civilization would seem to be there. But if, without impairing her power to act there, she can help also in other regions, to do so is a secondary duty.

In any event, it should be for the United States to make a circumferential and balanced estimate of the several situations surrounding her and, on that basis, to make such discriminating distributions and concentrations of her powers as would seem proper from the American point of view.

Such considerations lead to the conclusion that, in the event of an Anglo-Turkish clash, it might be well to send an expeditionary force to the Near East, provided that it could be furnished and transported without in any way using the United States navy or the transports the navy might need. But, on the other hand, the United

[1] For an amplification of this passage see 'Some American Naval Views,' by the present writer, in the *Fortnightly Review* for March, 1923.

States navy should be held entirely free from commitments and operations on the Atlantic, and fully ready to act with all its power on the Pacific.

## V

Several developments quite beyond the control of the United States are likely to precede our necessity for a definite decision as to action or inaction in the overseas situations we have been considering.

The bright outlook is that Germany will turn honest, and pay such reparations as she can to the maximum of her capacity; that France then will settle down and apply her wonderful abilities to her own internal rehabilitation, made necessary by the ghastly ordeal through which she has passed.

Perhaps Bolshevist Russia will come out of her present condition by some path quite different from that along which Napoleon led Revolutionary France.

It may be that the Turkish Nationalists will have a complete change of heart and, instead of carrying out the natural design now within their reach, to reconstitute much of the former Turkish Empire on a new level, will confine themselves to the more strictly Turkish parts of Asia Minor, thereby saving British prestige and ours.

Possibly Japan will grasp the occasion now before her to convince the world that, though predatory in the past, she enters voluntarily upon a more righteous course, agreeing to China's petition for the abrogation of the compulsory treaty relative to the Twenty-one Demands, withdrawing from northern Sakhalin, freeing Korea, and joining without reservations in disseminating the doctrine of equal opportunity for all throughout the Far East.

But if the problems we have been considering do not evolve such happy solutions, then, sooner or later, we shall have to face the decision as to whether we will act or not. It may be that we are so imbued with certain convictions — which we mistake for ideals — that we shall not act. But if we are true to our deepest inheritances, then, while avoiding indeterminable entanglements, we shall prove that we are the reverse of 'isolationists.'

To suggest discriminating courses of action in such an event has been the purpose of this consideration of our more apparent overseas problems. They may necessitate the use of our forces, potentially or actually. Force may be used aggressively for ruthless and selfish subjugation — which is wholly reprehensible. Or force may be used defensively, and only for self-defense — which is wholly self-interested, if not selfish. Or force may be used aggressively to help others and to curb powerful unrighteousness.

# THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

## FIELD AND HEDGEROW IN NORTH SOMERSET

It is surely a saving salt for man or woman to have in reserve, behind the many material concerns of daily life, a rooted affection for natural things easily accessible, of no material value, perhaps, yet, though their value cannot be weighed or measured, far from valueless. And, mercifully, most of us have such affections more or less. Did not Scott use to say that he would die if he did not see the heather moors once a year? Men of Scott's kidney are, of course, not so easy to kill as all that; but those who have attachments of the kind understand what Scott meant, and know that, in the sense in which he meant them, his words were true. Fortunately, quite ordinary people have their deep-seated attachments to common things — some to one thing, some to another.

I don't know about heather moors. I ought to love moors and heather, and do, for they are in my blood. Quite apart from its association with grouse, a square mile of heather in August is a thing by itself.

But, for my part, much as I love the heather in all its kinds and colors, there are displays of nature which give me, I confess, a more poignant delight than even a wilderness of heather. I think, perhaps, speaking for myself, that the sight without which life, for me, would be less vital than it is — the sight of sights — is a wood of hyacinths in May; though in the matter of woods and hyacinths, I am, possibly, not altogether easy to please. The wood must be a *wood* (not a mere copse or spinney), and an oak wood for choice, with generous breadths of the flower unrolling their web of color under the oaks, breadth after breadth, one breadth unfolding as the other disappears with the receding trees. And the hyacinths must be blue: not a light blue either; not that anæmic porcelain shade you sometimes see in the flower, but the purple-blue of the sea at its bluest. Nor must there be any mixture of colors — no flowers that are not blue, sporadic pinks or whites being an offense. Also, the flowers must not be the sleepy, heavy-headed things that hyacinths sometimes are when they grow in a wood-bottom, where the soil is overrich; and still less must there be any strain of that stodgy, upright campanulate flower, sometimes called Spanish, which is seen so often in gardens — which, for that matter, may be seen in my own. The flower must be the real *nutans*, the true nodding hyacinth of the woods — a tall, slender, high-stepping, well-arched flower, with its bells set lightly on the stem.

Such at least is my conception of the flower, which, as May comes round, I desire to see in myriads under the trees. To most people, even of those who love their gardens best, there comes, I suppose (at least there comes to me), in the spring of the year, early or late, but late rather than early, a time when one feels 'fed up' with garden flowers, pampered darlings which (so, in our haste, we think) cost more in backache than they are worth. For which unamiable mood, the cure — or, if not the cure, the anodyne — is to get away beyond our garden gate, among the spontaneous things of nature, and, if

possible, among those particular wild things which, like the heather in Scott's case, it is vital to see once a year, as their season recurs.

In some such stale mood I must myself have been on that afternoon in mid-May when a 'spirit in my feet' moved me to go and seek out the hyacinths in Carabas Wood, where I had not been since the previous February, in which frosty month a like impulse drove me in the same direction, to see the trees in their naked winter 'twiggery.' Our village of Sutton-Abbas (a hamlet of not sufficient importance for a place on the county map, but ancient, nevertheless, as such places go, and quaint even among the immemorial villages of England, with raised sidewalks of 'crazy' slab-work, massive stone roofs to the houses, mullioned casements, an old church, manor farm, and dovecot, with, also, for its crowning distinction, a fourteenth-century inn of more than local fame) is within comfortable walking distance of Carabas, the country house of my friend and neighbor, Baron d'Yvetot.

Anyone who wishes to go a reasonable walking distance, in any direction, from our village will be well advised not, on any account, to go by the turnpike roads.

Not that we have not good turnpikes in North Somerset. We have. Two notable highways of the kind cross at right angles in the middle of our village, just by the old George Inn, each several arm leading, at the end of a few miles, to a town of respectable size. But, for my part, I eschew highways on principle, and invariably get over the first convenient stile that promises to lead me where I wish to go.

To Carabas, of all places, it would be folly to go by road, seeing that, a few steps from the village, there are so many gates and stiles (rickety, perhaps, but easily negotiable) which invite you to pleasant pathways, through fields, by hedgerows and hazel alleys, with an occasional interlude of brook, it may be, or bog, and all of them a tangle of such wild-flowers as prefer the conditions of soil, sun, shade, and moisture which these various features severally supply.

I dare say other counties have fields and hedges like ours. I do not say they have not. All the same, I cannot help thinking that ours have a character and distinction of their own.

On second thought, if I am to be as exact in my terminology as I should like to be, I cannot, properly speaking, call our pastures 'fields.' Grass, of course, they have in plenty, and clover ankle-deep; daisies, also, and cowslips, violets, lady's-smocks, buttercups, and such things in abundance. Also, as fields generally are, they are enclosed by hedges; but hedges of such a heterogeneous sort, composed of such a variety of plants, of so many dissimilar genera and species, as no expert in hedges could possibly approve. To call by the name of 'fields' these narrow, oddly shaped enclosures would be too lax a use of language — green cloisters, rather, irregular geometric figures, unknown to Euclid, though possibly not unknown to the higher geometry; one shapeless polygon leading, by an isthmus of turf and flowers, to a second preposterous patch of pasture; and that, in turn, leading by what, if it would only open and shut, might be called a gate, into a third enclosure, like the others, yet different, more polygonous, more erratic, falling, on one side, down to a hazel-hidden brook, and on its various other sides rounding so many corners and running into so many bays that it would take you a summer's afternoon to master their geography, to say nothing of the distracting diversity of their botany,

and of their butterflies — brimstones, orange-tips, blues, coppers, fritillaries, cinnabars, and what not.

It is further characteristic of our fields — or what we call our fields — that they are never ploughed, — or rarely, — and that most of them seem to have no artificial drainage of any kind, nothing but the lie of the land to carry off superfluous water. Not that there is much surface-water in evidence, except at flood-times. Still, when one can trace a yellow rivulet of marsh marigold meandering its way through the length of a field, and here and there expanding into lakelets of water-plants, — marigold, ragged-robin, sedge, rush, and what not, — to debouch finally, at the lower end, into a well or water-hole, creamed over with water-ranunculus, it seems reasonable to infer a scarcity of drainage-pipes.

Our hedges, though not what a meticulous hedger would call well kept, seem to serve their purpose effectually, if it is the purpose of a hedge to keep in those who are in, and out those who are out; as you may easily discover, if you try to pass through one of those hedges from one field to another. What the staple hedge-plant is, it would be hard to say: hazel, I should say off-hand, though it may be something else — hawthorn, perhaps. The truth is that the hedges hereabout are made up of every tree or shrub that comes handy: oak, beech, elm, blackthorn, hornbeam, maple, privet, elder, viburnum — anything, in short, that possesses the necessary power of resistance. They are always in extremes, our hedges, either overgrown and unkempt, or cut to the quick, with no superfluous branch or twig left. Allowed to go untrimmed for a year or two, the plants rush up to an undue height, leaving the lower parts undesirably bare. Then, every third or fourth winter there is a grand slashing with the bill-hook, the gaps and thin places being made good by what Baem calls 'pleaching,' and the Somerset hedger 'plashing': that is to say, the strong branches are half cut through and laid horizontally across the weak spot, to sprout up in due course and fill the gap.

For saunterers, more interested in wild flowers, birds, and insects than in economic farming, such hedges are more attractive, perhaps, than those carefully clipped affairs which one finds when labor is plentiful, inasmuch as the various species of tree or shrub which go to make them up are left for several years to bud, blossom, and fruit as they will, unchecked, until once more they are ripe for the bill-hook. It may be imagined, though it ought to be seen, how brilliant those tangled hedges can be in autumn, when hips, haws, the berries of the privet and the two briaries, and the berried wreaths of the deadly nightshade, hang upon them in their thousands. However, the autumn is one thing, and the spring another; and I doubt whether the appeal of the hedgerows is not equally strong in the spring, when things are, as yet, not come but coming; when tender buds are shooting, and not always readily recognizable, so that you stay every second step to ask yourself what is this, or this.

By such devious ways it was, through fields and by hedgerows, that I came to the hyacinths on the spring afternoon in question; and the zigzaggery of the route took time, so that the sun was fairly low and the sunlight much aslant before I got to Carabas Wood. But all was right — the right day of the right month for the flowers, and the right hour of the twenty-four. The hyacinths were there in force, millions of them, and over them, from the slanting sun, such yellow lights and purple shadows as I cannot think I had ever seen before on land or sea.

### COMMANDER OF WORDS

I HAVE a profound admiration for those masters of language who wave a baton and are instantly rewarded by attention from the rank and file of words. They possess that remarkable gift — command over a vocabulary. They are generals by divine right, and at their 'Forward march! Column left! About face!' the boldest word in the dictionary falls submissively into position. They have but to give orders, and neat lines of words parade beautifully across innumerable pages, paragraph following paragraph more perfectly than ever regiment follows regiment. 'At ease!' — and the nonchalance of an informal essay delights your eye. 'Shoulder arms!' — a thesis faces you, clear and grave. 'Aim! Fire!' — and down go your prejudices under an attacking brief. Every word is always ready for inspection, uniformed and tidy, each in its place and as erect as the straightest lieutenant eager for promotion.

My vocabulary is the very antithesis of this. Perhaps because I have not the mind of a general, or even of a corporal, it is scarcely under my control at all. Words will not pay me the respect and obedience I ask. They regard the dictionary as a ballroom and life as a festival; they dance their way and hardly hear me as I call. They are too charming for me to lose temper with them, their politeness being exceeded only by their caprice; and combined beauty and temperament have ever proved irresistibly fascinating.

There are feminine words, gracious, graceful, that move softly, wearing deep-colored garments with a rich embroidery of connotation. Some have feline eyes, it is true, and carry a keen double meaning, like a dagger hidden in a garter. Pompous powdered Latinates bow in magnificent dignity, hand on heart; though, indeed, their bows are granted to only a few. Dark Italian ladies smile subtly into the eyes of blond Scandinavians. An occasional Nouveau-Riche, clad in a foreign accent, rustles her gaudy silk to attract attention. Ragamuffins who have crept in through the back doors whirl their vivid tatters of slang in your face. Flirtatious foreigners stand about in little phrases, ogling the young suffixes and prefixes. Here and there is a word of exotic parentage, whose clever disguise in native English is betrayed only by the loss of a letter. Curious masked creatures steal about like smoke; they are social ghosts, outworn slang and diction grown obsolete.

And every word among them is a very Janus. Their moods are as shifting as the colors in an opal, and they slip from meaning to meaning as a girl changes her dress. 'Fast' is now lithe, slim, faëry; now meagre and wrinkled. 'Wind' is now a flying-garmented being with swift sweet breath; now, in a somersault, it is jocund, with a thin painted face. 'Fall' is a little harlot of a word, unfaithful to any one meaning but favoring many, indiscriminately and coquettishly noun one moment, verb the next. They hail you as play-fellow-well-met from one corner; as quickly as you can turn around, they send a roguish challenge from another corner, and you hardly know them the same. They are as brisk and heedless as lambs in a spring meadow, or children at hide-and-seek in a hayloft.

Were they not so lovable in their disobedience, I should renounce their company forever, confine myself to a few Anglo-Saxon dependables, short and stolid, and leave my charmingly wanton vocabulary to mope without me. I should bury a thousand potential poems in the dusty pages of the dictionary, where they could never be more than inarticulated words, never

hand-joined to the beauty of a Whole. But the moment that I dream of such a thing, an adorable throng comes dancing into my mind: the soft sound of one, as it whirls on its pointed toes; the dark-browed loveliness of another; the tiny perfection of this elfish creature, the slim posturing of that, recall me to the impossibility of abjuration. After all, if I have no power to force these light-footed crowds to my will, shall I deprive myself of the pleasure that comes from playing with them? Because my mind is not military, and cannot order my vocabulary to parade as I wish over the paper where it frolics, gleeful, shall I throw away the pen that marks me master? Shall I become ungracious, resort to sullenness, and tie down my speech to monosyllables, because I am not ruler, but slave, to the sparkling beauty of words?

### &c.

To me, *&c.* has always possessed a certain indefinable charm, due, I suppose, to its plastic vagueness and to its potential source of haunting mystery and beguiling fancy. When, as a child, I glibly learned to 'say my letters,' each individual repetition would have been incomplete and unclimactic had I failed to end with *&c.* There is really something fascinating in that classic measure — *X, Y, Z, &c.* Sometimes I said it all slowly and solemnly and coalescingly, and it reverberated with a rhythmic andante movement; at other times, it seemed more fitting to give it in staccato effects, and then *&c.* snapped back like the crack of the ringmaster's whip.

The sign and its sound somehow suggested a long, long train of letters that some day might come into consciousness, and be as specific and tangible as those which stood out in substantial reality on my square red blocks.

It was only a little later in my development that I began to invent names for these strange unborn children of my orthographic fancy. A few of those christened characters I still recall — *vem, sed, rit, ras, lac,* and *umber.* I remember, too, that one afternoon, condemned by parental decree to the solitude of my bedroom, where I was to expiate my crime, — some childish prank of which my little sister was the victim, and informer! — I spent a pleasant rather than a punitive hour in a restless endeavor to give *vem* and *sed* and *rit* a satisfactory visible creation. The attempt proved difficult — so difficult that when I later read of the feat of Cadmus, that master inventor from Phœnicia, I had an exalted idea of the range of his adventurous genius.

When in my preparatory school, I began my study of Greek, I felt deeply humiliated that, with all my fanciful playing with alphabetic symbols, I had never once had the ingenuity to create anything half as sonorous and soul-satisfying as *alpha, beta, gamma, delta, &c.* Yet I am deeply grateful to the beginning I made — the genesis of my creative instinct for the lore of *&c.;* it has stimulated my fancy in labyrinthine ways other than alphabetic.

As a youngster in school, I was extremely ambitious to win athletic honors, and impatiently longed for the time when I could 'make the team.' One early spring day, as I furtively scanned the bulletin board where the names of the baseball nine were posted, I completed the reading of the list with a feeling of grim despair, for my name, alas! did not appear.

But evidently the captain's final list was not quite complete in his own mind, for, at the end, he had vaguely expressed his indecision by writing the sign, *&c.* My despair gradually gave way to a glowing hope, as I ran over in my mind the names of those whom that

mystery-laden symbol might ultimately include — Ralston, Denny, Jones, Dalrymple, Dalton, Cummings, and — possibly — myself. It was a dangerous flight of fancy, I knew; and later, I found that the fate of Icarus was mine. But there were compensations — the ambitious journey had been full of joyous, breath-taking thrills.

Afterward, as I came across lists of names of those who had attained eminence in lines of accomplishment in which I was interested, I found it pleasant to write my own *&c.'s.*

The field of politics was, in my early manhood, most alluring. I was active in the Debating Club; I read pages and pages of history, and columns on columns of the *Congressional Record*, and I found infinite delight in the *World's Almanac.* As I read down the lists of Congressmen representing the districts in my native state, I let my fancy play its habitual whim and add that strange connotative symbol *&c.* I would fill up the list with the names of those of my mates whose interest in local elections and whose skill in public speaking and debate seemed then the fair prelude to the national caucuses and forums at Washington. Here Billings at least would surely go; and when his experience in the House had fitted him for that field of larger usefulness in the United States Senate, what more eminently logical than that I should be his brilliant successor as the Representative from the Second Congressional District! But, somehow, Fate has played her cards a bit differently: Billings was once an alderman, I believe, and is now successfully running a small garage in my native town. I was defeated at the last election in my candidacy for the School Board — the only time I ever ran for public office.

In a literary way the *&c.* of previous years has yielded a somewhat fuller fruitage. At least, my royalties have been more liberal than Wordsworth's, for they have paid for my shoestrings, and my golf-balls as well. But the other day, when a new history of American literature came from the press, I noted in the closing chapter the names of many of my contemporaries, — many portraits of my literary friends, indeed, — yet neither in the index of authors, nor among these portraits, did I find my own name listed. And there is n't any *&c.* printed in that index; this editor was evidently surer of his judgment than was my generous athletic captain of an earlier day. Shall I write down *&c.* in my own copy of that text, and repeat the optimistic fantasy that we always may be what we might have been? I think I'll hardly allow myself to be thus beguiled. Still, I shall not lose interest in the pattern which the fates are diligently weaving.

For to-night, while I am writing, I find it interesting to pause and picture the present busy happenings and the happenings that are to be. The *&c.'s* of a thousand varied lists are emerging from their obscurities, and are finding, or seeking, or being assigned, their places in the Great Design.

The lists of earth — lists of officials, boards of directors, army rosters, eligible voters, criminals, telephone subscribers, poor debtors, old maids, benedicts — these and a thousand more, ever and ever lengthening! The lines will stretch out till the Crack of Doom, and will always be intent on making the abstract *&c.'s* more and more concrete.

And finally comes the In Memoriam list, where each of us is to be inevitably enrolled. But even to this we do not write *Finis;* instead, we append our mysterious sign, suggesting to some merely the Great Perhaps, but symbolizing to most of us registry as a permanent citizen in the Celestial City of our dreams.

# THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

FROM *time to time inquiries reach this office concerning the sale of the* Atlantic. *In any and every case we should like to state that such rumors are utterly without foundation. We ask our readers to deny upon our authority that there is a vestige of truth in any such report.*

* * *

IT is only an occasional leader of men who is able to tell simply and with power the story of his own life. And in America few lives of labor leaders have been so told. Fifty-eight years ago, **James H. Maurer** was born, of Pennsylvania Dutch parentage, in Reading, Pennsylvania. When six years of age he became a bread-winner as a newsboy. He went to live on a farm at eight; at ten, he became a factory worker; at fifteen, a machinist's apprentice; at sixteen, he joined the Knights of Labor and has ever since held membership in the ranks of organized labor. With less than a year and a half of his life spent in school, he rose to the presidency of the Pennsylvania Federation of Labor, which he has held for the past eleven years. He is one of the founders and the president of the Workers' Education Bureau of America, a director of Brookwood College, and has served three two-year terms as assemblyman in the Pennsylvania Legislature.

* * *

The 'Experience of Dying' was written while the author, **J. D. MacKenzie**, was on his way to the hospital for a serious operation from which he was fully aware he might never recover. He was a member of the staff of the Geological Survey of Canada. ¶ The very well known author of the *Amenities of Book-Collecting*, **A. Edward Newton**, introduces himself to Atlantic readers this month in a new genre, the dialogue — in which a Father talks and a Son listens. Mr. Newton's play, *Dr. Johnson*, is to be published by the Atlantic Monthly Press in the autumn. ¶ The quality of an American college town of forty years ago gives color to the paper by **Carroll Perry**, a son of Arthur Latham Perry, who for long years was professor of political economy at Williams College. It is one chapter from a volume called *A Professor of Life*, soon to be published by the Houghton Mifflin Company.

* * *

At a time when the work of the Quaker Relief workers in the war-wracked countries of Europe is attracting the widest attention, we are glad to discuss non-resistance, in theory and practice, through two complementary papers submitted to us quite independently of one another by **Edward Thomas** and **Edward Richards**. **Edward Thomas** is an American Quaker, who has devoted himself to Quaker relief and reconstruction work in Europe. He writes us that the Quaker Central Executive Office has revised the story of the facts for accuracy, but that the lessons drawn are his own. **Edward Richards**, unwilling to shirk the dangers endured by his military friends, did relief service in Urumiah, Persia, during the war, because he learned that famine, plague, and invasion had made that the most dangerous spot in Europe. He is by profession a forester, with an office in New York City which makes up logging reports and timber estimates. By creed he is a Quaker who has put his faith to the test.

* * *

**Lawrence Shaw Mayo** is known to *Atlantic* readers as the editor of that epitome of American yesterdays, the *Diary of John Davis Long*. ¶ Of the many short stories which **Margaret Prescott Montague** has contributed to the *Atlantic Monthly*, many readers have remembered most vividly her 'England to America,' which appeared in September 1919. Her new novel, *Deep Channel*, will be an autumn publication of the Atlantic Monthly Press. About her present contribution, she writes: 'In the

lumber camps all over the country there is a tradition of a mythical character who can perform deeds of superhuman strength. In New England and the Northwest, he is generally known as Paul Bunyan, but in West Virginia he goes by the name of Tony Beaver, and lives up Eel River, where everything impossible may happen.' **Archibald MacLeish,** lawyer and poet, is the author of a volume of poems, *Tower of Ivory*, and many essays and poems in periodicals. Readers will recall how **Robert M. Gay,** professor of English at Simmons College, rescued from undeserved obscurity Noah's Wife, in the July 1922 *Atlantic*. **George McLean Harper** is professor of English literature at Princeton University, and author of many books on English and French literature, among them *William Wordsworth, His Life, Works, and Influence* and *Wordsworth's French Daughter*.

* * *

A member of the faculty of science of the Institut de Zoologie, Bordeaux, **Louis Boutan** is a French authority on artificial and cultivated pearls. **Fannie Stearns Gifford,** poet, essayist, and occasional writer of short stories, has been for many years an *Atlantic* contributor. **Frank C. Eve** is a British physician and physiologist who has recently attracted wide attention by his original views upon life and energy and the remarkably lucid and striking manner in which they have been expressed. Hitherto his papers have been prepared solely for British associations, and have received no expression through a general periodical. ¶ The story of 'Art and Tony' is from life, and came to **Katharine Gibson** in her work with children at the Cleveland Museum of Art.

* * *

**Sir Frederick Maurice,** a grandson of Frederick Denison Maurice, the eminent English theologian, is a major-general in the British Army, was military adviser to the Cabinet during the war, and director of military operations of the Imperial General Staff in 1915–16. He is the author of the *Russo-Turkish War*, 1877–78, and *Sir Frederick Maurice: A Record*. **Arthur Moore** has served as correspondent of the *Times* in the Balkans, in Russia, in Mesopotamia, in Palestine, and in Persia. He is a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society and the author of *The Orient Express*, a brilliant book of Eastern travel. **William Howard Gardiner** is well known in naval circles as a serious and thoroughgoing student of naval problems, and foreign affairs. He is author of the paper, 'A Naval View of the Conference,' which appeared in the *Atlantic* for April 1922.

* * *

We have been sending Carl Sandburg some of the letters we have received describing 'Poetry Considered' in the March *Atlantic* as 'dangerously modern.' He replies: —

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

These tentative definitions of poetry may be 'dangerously modern,' as you say some of your readers write. But having just returned from a three weeks' trip in the course of which I read those notations to large audiences at the state universities of Montana, Washington, Oregon, California, the Southern Methodist University at Dallas, Texas, besides other somewhat scholastic audiences at San Francisco, Topeka, and Kearney, Nebraska (a state normal college), I could write a book on what America, between Mississippi and the west coast, thinks poetry is — and I believe I could summon as much specific data, having value as scientific evidence, as any who would put the adverb 'dangerously' before the word 'modern.'

CARL SANDBURG.

* * *

Will the Roman Catholic Church convert the Anglo-Saxon, or the Anglo-Saxon the Catholic? Out of many letters following Hilaire Belloc's paper in the March *Atlantic* we select the following: —

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

You will be flooded with paper and ink after the article by Mr. Belloc. In their darkened rooms, lodge members who would not read the *Atlantic* in a lifetime, will have anathemas upon it ritualized for them in this moment of fanatical undercurrents of animus against Mr. Belloc's church. The battle is not between faiths but between cultures to which faiths are to be subordinate, and with which every race may in time endue itself unless it discovers a better.

It is interesting to note that the English gentry seems to be the objective of the propaganda of which Mr. Belloc is the engaging spokesman. The objective was once the English nobility. In the youth of those who are now grandfathers, Disraeli punctured that propaganda with his

*Lothair*. Why the change of objective? Was the game not worth the hunt? The real England is not where Mr. Belloc and those whose spokesman he is look for it. It is elsewhere. I wonder if Wesley and the Booths and their spiritual forbears 'beat them to it.' Mr. Belloc and those for whom he speaks think one Henry protestantized England. They must be left to think so, for they will never understand Tyndale.

JOHN MCCARTHY,
Pastor, Immanuel Methodist Church.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Several of my friends and I have been reading with some interest, Hilaire Belloc's 'The Anglo-Saxon and the Catholic Church.'

I do not think the term Catholic as applied to the title and contents of the article is an undisputed or even legitimate word to use. Of course the author is speaking of the Roman Catholic Church, as it is named properly and so called across the Pond, and of course I suppose it is only fair to admit that most writers on religious matters are apt to beg the question, and to use terms which they think best suit the arguments.

This is only to explain some of my interest in the article. I like your 'Catholic' programme. The *Atlantic* is always the one cherished and valued monthly on my table. More power to you, and the constant satisfaction of work well done.

S. R. S. G.

* * *

We plunged deep into metaphysics, if you remember, in February, in a little paper called 'The Cow Jumped over the Moon.' It was about 'the present having no duration, and nothing, therefore, having ever been able to happen.' Mark that! It was said that the present is nothing but 'a line drawn between past and future.' But now comes a philosophic contributor who clears the whole thing up, brings in Einstein, and proves to our unspeakable relief that things *can* happen!

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Your contributor from a distant corner of the world throws down a challenge in the February number that is hard to resist.

I accept his postulate that the present is a line, but he is altogether wrong in his hypothesis that the line is parallel with the past and future. Oh, no! No! It extends from the grave of the past to the birthplace of the future. Who can determine its length? As the past is deader'n a doornail and the future is not yet born, there is only the ever living present. Therefore, anything — everything has been able to happen. Who doubts the cow jumped over the moon? Most assuredly not Einstein.

E. S. SMITH.

* * *

To print a paper on Russia is to court contradiction. Dr. John Haynes Holmes, the well known Unitarian and leader of the Community Church Movement, referring to Mr. Urch's article, 'Bolshevism and Religion in Russia,' presents certain details of the Congress of the Living Church Party in Moscow from another angle of vision. Dr. Holmes writes: —

I was present at this Congress. So far as I know, with the single exception of my guide and interpreter, I was the only non-Russian who was present. I was admitted through a personal interview with Krasnitsky who gave me a card of admission written and signed with his own hand.

Mr. Urch says (page 403, second column), 'The priest, Krasnitsky, installed himself in the chair and opened the first meeting with a notable speech.' Krasnitsky did not install himself in the chair, but was placed there by the delegates who composed the Congress. He presided by the same right and in the same way that any chairman presides over an assembly of this kind. So far as I remember or as my notes indicate, he did not open the first meeting with a notable speech or any kind of a speech. He did not make any speech at all throughout the session, excepting as a chairman recognizes speakers and here and there comments upon their remarks — in other words, keeps the meeting going.

Mr. Urch says (page 403, second column), 'Bishop Antonin . . . was present; but, strange as it may seem, he was allowed there only as an observer, without the right to speak or vote. He petitioned his subordinates and at last was allowed to address the gathering. Bishop Antonin was present at the Congress, but not 'only as an observer.' On the contrary, as a most active and popular participant! He was the centre of interest and attention before the session began and throughout its continuance. He sat well forward, side by side with Krasnitsky and the other officials who had charge of the meeting. He was the only priest in the assembly who addressed it twice. Once he rose and spoke on recognition of the chairman, Krasnitsky; the second time, so far as I was able to judge, he spoke at the request of certain members of the gathering. Both times when he finished speaking, the whole assembly rose, as though in rapturous acclaim, and burst into song, which seemed to be the Russian equivalent for applause.

Mr. Urch says (page 403, second column), 'Antonin began . . . But he was not allowed to proceed: the chairman, Krasnitsky, cut him short by fiercely declaring, "We have thrown off the yoke of Episcopal monks; shall we be bayed by this remnant, this Bishop Antonin?"' No such scene as this took place while I was present. I saw the two men together in frequent conference and each treated the other, so far as I could judge, with respect and admiration. As regards the utterance with which Krasnitsky is said to have interrupted Antonin's speech, I can only say that my notebook seems to indicate that the sentence, 'We have thrown off the yoke of Episcopal monks' was spoken by Antonin in his first speech and not by Krasnitsky at all. In this speech, he declared that the Living Church was prepared to rid itself of Bishops. Pulling his robe dramatically, he made a gesture of stripping it off and exclaimed, 'What is this? Nothing. It is only the heart within that counts.' On leaving the assembly, I was told by a priest who witnessed the episode that at a meeting, the day before, of the officers of the Congress, one of the younger men addressed Antonin with the title, 'My Lord Bishop,' and was rebuked by the old man with the word, 'Have you not learned to drop that title? I am no Bishop, and we have no Bishops.'

Mr. Urch says (page 404, first column), 'This man (V.N.Lvoff, former Procurator of the Holy Synod) was present and made one of the most violent speeches.' Lvoff was present and made a speech which was violent only in the sense that it was a speech of great eloquence delivered with impressive fervor. It moved the assembly profoundly, and reached even me, who cannot understand the Russian tongue. He declared frankly that the church should be cleared of its reactionary elements, that the spirit of progress and enlightenment might control the reformation now under way. The speech, as it was interpreted to me, had none of the spirit indicated by the alleged quotation which Mr. Urch presents.

On the evening before the assembling of the Congress, I witnessed a great service of dedication held in the Moscow cathedral church, the Church of Christ the Saviour. The ceremony, which was one of the most gorgeous, impressive, and solemn services that I have ever witnessed in my life, was conducted by Krasnitsky and participated in by some thirty or forty priests. He conducted the service with profound reverence and with a sincerity of spirit which seemed to make a deep impression upon the congregation present. If it is this man's task 'to destroy religion,' he certainly is going about it in a strange way, and this spectacle in the cathedral is one of the most unaccountable that I can imagine.

The scenes of uproar and violence which Mr. Urch describes in his article may have taken place at later sessions of the Congress which I was not able to attend. I cannot dispute them but can only say that no report of them was brought to me before I left Moscow for the west. I have not a doubt that there were disputes and contention, for the Living Church seems to be engaged in a work of reform which inevitably stirs up difference of opinion. Such a phenomenon is understandable, and does not bear any such necessary interpretation as that placed upon it by Mr. Urch.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

Dr. Holmes is careful to state that he does not understand Russian and that his guide and interpreter was also a non-Russian. Mr. Urch is an Englishman, the Latvian correspondent of the *Times*, and the author of a number of textbooks on English and Russian literature which were used as standard books in Russian schools. The Soviet Government has decided that his books are of State importance, and is reprinting them in large numbers.

* * *

To all persons who have been troubled by the orthography of the English language, we recommend these 'Meditations by a Teacher of English.'

Deer reed errs awl, eye mussed add mit
  As ewe star tin too rede,
Yule beak white prone tooth ink this tough
  Is bawled err dash inn deed!

Butt tiff yule purse sea veer, an on
  Your led tomb edit eight
On how withal pro pry yet tea
  Hours peach eye mew till late.

Yule knead two reed buy era lot,
  With grate sell heir writ tea,
Four inn these sill a bulls you're I
  Know cents at awl will sea.

Joust two addict shun airy go,
  Ream ark how men knee thymes
Thee wrong were din thee write one's plaice
  Still fits thee scents and rimes.

Then ell oak went lea, eyes us pecked,
  Wood yew fill ah sew fies,
About thee lamb men table weigh
  That true thin falls hood lyes.

Owes train gin deed, weir well a wear,
  Hour mother tongue mussed bee,
Butt ten knee weigh, weal of it well,
  Despite it's odd it tea!

IVY KELLERMAN REED.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

*JUNE, 1923*

# WHAT GOD HATH NOT JOINED

BY JOSEPH FORT NEWTON

## I

THE problem of divorce, at all times so perplexing, has become acute in recent years. Tendencies too many to discuss have made it so. The mood and temper of the age, its yeasty unrest, its enfeebled spiritual authority, its shifting moral sanctions, its increasing economic pressure, the larger sphere and new demands of woman, the revolt against the standards of the last generation, with much else added, make the question complex and baffling. Even before the Great War the facts were disquieting enough; and since its close, the riot of divorce has become almost an orgy, aggravated, no doubt, by the erotic legacy which the war left us. In England, where the public mind is more exacting, conditions are said to be worse than with us, until many fear that we are infected with the virus which undermined the ancient societies.

None the less, it is very easy to see the problem out of all proportion, and to become unduly alarmed by it. The glass of modern fiction reflects the facts, but in an exaggerated form, by bringing them to a focus and leaving other facts out of the picture. In a recent popular novel, called *Brass*, of five marriages studied, only one is endurable. It recalled a similar but much stronger story written some years ago, *Double Harness*, by Anthony Hope, to read which tempted one to conclude that marriage is what war is declared to be. The story is told with a brilliantly sinister power and acumen of soul-vivisection, in which worldly wisdom is salted with acrid wit, albeit touched, toward the end, with pity; showing what a ghastly thing marriage may be in the hands of fools and self-lovers, in whom a swinish sensuality is joined with an appalling shallowness of soul. Both books are patches of perdition; but no one in his senses thinks of taking either as a picture of married life. Happily, so far at least, in spite of all the ado made about it, divorce, in proportion to marriage, is the rare exception, which puts the rule of the goodness of marriage to the test, and proves it.

How to conserve both the values of the individual and the hard-won inheritance of the race makes the real problem, of which divorce is only one phase. That is, among right-thinking people it is so. As for the pusillanimous set of moral parasites, who pollute what they touch and pervert what they enjoy, a way can be found to deal with them as they deserve. More deadly by far is the subtle and pervasive cynicism

in regard to marriage in our day. Much of our later fiction deals with it, not only lightly, but flippantly, and at times sordidly, with seldom a gleam of moral insight or spiritual vision, as if marriage had become a bondage from which to secure release.

So, often, it is, because one or both of the parties to it are held in slavery, not by marriage, but by some dark inner bondage of soul. The non-moral society portrayed in *The Glimpses of the Moon*, by Edith Wharton, is typical of wide areas of modern life, including the precious pair of dead-beats whose story it tells; but one touch makes us pause.

'The little girl wound her arms about Susy's neck and leaned against her caressingly.

'"Are you going to be, soon, then? I'll promise not to tell if you don't want me to."

'"Going to be divorced? Of course not! What in the world made you think so?"

'"Because you look so awfully happy," said Clarissa Vanderlyn simply.'

Such precocious cynicism in the nursery fills one with dismay, in that it poisons the springs of life. Nor is it so rare as some imagine, in an age when the hardships of virtue are an argument for lenity to vice, and the difficulty of duty is a reason for shirking it. Living in an air of indulgence, we are soft, flabby, and morally short of wind. If a thing is disagreeable, we do not do it. Homes are wrecked, social life is undermined, and children are sent adrift, because, forsooth, 'I was unhappy'; just as in business life statutes are broken and moral principles disregarded, because 'a man must get ahead.' Trace almost any of our ills to its source, and its roots will be found in our worship of success, our cult of comfort, our quest of a 'good time,' our selfish love of the easy way, which turns out in the end to be a path of flame!

## II

No wonder jurists, educators, publicists, and churchmen alike are puzzled, not alone by the spirit and facts of the time, but by a disinclination to face the facts squarely and think the issues through. Even among teachers of the finest moral insight, there is the widest diversity of judgment. At one end is Dr. Felix Adler, who will not allow divorce for any cause whatever, not even for infidelity to the marriage vow; though he will agree to separation, if conditions are intolerable. At the other end is Mr. Louis Post, who holds that anyone who asks for a divorce ought to have it; because such a request shows that real marriage, if it ever existed, is dead and ought to be buried.[1] Between the two extremes, we find a long gamut of opinion, all the way from the sacramentarian to the libertarian, making the solution as much a medley as the problem. Meanwhile, the Church, when it does not actually evade the issue, falls back upon an ancient formula of doubtful exegesis, or else spends its time debating whether the word 'obey' should be retained in the marriage rite!

It is indeed strange. At a time when we hear so much about the Social Gospel, no one seems able or willing to show us how a spiritual religion can cleanse, enlighten, and consecrate the

[1] The reference to Mr. Post, taken out of the context of his wise and well-considered book, *Ethical Principles of Marriage and Divorce*, is hardly just. It implies that he is an extreme individualist, if not a libertarian, which is very far from true. For religious reasons, he himself holds to the beautiful doctrine of 'eternal marriage'; but he discusses the whole question from many angles. Indeed, it is because of his fine spiritual insight that I venture to use him as an example, in preference to Ellen Key, in her *Love and Marriage*, or Bernard Shaw, in the preface to his *Getting Married* — though Shaw has a common sense which usually protects him from his own extravagances.

relations of the sexes, which are the foundations of the social order. There is sore need of clear thinking and plain speaking on a cluster of questions — sex, marriage, birth-control, divorce — which we dare not much longer ignore. My former colleague at the City Temple, in her series of addresses, *Sex and Common Sense*, is almost the only one who has dared to deal with such issues. Miss Royden has spoken as the situation demands, frankly and without fear, reverently and with a wise charity. It is in accord with the fitness of things that the greatest woman preacher of our time should render this service, giving the woman point of view in respect of questions on which women have been too long silent. Every page of her book is aglow with human sympathy and spiritual vision, as she seeks the truth in the light of the facts of life and the mind of Jesus.

For, whatever theology we may hold, not one of us but is ill at ease in his mind if he feels that Jesus is on the other side of any question. Nor is his teaching at all obscure, if we remember that He was a light-bringer and not a mere lawgiver. Those who read his words about divorce as literal law ought, in all honesty, to interpret his other teachings in the same manner; for example, his words about selling all our goods and giving to the poor, and his injunction to nonresistance. It is odd to find men so literal on one point and so liberal on others. The spectacle of cruelty or cowardice masquerading in the guise of orthodox exegesis is familiar enough. Plainly, if we really want to know the meaning of any precept of Jesus, we must read it in the context and atmosphere of his teaching as a whole; in the free, sane, exalted light of his mind. Nay, more; we must be ready for daring adventure if we mean to follow his truth and make trial of his way of life.

As on so many other subjects, Jesus left nothing really new to be said about marriage and divorce, if we keep in mind his revolutionary attitude toward woman. To a captious question from his critics, He made reply, lifting the whole subject out of the mire into a higher air, where marriage is a permanent union, and a lustful look is adultery. Neither ascetic nor eugenist, free equally from prudishness and laxity, Jesus saw the fact of sex for what it is. With Him, marriage, like the Sabbath Day, is made for man, not man for marriage. Sex is secondary. Woman, in his thought, is not primarily an instrument of sex, nor even a potential mother. She is not first of all a woman, but a human soul of incomputable value and sanctity, to degrade whom is desecration. Therefore, to 'look upon' her merely as an object of desire is a degradation of personality and a treason against God. Thus, in a world of putrid impurity, Jesus set forth his ideal of the new social order that He sought to found, in which all the facts of life are holy, and all its fellowships happy. To such a life his disciples are called, and for the man who lives in his truth and follows in his way there is no problem of divorce at all, since the Spirit of Christ forgives even the ultimate infidelity — as He Himself did in the court of the Temple.

What all this means in marriage is made vivid by a story told me in the North of England, of a man whose wife, soon after her marriage, fell into vicious ways, and went from bad to worse. One evening he came home to find, as he had often found before, that she had gone on a new debauch. He knew only too well in what plight she would return, after two or three days of a nameless life. In an empty and cheerless house he sat down to look the fact in the face, the better to learn what he must do. The worst had happened too

many times to leave him any hope, and he saw what lay before him. The words of the marriage rite, 'for better, for worse,' had now a terrible meaning; but he reaffirmed his vow on his knees. When a friend who knew the facts ventured to commiserate him, he answered, 'Not a word!' His wife did not mend her ways, but died in his house some years later, a poor wreck sunken in shame, with his hands spread over her in pity and prayer! Such is the Christian way of dealing with a tragic marriage; and before we use the words of Jesus as stones to throw at others, it behooves us to look into our own hearts.

Judged by the real spirit and purpose of Jesus, the attitude of the Church today in respect to marriage is untenable. Few of the marriages 'solemnized' in our churches are Christian in any sense, since many of those so married do not even profess Christian faith, much less try to live by it. At best, many are only nominal Christians, and as often as otherwise they have not been instructed as to what Christian marriage means. Yet they receive the blessing of the Church, and, by implication at least, are expected to live by its vows. It is nothing short of absurd. Indeed, it is open to debate whether it is right to impose an ideal, meant to apply only to followers of Christ, as a law upon those who do not take upon themselves the obligations of his faith. In fact, the only honest thing for the Church to do is, either to distinguish between Christian marriage and common marriage, or else to refuse to be a party to any marriage except between those who make avowal of Christian principles; and then to insist that such a union is indissoluble by default of either party. By so doing it will lose in popularity, but it will gain in self-respect; and by being in line with the teaching of Jesus, it may the better hope to do by conversion what it fails to do by coercion. For coercion it is, whether the ideal of Jesus be written into a law, or enforced by social pressure.

## III

Now, consider. In the world as it is, — which Keats called 'a vale of soul-making,' — where the Kingdom of Heaven often seems like a visionary scene suspended in the sky, there are all kinds of folk, of all grades of mind, character, and condition; refined, vulgar, clever, stupid, and neutral. People marry for their own reasons, or for none that anyone can discover; and many of them are not fit for marriage at all, unworthy of its sanctity and incapable of its high demands. Mistakes are inevitable. Hasty, ill-considered, foolish marriages are made every day, foredoomed to failure. All kinds are braided together in marriage — the degenerate, the diseased, the abnormal, the criminal, the roué, those of unbalanced minds and tainted blood — many whose union can mean nothing but tragedy, and whose parenthood is a social disaster. In such a world, as he who has eyes must see, divorce, in one form or another, is a necessity, if not a commandment.

Those whom God has joined together are not lightly to be put asunder; but there are those whom God has not joined together. It needs no insight to see that there are cases where to continue the marriage relation is a deeper affront to morality and public order than any divorce could be. There are conditions of degeneracy, of infidelity, of malicious perversion of all that is holy in the marriage vow, killing not only love but respect, and dissolving any real union by automatic process. There are malignities of disposition, outrages against personality, mordant hostilities, and cruelties of behavior far worse in their erosive and blighting

destructiveness than any brutality of physical violence, or any deflection from the fidelities of wedlock. Such marriages are a lie, and if we really desire truth and purity, some way must be devised to heal these social cankers. One hesitates to describe the attitude of those who seem to prefer regularity to reality, and are willing to tolerate any horror so long as it is hidden under the smooth surface of society.

Nor is divorce by any means an unmixed evil. So far from being an attack on marriage, it is in fact an attempt to protect its sanctity and preserve its permanence. When allowance is made for every kind of abuse, from which nothing human is exempt, if there are moral reasons against divorce, so there are moral reasons in favor of it. This at least is true: the sanctity of marriage lies in a sacred union of hearts, which the Church may bless and the State make legal, but which neither can create or annul. Where love is, there marriage is; where love is not, marriage has ceased to be. For marriage to go on when love is dead puts before us a situation which, if described for what it is, would require the use of words that cut like whips of fire. If a loveless marriage is chaste just because it is legal, then chastity is a thing of rite and rote, an empty form and not a principle of purity at all. No wonder the late Lord Bryce once said that the morality of a country is not to be measured by the number of divorces, but as often as not the other way round. Its condition may be really worse if its people cynically allow their social life to rest upon anything less noble than the bond of moral love, which alone can make it holy and enduring.

Often enough divorce is silly, sad, nauseating, and in other ways afflictive of the community. Often, too, it may be a greater mistake than marriage, and it carries penalties of its own known only to those who have had to face it. Either way it is a tragedy for the child, who is the most pitiful figure in the plot, whether he is bereft of one parent, or doomed to live in a home where love is only a memory. Instead of being the sybaritic luxury so many people think it is, its victims are in fact sacrifices, more or less involuntary, to the general good. It may have the value of a horrible example, to deter others from rushing into a marriage of fancy, or of worldly station. Its glaring publicity, its hideous revelations — ridiculous when not disgusting — are not things to be invited. At best, divorce is a clinic, a piece of social surgery attempting to salvage the wreck of marriages which are manifestly mistakes, if not tragedies. Anyway it will go on, until we find some better way whereby a marriage may be ended legally, when it has already been ended morally.

## IV

To discuss what should be the law of the land in the matter of divorce is beyond my competence. Still, all must agree that in the social control of marriage, as of anything else, law must be an embodiment of the living will of the people, and not merely the stony grip of the dead hand of the past. The South Carolina law, which refuses to allow divorce on any ground, is clearly the expression of a tradition, rather than the voice of to-day; more the sentiment of a proud and conservative past, than a legal aid to the social morality of the present. The ideal of home life in the state is of a high order, but not more so than in other states of the South, where divorce is permitted. Nor does the law seem to apply with equal rigidity to the black folk, among whom marital irregularities are quite common. Even so, it is easily evaded by setting up a legal residence else-

where, before returning to the state to live. For all these reasons, the law is hardly a case in point; but it does serve to show how the developing moral judgment of a community may be thwarted, if not arrested.

For a better example of the workings of a rigid law — albeit not so stern, in that it allows divorce for infidelity — we must go to England, as revealed in the Rutherford case recently decided. The man was a brute from the first and all along, ending his career by a foul murder, for which he escaped execution on plea of insanity, which was no doubt justified. Years passed, and the wife sought divorce on grounds of adultery, — proved at the first trial, but later dismissed, — and her petition was accordingly denied. Had the man not been a lunatic, he would have been executed, and the wife would now be free. Because he is insane, she must remain, in law, his wife — tied to a dead body, with no hope of release. Here is a marriage of no value to society, much less to the parties to it, since no one argues that they should live together, even if it were possible. Why should not the woman have her liberty and the right to remarry if she so desires? If it be true that hard cases make bad law, it is equally true that bad law makes hard cases; and an injustice so atrocious ought to move even a staid people to mitigate the severity of a law which is neither just nor merciful.

About all that we need ask of the law is that it set up a safeguard, as much against a rigid cruelty as against the laxity which makes possible the consecutive polygamy so often flaunted in our faces by moral morons. So much is plain; but beyond that the law cannot go very far. My own feeling is that the less detailed the law is, the wiser it will be, provided we institute special courts for the purpose, in which both men and women shall sit as judges, where issues as difficult as they are delicate may be dealt with in a manner worthy of their solemnity. Such courts, it need hardly be added, should have the sanctity and privacy of a confessional; and between the application for a divorce and the granting of it, there should be a pause of time for reconsideration, to guard against rashness and action taken in haste. In the most favorable environment, it is never easy for an outsider to pass on the conditions which make a marriage intolerable. Often a mere trifle may be the last straw on a burden of misery or indignity carried for years, making it unbearable. At any rate, as we dare not be satisfied with the present system, if we cannot devise a better plan, we deserve to live under a menace.

A rather wide pastoral experience, on both sides of the sea, has ripened some thoughts into convictions. For one thing, he will look in vain who hopes to find a simple solution of this sadly tangled problem: it does not exist. Each case of unhappy marriage stands by itself, and must be judged by its own facts, which refuse to fit into any glib formula. For that reason, a rigid and detailed law as to the grounds of divorce in all cases, without regard to the human equation in each case, works frightful cruelty and injustice. But much can be done without law. In England, during the last year of the war, and the awful year of moral collapse following it, when men were returning to their homes after years of absence, conditions were appalling. My study at the City Temple was a confessional, in which tales were told that made the heart sick, revealing the weakness of poor human nature, its dark dishonor, its selfish sin. Yet even then, as before and since, often in cases where divorce might have been legally obtained, it was possible, by

tact, by moral suasion, by sheer love of young lives astray, to reawaken love, adjust disputes, and save homes from ruin.

After all, divorce is the dark end of the problem; the real remedy lies in making marriage a nobler and finer thing than it is. The whole conception of the relation of the sexes must be lifted to a higher level, and interpreted by moral intelligence and spiritual vision, in the light of human realities and social values. For the moment, a revolt against the prudishness of a former time has swept too far toward a frankness that is not modest, and a liberty hard to know from license. None the less, out of the agitation of our time a clearer insight will emerge, and a finer fellowship in marriage; but not without bitter suffering, much of which might be averted in individual cases by very simple arts. For the most part, it is what workmen call 'an inside job'; and until we have learned to live with ourselves and keep the peace, we may not hope to live with another without friction.

# THE DIVINENESS OF DISCONTENT

BY AGNES REPPLIER

## I

When a distinguished Oxford student told Americans, through the distinguished medium of Harvard College, that they 'were speeding with invincible optimism down the road to destruction,' they paid him the formal compliment of listening to, and commenting upon, his words. They did not go so far as to be disturbed by them, because it is the nature of men to remain unmoved by prophecies. Only the Greek chorus — or its leader — paid any heed to Cassandra; and the folly of Edgar Poe in accepting without demur the reiterated statement of his raven is apparent to all readers of a much-read poem. The world has been speeding through the centuries to destruction, and the end is still remote. Nevertheless, as it is assuredly not speeding to perfection, the word that chills our irrational content may do us some small service. It is never believed, and it is soon forgotten; but for a time it gives us food for thought.

Anyone born as long ago as I was must remember that the virtue most deeply inculcated in our nurseries was content. It had no spiritual basis to lend it dignity and grace; but was of a Victorian smugness, though, indeed, it was not Victorian at all, but an inheritance from those late Georgian days which were the smuggest known to fame. It was a survival from Hannah More and Jane Taylor, ladies dissimilar in most respects, but with an equal gift for restricting the horizon of youth. I don't remember who wrote the popular story of the 'Discontented Cat' that lived in a cottage on bread and milk and mice, and that made itself unhappy because a wealthy cat of its

acquaintance was given buttered crumpets for breakfast; but either Jane Taylor or her sister Ann was responsible for the 'Discontented Pendulum,' which grew tired of ticking in the dark, and, being reminded that it had a window to look through, retorted very sensibly that there was no use having a window, if it could not stop a second to look through it.

The nursery theory of content was built up on the presumption that you were the favored child of fortune, — or of God, — while other, and no less worthy, children were objects of less kindly solicitude. Miss Taylor's 'Little Ann' weeps because she sees richly clad ladies stepping into a coach while she has to walk; whereupon her mother points out to her a sick and ragged beggar child, whose

> naked feet bleed on the stones,

and with enviable hardness of heart bids her take comfort in the sight: —

> This poor little beggar is hungry and cold,
> No father nor mother has she;
> And while you can daily such objects behold,
> You ought quite contented to be.

Hannah More amplified this theory of content to fit all classes and circumstances. She really did feel concern for her fellow creatures, for the rural poor, upon whom it was not the custom of Church or State to waste sympathy or help. She refused to believe that British laborers were 'predestined to be ignorant and wicked' — which was to her credit; but she did, apparently, believe that they were predestined to be wretchedly poor, and that they should be content with their poverty. She lived on the fat of the land and left thirty thousand pounds when she died; but she held that bare existence was sufficient for a ploughman. She wrote twenty-four books, which were twenty-four too many; but she told the ever-admiring Wilberforce that she permitted 'no writing for the poor.' She aspired to guide the policies and the morals of England; but she was perturbed by the thought that underpaid artisans should seek to be 'scholars and philosophers,' though they must have stood in more need of philosophy than she did.

It was Ruskin who jolted his English readers, and some Americans, out of the selfish complacency which is degenerate content. It was he who harshly told England, then so prosperous and powerful, that prosperity and power are not virtues, that they do not indicate the sanction of the Almighty, or warrant their possessors in assuming the moral leadership of the world. It was he who assured the prim girlhood of my day that it was not the petted child of Providence, and that it had no business to be contented because it was better off than girlhood elsewhere. 'Joy in nothing that separates you, as by any strange favor, from your fellow creatures, that exalts you through their degradation, exempts you from their toil, or indulges you in times of their distress.'

This was a new voice falling upon the attentive ears of youth — a fresh challenge to its native and impetuous generosity. Perhaps the beggar's bare feet were not a legitimate incentive to enjoyment of our own neat shoes and stockings. Perhaps it was a sick world we lived in, and the beggar was a symptom of disease. Perhaps, when Emerson (we read Emerson and Carlyle as well as Ruskin) defined discontent as an infirmity of the will, he was thinking of personal and petty discontent, as with one's breakfast or the weather; not with the discontent which we never dared to call divine, but which we dimly perceived to have in it some noble attribute of grace. That the bare existence of a moral law should so exalt

a spirit that neither sin nor sorrow could subdue its gladness was a profundity which the immature mind could not be expected to grasp.

Time and circumstance lent themselves with extraordinary graciousness to Emerson's invincible optimism. It was easier to be a transcendental philosopher, and much easier to cherish a noble and a sweet content, before the laying of the Atlantic cable. Emerson was over sixty when this event took place and, while he lived, the wires were used with commendable economy. The morning newspaper did not bring him a detailed account of the latest Turkish massacre. The morning mail did not bring him photographs of starving Russian children. His temperamental composure met with little to derange it. He abhorred slavery; but until Lincoln forced the issue, he seldom bent his mind to its consideration. He loved 'potential America'; but he had a happy faculty of disregarding public affairs. Passionate partisanship, which is the basis of so much satisfaction and discontent, was alien to his soul. He loved mankind, but not men; and his avoidance of intimacies saved him much wear and tear. Mr. Brownell says that he did not care enough about his friends to discriminate between them, which was the reason he estimated Alcott so highly.

This immense power of withdrawal, this concentration upon the things of the spirit, made possible Emerson's intellectual life. He may have been, as Santayana says, 'impervious to the evidence of evil'; yet there breaks from his heart an occasional sigh over the low ebb of the world's virtue, or an entirely human admission that the hopes of the morning are followed by the ennui of noon. Sustained by the supremacy of the moral law, and by a profound and majestic belief in the invincible justice, the 'loaded dice' of God, he sums up in careful words his modest faith in man: 'Hours of sanity and consideration are always arriving to communities as to individuals, when the truth is seen, and the martyrs are justified.' Perhaps martyrs foresee the dawning of this day or ever they come to die; but to those who stand by and witness their martyrdom, the night seems dark and long.

There is a species of discontent which is more fervently optimistic than all the cheerfulness the world can boast. It is the discontent of the passionate and unpractical reformer, who believes, as Shelley believed, in the perfectibility of the human species, and who thinks, as Shelley thought, that there is a remedy for every disease of civilization. To the poet's dreaming eyes the cure was simple and sure. Destruction implied for him an automatic reconstruction, a miraculous survival and rebirth. Uncrown the king, and some noble prophet or philosopher will guide — not rule — the people. Unfrock the priest, and the erstwhile congregation will perfect itself in the practice of virtue. Take the arms from the soldier and the policeman, the cap and gown from the college president, authority from the judge, and control from the father. The nations will then be peaceful, the mobs orderly, the students studious, the criminals virtuous, the children well-behaved. An indifferent acquaintance with sociology, and a comprehensive ignorance of biology, made possible these pleasing illusions. Nor did it occur to Shelley that many men, his equals in disinterestedness and his superiors in self-restraint, would have found his reconstructed world an eminently undesirable dwelling-place.

Two counsels to content stand bravely out from the mass of contradictory admonitions with which the world's teachers have bewildered us. Saint Paul, writing to the Philippians, says

simply: 'I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content'; and Marcus Aurelius, contemplating the mighty spectacle of life and death, bids us pass serenely through our little space of time, and end our journey in content. It is the meeting-point of objective and subjective consciousness. The Apostle was having a hard time of it. The things he disciplined himself to accept with content were tangible things, of an admittedly disagreeable character — hunger and thirst, stripes and imprisonment. They were not happening to somebody else; they were happening to him. The Emperor, seeking refuge from action in thought, steeled himself against the nobleness of pity no less than against the weakness of complaint. John Stuart Mill, who did not suffer from enervating softness of heart, pronounced the wholesale killing of Christians in the reign of Marcus Aurelius to be one of the world's great tragedies. It was the outcome, not only of imperial policy, but of sincere conviction. Therefore historians have agreed to pass it lightly by. How can a man do better than follow the dictates of his own conscience, or of his own judgment, or of whatever directs the mighty ones of earth who make laws instead of obeying them? But the immensity of pain, the long-drawn agony involved in this protracted persecution might have disturbed even a Stoic philosopher passing serenely — though not harmlessly — through his little space of time.

## II

This brings me to the consideration of one prolific source of discontent, the habit we have acquired — and cannot let go — of distressing ourselves over the daily progress of events. The classic world, 'innocent of any essential defeat,' was a pitiless world, too clear-eyed for illusions, too intelligent for sedatives. The Greeks built the structure of their lives upon an almost perfect understanding of all that it offered and denied. The Romans, running an empire and ruling a world, had much less time for thinking; yet Horace, observant and acquiescent, undeceived and undisturbed, is the friend of all the ages. It is not from him, or from any classic author, that we learn to talk about the fret and fever of living. He would have held such a phrase to be eminently ill-bred, and unworthy of man's estate.

The Middle Ages, immersed in heaving seas of trouble, and lifted Heavenward by great spiritual emotions, had scant breathing-space for the cultivation of nerves. Men endured life and enjoyed it. Their endurance and their enjoyment were unimpaired by the violence of their fellow men, or by the vision of an angry God. Cruelty, which we cannot bear to read about, and a Hell, which we will not bear to think about, failed signally to curb the zest with which they lived their days. 'How high the tide of human delight rose in the Middle Ages,' says Mr. Chesterton significantly, 'we know only by the colossal walls they built to keep it within bounds.' There is no reason to suppose that Dante, whose fervid faith compassed the redemption of mankind, disliked his dream of Hell, or that it irked him to consign to it so many eminent and agreeable people.

The Renaissance gave itself unreservedly to all the pleasures that could be extracted from the business of living, though there was no lack of troubles to damp its zeal. It is interesting and instructive to read the history of a great Italian lady, typical of her day, Isabella d'Este, Marchioness of Mantua. She was learned, adroit, able, estimable, and mistress of herself though duchies fell. She danced se-

renely at the ball given by the French King at Milan, after he had ousted her brother-in-law, the Duke Ludovico, and sent him to die a prisoner at Loches. When Cæsar Borgia snatched Urbino, she improved the occasion by promptly begging from him two beautiful statues, which she had always coveted, and which had been the most treasured possessions of Duke Guidobaldo, her relative, and the husband of her dearest friend. A chilly heart had Isabella when others came to grief, but a stout one when disaster faced her way.

If the men and women who lived through those highly colored, harshly governed days had fretted too persistently over the misfortunes of others, or had spent their time questioning the moral intelligibility of life, the Renaissance would have failed of its fruition, and the world would be a less engaging place for us to live in now.

There is a discontent which is profoundly stimulating, and there is a discontent which is more wearisome than complacency. Both spring from a consciousness that the time is out of joint, and both have a modern background of nerves. *The Education of Henry Adams* and the *Diaries* of Wilfrid Scawen Blunt are cases in point. Blunt's quarrel was with his country, his world, his fellow creatures, and his God — a broad field of dissatisfaction, which was yet too narrow to embrace himself.

Nowhere does he give any token of even a moderate self-distrust. Britain is an 'engine of evil,' because his party is out of power. 'Americans' (in 1900) 'are spending fifty millions a year in slaughtering the Filipinos' — a crude estimate of work and cost. 'The Press is the most complete engine ever invented for the concealment of historic truth.' 'Patriotism is the virtue of nations in decay.' 'The whole white race is reveling openly in violence, as though it had never pretended to be Christian. God's equal curse be on them all.'

'The whole white race,' be it observed. For a time Blunt dreamed fond dreams of yellow and brown and black supremacy. Europe's civilization he esteemed a failure. Christianity had not come up to his expectations. There remained the civilization of the East, and Mohammedanism — an amended Mohammedanism, innocent of sensuality and averse to bloodshed. Filled with this happy hope, the Englishman set off from Cairo to seek religion in the desert.

Siwah gave him a rude reception. Ragged tribes, ardent but unregenerate followers of the Prophet, pulled down his tents, pillaged his luggage, robbed his servants, and knocked him rudely about. Blunt's rage at this treatment was like the rage of *Punch's* vegetarian who is chased by a bull. 'There is no hope to be found in Islam, and I shall go no further,' is his conclusion. 'The less religion in the world, perhaps the better.'

Humanity and its creeds being thus disposed of, there remained only the animals to contemplate with satisfaction. 'Three quarters of man's misery,' says the diary, 'comes from pretending to be what he is not, a separate creation, superior to that of the beasts and birds, when in reality they are wiser than we are, and infinitely happier.'

This is the kind of thing Walt Whitman used now and then to say, though neither he nor Sir Wilfrid knew any more about the happiness of beasts and birds than do the rest of us. But that brave old hopeful, Whitman, would have laughed his loudest over Blunt's final analysis of the situation: 'All the world would be a paradise in twenty years if man could be shut out.'

A paradise already imaged by Lord Holland and the poet Gray: —

> Owls would have hooted in St. Peter's choir,
> And foxes stunk and littered in St. Paul's.

## III

To turn from these pages of pettish and puerile complaint to the deep-seated discontent of Henry Adams is to reënter the world of the intellect. Mark Pattison confessed that he could not take a train without thinking how much better the time-table might have been planned. It was an unhappy twist of mind; but the Rector of Lincoln utilized his obtrusive critical faculties by applying them to his own labors, and scourging himself to greater effort. So did Henry Adams, though even the greater effort left him profoundly dissatisfied. He was unelated by success, and he could not reconcile himself to that degree of failure which is the common portion of mankind. His criticisms are lucid, balanced, enlightening, and occasionally prophetic, as when he comments on the Irishman's political passion for obstructing even himself, and on the perilous race-inertia of Russia. 'Could inertia on such a scale be broken up, or take new scale?' he asks dismayed; and we read the answer to-day. A minority ruling with iron hand; a majority accepting what comes to them, as they accept day and night and the seasons.

If there is not an understatement in the five hundred pages of the *Education*, which thereby loses the power of persuasion, there is everywhere an appeal to man's austere equity and disciplined reason. Adams was not in love with reason. He said that the mind resorted to it for want of training, and he admitted that he had never met a perfectly trained mind. But it was the very essence of reason which made him see that friends were good to him, and the world not unkind; that the loveliness of the country about Washington gave him pleasure, even when he 'found a personal grief in every tree'; and that a self-respecting man refrains from finding wordy fault with the conditions under which he lives. He did not believe, with Wordsworth, that nature is a holy and beneficent thing, or with Blake, that nature is a wicked and malevolent thing; but he knew better than to put up a quarrel with an invincible antagonist. He erred in supposing that other thoughtful men were as discontented as he was, or that disgust with the methods of Congress corroded their hours of leisure; but he expressed clearly and with moderation his unwillingness to cherish 'complete and archaic deceits,' or to live in a world of illusions. His summing up is the summing up of another austere and uncompromising thinker, Santayana, when confronted by the same problem: 'A spirit with any honor is not willing to live except in its own way; a spirit with any wisdom is not overeager to live at all.'

As our eagerness and our reluctance are not controlling factors in the situation, it is unwise to stress them too heavily. Yet we must think, at least some of us must; and it is well to think out as clearly as we can, not the relative advantages of content and discontent, — a question which briskly answers itself, — but the relative rightness. Emerson believed in the essential goodness of life, in the admirable law of compensation. Santayana believes that life has evil for its condition, and is for that reason profoundly sad and equivocal. He sees in the sensuous enjoyment of the Greek, the industrial optimism of the American, only a 'thin disguise for despair.' Yet Emerson and Santayana reach the same general conclusion. The first says that hours of sanity and consideration come

to communities as to individuals, 'when the truth is seen and the martyrs are justified'; the second that 'people in all ages sometimes achieve what they have set their hearts on,' and that, if our will and conduct were better disciplined, 'contentment would be more frequent and more massive.'

It is hard to think of this year of grace as a chosen period of sanity and consideration; and the hearts of the Turk and the Muscovite are set on things which do not make for the massive contentment of the world. The orderly processes of civilization have been so wrenched and shattered that readjustment is blocked at some point in every nation, in our own no less than in others. There are those who say that the World War went beyond the bounds of human endurance; and that the peculiar horror engendered by indecent methods of attack — poison-gases, high explosives, and corrosive fluids — has dimmed the faith and broken the spirit of men. But Attila managed to turn a fair proportion of the civilized world into wasteland, with only man-power as a destructive force. Europe to-day is by comparison unscathed, and there are kinsfolk dwelling upon peaceful continents to whom she may legitimately call for aid.

Legitimately, unless our content is like the content extolled by Little Ann's mother; unless our shoes and stockings are indicative of God's meaningless partiality, and unless the contemplation of our neighbor's bleeding feet enhances our pious satisfaction. 'I doubt,' says Mr. Wells sourly, 'if it would make any very serious difference for some time in the ordinary daily life of Kansas City if all Europe were reduced to a desert in the next five years.' Why Kansas City should have been chosen as the symbol of unconcern, I do not know; but space has a deadening influence on pity as on fear. The farther we travel from the Atlantic coast, the more tepid is the sympathy for injured France. The farther we travel from the Pacific coast, the thinner is the prejudice against Japan.

It may be possible to construct a state in which men will be content with their own lot, if they be reasonable, and with their neighbors' lot, if they be generous. It is manifestly impossible to construct a world on this principle. Therefore there will always be a latent grief in the nobler part of man's soul. Therefore there will always be a content as impious as the discontent from which Pope prayed to be absolved.

The unbroken cheerfulness, no less than the personal neatness, of the British prisoners in the World War astounded the more temperamental Germans. Long, long ago it was said of England: 'Even our condemned persons doe goe cheerfullie to their deths, for our nature is free, stout, hautie, prodigal of life and blood.' This heroic strain, tempered to an endurance which is free from the waste of emotionalism, produces the outward semblance and the inward self-respect of a content which circumstances render impossible. It keeps the soul of man immune from whatever degradation his body may be suffering. It saves the land that bred him from the stigma of defeat. It is remotely and humanly akin to the tranquillity of the great Apostle in a Roman prison. It is wholly alien to the sin of smugness, which has crept in among the domestic virtues, and rendered them more distasteful than ever to austere thinkers, and to those lonely, generous souls who starve in the midst of plenty.

There is a curious and suggestive paragraph in Mr. Chesterton's volume of loose ends, entitled *What I Saw in America*. It arrests our attention because, for once, the writer seems to be

groping for a thought instead of juggling with one. He recognizes a keen and charming quality in American women, and is disturbed because he also recognizes a recoil from it in his own spirit. This is manifestly perplexing. 'To complain of people for being brave and bright and kind and intelligent may not unreasonably appear unreasonable. And yet there is something in the background that can be expressed only by a symbol; something that is not shallowness, but a neglect of the subconscious, and the vaguer and slower impulses; something that can be missed amid all that laughter and light, under those starry candelabra of the ideals of the happy virtues. Sometimes it came over me in a wordless wave that I should like to see a sulky woman. How she would walk in beauty like the night, and reveal more silent spaces full of older stars! These things cannot be conveyed in their delicate proportion, even in the most large and elusive terms.'

Baudelaire has conveyed them measurably in four words: —

Sois belle! Sois triste!

Yet neither 'sulky' nor '*triste*' is an adjective suggesting with perfect felicity the undercurrent of discontent which lends worth to courage and charm to intelligence. Back of all our lives is the sombre setting of a world ill at ease, and beset by perils. Darkening all our days is the gathering cloud of ill-will, the ugly hatred of man for man, which is the perpetual threat to progress. We Americans may not be so invincibly optimistic as our critics think us, and we may not yet be 'speeding' down the road to destruction, as our critics painfully foretell; but we are part of an endangered civilization, and cannot hold up our end, unsupported by Europe. An American woman, cautiously investing her money in government bonds, said to her man of business: 'These at least are perfectly secure?' 'I should not say that,' was the guarded reply; 'but they will be the last things to go.'

Two years ago there was a period that saw the workingmen and workingwomen of the United States engaged in three hundred and sixty-five strikes, — one for every day of the year, — and all of them on at once. Something seems lacking in the equity of our industrial life.

The 'Current History' of the New York *Times* is responsible for the statement that eighty-five thousand men and women met their deaths by violence in the United States during the past decade. Something seems lacking in our programme of peace.

Can it be that Mr. Wells is right when he says that the American believes in peace, but feels under no passionate urgency to organize it? Does our notable indifference to the history of the past mean that we are unconcerned about the history of the present? Two things are sure. We cannot be nobly content with our own prosperity, unless its service to the world is made manifest; grace before meat is not enough to bless the food we eat. And we cannot be nobly content with our unbroken strength, with the sublimity of size and numbers, unless there is something correspondingly sublime in our leadership of the wounded nations. Our allies, who saved us and whom we saved, face the immediate menace of poverty and assault. They face it with a slowly gathered courage which we honor today, and may be compelled to emulate to-morrow. 'The fact that fear is rational,' says Mr. Brownell, 'is what makes fortitude divine.'

# REMINISCENCES OF A MIDDLE-WESTERN SCHOOL

BY JAMES NORMAN HALL

## I

DURING some of the most impressionable years of boyhood, I attended a school whose faculty was composed entirely of itinerant professors, some of them the most delightful and instructive men it has ever been my fortune to meet in the teaching profession. It was distinctly a vacation school, holding sessions only during the summer months; but, in spite of this, the small boys who attended there went gladly, without the least urging on the part of their parents; and their only regret was that classes were held in such haphazard fashion. The professors came and went as they pleased, held classes or not as they pleased, or played truant altogether; so that the scholars, who were most regular in their attendance, could never be sure one day whether they would find anyone in the chair the following day, or not. I can't forbear giving some reminiscences of this institution, which has long since disappeared, if only that a few of the 'old boys' who attended it, or others like it, may spend a pleasant half-hour dreaming some of their old dreams.

But I remember that it was not called a school by the boys of Prairie Hills, who alone knew of its existence. They named it 'The Stockyards Hotel,' because the faculty usually ate and slept on the premises, and the campus lay close to the railroad yards, adjoining the pen used as a collecting point for cattle and hogs in transit to Chicago.

The campus was neither beautiful nor well kept, even during the flourishing days of the institution in the late eighteen-nineties. Although within thirty yards of the main line of railroad, it was hidden from the view of car-window observers by a rank growth of willow bushes and pepperweed. A footpath led through this thicket, to a pile of discarded railway ties, where the earth had been trampled by the feet, and burned by the supper fires of innumerable itinerant professors, to the hardness of a brick floor. Close by, a giant cottonwood tree offered them shade during the long afternoon siestas which they seemed to find so necessary; and at the edge of a luxuriant thicket of burdock and plantain weeds was to be found a pile of their discarded cooking utensils: rusting fruit and vegetable tins, battered kettles and skillets, and pieces of sheet iron. The railway water-tank was conveniently near, and there, during moments of leisure, the professors carved their names, and often the dates of their sojourn at Prairie Hills.

From the first days of early summer the railway yard was the favorite rendezvous of small boys. The fine cinder roadbed made an ideal marble-playing ground, and passing trains gave splendid substance to our dreams of lands beyond the horizon. Our town was on the main line of the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific — a road busy with the traffic of the westward-growing nation. Stock trains from the plains,

vehicle and implement trains from the east, transcontinental passenger trains going east and west — with what longing we watched them pass! We envied the passengers, but the train crews far more; and particularly the brakemen of the fast freights, which gathered tremendous speed on the long Middleton grade and went thundering through the town. We gazed in silence at these happiest of wanderers. One would be perched on a brake wheel, swinging his legs; another standing with his hands behind his back, leaning into the wind; another strolling leisurely along over the roofs, from caboose to engine, having a journey within a journey. If one of them nodded or waved his hand as he flashed past, we were astonished and grateful for such condescension.

We knew the names of every important traffic-route in the country; and when some box car, wandering far from its parent line in New England or the legendary South, passed through the town, we could not rest until we had learned the meaning of the initials it bore. Usually it was some professor at the stockyards school who gave us the information. Let all mothers who wish to keep their boys provincially content beware of this true home of romance. Let them prevent their young hero-worshipers from striking up friendships with those veteran travelers and philosophers, 'A No. 1,' 'Frisco Jack,' 'The Brooklyn Kid,' 'Chicago Slim,' who break their journeys at just such small towns, where the law is tolerant and food may be had for the asking.

But I remember that I am speaking of twenty years ago, and the damage is done if damage it was. Those travelers have long since left the road, and the boys of this generation have never known them.

We knew them all by name, through careful study of the water-tank registry; and many a name became a flesh-and-blood reality as the summer days went by.

'Do I know Frisco Jack? Sure! That's *me*, kid!' Then, to his traveling companion, 'Shorty, w'en was it I said I stopped at this yere God-fersaken little way-station before? Run an' have a look, sonny! See if they ain't a date on the water-tank under w'ere I carved my name.'

'Eighteen ninety-four!' several of us shout at once. We have all such valuable data at our tongues' ends.

'So it was! So it was! I mind me, I was travelin' west that season.'

I remember, too, our first meeting with 'Three Fingers,' whose name on the water-tank had become blackened with age and smoke. He had made three yearly visits, as more freshly carved dates beneath testified; but none of us had ever seen him.

'I betcha he goes through at night,' Buller Sharpe used to say. 'I betcha he gets off the Midnight Flier when she stops here for orders, an' he probly takes Number Eight out the same night. He would n't stop in this little ole hole mor'n a few hours.'

'No! gee! A' course not! I betcha he'd go right through to Denver if he did n't get tired ridin' the pilot all that way.'

The pilot, or cowcatcher, of the Midnight Flier we reserved for vagrants of the very highest distinction in their profession. Three Fingers was one of these, and we were all of Buller Sharpe's opinion, that he traveled only at night. Otherwise we should have seen him. When, at last, we did, we were a little disappointed, and being jealous for his reputation, decided that the daylight visit was a mere whim, a sudden fancy. We recognized him at once, for thumb and forefinger of his left hand were missing. He was much pleased, and assured us that he was the Three Fingers in question.

'Yes, that's my trade-mark on the water-tank,' he said. 'Well, well! I got fame an' I did n't know it!' Through a sultry July afternoon he sat under the cottonwood tree, telling us stories of his travels. 'I been the length of every trunk line in this country. I've rode 'em forrards an' back. Yessir! I've seen a heap o' this little ole U. S. A.' He smoked his pipe in silence for a few moments. 'But they ain't nothin' to this life, kids. Don't you never take to beatin' yer way around the country. If you do, you won't never amount to a hill o' beans.'

We listened in respectful silence, and he may have thought that his counsel was sinking deep into our hearts. He may have believed that, in warning young lads against the attractions of a wanderer's life, he was for once doing something worth while. At any rate he continued with increasing earnestness, picturing the pleasures of a settled, well-ordered existence, such as our fathers enjoyed.

'Now there's your pappy. Very likely he keeps a store, or mebbe he's a doctor or a banker. You got a nice home an' kinfolks an' reg'lar meals. Don't you go an' do nothin' foolish, like I did! I wanted to see the world, an' I ran away from home w'en I wa'n't no bigger'n you boys. *Now* look at me! I'm a hobo, an' I won't never be nothin' *but* a hobo. What's *your* pappy do?' he asked another of his attentive audience.

'He's a minister,' said 'Preacher' Goodwin, a boy of ten years. Three Fingers opened his eyes very wide. He started to speak, thought better of it, then, after a long silence, said: —

'Don't it beat *all* how ministers' sons take to devilment! I know — they ain't no devilment yit, but yer leadin' up to it, my lad, hangin' round the railroad yards. Purty soon you'll be beatin' yer way up to Dess Moines, and onst you git started — I don't know what ministers is up to, goin' round a-visitin' an' a-fussin' and lettin' their own young-uns run wild.'

This new evidence, slight as it was, of the waywardness of ministers' sons, evidently strengthened an old conviction, for Three Fingers came back to the subject several times.

'You gotta be careful!' he said, pointing his pipestem at little Goodwin. 'You're a preacher's son, an' you ain't got the same chanst other boys has. I don't know why it's so, but it *is* so, as sure as I'm a settin' here.'

He took a shiny, nickel-plated watch from his pocket, thumbed it for a moment, and put it back.

'You going to leave town this afternoon, mister?' one of us asked.

'Oh, I reckon mebbe I will, an' I reckon mebbe I won't.'

He had no more than said this, when we heard, far to the westward, the sound of a deep-toned whistle.

'An' I reckon mebbe I will,' he added, getting up from his seat and knocking the ashes from his pipe.

'That's seventy-two mister!' someone volunteered. 'She's a fast freight, but she nearly always stops here for water. You can catch 'er easy!'

Three Fingers smiled, as he sat down again on the pile of railway sleepers.

'I can catch 'er, can I, sonny? Well, I guess I can, if you say so.'

The long train coasted down the Middleton grade, and came to a halt, with a screaming of brakes and a bumping of cars reverberating far back along the line. The ensuing quiet seemed the more intense by contrast. The engine panted gently while the water-tank was being replenished. Then the fireman threw up the canvas nozzle, letting the water run over his head and shoulders before swinging the spout back to its place. Taking his seat again in the cab-window, he pulled the bellcord. The

engineer, aroused from a deep reverie, sounded two sharp short blasts of the whistle.

'That's the highball, mister! She's pulling right out!'

'You going to ride the bumpers?'

'She's a meat train! You won't find any empties!'

No reply from Three Fingers. The train gathered speed. Car after car, each one closed and sealed, rumbled by, the heavy trucks clicking over the rails in faster and faster time. Still he sat on the railway ties, seemingly indifferent, lost in thought. At last, he rose leisurely, and took a large bite out of a plug of tobacco which he wrapped again in a piece of brown paper.

'Now, you boys mind what I been tellin' you!' he said.

With that, he walked briskly out to the moving train, ran alongside a little way, and swung in on the rods of a refrigerator car. We had a glimpse of him as he adjusted himself more comfortably to his berth. A moment later, the caboose went by, the conductor reading a newspaper by an open window in the cupola.

The train dwindled and vanished around a distant bend. Far away the deep whistle echoed among the wooded hills, the roaring became fainter and fainter, and we were conscious again of the drowsy music of grasshoppers and locusts, and the sound of the puffy exhaust of the engine at the pumping station.

Three Fingers was gone, and that was the last we ever saw of him.

## II

Our professors were of all sorts — some talkative, some taciturn, some genially tolerant of our adulation, some morosely intolerant. 'Now you kids hike! You'll be getting us pinched first thing you know!' For the most part they permitted us to mingle freely with them; and in return for the high privilege, we told them the most likely places to go for 'hand-outs.' What a to-do there would have been, had our parents known who directed the long summer procession of vagrants to their doors! Once my mother said to Goodwin's mother, 'I declare, I've never seen so many tramps as there are this summer! They are eating us out of house and home!' and Mrs. Goodwin said that she had been having a like experience. 'Preacher' and I, who were present, went quietly out, feeling a little guilty.

It is as well that our parents did not know how we were spending those summer afternoons, for they were saved much needless worry. At the stockyards school we learned nothing worse than some picturesque profanity, and lessons in this respect were unconsciously given.

Thinking of the many vagrants we knew in boyhood days, it seems to me that they must have been men simple of soul and clean of mind. Some, like Three Fingers, preached us homely sermons on the snares and delusions of a wanderer's life; but their practice was at such alluring variance to precept, that it would have been a delight to go to school to them forever.

Only once, I believe, was advantage ever taken of our guilelessness, which, in those days, I fear, amounted almost to simplicity. One midsummer morning, Goodwin and I — we were always together — met at the railway yards at four o'clock, for Robinson Brothers' Circus had come to town in the night and we wanted to watch them unload. We paid a visit to the stockyards hotel merely to see if there had been any new arrivals, and found a tall, middle-aged-looking man sitting under the cottonwood tree. He rose the moment he saw us, his face beaming with pleasure.

'Think about angels and they're sure to appear,' he said. 'Boys, I'm in a fix and I want you to help me. You see my clothes? I'm all rags and tags and old paper-bags, and I'll tell you why. I got charge of the lions in this show. I feed 'em and train 'em and all the rest of it.' Then he went on to say that the lions often clawed him, not in anger, but playfully, after the manner of lions. They never injured him, but they ruined his clothing; and what with his never-ending, day-and-night duties, and moving on constantly from one town to another, he had no opportunity to replenish his wardrobe.

'Now, if you boys could help me,' he added, wistfully, 'I'd sure be obliged to you. Maybe your dads have some old shoes, or an old spare suit I could have; something to do me, you understand, until I can go and get fitted out proper. I'd pay you for 'em, of course, and let you into the show to boot.'

Preacher and I were not only willing but eager to help. He agreed to furnish the clothing and I the shoes, and we rushed home at once. My parents were still asleep upstairs. I did n't think it advisable to waken them. They might have raised objections, after the manner of parents, and I knew there could be no possible objection after I had had time to explain. My father could easily buy a new pair of shoes. He had plenty of leisure; but here was a lion-trainer who had scarcely a moment to himself, and it was very important, as he had told us, that he should be decently dressed in time for the morning parade. I went hastily through my father's stock of old shoes, selected the best pair I could find, and ran with them back to the stockyards hotel. Preacher was there before me, with a very decent suit of blue serge, his father's best everyday suit as I afterward learned. The trainer of Robinson Brothers' lions was deeply grateful.

'Boys,' he said, 'you've done me a great favor, and I won't forget it. Now I must hurry along. Lord! There's a heap of work to be done. But you be at the main entrance of the big tent at one-thirty sharp. I'll be there in these clothes, and with the money to pay for them. And I'll have passes for you, and if Mr. Robinson don't give you the best seats in the place for what you've done for me, I'll miss my guess. Now remember! One-thirty sharp! You'll be there?'

'Oh, yes, sir!' we said.

'Right! Now I must go. Lord! there's a heap o' work to be done!'

When we last saw him, he was hurrying away in the direction of the showgrounds.

Twenty years ago this wretched man disappeared; and since that time, every seventeenth of July, — if I happen to think of it, — at 1.30 P.M. sharp, I wish that he may come to no good end.

It is pleasant to turn, in thought, from this ignoble vagrant to a wanderer whose name must still be held in pleasant and grateful remembrance by many 'old boys' of the stockyards school. In so far as we knew, he had visited Prairie Hills but once, and at that time had carved his *nom de voyageur*, 'A No. 1,' on a wooden support at the water-tank. Each letter was cut deeply into the wood, and fashioned with exquisite craftsmanship. The 'A' had then been colored with red paint, and the 'No. 1' with blue. There was no other inscription which could compare with this, and we were sure that no other nomad could compare with him in character and experience of travel. Even the most distinguished professors of the stockyards school spoke of him with respect; and taking advantage no doubt of our willingness to believe, they told marvelous tales of his exploits, and threw over him a glamour which was quite in keeping with our conception of

him. He always traveled alone, they said, and ranged not only the United States, but Canada as far as Quebec, and Mexico, and South America, to 'Bonus Airs.'

One afternoon, when Sharpe, Goodwin, and I assembled at the marble-playing ground near the water-tank, we found a bright-eyed little man sitting on one of the cross-supports, whittling a stick and whistling softly to himself. I remember nothing more of his personal appearance, except that he wore a blue cap, and was dressed in decent clothing; and he had beside him a scuffed and baggy leather satchel. He was a stranger, but evidently no 'hobo,' so we were not interested in him, and proceeded with our game at once.

We had been playing for some time, when he whistled sharply, to attract our attention.

'Here you are!' he said. 'Catch, one of you!'

Goodwin caught it. It was an Indian head, an Indian in full war-paint, carved out of a potato.

'Well, where's your manners?' said the stranger. 'Can't you say thank you?' And without waiting for a reply, 'Fetch me another one of those spuds.'

Several potatoes which had been jostled from some car were lying near-by. We brought him all of them, and he made for Buller Sharpe a head of Abraham Lincoln, which we thought a marvelous likeness. Then, examining the remaining potatoes with the swift appraisal of the artist, 'These won't do,' he said. 'Too bumpy'; and he threw them away.

I was keenly disappointed and he must have noticed this.

'Wait. Another keepsake for you. Scoot! Go back to your game! I'll tell you when it's finished.'

He turned his back to us and bent over his work, and hours later, it seemed to me, 'All right,' he said. He held out a match-stick, and on it was carved, in blocked letters, 'A No. 1.' — 'Keep that, and be it,' he said. 'Now go home to your suppers, and don't bother me any more.'

There was a hasty bolting of suppers that evening. We were at the water-tank again within half an hour, but A No. 1 had gone. Evidently he had taken the west-bound passenger, on his way to Denver, or, as we thought more likely, San Francisco. He had freshly painted his old inscription and carved beneath it, 7/9/'99.

Last summer I returned to Iowa, and long before the brakeman of the local train came through the car shouting, 'Prairie Hills! Prairie Hills!' I had my window open and was leaning far out, in my eagerness to recognize boyhood haunts.

But I soon regretted my curiosity, my foolish longing to link past with present days. The stockyards school had disappeared, and the wooden water-tank had been replaced by an upright steel pipe, which had nothing to commend it but its utility.

# YOUTH

BY AMY S. JENNINGS

Do you hear the hooves of the horses pound
On the wet spring road where youth is riding?
The petals of wild pear cling around
His feet and his stirrups, and, dimly hiding,
Dip in the locks of his flaming hair —
Wind-washed blossom of early pear.
Do you hear the hooves of the horses pound?
Straight limbs pressed to the shining flank,
And the stinging odor, sharp and rank,
Of sweat and the steaming ground?
Swift in the wind, cold in the wind,
Firm is the flesh as the golden bud
Of a beech in spring, and wide behind,
Drenched in the copious glittering rain,
Streams his cloak of the color of blood,
And branches catch at his rein.

The wind is intimate in his ear
With terrible songs of death and laughter;
But the sound of love and the sound of fear
Are dear to him, and he rides the faster.
Riding, riding,
Oh, not yet
Has he need to remember or need to forget.

# THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A LABOR LEADER. II

BY JAMES H. MAURER

## I

BEFORE I was fifteen, better times began to come back. The hat-factory worked more steadily. I was put at making cardboard hat-boxes, and my wages went up to fifty cents a day. The brother of the superintendent had charge of my box-room, and proved himself one of the best bosses I ever had.

In those days, the relation between employer and worker was different. The owners of industrial establishments, in most cases, worked; and so did their sons. Some of them were managers or office men, others worked at the trade, and nearly all were skilled in their line. They mingled with, and worked among, the men all day long. If an employee wanted to talk with the head of the firm, it was not necessary to gain admittance to an office, or to journey to some big city, because the head either worked with you, or came through the plant on his daily tour of inspection. Every employee knew every member of the firm, and the firm knew every worker.

Our family moved many times, from one house to another, following the curve of income and rents.

Soon after one of our movings, the Y. M. C. A. held temperance revivals in a near-by hall. My step-brother, Frank, and I attended. We decided to sign the pledge for five years.

'But,' protested the revivalist, 'why for five years? Why not for life?'

I explained that in five years we should be men, and that, as boys, we did not wish to impose our boyish ideas upon ourselves as men. He agreed. Then, asking us to lay one hand on the Bible and raise the other, he began: —

'You swear —'

'Sometimes,' I said.

'No,' he replied; 'I am not asking you to confess. I am asking you to take an oath that you will keep your pledge for five years.'

He then spoke the pledge and ended by urging, 'You do so swear?'

I asked him whether I should now swear. He nodded his head. I rolled out a terrible oath. The evangelist was angry. I told him I was doing just what he told me to do, and Frank backed me up. We finally convinced him that the only swearing we knew about was cussing. Up to this time I had believed that in taking an oath one used a cuss word.

We both swore not to touch, taste, or handle liquors for five years. We both kept our oath.

Then came the strike of the Brotherhood of Railway Enginemen and Firemen. This tied up our Philadelphia and Reading Railroad system. The first act of destructive violence was the burning down of the Lebanon Valley Railroad bridge and the burning of a number of freight cars. Several cars of coal were dumped, and the coal carried away in bags and buckets. Great excitement prevailed in our city. One evening a crowd of curiosity-

seekers was gathered on the main street. Of course, I was in the crowd. I perched near the top of an awning pole at the corner cigar store, and had an elegant view of all that went on below me. It was a good-natured crowd and gave the policemen nothing to do.

Then, with no warning, shooting began. I saw the railroad cut full of soldiers. Something cracked to the left of me: a bullet went through the plate-glass window of the cigar store. The crowd became frantic. The shooting no longer came scattered, but in volleys, at regular intervals. I saw several persons drop.

All this was within a minute or two. I slid down the pole and ran south, toward my home, directly in line with the flying bullets.

I found that every other member of our family had been in the crowd when the shooting began. None was hurt. But other neighborhood families had suffered. Within a radius of two blocks of our house were the homes of six persons who had been shot. The wounded, dying, and dead were carried to their homes on cellar doors, settees, express wagons. The city had no police patrol-wagons or ambulances. The victims were innocent citizens. This massacre had its effect on the strike situation. The misery and death took the heart out of the strikers.

The Easton Grays, of Easton, Pennsylvania, were the military company that did the shooting. If they had ordered the crowd to disperse, within fifteen minutes there would not have been a soul left to shoot at. Instead, the officer and his soldiers — the officer and his assassins — sneaked in through the deep railroad cut, and at a distance of one hundred and fifty feet, without reason, and with no warning, fired volley after volley into a law-abiding, unsuspecting human mass of men, women, and children.

## II

On a trip to Philadelphia I saw *Excelsior* at the old Walnut Street Theatre. I decided that show-acting was a desirable life-work. A friend of mine, Lincoln Wise, and I made ourselves into a vaudeville team, known as 'Welsh and Mack.' With Charley Brown and Walter Weber added, we formed a company called 'Tony Weber's New York Variety Combination.' The first act was 'Tony Weber, the Magician.' This consisted of card tricks, worked by invisible threads. The threads ran through eyelets down under the stage, where they all came together, each properly labeled for its particular trick. I engaged a hall in Reamstown, Lancaster County, for our opening performance. I gave the proprietor free passes to our show.

Charley Brown took his place under the stage, ready to pull the strings and make the cards do their stunts. The curtain went up to a crowded house. Just then the proprietor and his whole family arrived on their free passes. They were too late for seats, so they went to the door at the rear of the stage, in order to see the show from behind. Brown was under the stage, leaning against this door as it suddenly opened. Like a drowning person grabbing for straws, Brown, feeling himself falling backwards, grabbed for something with both hands. He connected with the labeled threads that worked the tricks. As he fell backward into the room behind the stage, every card trick began to work at the same moment. Cards jumped out of tumblers, other cards changed their spots, others flew from one picture-frame to another.

Weber stood in the centre of the stage, amazed at seeing all his tricks working in one burst without his command. The audience was pleased, believing this was a spectacular opening

to the act. We dropped the curtain and rearranged the tricks, and the show went on. We cleared twenty dollars. This success led us to tour the district. We put on shows at Sinking Springs, Wormelsdorf, Robesonia, and Wernersville.

We decided to run a circus. We borrowed a tent that measured thirty by fifty feet. Barnum's Circus came just then, with a woman shot out of a cannon. This idea struck home to us. To be sure, we could not shoot a woman out of a cannon, like Barnum. Our tent was not big enough. We could not afford such a large cannon; and we did not have a woman who would be willing. But Weber worked out a plan of catching a cannon ball in his teeth. So we proceeded to have the cannon built. We selected for our opening a town named Leesport. Our advertising bills played up the cannon-ball stunt as the star feature of the show. Our troupe included Weber, Brown, Wise, and myself, of our old combination, and a Mr. Savage, who worked our Punch-and-Judy Show.

By six in the evening everything was ready for the rush. A half-hour later, a good-sized crowd had gathered. Someone discovered there were no seats for the audience. I noticed several piles of railroad ties. I persuaded part of the crowd to carry the ties into the tent for seats. Then I asked these volunteer helpers to step outside, buy tickets, and come in again and take one of the seats they had helped to arrange. I told them I would let them buy tickets first, so they could get front seats. Tipped off how to get front seats, they eagerly bought, and this stampeded the crowd. By seven o'clock the tent was packed.

The stage was erected at one end of the tent, and on one side of the stage was Professor Savage, sitting with his Punch-and-Judy cabinet. The cabinet rested on the ground, and the stage was elevated about two feet. He sat there quietly inside his cabinet till his turn should come at the end of the show.

The time came for the big act — Professor Weber catching a cannon-ball in his teeth. Charley Brown explained to the audience that Weber had an iron jaw, and could catch cannon-balls between his teeth as easily as an alligator could snap flies. He then asked for a committee of three men to come from the audience to examine the cannon, powder, and balls, to load the cannon, and to fire it. The committee stepped up and examined the cannon, which was a real one all right, made of cast iron, two feet long, and with a three-fourths-inch bore. They pushed in the powder wad, and then marked the bullet for identification. It was a lead bullet of the size of a large grape. They then rolled the bullet into the cannon.

What ought to follow was this: Weber would step on the stage opposite the cannon and hold a plate in front of his face. The committee would touch off the cannon, the plate would break, and between the teeth of Weber would be the cannon-ball. The committee would examine the ball for identification. 'Yes, it's the same ball we marked,' would have to be their answer, because it was the same ball.

The trick lay in the ramrod. The committee was allowed to examine everything except the ramrod, and, of course, no one thought of examining a simple little stick. One end of the ramrod was hollow and, when the ball was dropped into the mouth of the cannon, Brown would push the ball back against the powder wad. The ramrod, being hollow at one end, would catch the ball, and, when the ramrod was withdrawn, the ball would be secretly encased within it. The ramrod was then carelessly tossed on a table, and Wise, tidying up the stage, would carry the table off to Weber behind the scenes. Weber would

extract the ball from the ramrod, put it in his mouth, pick up a broken and pasted-together plate, and step out on the stage. When the cannon roared, Weber would break the cracked plate in his hands, and show the cannon-ball between his teeth.

But what really happened on this night of our try-out was different. The committee loaded the cannon and waited for Weber to appear to be shot at. But Weber behind the scenes had just discovered that the ball was not in the ramrod, and this of course meant that it was in the cannon. Wise and I were with him. But Brown was on the stage, while Savage was sitting in his Punch-and-Judy cabinet, and neither knew anything of our troubles. We heard Brown announce to the audience: 'The Professor will now step forward and catch the ball you saw your committee load in the cannon.'

But the Professor had no idea of stepping forward at that moment. The audience commenced to clap their hands in impatience.

'What will we do?' asked Weber.

There was only one thing to do, and that was to get the ball out of the cannon, and the easiest way to get it out was to shoot it out. So I stepped out on the stage, waved my hands for order, and said: —

'My friends, it is indeed to be regretted that there should be some people here to-night who suspect that something crooked has been pulled over on them. I have just heard someone say that the ball is not in the cannon. And this, remember, after a committee of your own townsmen themselves put the ball in. Therefore, to remove any suspicion that anyone may have that the cannon is not loaded now with the ball, I shall fire off the cannon and prove that it is. After that, we will again load it and then the Professor will catch the ball between his teeth.'

I then placed a small block of wood, about two inches thick and six inches square, — which we used in one of the other tricks, — in front of the mouth of the cannon, believing it would stop the ball. We lighted the fuse and fired the cannon. There was a roar, the block of wood disappeared into splinters, and from Professor Savage's cabinet came a yell. We had forgotten about him. The bullet-hole through his Punch-and-Judy show proved we had nearly got him. Everybody was satisfied it was a real cannon and that it had been loaded with ball.

The committee then loaded it again, and this time the ramrod did its work. Weber received the ball all right, put it in his mouth, picked up the cracked plate and was ready to go ahead with the act. This time Brown asked: 'Is the Professor ready to prove to the world that the jaw of man is quicker and more powerful than a steel rat-trap?'

Weber then stepped forward and said: 'He is.'

The audience cheered. The mouth of the cannon was elevated, and Brown made great business of taking good aim.

'Are you ready?' he finally asked.

Weber answered: 'I am, and good-bye to all if I fail to catch it.'

Then the match was applied as Weber faced the cannon, with the cracked plate covering his face.

The cannon roared. There stood Weber, with the ball stuck between his teeth. The audience was dumbfounded. The committee looked the ball over, and informed the crowd it was the same one they had marked and loaded. Just then, a man rose and said he would like to ask a question.

'What I wish someone would explain,' he said, 'is how that ball got round the plate without breaking it.'

Then we discovered that in the excitement Weber had forgotten to twist the cracked plate into bits and drop it.

There he still stood with the plate in his hands, and, so far as the audience could see, it was a perfectly solid plate. Then a member of the committee wanted something else explained.

'Tell me,' he said, 'where is the other bullet?'

'What other bullet?' I asked.

'I want you to know,' he explained, 'that we put two bullets in the cannon. The Professor caught one, all right, but what became of the other one?'

## III

Later, I became a machinist's apprentice. This paid twenty-five cents a day for the first year. Working beside me in the machine-shop was a journeyman by the name of Thomas King, one of the original organizers of the Knights of Labor. He talked to me about Labor's rights and the necessity for the workers to organize. These were subjects about which I knew absolutely nothing, and I did not care to know anything about them. He might just as well have talked to me about the nebular hypothesis. One day he handed me a small pamphlet and said: —

'Read that and tell me what you think of it.'

It was the first time in my life that anyone had ever given me anything to read, with the request that I express an opinion. That night, after supper, I tried to read the pamphlet, but found the task beyond me. I could spell the words, but knew how to pronounce very few of them. For more than an hour I wrestled with the little pamphlet, determined to find out what it had to say; but no use — the little pamphlet on which I had promised to give an opinion, next day, defied me and, reluctantly, I was compelled to acknowledge defeat.

Before me lay a newspaper. I tried to read it, but found it as big a task as the pamphlet. A book lay on the table. It was mother's prayer-book. I hurriedly opened it and tried to read, but could not. Nearly sixteen years of my life had passed, yet, up to that very hour, I had no idea why people should learn to read. Why spell words, when I could speak them more easily and quickly, and, besides, knew what the words meant. My vocabulary consisted of a few hundred simple words, fully half of which I pronounced improperly, or with a Pennsylvania Dutch accent. In that hour, I had an awakening. I now understood for the first time why children were sent to school. Schools, after all, were not juvenile penal institutions.

I rushed into the front room where mother was, fairly shouting, 'Why can't I read?'

'Why, Jimmie,' she said, 'what are you talking about?'

I then explained my troubles: how I had tried to read and discovered that I could not.

'Well,' she said, 'you see, Jimmie, we were always very poor, and instead of you going to school, you had to go to work; and besides, what little schooling you did get never seemed to do you any good.'

The following morning King asked me if I had read the pamphlet. I frankly admitted that I had not, and explained why.

'A boy your age, and can't read! Why, boy, where have you been all these sixteen years? If you expect to go through life like this, you will find it mighty rough going.'

I made no attempt to explain other than to say, 'I would give a thousand dollars, if I had it, to be able to read.'

For the next ten minutes, neither of us spoke a word. King was evidently doing some serious thinking. Finally, he came over to my machine. Laying his hand on my shoulder, in a sort of

fatherly fashion, he said, 'Jimmie, I have made up my mind to give you a chance, and it won't cost you a thousand dollars, either.'

And Tom King, the Labor leader, opened a school, with me as his only pupil. Our schoolroom, during the day, was the machine-shop. Our desks were machines. Two and three nights a week he labored with me at home, and thus began the task which, in time, started me on a journey which I should have started ten years before. For more than a year, King labored with me. I read everything I could lay my hands on and developed my knowledge of mathematics by measuring up and figuring out the square or cube of most everything in and around the machine-shop. It was the little pamphlet, issued by the Knights of Labor, that switched me off from illiteracy.

In the meantime, King kept talking the labor problems over with me, and finally suggested that I join the Knights of Labor. So, on the 15th of April, 1880, my sixteenth birthday, in company with King, I went to Fisher's Hall, and there, on the top floor, entered what was, in those early days, the secret chamber of the Knights of Labor, Washington Assembly, No. 72. All the members present seemed to be old men. I doubt if there was one among them, besides myself, who was not more than thirty-five years of age. The Master Workman (President) was a Mr. Tyson, a gray-haired old man. Little did I dream, as I sat there that night and listened to speeches and the humdrum of routine business, that this meant for me the beginning of a line of work which I would follow through life. Less than three months after I joined, an election of officers took place and, to my great surprise, I was elected Worthy Foreman (Vice-President).

One day, King saw me reading a trashy novel. He asked me to let him look the thing over. I handed it to him, and he promptly tore it to pieces. I protested, because the novel did not belong to me. He glared at me as he said, 'Do you think that I have given you a year to have you waste your time on such trash?' Right then and there, there was a show-down between us, and King won out. For at least a year after that, I read what King gave me to read. I read books and pamphlets on the money question, banking, gold standard, double standard, paper money (greenbacks), inflated currency, contracted currency, free coinage, the crime of 1873. Before I was seventeen years of age, I believed that I knew more about the subject of banking and the manipulations of our currency than most Congressmen did; and now, knowing how little the average Congressman does know, I am inclined to believe I was right.

One morning King told me of his experiences of the night before. He had been to Adamstown, trying to convince the employees of a hat factory there, that they should join the Knights of Labor, and vote the 'Greenback' ticket, as well. A few village bullies broke up his meeting and orderd him out of town. Of course, he was angry, and vowed he was going back again as soon as he could find someone to go with him. I volunteered.

'Jimmie,' he said, 'you won't do. I need a few husky fellows who know how to fight, and who are not afraid.'

I then offered to get a gang who knew how, and who were not afraid. For the next few nights, I was busy looking up old friends and ex-enemies. From my large acquaintance, I picked four whom I considered the cream. I explained, in detail, what the trouble was about, and what would be expected of them. The men I picked were Harry Pyle, a one-time enemy, Bully Goodman, Ed Price, and Plugger Roland.

When the eventful night came for my first battle for free speech, King furnished his little army with a transport consisting of a one-horse, covered spring wagon. He rode ahead of his army, in a buggy, and arrived first. On our way to Adamstown, which was a distance of ten miles, we five planned our defense, attack, slaughter, and retreat.

To make sure that King's constitutional rights would not be violated, we took a few good-sized clubs with us, with the understanding that they were to be used only in an emergency. As we were driving into the town, King had begun, as previously arranged, to speak. This gave me an excuse to stop my team on the opposite side of the street and pretend to listen to the speaker, as I sat in the wagon. The audience had every reason to believe that King was alone.

King spoke for about twenty minutes, and our army was getting restless. We feared there would be nothing doing. Finally, I commenced to applaud the speaker, saying, 'That's the stuff. You're right. Go to it, old boy, give it to them.'

I noticed that there were some in the crowd who seemed friendly, because they, too, began to applaud. But through the crowd, from out of the darkness, came a husky fellow, who might have been thirty-five or forty years of age. Walking up to King, he said, 'Shut up, you liar, and get out of this as quick as the devil will let you.'

King answered by giving the signal agreed upon.

'Is there no one here who will protect me in my constitutional rights against this ruffian?'

Pyle had already slipped out of the back of the wagon and, stepping forward, cried out, 'I will.'

The next instant the bully was lying sprawling in the street. It took but a few seconds for his friends to come to his rescue, and then the real fight started.

Quite a few of the natives fought on our side, and this is what saved us from complete annihilation, and turned victory in our favor.

When the battle was over, and I had time to survey the field of honor, I learned that, while no one was killed, some of us came dangerously close to it. Price and Plugger Roland got away with nothing more serious than blue eyes, bloody noses, and the loss of a few teeth. I suffered from a fractured jaw, a few cuts about the head and face, a broken bone in my right hand, and a blow on the chest. So serious was the blow on my chest, caused by a large stone, that I felt the effects of it, from time to time, for twenty years. Pyle suffered from two broken ribs, a battered-up face, and loss of a tooth. As soon as the victims were dragged off the field of battle, King started to speak again and spoke for ten minutes, just to show that we had won and that constitutional rights were still held sacred in Adamstown.

After we closed the meeting, we decided to celebrate our victory. We entered the hotel barroom, and the six of us lined up in front of the bar and gave three cheers for free speech. I doubt if there was a good fight left in the whole bunch of us combined; yet, propping ourselves against each other, we rubbed in our victory with a vengeance. Later, I learned that the bullies responsible for all the trouble were not natives of Adamstown, but strangers imported there.

When we returned to the wagon to go home, we discovered our clubs. Not one of us had thought of them after we left the wagon and the fracas started. A few hours later we arrived in Reading and separated for our homes, never to get together again.

## IV

After serving less than two years at my trade, I believed I could hold my own as a full-fledged mechanic. I went to Pottstown, and became a machinist with Sotter Brothers, boilermakers, at a wage of two dollars for a workday of ten hours. While working in the shop, I was ordered to make a two-inch boiler-tube expander. We were not equipped to make tools of this kind, but I went ahead to make one anyhow. In boring the first hole in the body of the expander, in which the rollers were to work, I got the job clamped crooked, and, of course, the hole got crooked or, perhaps I should say, the hole I drilled was not in line with the body, but slanted. So, in order that the boss would not suspect that I 'bulled' the job, I bored all three holes crooked, or on a slant. After the job was finished, I was anxious to know if an expander like that would work. I discovered that it not only worked, but fed itself besides. To work the other expanders, it was necessary to hit a tapered pin every few revolutions with a mallet, in order to force the rollers out against the tube. The hitting of the pin not only consumed time, but had a tendency to knock off the end cap of the expander. When I discovered my find, I showed it to Mr. Sotter, the head of the firm, who tried it out on at least a dozen tubes before he felt satisfied that we really had a self-feeding tube-expander. Of course, I got credit for the wonderful discovery. If there were any self-feeding expanders on the market before this, no one in Pottstown ever heard of it. Less than a year later, however, there were offered for sale two different kinds of self-feeding expanders, one of them an almost identical imitation of the one I had made.

At this time in my life, seven or eight dollars was my limit for a suit, a dollar for a hat, at the most a dollar and fifty cents for a pair of shoes, fifty cents for a shirt; and it was paper collars when I wore them, which was seldom. I never wore underwear, winter or summer, nor owned an overcoat until I was nearly twenty-one years of age. I looked upon well-dressed people with suspicion and believed that people who wore underwear were dirty.

Then came a long letter from my old friend, Tom King, expressing the hope I was not neglecting my studies, and saying that he was planning to have me appointed local organizer for the Knights of Labor. In due time, my commission as organizer arrived, and two weeks later Iron Workers Assembly No. 7975, was organized. Within a short time we had a thousand members enrolled, more than we could handle, and we organized another assembly. My promotion was rapid. First, delegate to the District Assembly, then Master Workman of the Iron Workers; and before I was twenty years of age, I was elected District Master Workman.

I read the *Progress and Poverty* of Henry George, and a little later joined the Single-Tax Club. Most of my evenings were now occupied in studying and in attending meetings. And yet, the old life seemed to hold a chattel mortgage on me, because I would try to satisfy my desire for excitement, and think I was having a good time. Gradually I turned my life into labor channels, in the practice of my trade, and also in the job of helping to organize a coherent labor movement.

For forty-two years now I have played my part in the labor movement. I have been doing public speaking ever since I knew much of anything, delivering speeches in every state of the Union. Eighteen years ago I counted up that I had then made a thousand speeches. Probably it is over two thou-

sand now. My life has been lived in Reading, and it was Reading that, in 1910, elected me to the General Assembly of the State Legislature — the first and only Socialist that ever represented the city. In 1914 and in 1916 I was reëlected. In 1911 I introduced bills in the Legislature on Mothers' Pensions, Child Labor, Workers' Compensation, Semimonthly Payment, and twenty-five other labor measures. These bills were considered a joke by many assemblymen. A prominent State Senator said to me: 'Do you expect to live long enough to see any of them become law?' Four years later, most of them were on the statute-books.

In 1917, I introduced an Old-Age-Pension Bill. It is not yet law, but the state created a commission to investigate the subject and gave me the chairmanship. I hope to see Old-Age Pensions become law at the coming session.

In 1912 I was elected President of the Pennsylvania State Federation of Labor, and have been reëlected ever since. The State Federation of Labor had 267 affiliations ten years ago. To-day it has 1300 affiliations, and numbers 400,000 members. It is the greatest factor for good in the state. It is feared by the party machine, and was influential in bringing about the nomination of Gifford Pinchot.

During the war, an effort was made to repeal the labor laws and standards, under the pretense of winning the war. We opposed surrendering one inch of what organized labor had secured. We were branded as Pro-Germans for our activities against the mutilation of the labor charter. We succeeded in keeping every law on the statute-books. None was repealed, or even suspended. And the war was won, anyhow.

While the spirit of intolerance and reaction was at its height, an attempt was made to saddle a vicious sedition law on the state. Our Federation opposed it by bringing five hundred men and women to the State Capitol, and for six hours we told the Joint Committee of the Legislature of labor's opposition. The bill was passed to save the governor's face and reputation; but the Federation of Labor compelled the administration to strike out three dangerous paragraphs and nine dangerous words, thus making the bill a harmless document. One word was still left in ('tends') that might have made trouble. And by our persistency we removed that word, two years later.

The trades-union movement in the past has had to fight blindly, sometimes winning, sometimes losing. Battering its way along, it has now better wages, shorter hours, the protection of organization. Its longer aspirations are still unrealized. It needs the wisdom that will prevent it from going up blind alleys. It needs a technique. The Socialist movement talked for a generation of public ownership and control of industry. And yet there was not administrative ability enough in many places to run even a local.

So the need of labor is workers' education. It is here I am putting the strength of my remaining days as chairman of the Workers' Education Bureau of America. In Pennsylvania we have workers' classes in a number of industrial centres. We teach history, literature, economics. Step by step with workers' education go a labor press and labor research. Knowledge is what is needed, not violence. Labor of the future will be broad, based on trades-unionism, coöperation, and solidarity at the ballot-box. The instruments of its increasing power will be a labor press, labor research, workers' education.

# COPPER — A STUDY IN INGOTS AND MEN

BY CHARLES RUMFORD WALKER

SOMETIMES I walked past the refinery door, after dark, and if the night was warm found it open. Furnaces despite their heat and drudgery fascinate, and I would gaze through the refinery door in odd half-hours whenever I could snatch them.

It was hard to see much: the furnaces were squatty, and dark, about twenty-five feet wide, with a bulky, winding pipe or stack that carried away smoke from the top. Coal heated them, and behind — you could see through the dirty windows of the mill — a fireman or two, beneath the level of the floor, heaved coal or cleared away ashes.

At night the furnace outlines were printed upon the dark by the flame of the copper showing through crannies. Especially round the doors, on the side of the furnace, where the scrap metal was fed into her for melting, there were sharp lines of light, making you guess at interior fires. Now and then a big door on the front of the furnace gaped, and I was reminded of open-hearth days. The load was an inch or two below the lip of the door, and seemed to threaten it continually with overflow. Streams of bright metal light lit a broad segment of the floor, and I saw objects clearly for a second. A free space in front of the furnace; then scores of moulds for copper ingots bunched close; two hand-trucks, a ladle half in the dark, barrels in rows, an auto-truck. When the door shut, the objects went back again into shadows, doubtful or unguessed.

One day, a transfer finished its course through official channels, and came into my hands, with orders to begin work next morning in the refinery. I had asked for a transfer to a job at labor, some status where I could learn the making of metal with the work of my two hands. But I had n't anticipated refining. A 'job on the rolls' was my ambition — that seemed the key process in all these mills. But since I was sent to the refinery, I would take what the metal gods gave. Besides, a few curiosities would get satisfied, I meditated — fed up, perhaps. I had some technical curiosities, for example, about the machinery of refining, the chemistry of it, its contrasts with furnace-work in steel, and more. Into the midst of this thinking came current 'dope' on the refinery: 'Hell of a hole, I hear, — the worst place in the mill.'

I reported to the foreman at 6.48 the next morning and was turned over at once to a clerk who found his way past many barrels of copper scale, to a row of lockers. He assigned me an end one and left. A few feet from my side was the 'cupola furnace,' used for remelting slag, and twenty or thirty feet to the rear lay the boiler-room of the mill. But whatever heat assaulted me was welcome; it was November and the outdoor air very bitter indeed. I put a board on the floor to stand on and got into my blast-furnace clothes, which I had brought with me wrapped in newspaper. There was the kersey cap, khaki shirt, and tough cloth pants — no overalls— army field-shoes. With

the active bend and swing of furnace work, I knew overalls were not the fashion.

Seven o'clock — I could tell by the rumbling of rolls and the boom of the engine in the other part of the mill. I stepped across the refinery floor. The most intense activity absorbed every corner of it; appearing to a new man, standing on its edge, as huge violence and mess. Everything was done by hand and in haste. There seemed to be no cranes, no engines, no assisting machinery. More like a queer sort of battle, I thought, than a process of manufacture.

The foreman had said I would work on the 'floor gang' which I tried to pick out of the battle. I guessed at the ten or fifteen Hunkies with hand-trucks who moved empty moulds close to the furnace, and then by a lot of admirable dodging bore full ones away. The pouring of the metal caught my eye. I noticed a ladle with a scoop, say a foot and a half through, and a handle twenty feet long, suspended in the centre by a chain. A husky chap on the handle guided it into the furnace door, scooped up gingerly molten copper — a ladleful — and started to swing it toward an empty mould. But I had no further view of him; the foreman saw me and motioned toward a tall Irishman, who was, I gathered, the labor boss. He transferred to my hands a truck which he had been pushing, and pointed toward empty moulds. My career on the furnace began.

We were a kind of endless chain of labor for the moving of moulds within range of the ladle-pourer, and the moving of moulds away when a two hundred pound ingot of copper had been poured inside. Certain Hunky workmen stood at either end of the chain, to load your truck with an empty mould, or to reload it with a full one. The molten copper in the ladle demanded quick pouring before it cooled, and the chain must move fast enough to keep the space by the furnace filled with empties, and cleared of full moulds. For the gang it was a kind of race.

Two or three hundred pounds on a hand-truck has a will of its own. It is obstinate about starting, very, and much more so about stopping. When you navigate one across a refinery floor, you have reckonings to make on four or five points. There is the floor itself which has ridges and holes to avoid; two or three trucks press you from behind, and as many before. You have fear of an ingot assaulting your back if you don't step lively, and of depositing your own on the heels of the man in front if you do. There are the refiners and the furnace gang proper who consider that they have free passage before any mere truckers of moulds; and there is the ladle itself with its load of hot metal which has its right of way without anybody's question.

Some of the 'empties' were found twenty feet from the furnace; others we trucked from a remote corner sixty feet off. It was a circuitous route, with many broken plates, and floor ridges, known only to old mariners, so that a spill happened to someone every few minutes. I had, by the grace of God, so far kept my moulds on an even keel. But here there were six iron plates gone from the floor, letting you down on rough dirt for a whole inch — which is a mountain to copper-laden trucks. I took all the run I could, but had to swerve right for a Wop with an empty. My wheels stopped at the mountain, and the mould with ingot inside tumbled into the highway. Three trucks stopped behind me. I tried jarring the mould out of the runway by bunting against it with my truck. That was n't the way. The faces of the three truckers blackened; I felt as if I had stalled a

Ford in the thick of Broadway — till the labor boss advanced with tongs, remounted the mould on my truck very easily, and motioned me off like a cop. Clearly it was a recognized form of misfortune. By drawing back for a rush start I mounted the ridge.

A rest-spell turned up a little later. In approaching the hot region I found that the endless chain had gained a little on the ladle-pouring, and there were empties enough. I leaned on my truck, and watched the fluid copper drip into moulds. These were placed in rough half-circle before the furnace, while the ladle made a slow swing around to fill them. The chain, being attached near the centre of the handle, almost balanced a full ladle and went aloft to a small wheel which followed a circular track above the moulds. When ladleman had coaxed his swinging vessel of metal into position over a mould, he dripped the first spatterings with utmost care. Here were six hundred pounds of curdling copper hung on a chain, and a mere twitch of a wrong muscle would turn it out upon the floor, or on to men's feet.

There were two kinds of moulds, long and rectangular, and short and round. The latter were the lightest, and it was easy to see that the truckers competed for them. But they had their disadvantages. If you went over a hunk of slag or an uneven floor-plate on your way to the furnace, your little mould slipped between the rungs of your truck to the floor. If you returned with a hot ingot inside your round mould, your disaster was more extended. Both mould and ingot slipped through the rungs, when the road was rough, and sought opposite directions. You left your truck, and searched for tongs, with the halted traffic watching you blackly.

The labor boss helped me with one sprawling ingot, and afterward added a few genial words of comfort and sympathy: 'Goddam truck's no good, slip right through, wa'n't meant for them moulds.' And on another occasion: 'Truck you've got's no good. One or two good ones. Get here early and get one.'

When every mould had been poured and trucked away, I looked at my watch, wondering if it were near noon. It was 8.30. Scattered over the wide area of the refinery were moulds pointing in every direction, filled with ingots still hot. Three of the gang had taken tongs and were pulling them out. They lay on the iron floor like red logs, square and round, and gave you slaps of fierce heat as you walked among them. What now? The crew of trucks began to move toward the men with tongs; they took on a bar or two each — feather light without the mould.

'One pile here,' said the labor boss. We collected the bars and piled them for an hour. Was the refining of copper performed solely with a truck? Calculations were going on in my head of the quantity of cheap manpower applied in this mill to the lifting, moving, piling, pushing of copper — raw transfer of mass weight which men for a generation or so had constructed machines to perform. Two hands lifted a bar on my truck. I pushed it forty-five feet to another point on the refinery floor. Two more hands lifted it from my truck to a rising tower of copper, built like a wood pile. Ten other men like myself moved bars to other piles in other places. Memories came of winding gangs of Negroes I had seen in foreign ports, carrying bags of coal to pour into the hold of a ship.

With some eagerness I wondered as I trucked the last bar, whether the jobs of the rest of the day would be of the same genre, and cheat the engineer and inventor of his due. One overhead crane! It would almost make the floor gang obsolete.

The job we turned to was cleaning moulds. 'Get a stick with a brush on the end, you'll find one by the slag house. Set the mould on end with the stick; brush off that white dust you see inside; knock it down, set it up t'other end; brush that.'

Then trucking reappears for a vast stretch. Moulds have to be reassembled in neat rows before the furnace. I resolved that in future, at this phase, I would withdraw from the competition for trucks, and appoint myself one of the two who loaded, but did not truck. Loading, it seemed to me held a touch of distinction. There were only two of you; you stood quietly in one place, loading at your own time the trucks of half your comrades; teetering the moulds into a secure position on the truck's heel, by a skillful movement of your stick.

I began to notice Brennan about this time. Reaching for a scrap box on a pile he straightened himself for an instant, and I had a glimpse of his true proportions. He was six feet three, or so. Then he lifted a scale barrel out of the way of a truck, and demonstrated the strength of his height. But I watched him for other things, and especially, his consummate disdain. His movements eloquently cried: 'Why, in heaven's name do I bother with these things?' He was seventy-odd years old, and claimed a service record with the company of fifty years. Most of the things we did for him we did wrong, and he poured upon us the experience and the scorn of his fifty years of dexterity.

A scramble of round ingots, weighing only eighty-four each and easy to handle, lay near the scales. We rolled them on with tongs and our feet. The scales were similar to the type you drive a load of hay on, and the platform, when we had covered it with short round copper ingots, looked like a strip of red corduroy road with copper logs.

Mosher, the refinery clerk, was visible through the windows of the little office marking up the poundage on his book. After weighing, we made the ingots into two pyramids beside the scales by slow piling with tongs. Brennan appeared to watch and grunt. When we had finished, I noticed that the control-ropes of the little hand-crane had been assumed by one of the gang. A vacant-faced laborer slipped the chains under the edges of one pyramid, and shouted guttural Spanish to the man at the ropes. Slowly, and rather unsteadily, the copper logs rose — 6000 pounds of them — and swayed doubtingly toward a motor truck. Two of us pushed them gently truckward, and breathlessly watched one of the chains creep near the centre of the load. Brennan was saying, 'Oop, oop,' very sharply, when the chain slipped another quarter inch, and the 6000-pound mass flew into bars and hit with a rumble the iron floor of the refinery, scattering toward everyone's feet.

Brennan's emotions were too much for him. He had no words into which to pour them; he gave us his back.

Later I had a glimpse of 'charging the furnace.' Ten men were at it, — four with forks, and shovels, two with rods, the rest with their hands. The door of the furnace was open and the furnace fires a few feet from our faces. The small scrap, the shavings of copper, the 'ends' and small shapes, they shoveled in like coal. I had a vivid remembering of furnace-shoveling in Pennsylvania. As for the matted bales and tangles of wire, and tied-up bunches of strips, they threw these on rods resting on the open doorsill, which two men held. Several with long poles pushed the strips into the swimming hearth of the furnace. I watched their haste, and recognized the familiar

movements of men who work in heat. They were more exposed to the open flame, I figured, than any of us had been in steel. Inside you could see the wire coils blaze and fall away like twigs in a fire of brush.

The five-minute whistle blew. I washed up — with hot water and a new can of Skat, changed my coat, only, and punched the clock.

It was a fifteen minutes' walk to Mrs. Ketcham's boarding-house, and seemed very long indeed.

At one o'clock, we went out at once into a scrap-filled yard, under a new boss. It seems that all day, from the time the hearth is emptied of molten copper in the morning, it is necessary to heap up a new mass of wire, chips, scale, scrap — for the next day's charging. So we worked at that. A little hill grew beside each furnace. The refinery yard was irregular with a small machine shop on one frontage, the side and end of a stone house and shearing-room for copper sheets on another, the backs of some of Main Street's wooden houses on the end. We worked at that end upon a hill of mixed scrap.

A big flat-truck was used, which we hauled across the yard — the floor 'jitney' was sick for the day. To begin with, the Spaniard with a bump on the back of his head, and I, assaulted the hill with hooks. We pulled down coils and masses of discolored copper wire. Some bunches were small and a single workman could throw them on the truck; others were heavy and required four men. It took us a half-hour to load.

'That'll do,' said the boss in an Irish voice, and put his hand on the load. 'Let's go!'

Three of us took the truck handle, and strained ahead; the rest threw their weight against the load, at half a dozen places.

'Now,' said the boss.

We drove forward after a great effort, and almost dropped the top of the load. The thing stopped, and we swayed and lurched till it creaked forward. I felt like a horse; was conscious of anger somehow, like a wave of heat. After swaying over the dirt part of the yard, the load went easy. We reached pavement and a little incline, so that the truck slid into the door of the refinery like a freight on a grade. Then a sharp turn to the right inside the door, and past the back of an annealing furnace, with the handle of the truck whipping a little, as the wheels went over a sunken floor-plate.

'Scales,' said the boss.

Another turn to the right, grunts and noises modified by the breathing effort of push — necks, arms, the thews of legs in it. She mounts a little incline and makes the scale platform.

Mosher comes out of the room, looking like a sheet of white paper, and says, 'Five thousand,' to the boss. We start for the furnaces. The truck takes its own direction as we turn past the fixed moulds in front of the furnace. The end of a mould catches a wheel. A three-hundred-pound coil dribbles off the top; the rest is steadied; we disentangle and get off again. There is manœuvring in the area by the furnace doors near the scrap pile. The space is hardly twice the truck's length. I figure our journey from yard to furnace ten minutes; scrap poundage, 5000; power, nine Spaniards, and one American; morale forty per cent.

Then the dumping. Twenty hands pushing against the wire coils, till she tips past dead centre, then a yell and quick retreat. The truck usually capsizes as the metal goes, and sprawls back toward us.

Nobody hurries, but someone in the end rights the truck, and starts back in low for another load. On this one, I did my piling with a thick-set, good-

looking Spaniard who knew no American. We worked steadily and together as the scrawny, unknown chap hooked the coils down. Here, I said to myself, is pure labor, unalloyed with any skill, any horizon, or mental flicker. It has n't the strain or the heat of the open-hearth steel furnace I once worked on, but it's nearer drudgery.

There are ten pairs of 'hands' on this job to one supervising brain. I looked over at the supervising brain. The boss rested a sharp chin easily upon a bony hand; he waited peaceably till we had finished the load.

'We are poor crane service,' I thought, reverting to an old idea.

There was time that afternoon to learn further and to get some practice with the topography of the floor. In the yard, close to the door of the refinery were barrels of 'scale,' an offscouring of the pickle tubs, very wet, greenish, and the heaviest hand-truck load we were called upon to wrestle. I trucked three barrels of it, and I remember the course we all followed. There was an incline at the door that needed a rush start, twenty feet further, chunks of slag on the floor, then sunken plates near the scales, and, turning into Number 1, a series of plates gone, several feet of dirt-running, and an inch edge to surmount in getting on plates again. After those three barrels, I thought I was rid of the job when Mosher suddenly appeared from the office with a piece of paper and immense seriousness of purpose.

'One more over there,' he said, and after a pause, with a gray smile, 'Well, how do you like the job?' He had noticed that I was an American. 'Work on the floor awhile,' he continued, 'and some day, you'll get a crack at the furnace.'

'The job's all right,' I returned, 'I can't hand the floor much, though.'

'No, it's a bad floor,' he agreed. 'Now a few years ago we had a new floor put in, then it was easy to push a truck, easier for everybody. I've been here twenty odd years.'

'A long time,' I answered, partly as admiration.

'It *is* a long time,' the clerk went on. 'Do you know what that stuff is you're putting into the furnace?'

'No,' said I.

'It's scale, and it gets on the bars you know, when they're heated in the annealing furnace.'

'I see,' said I, pushing my truck under the new barrel, while he lifted an edge.

'I'll see you again,' he concluded. 'I'll tell you little things, when I can.'

I pushed the barrel toward the furnace, Mosher helping me to get under way. I felt friendly, but at the same instant immensely superior in my furnace-labor job to his clerkship. I returned to the Spaniards.

They were dropping out of the undifferentiated gang mass, and falling into individual shapes for me. A handsome chap, a little shorter than I, wearing the high waisted velvet pants of the newly arrived Spaniard, gave me a smile of very white teeth, whenever he passed with his truck. In the afternoon at the scrap piling, I learned that his name was Carlos Rio. Then the man with the quarter-inch growth of beard — he proved a meddlesome worker — and the tall lummox with the vacant face — I was beginning to observe his occult capacity for gravitating toward the easier job, loading not trucking, pushing not pulling. The man with a bump on the back of his head was a hard worker.

At 4.10, I noticed the regular furnace gang washing their hands and putting on coats.

'Furnace gang go home?' I asked Carlos.

'Get all through, go home, three

o'clock, mebbe — five o'clock, mebbe — mebbe six o'clock,' he said in exposition.

'*We* work till six o'clock,' he commented grinning.

We spent the next hour and a half shoveling sand in barrels, trucking empties to the yard, putting long wedge-bars on the scales and off. At 5.30, it looked as if we had cleared up all the rough labor there was in sight. One of the night shift had arrived, a middle-aged, puffy-faced man with a pipe and a black coat. He went up and opened the furnace door. I looked in with some curiosity.

All the sticks and shapes and coils had melted into a thick bubbling red brew that surged to the very brim. When he had closed the door, I noticed how shadowy the refinery was, as dark as it had been at seven, when I got into my blast-furnace clothes and took a truck. We unloaded another auto, and put the scrap beside Number 1. Five minutes of six blew and, finding it very dark near my locker, I went into the slag house and brushed my hair by the light of a dull gas jet burning there.

At nine o'clock, I fell back in bed. 'The job has a little of the excitement of my old job in a steel mill,' I thought; 'the red bars rolling about your feet make it uncomfortable, and at the same time bearable. The anxious intensity of pouring-time gives it flavor. These things will fade, though; I know that. What will stand out and blacken days to come will be the tugging at scrap, the loadings and unloadings, the pushing of scrap — ten men pushing five thousand pounds on a flat truck — to dump and back again, piling up a new load: wire, shapes, and scale: keeping that pile high at the furnace door.'

I set my alarm a little earlier — 6 A.M. It was a longer walk to the refinery and I wanted to be on time to get a good truck, and not the one with the loose wheel.

As work days went by, I grew into the gang. They were almost as new at the job as I. And some even newer. As we learned the simple motions of the work, it was easier to signal or coöperate, and hence easier to advance in understanding. The way to talk opened up and men took a whack at it with two words of American or even with Spanish, greatly assisted by head and hands. I knew no Spanish, but the fellow with the bump on the back of his head and one other had a sprinkle of French which opened a partial channel for talk.

Carlos was the most ambitious of all to learn, and I early made a trade with him to teach me his language in return for mine — a trade I had made once before with a young Croatian in an open-hearth pit. We had our language battles in the lunch hour, sitting on a truck near the hot rolling-mill.

I had liked the looks of Carlos from the first. He was short and close-knit, but not heavy — a somewhat boyish build, black hair, an arresting profile with distinguished brow and nose. He stood about — when he could — in a Spanish slouch that was altogether graceful.

After three or four noons together he had told me the story of his life in thirty-four day English. His father, he said, had a little farm in Spain, with fruit trees — apple, orange, peach. He raised wheat 'li'l bit.' He said he had 'plenty eat' but no money for clothes, boots, or anything else. He therefore resolved to 'come America.' (This was certainly orthodox immigrant psychology.) Wages, he said, were 90 cents a day in Spain and likely to become 25 or 20. Three months before he came over, he had married— at 22, I think. He anxiously awaited the first letter

from his young wife. Again, plans for the future were orthodox. He intended to make 'big money' and at forty-five or fifty go back to Spain.

'But children — they go school America — become American.'

Here was considerable foresight for a husband of twenty-two.

I found the English language was infectious. The rest of the gang observed Carlos and me, who were teaching each other our respective tongues, and began to ask the English names for parts of the mill and parts of the body. They made ever-increasing efforts to talk to me with their hands, making use of Carlos for interpreter. A strong, well-built chap in a black shirt, who did all parts of the job easily, showed great friendliness but was utterly tongue-tied. He responded with great hilarity to my few words of Spanish, and having his locker next mine, I tried them out on him twice daily. Of course a complication was this: there are four dialects — so Carlos says — in Spain, besides Spanish, the literary language. Carlos knew Spanish and a couple of the dialects. Some of the others knew the dialects only. Still we managed.

The man we all hated was 'Crazy-Man.' It may be a fact that he *was* a little jangled in his brain; surely there was a vacancy in his eye that made ugly rapport with a mouth that was angry, sullen, and weak all in one. Crazy-Man was tall with shed-the-rain shoulders, and ape arms. He combined versatility with a profound lack of manual dexterity. He sought out invariably what might be called the more distinguished angles of our job. He loved pulling the ropes that controlled the electric crane; he would mount bars on another man's truck. He enjoyed arranging chains or bars, or ropes on the scrap box. But the misfortune was that he was supremely maladroit in all these things. I remember when he pushed in angrily to take the ropes from another man's hands and fix them himself over a scrap box. The crane lifted and they pulled off. A triumphant jeer swept the observant gang. He very literally frothed at the mouth.

He was very apt to lift a coil or a bar hastily and get his fingers jammed. Or ostentatiously to grab the handle of the big truck and then run it aground on a bar or a barrel. He would get desperately angered with himself at that, while the gang grew delirious with appreciation. They would yell 'Crazy-Man' at him and much more in Spanish. And they'd make the well-known circular motions beside the head with one hand, which is universal language among all Hunkies for 'You're a nut.'

I did several jobs with a chap I wondered about, a man with markedly Spanish features, who still wore his high-waisted foreign pants. His back was permanently bowed; his face livid, with a beaten look in it, as though you could kick him, and he would growl but had long ago made up his mind to attempt nothing more, under the circumstances. He did his work more slowly than the others, but with great method. He'd breathe hard at times, as when I worked with him moving slag cakes and he mounted them on my truck.

One day I was asking Carlos the ages of members of the gang. I pointed at bent-back; called him an old man.

'Young man,' Carlos said, 'thirty-five; he work too much, in Spain — that's all.'

Sometimes I felt that every day was like the last; sometimes I saw their differences. A meagre variety occurred through the slight changes in the amount of work that fell to us, and somewhat in its distribution over the ten hours. Certain chunks of labor we had always. There was invariably pouring in the morning; but, as work grew slack, only one furnace kept on,

and pouring-time was shorter though not cut in half. We always trucked up empty moulds at seven in the morning, and trucked back full ones, pulled bars from moulds, trucked and piled bars, brushed out moulds, assembled them, loaded trucks with copper bars, and spent the afternoon, keeping the scrap pile high beside the furnace doors. I began to look forward to variety in the everlasting scrap we hauled. There were always 'scalpings,' wire, strips, ends, and a number of copper shapes. There was 'scale' and 'tin scrap' — copper coated with tin — of which the furnace was allowed only a moderate admixture. And then I remember the day we trucked automobile gaskets. It was more fun unloading gaskets than plain bundles of rectangular strips.

I had seen 'cabbages' of brass made in the brass rolling-mill. A shapeless mass of scrap goes into the cabbager and comes out pressed slabs about the size of paving stones. It is easier to handle. When I think of cabbages, I think of David the Pole. He joined the gang a week or so later than I, and was the huskiest man among us. He weighed about two hundred and was n't fleshy. With a heavy load on the flat truck, the handle whips a man back and forth on the rough spots. One afternoon we kept at cabbages for several hours and the loads ran heavy. Finally we piled cabbages on the truck till we could hardly reach the load.

David took the handle. The truck made the incline well enough near the door, but when the wheels struck bits of slag near the cupola, it whipped about like a tiller in a storm. I watched David. With all his two hundred pounds of Polish muscle, he fought a great fight for equilibrium from the door to the scales. The trucks are about like the four-wheeled ones used for trunks on a railway platform. The scales helped to explain. The load weighed seven thousand pounds.

Sometimes in the noon hour after I had eaten my meat sandwiches, and drunk the pint of milk bought from the tiny grocery by the gate, I would sit the hour out and think about the gang. Or in a lull of hauling in the afternoon, when the necessity for alertness or strength was taken away, I had thoughts about characteristics of the gang and the nature of gangship.

There is, I meditated, infinitely more variety in the gang-worker's job than in the machine operator's; he lives, besides, a more sociable life. I felt a sense of warm security in the confidence and friendliness of that mixed gang, that I had lacked on other jobs in the brass mill. There was uncertainty, of course, and a great ignorance of the trend of battle, but with it a sense of common gang-destiny. If there was doubt about the length of the job, at least there would be some flavor of adventure in breaking into the next.

But other thoughts pushed themselves into my mind, in these brief lulls of physical exertion. A common-labor floor gang is the lowest rung in the ladder, I suppose. Its security is at a minimum, and it will feel the unemployment hatchet first. (Five of us were dropped last pay-day.) And the job itself is crude and unalloyed labor. It is not true to say that no apprenticeship is needed. There is a knack in handling sledge, chain, shovel, bar, that is not learned in one shift. But of craftsmanship, of real skill, there is a hint and no more. The 'dirty work' of society falls to the labor gang. They are at the frontier — which machinery and intelligence has n't reached: the inheritors of the work of the pyramid builders and of the men who lifted up the stones for the Chinese wall.

# THE WONDERFUL TUNE

BY HENRY B. BESTON

## I

ONCE upon a time, a young minstrel wandered over hill, over dale through the world, earning his bread as he strayed by piping on a penny-pipe to all who cared for a tune. Young was he and little of stature, his eyes and his hair were brown, and in bright blue was he clad.

Now it came to pass that, as he wandered through the world, the little minstrel said to himself one morn, 'If some tunes make people merry, and others make them sad, whilst still others make them dance, why should there not be a tune so wondrously pleasant and gay that all who chance to hear it must remain joyous of heart, and can never be sad or bad or unhappy again? Down the roads of the world I shall seek the wonderful tune.'

And with this new thought in his mind, the little minstrel continued on his way through the world, bidding good-morrow to all, questioning all. And some there were who thought him mad and were scarcely civil; others pushed him aside as a jesting vagabond; and there were even those who would have cast him into prison as a disturber of the public mind and a wandering rogue. But there were others, too, and these were the brave and the merciful and the kind and the merry, who speeded him on his way and wished him luck in his quest.

The summer ripened and came to an end; the crackled leaves tumbled and fled before a howling wind; snow covered the lonely fields; and still the little minstrel roamed the world, seeking the wonderful tune.

Now it fortuned that, as the little minstrel turned his steps to the west, he arrived in the city of a king whose court musician was said to know all the tunes in the world. Travel-worn, brown of face, and humbly clad as he was, the youth made his way through the palace and, cap in hand, knocked gently at the great musician's door.

From behind the little green door, long runs and wiggles and cascades of tinkling notes came dancing out into the quiet of the deserted marble corridor. The youth knocked yet again. Presently the notes ceased, and, opening the door with a stately bow, the court musician invited the young wanderer within.

And now the youth found himself in a pleasant room, painted a fair apple-green and set about with panels edged with gold; the furniture, too, was painted green and gold, and there were flowered curtains, a dozing cat, and a china bowl. As for the court musician, he was clad in a superb costume of the most fashionable lavender brocade.

'Honored Master,' said the little minstrel respectfully, 'I am roaming the world for a tune so pleasant and merry that, once men have heard it, they can never be sad or bad or unhappy again. Pray do you know this wonderful tune?'

'Yes, indeed, I know many a wonder-

ful tune,' replied the court musician. 'Listen, now, was it this?' And seating himself at a gay green-and-gold harpsichord, the court musician played a merry song full of the most elegant tinkles and trills.

'No, I am sure that is not the wonderful tune,' said the little minstrel, looking through an open window at tiny clouds sailing the sunny sky of a mild midwinter day.

'Then surely this is it,' said the court musician, playing a second merry tune.

But the little minstrel shook his head once more.

'Dear me, dear me! Not the wonderful tune?' exclaimed the court musician, wrinkling his brow and pursing his lips. 'Ah! Wait! I think I have it!' And this time he lifted the cover of the green-and-gold harpsichord so that the minstrel could see the little picture of frolicking shepherds painted upon it, and played a long, harmonious, and majestical strain.

But the little minstrel only shook his head again.

'My young friend,' said the court musician, with something of a fatherly air, closing the harpsichord as he spoke, 'I have played for you the only three tunes I know which might be the wonderful tune. Are you quite sure you are not wasting your life upon this quest? Perhaps such a tune as you tell of was once known in the world, and is only hidden away; yet again, perhaps it is all only a dream. You should go to the Kingdom of Music, and inquire.'

'The Kingdom of Music,' cried the youth. 'I've never heard of such a realm. Pray, sir, by what road does one go?'

'Come!' said the court musician, taking the youth by the arm, and leading him to the open window. 'See you that land of blue, cloud-capped hills at the world's edge, and the broad and winding river which disappears among them? You have but to follow that stream. Farewell, young friend, and may you find the wonderful tune!'

League after league, and day after day, the little minstrel followed the winding river, till spring stood upon the hills. And now, with the first sight of the new leaves, the little minstrel arrived in the land of melody. It was a goodly land, this Kingdom of Music — a rolling land of great fields, sweeping cloud-shadows, and ancient oaken groves; a land of pleasant murmurs and sweet sounds. Only birds with pretty songs dwelt in the Kingdom of Music, and they sang more sweetly there than in any other kingdom of the world; the very crickets had a more tuneful chirp, the river a more various music, and even the winds blew merry tunes as they whistled through the trees.

Rejoicing in the kingdom and its sounds, the little minstrel was strolling along, half in a dream, when of a sudden sky and land were filled with a strange, huge earth-shaking sound, a sound of the scraping of thousands of fiddles; of the blowing of thousands of horns, flutes, trumpets, trombones, and clarinets; of the clashing and clanging and thumping and bethumping of thousands of bass-drums, kettle-drums, and cymbals; indeed, in all his wanderings the little minstrel had never heard such a din. The King of the Kingdom of Music was rehearsing his orchestra.

Every single person in the kingdom, whether man, woman, or child, was a member of this orchestra. Babies alone were excepted, though on one occasion the King had made use of a gifted child with a musical howl!

Now, when the rehearsal had come to an end, and quiet had returned to the land, the little minstrel made his way to the royal city, obtained an audience with the King, and asked for news of the wonderful tune.

'The wonderful tune,' said the King from his throne, nodding gravely. 'Yes, once there was even such a wonderful tune! In those days peace and plenty reigned in the world, and everyone was happy at his task beneath the sun. One luckless eve, alas! the tune in some manner happened to get broken up into notes; and before anyone could help it, these notes were scattered and lost through all the kingdoms of the world. Young man, I fear your search is in vain; never more shall the sons and daughters of men hear the wonderful tune.'

'But perhaps some one might gather the notes together again,' said the little minstrel, eagerly.

'Many have tried to do so,' replied the King. 'Of those who fared away, some returned weary in the days of their youth, others crept back in old age, and others yet were lost forever more. And never a one returned with a single note of the wonderful tune.'

'Then is the time come for a new search,' cried out the little minstrel, bravely. 'Farewell, O King of the Kingdom of Music, for I must be off gathering the notes in the highways of the world.'

'Farewell, good youth,' answered the King. 'Return to us when your quest is ended; and may you come piping the wonderful tune.'

And now the little minstrel found himself on the roads of the world again, strolling from the first chill gold-and-gray of laggard dawns to the twilight world of meadows in the gathering dark, and village bells sounding faintly afar.

Seven long years rolled over the world; the little minstrel searched diligently and far and wide, yet never a trace could he find of a single note of the wonderful tune. His blue coat, which had been so gay, was now sadly tattered and torn; even his penny-pipe had a dent in it, and his shoes, alas! were scarce worth the putting-on in the morn.

## II

Now it came to pass, on a day in the early winter, that the little minstrel arrived in a northern land, and followed a woodland road through the silence and the cold. The sky was overcast with a wide tent of dull, gray cloud, through which a sun swam, cold as a moon; and the whole world was very still — so still indeed that the only sound the little minstrel could hear was the scattering of the leaves beneath his feet. Twilight came, and found the little minstrel far from a house or village; a cold wind arose, and presently a thick snow began to fall.

And now the night and the snow closed in upon the wanderer. Huddled in his ragged cloak, the little minstrel trudged bravely on into the whirling storm; but little by little the cold crept into his body and bones, a weariness and a hunger for sleep overcame him, and suddenly he sank unknowing in the brambles by the road.

When he opened his eyes again a great open fire was burning before him on a huge hearth; a blue mug of steaming milk lay waiting at one side; and over him there bent anxiously two kindly young folk — a sturdy country lad in a green smock, and a pretty lass in a dress of homespun brown. These twain were a young husband and wife who lived in a little house in the wood, loving each other dearly, working contentedly at their daily tasks, and dealing hospitably and generously with all. Returning through the storm from a distant sheepfold, the young countryman had found the little minstrel lying in the snow, and had carried him on his shoulders to the shelter of his home.

After a few days had passed, and the little minstrel felt quite himself again,

he told his generous friends of his search for the notes of the wonderful tune. It was at night that he told of his quest; the supper had been cleared away, the house was still, and the little minstrel and his hosts were gathered by the fire.

'A note of the wonderful tune — bless me, but I think we have one in this house!' exclaimed the young wife. And she went to the mantel and fished about in an ancient brown bowl standing in the gloom. 'Yes, here it is, sure enough — a note of the wonderful tune!'

And thus did it come to pass that the little minstrel obtained the first note of the wonderful tune; for the young husband and wife were quick to make a gift of it to their guest.

But now you must hear how he found all the notes save the last.

The second note the little minstrel discovered on a glorious midsummer day. It had lain in an old bird's nest in the heart of a great tree, and a chance breeze tumbled nest and note together at the minstrel's feet.

The third note had been hidden away amid the books of a famous scholar who lived all alone in an ancient tower, gathering the wisdom of the world.

The fourth note was given the minstrel by a little child whose toy it was.

The fifth note was turned up out of the earth, on a spring morning, by a whistling ploughman who saw the minstrel passing by, and called to him to come and see the strange thing he had found.

The sixth note the minstrel obtained of a weaver, who labored in his own house at his own loom, and upon it wove fair and beautiful things.

The seventh note a great nobleman possessed; he dwelt in his castle free of little fears and mean rivalries; and truth and courage and honor were his squires.

The eighth note the minstrel had of a young sailor, who chanced to discover it in an old ship that sailed the seas.

Of the ninth and last note, however, there was still no sign; so the little minstrel put the eight others into his one pocket that had no hole in it, and turned again to his quest. And presently he walked over a hill into the Kingdom of the Blue Lakes, where reigned the Lady Amoret.

Now the Kingdom of the Blue Lakes was quite the fairest of all the kingdoms of the world, and Amoret the fairest queen. Her palace stood on an open hill by her kingdom's eastern bound; of golden-white marble was it made, and from its terrace one looked westward to distant mountains over a woodland islanded with lakes. All day long there a gay court of lords and ladies in silks and fine array held festival; the music of lutes and violins was ever to be heard, and scarce an hour there was but had its pleasure, and scarce a pleasure but had its hour.

Clad in a queen's robe of scarlet and cloth of gold, and seated in a jeweled throne raised upon the terrace, the Lady Amoret received the ragged pilgrim of the tune.

'The last note of the wonderful tune?' said the Lady Amoret. 'Seek no more; it is here. Beyond the palace domain, by a lake in the depths of the wildwood, my court fool has built for himself a bower, and upon its wall hangs the last note of the wonderful tune. Tarry with us a while, and you shall have it. I promise you.'

'May I not go this very instant and find it, Your Majesty?' asked the little minstrel anxiously. 'Long have I roamed the world searching for it, and I need it so for the tune!'

'Nay, tarry a while,' answered the Queen, unyielding; 'for even were I to bid you go, you would never find the bower, so cunningly is it hidden in the

wood. You have wandered long and afar, good friend; tarry now a while from your quest. My kingdom is the fairest in the world, and you shall have all you desire.'

And Amoret gave a command that new apparel of the fairest blue cloth be prepared for the little minstrel and that a place be set for him at the royal board.

Now it came to pass that, as the Lady Amoret and her court beheld how brave a youth the little minstrel appeared in his new apparel, and hearkened to the thousand wonderful tales he had to tell of his quest, they found him the best company in the world, and determined to hold him in the realm. To this end, therefore, they strove to drown the memory of his quest in a tide of gayest merriments; but, in spite of feasts and festivals, the little minstrel never once forgot the last note of the wonderful tune.

Try as he might, the little minstrel could never find the note. Again and again he had tried to make his way to the fool's bower, only to lose himself in the tangled paths of the wildwood; again and again he had questioned the court fool, only to be met with a mocking courtesy, a finger to the lips, and a jesting wink of the eye. One day he even ventured to remind the Lady Amoret of her promise; but she only laughed at him for his impatience, and swept him off in her golden boat to a pageant on the lakes.

Now it happened on the following morning that the Lady Amoret, taking counsel with her court, determined to destroy the note, lest the minstrel should discover it, and go. Summoning the captain of the palace guard before her, she said to him:

'Go to-night to the bower of the court fool; take the last note of the wonderful tune, and fling it into the depths of the lake.'

And now it was night, and the lords and ladies of the court, strolling forth from dinner, walked through the palace to the terrace of the west. A storm was gathering afar, an approaching thunder growled, and lightning, flashing in the sky, was mirrored in the waters of the lakes. Presently there came wind and a patter of rain, and soldiers of the palace guard entered to close the windows and the doors.

The little minstrel stood apart by a great window, gazing forth into the darkness and the storm. His fine new clothes weighed like lead upon his shoulders; his jeweled neckcloth scarce left him free to breathe; and with all his heart he longed for his rags, his liberty, and the wild rain on his eyes.

But the last note — he could not leave that behind. Suddenly he heard one soldier say to another, —

'Our companions will be caught in the storm; they have ridden forth with the captain to the fool's bower, to destroy the last note of the wonderful tune.'

'Oh, the note, the note, *my* note! Oh, what shall I do?' cried the minstrel, his heart sinking into depths of despair. 'Even now it may be lost to the world — this time forever! I must find the court fool; he shall tell me where the bower lies!' And he looked about in the splendid throng for the fantastic motley of the fool; but he saw only many in rich garments, and the gleam of jewels reflecting many lights.

Suddenly he chanced to recall that the court fool dwelt in the garret of the palace; so up great and little stairs he fled, to the fool's chamber in the eaves. The rain was now falling in torrents on the roof close overhead, and all at once a terrible peal of thunder shook the palace to its depths. Never pausing to knock, the little minstrel burst in at the door.

Candles were burning within the

humble chamber, lightning flared at an oval window, and the court fool stood in the centre of the floor, still in his motley clad.

'My friend,' said the court fool, with a low bow and a mocking smile, 'allow me to present you with the last note of the wonderful tune.' And with those words he handed the note to the very much astonished youth.

'I feared lest mishap destroy it,' continued the court fool, 'so yester eve I took it from my bower. You see, I believe in the wonderful tune, and without my note, this last note, your tune would scarce be worth the playing. And now, your hand, little minstrel, for you must hurry away at once through the wind and rain.'

So the minstrel pressed the hand of the court fool, and hastening down a tiny corner staircase, went forth into the storm. And as he fled, he cried aloud to the thunder and the rain and the wild wind:

'The wonderful tune, the wonderful tune! I have it, I have it — the wonderful tune!'

And now the storm wore itself away, the summer stars shone forth in the clearest of blue skies, and the only sound to be heard was the rain drip-dripping from the trees. Drenched to the skin, but with a fire of joy in his heart the minstrel hurried through the night toward the Kingdom of Music far away.

When he arrived there, on a summer's morning, he found the people of the palace assembled in the hall of state, and the King upon his throne.

'I have it, Your Majesty!' cried out the little minstrel, breathlessly; 'I have it every note; here is the wonderful tune!'

'What! The wonderful tune?' cried the King, leaping to his feet. 'Quick, somebody, ring all the bells, send trumpeters through the streets, assemble the orchestra, and call hither the Violinist-in-Chief, the Lord Organist, and the Grand Harper; I will play it over with them at once!'

'H-m,' said the Violinist-in-Chief, after he had put on his huge spectacles and studied the wonderful tune, 'Don't you feel that those last bars ought to be played very fast, like this: tum-diddy-tum — tum-diddy-tum — tum-diddy-tum — diddy-dum-dum-dum?'

'No, I do *not* agree with you,' replied the Lord Organist, a huge personage with a majestic air and a bad temper. 'Those bars should be played slowly (here he waved a large, solemn finger), like this: tum — tum — tum — tum — tum — tum — tum — tum — tum!'

'You are both entirely wrong,' interrupted the Grand Harper, a short, contradictory fellow with long arms and long fingers. 'To my way of thinking the entire tune should be played throughout in the same time, in this fashion; listen to my tapping now: da-da — dee-dee — da-da — dee-dee —da-da — dee-do-dum.'

'Impossible! Absurd! No, never!' cried the Lord Organist and the Violinist-in-Chief in one long indignant breath. 'We appeal to the King!'

But the King had ideas of his own on the matter.

And thus it was that they took to quarreling as to how the tune should be played and are quarreling still. But some day they will make up their minds as to how it should go, the little minstrel will leave the Kingdom of Music and come through the world piping the tune; and then, oh, then, what times there will be!

# A BRASS-BOUND HOLIDAY

BY LAURA A. HIBBARD

## I

THE charm of brasses, so far as I can discover, has not been said or sung in America. Bowls and candlesticks and brazen odds and ends we have; but with us 'no witness lives in brass,' and no poet would be likely to sing in Shakespearean wise of 'brass eternal,' unless he were moved by wistful impecuniosity. We have none of those Monumental Brasses which, to the mind of the devotee, are the only real brasses at all. They are known, of course, to scholars errant, and an occasional tourist abroad gets a glimpse of them; but here, for the most part, a brass suggests some small, mildly decorative product of Arts and Crafts work, and a brass-rubber, a person with a polishing cloth.

All this is of more importance than at first appears. Brass-rubbing is one of the most delightful adventures in the world. Not only is it a craft that quickens the eye and enthralls the hand, but it has a power of magic that works amazing transformations. It must be pursued in England, where the real brasses in largest number are to be found; but since a goodly part of America, from June to September, embarks nowadays for England, that is no obstacle. What matters is, that for those who go, if they have willing spirits, the lost romance of travel, despite the clouds of tourist dust, can be restored, and even England can seem again an unfamiliar, almost an untrodden, land.

An English brass-rubber would not, in all probability, acknowledge such romantic possibilities in his craft. That would be partly because he *is* English, but also because he has been long enough a type to surprise neither himself nor his neighbors. It took a fairly long time to make him one; for brasses were laid down in England in the thirteenth century, and they were not really observed until the nineteenth. Then the English antiquary began to move cautiously among them; but it was long years before that elderly person, with his penchant for writing about his choicest finds in the obscurest little local papers, quickened anything like an awareness of brasses among even his academic or ecclesiastical countrymen. When young university men began to share his interest, they hunted brasses as he did, chiefly as a mine of historical information about costume, armor, heraldry, and a good many other things. Not even William Morris, who went a-brassing so eagerly in his youth, ever set forth, in print at least, the full measure of their possibilities.

But it is time, at last, to insist that, in the quest for brasses, any happy vagrant can find more romance than history. They will lead him almost invariably to the loveliest of lovely places; they will reward his inexpert hand with the creation of lovely things; and they will give him such glimpses of bygone personality, such whimsical

contacts, not to say conflicts, with living 'Characters,' as will be to him forever memorable.

For all this it needs no learning, no grave preparation. The more unexpectedly the vagrant becomes a lover of brasses, the better. Let him read as I did, in a dull guide-book, that 'the finest brass in England' is but a few miles away, and let him feel no more inkling of his fate than the uneasy promptings of a tourist conscience, and the desire, perhaps, to escape from a noisy crowded town to the possible quiet of a village. Let him fare forth then, and so find the way 'to al good aventure.' It was in such fashion that I set out to find my first brass, and the reward still seems beyond all deserving.

Spring was in the air, and 'the bursting boughs of May' overhung the green hedgerows of Shropshire. Beyond the towering shadows of some great cedars of Lebanon lay the little churchyard of Acton Burnell, where hosts of golden daffodils were breaking in sunlit waves against the low green mounds. By a stile stood an Ancient, who murmured the thought of one's heart: 'A sweet place, a pretty place to lie.' Within the gray walls of the little church — walls that went back to Saxon times — was a cool and holy quiet.

The old man led the way to a stone-canopied tomb set at one side of the altar. On its flat top lay the effigy in brass of Sir Nicholas Burnell, warrior and gentleman, of the fourteenth century. The Ancient beheld him lovingly, but there was a plaintive note in his voice as he ran his finger over the clear, deeply incised lines: 'Ees a good 'un to do, ee is. Rubbers used to come frequent. They be forgetting ee now.'

In an instant like that, desire is born, and eager curiosity. Who would not want to know about the rubbers, and how they rub? Who would not seek to find another place as enchanting, and another knight of such brazen charm? Who would not hunt shy antiquaries, or those books in which they tell where the best brasses can be found? Thus inspired, the merest novice learns to make for himself a new kind of map, a map of the principal brass counties — Kent, Surrey, Essex, Norfolk; but rarely does he put down on it a name of which any tourist has ever heard. It becomes a map of little towns and noble parish churches, of places often within an hour's ride from London, but too small, sometimes, for even a railway station. Only the ubiquitous motor-road, or pleasant footpaths, winding through azure 'sheets of hyacinths' or pale banks of primroses, lead to such destinations. They belong to that ancient rural England of which the poets make us dream, but of which no 'Cook's man' ever speaks.

The brass-books tell nothing, of course, of environment: that is altogether a matter of adventuring chance. But when it happens repeatedly that the brasses are found in places to make one henceforth 'babble o' green fields,' one comes to look for such exterior beauty as an expected thing. Within the churches, too, are treasures without number — old glass, old carvings, old saints and devils fading amiably away together on ancient walls; but they are not, as they often are in the cathedrals, too numerous, too notable, too crowded about for comfort. And of all such things, best to the rubber, as he walks delicately before the altar, are the brasses which lie before it in dim, gold-colored splendor.

## II

It is time, perhaps, to expound the rubber's craft. At best, it is not long to learn, though it is always sufficiently arduous. In really serious efforts it calls for the muscular activity of a char-

woman, combined with the delicacy of touch that a well-trained student of Braille is supposed to acquire. But even the worst of amateurs can learn, after he has acquired the magic heel-ball or cobbler's wax, and long rolls of paper, to use them with effect. Like the child making the perennial discovery that pictures come through when paper is laid over a patterned surface and rubbed with crayon, he spreads out his white yards and begins, timidly at first, but with growing boldness, to rub at the brass beneath. He must not rub too hard, or he will tear the paper; he must not rub too lightly, or his impression will be vague and weak. He must not move the paper until the rubbing is completed; and since he must work in churches, he must remember the hours of church services, for he is *persona non grata* once they begin. Indeed, it is no wonder that ecclesiastical authority does not bend too favorable an eye on the enthusiast who must at need curl up on an altar tomb, or recline full-length on a church floor, his sheets of paper about him, and his hands, and in all likelihood his face, assuming the hue of the black heel-ball with which he works. But of the rubber and the church, more anon.

The difficulties of the gentle craft are, obviously, of minor sort, and are more than offset by the fact that it needs no long apprenticeship. When anyone has found his brass, all he has to do is to rub. No matter how untrained is his hand, he will find that it will make him possessed of these noble shapes and patterns of antiquity.

The older the brasses, the nobler they are, and the easier to do. They lack the frills and furbelows, the futile attempts at shading, of a later time. They are often heroic in size, and they have a kind of heroic simplicity about them, like figures in ancient epic poetry. Great lords and ladies, prelates and civilians, they lie in characteristic costume and state, august and venerable. Sometimes the brass-maker has placed their figures, as mediæval sculptors placed their saints, in what seems a niche, with shafts at the side and a canopy above. In such case, as the rubber sees its perfect geometric curves growing on his paper, he may look up at the traceried window above his own head, or his inward architectural eye may recall another elsewhere, which might well have served for model. At any rate, he murmurs 'Early Decorated' to himself, in a glow of happy recognition.

The figures themselves, wholly apart from all antiquarian considerations, are even more satisfying. They come slowly into view — the features stern or lovely or humorously quaint, the headgear of armor or veils, the costume rich in broideries of clear and beautiful design. However conventionalized the faces, they yet convey some real sense of personality. The warriors, with eyes as fierce as their tight-shut lips, bear the look of an age of Blood and Iron. Yet among them can be found a Sir Robert de Setvans (Chartham, Kent), gloriously young and debonair, his head unhelmeted, and his hair as curly as if, like that of Chaucer's Squire, it had been 'leyd in presse.' The women's faces have a rather too consistent piety; but in their long slim figures, in their slender clasped hands, there is grace incarnate. One must, however, keep to the ladies antedating 1500, for stoutness seems to have been one of the admired minor gifts of the Early Renaissance.

At the foot of each figure there is usually a kind of tail-piece. The lords and ladies rest their quiet feet against some faithful dog or lion. The rubber learns to take a lively interest in these friendly beasts and their individual characteristics: in the genial waggish-

ness of the Cambridge dog of Sir Roger de Trumpington, or in the zeal with which at Stoke d'Abernon (Surrey), the lion of Sir John d'Abernon seizes in his teeth his master's lance. If the brass is large, the rubber may, indeed, be weary when he comes to these last bits; but in them, even more than in the stately figures above, he is likely to find that blessed touch of Nature which links some clever old craftsman to any beholder of his work. The old graver was not always in romantic or courtly mood: he could, at will, be literal and realistic to a degree. To folk in trade, he gave the signs of that trade. Rich wool merchants, to whose trade with Flanders the introduction of Flemish brasses into fourteenth-century England was due, have their feet disposed on woolsacks, or, less comfortably, on a woolpack and on a sheep. A wealthy tailor has beneath him his faithful shears, and a notary his bottle of ink. With true Gothic liveliness little scenes are introduced — fights of wodehouses (savage men) with monsters, scenes at the windmill, and other bits of rural life. On a famous brass at King's Lynn, a Peacock Feast bears witness to the sumptuous luxury of the great days when an Edward Rex came to Norfolk.

## III

The 'dear delights' of brass-rubbing, I hope, grow apparent. But lest anyone think they are chiefly of an æsthetic nature, let me hasten on to their dramatic possibilities. These arise from the fact that though brasses in general rest in the august keeping of the Church of England, brasses in particular are in the care of vicars of small country parishes. True, there are some brasses in the great cathedrals; but in such places comparatively few have escaped intact from the religious fanatic, the commercial looter, the devastating restorer; and it is, therefore, chiefly with the country vicar, whose parish church has suffered less from such vandalism, that the rubber has to deal.

Unless an American is familiar with a certain type of English novel, the country vicar is apt to seem a strange and sometimes a difficult species. In his own setting, remote, secure, the vicar is not quite like anything else in this hustling world. It is he from whom permission to rub the brasses must be secured; it is his wholly unpredicable disposition on which the fate of the whole expedition depends. He may be avaricious for his church and exact a pious but extortionate tax; he may be as gentle as a dove and brood tenderly, not to say chattily, over one's labors; he may be as odd a mixture of diverse things as he whom I encountered on a last, most memorable quest.

I found myself in a village too small to have more than one short street. A nobly built church towered high above tiny cottages, and over the long low almshouses that had once been part of a monastery. With difficulty, in a town so unused to strangers, I found the promise of 'bed and breakfast.' But the promise was fulfilled in excellence, and it was with happy spirit that I sought the Vicar. His house lay at the end of the street; his gates were forbidding, and his bell had a sepulchral sound. A deaf and ancient maiden gave way to a Mrs. Vicar, whose function was clearly Cerberean. She made it plain that her reverend husband was not to be disturbed thus early in the morning.

Chagrined, but not disheartened, I returned to the village and besought the caretaker of the church to open its heavily barred portals. She was as gentle as she was old, and the great key trembled in her frail hands. She was one for whom the little ritual of her

office would never be outworn. The thin faint trickle of her talk flowed on over a lesson well learned, and freer than most from fallacy.

My eyes feasted, meanwhile, on the treasures of the church, and most of all on the wonderful brasses lying just as they had been placed some six centuries before. Each one was known to the old woman, and was the object of her humble veneration. She had a special feeling, I remember, for one noble lady whose husband's brass had been removed in the sixteenth century.

'She's been looking at the vacant place ever since,' said the old voice sympathetically.

When I began to question of herself, she answered with timid pride.

'Yes, forty-two year I've been here, come next Michaelmas. Vicar's been here forty-two.'

'That is a long time,' I said, 'for people to have one vicar. They must all be very fond of him now?'

'Well, no,' came the quiet answer, 'hardly I 'd say fond. We all knows each other, but there's few understands Vicar. I manage because he and me has been here so long; but Vicar 's not an easy man. He's old, Vicar is, and he 's notions, lots of notions.'

She told me of his anxious care of the church, and of how it had come to pass that it had to be kept closed save for the Sunday services.

'There 's lots of folk to bother Vicar,' she said. 'There 's the bad boys, and there 's the trippers that mess up the churchyard, and there 's the brass-rubbers too. They 're real naughty sometimes, the rubbers are.'

With a certain embarrassment, I asked what they did.

'Well, some 's good, of course, but some 's bad. Vicar don't like them noways. They 'll come, and one will go secret-like, not telling of the others, and he 'll get permission from Vicar. Then, when I let him into the church, unless I take my key away, he 'll let in the others. They 'll all rub and track around careless-like, and won't take no pains about their boots nor their heel-balls nor anything. And they 're not polite sometimes. One man he opened the Good Book and laughed; and I had to get real angry to make him behave.'

The picture of this small wren of a woman opposed to the rude practitioner of the gentle craft was singularly touching. I tried to lead her to happier reminiscences, until it was time to make a second call on the Vicar.

This time it was he himself who opened the door. He looked tremendously old, but far from feeble. His Adam's apple rose and fell far above an ill-fitting collar, and in his watery blue eye was the gleam of battle. Without a word of wasted greeting he led me within and thrust into my hands a typewritten card. It took the form of a solemn covenant: 'I, So and so, do promise: (1) to take off my boots; (2) to pay five shillings; (3) to use paper forty-five inches wide.'

Consternation overwhelmed me. In all the summer's experience as a brass-rubber never had I seen or heard of paper that size. For a moment, temptation was acute to evade the preposterous requirements. Rolls of paper turned sidewise might be held to be of any width, but the memory of other faithless rubbers prevented even that pretense. I confessed my lack, and an inexorable finger pointed to the door.

Again I walked down the village street. Disappointment grew more vexed and more obstinate. Though I knew how hopeless it would be to find any kind of brass-rubbing paper in so small a place, I hastened into the one general shop the village boasted. Its owner was one-eyed, but that one gleamed with sudden frenzy as I made my request.

'Vicar won't let ye rub the brasses,' he fairly shouted. 'He's a pup, Vicar is. Thinks he owns the whole church; thinks the brasses is his; thinks the whole place is his —'

His wife rushed round the counter to calm her irate spouse. But his loud tones had already attracted others, and in a thrice a little crowd had grown around me. Not often does one get so swiftly to the heart of a community; not often does the phlegmatic English villager so rouse himself to the expression of his woes. Vicar scared the children; he scolded the grown folk, and irked them by an ever-growing number of small restrictions.

'He 's too old, is Vicar,' said one stout woman; 'he 's all wore out come every Sunday. He means well, but he 's hard. And there 's never getting anything out of him, especially on a Monday. I could have telled ye that.'

As the talk went on, — and there was an hour or so of it, — the pathos of this little rural drama grew more plain. Its centre was a shepherd grown too old and bitter and wise for his flock, a keeper of treasures who had somehow lost the best. But suddenly the voices stopped. Without, in the village street, the Vicar himself, pedaling an ancient tricycle with slow carefulness, was just coming to a stop. The village folk shrank back in somewhat shamefaced confusion. The stout woman pushed me to the door, whispering loudly, 'Vicar 's after ye, I bet.'

The Vicar met me with dignity, though there was the trace of a faint flush on his withered cheek. He intimated that, if he could see my paper, he might be able to allow me to do a detail at least from the brasses. With his own key he unlocked the doors of the church, and in a short time we were conversing with perfect amity on the subject dear to our hearts. In this guise, wrought by I know not what genial magic of afternoon, the Vicar was revealed as a charming old scholar and gentleman, willing to let me do whatsoever I would. From one pocket he drew his own little manuscript volume of notes on the brasses; in a dusty corner, he found the necessary weights for my paper; from a hidden recess he brought forth a great roll. The paper was more than forty-five inches wide; it was mounted on linen; and on it was a superb rubbing of one of the most famous of the brasses. Together we unrolled its great length; humbly I marveled at it; together we rolled it up. Into the Vicar's eyes came the ghost of a twinkle.

'I keep it,' he remarked confidentially, 'to scare brass-rubbers with. They are apt to go off quickly when I show them that, or ask for paper of that size.'

I, who had lingered so wrathfully, made bold to ask why he wished to scare them. Among those who cared enough to come, surely there would be few who would ever do harm.

The thin lips of the man of God clicked together.

'Everyone does harm,' he said, as he turned and stalked out among the silent villagers.

# THE MORALE OF THE SCHOOL

BY WILLIAM TRUFANT FOSTER

EACH morning, through the newspapers, unrest cries out to us from some new quarter. We are neither surprised nor dismayed. Having sustained the morale of the nation against its enemies abroad, we are confronted, as we expected to be, with the more difficult problem of defending the morale of the nation against its enemies at home — against organized opponents of law and order, foes of individual liberty, promoters of industrial unrest, economic illiterates among employers and the employed, immigrants and others who are ignorant of our history and our national aspirations. Our task is to bring to bear in time of peace the lessons of our struggle to maintain morale in time of war.

> Wert capable of war — its tug and trials? Be capable of peace; its trials;
> For the tug and mortal strain of nations come at last in peace — not war.

'Morale will win the war.' Throughout the struggle, we came back again and again to that central idea. Armies, ships, food, ammunition, aircraft — we knew that all these were indispensable; but early in the war we saw that victory would come in the end to the side which longer maintained the morale of its armies in the field and of its people at home. To strengthen morale was the supreme object of the most extensive, varied, and costly propaganda ever used. And on both sides the burden of the song was always the same — the glorification of war aims! For a clear and persistent conception of a great common purpose is the backbone of morale.

Exactly what is morale? Professor Hocking says it is good condition of the inner man. After some time spent with the armies in France, he defined morale as 'the state of will in which you can get most from the machinery, deliver blows with the greatest effect, take blows with the least depression, and hold out for the longest time. It is both fighting-power and staying-power, and strength to resist the mental infections which fear, discouragement, and fatigue bring with them. And it is the perpetual ability to come back.'

Until the war was won, the army of the United States in France had morale. From every camp, officers and doughboys sent home the same message: 'Tell the folks we are glad to be here. Nothing on earth can pry us loose until the war is won.' But after the signing of the Armistice, their morale was badly shaken. 'The job is done,' they cried. 'Get us out of here; the quicker the better.' Virtually nothing had changed except the purpose; but with that everything had changed. The backbone of morale was broken.

Our own War Department early saw the importance of making each soldier feel that the war was *his* war. Indeed, the only course required of all students in the Students' Army Training Corps was a course in the Issues of the War. Whatever else the recruit might not know, the Government insisted that he should know what he was fighting for.

The policy was sound. The definite understanding on the part of every member of a group of the greatness of a common purpose is the staying-power of morale, whether that group be a nation, or a labor-union, or a sales-force, or a fraternal order, or an army, or a school. Without that factor in morale, all other factors sooner or later become meaningless.

## I

And so, in war or in peace, the chief defense against the foes of morale is education. And as there is only one agency of education that can be made to reach effectively all the future citizens of the state, the morale of a nation is largely in the keeping of its public schools. It is commonplace to say that the nation will be no better than its public schools, and the schools no better than the teachers; but it is not commonplace to grasp the idea that the teachers will be no better than their dominant purpose. Since the right conception of that purpose is the backbone of school morale, the chief means of strengthening the teaching profession is a training of prospective teachers and a continued training of teachers in service which ensures a broad and compelling view of the function of the school. To open up such a vision, training must proceed beyond the uninspiring details of classroom method and the dull facts of the too remote history of education. Otherwise, teachers are like soldiers who memorize many facts concerning past wars, and then go to the front in a new war, with little idea what it is all about.

A full understanding of the mission of the public school in defending the morale of the nation against its enemies cannot come without a knowledge of economic and political institutions. In these fields, virtually all the enemies of morale dig their trenches. Yet the traditional high-school and normal-school training, neglecting these fields, leaves the teacher a prey to hordes of vagrant, half-clad theories. It is the result of a happy accident, not of a professional requirement, if he knows the meaning of Bolshevism, for example, or sabotage, or the effect of recent legislation on the distribution of wealth; or if he understands the function of capital, the constitutional guaranties of liberty, or the relation of the unstable dollar to the cost of living; or if he has read the history of Socialism, or of conscription, or of freedom of speech.

Instead of learning such essentials as these in the training of citizens, prospective teachers spend many years in trying to memorize the chaotic spelling of the big dictionary in which are petrified the worshiped accidents of time; in preparing to teach mathematical processes which a majority of their pupils will never use; and often in studying foreign languages which they themselves could not use even if, by chance, they should need them in later years. No doubt there is value in all these studies. No doubt some time must be spent in acquiring that which is not education at all, but merely the tools of education. But the total effect of such studies is not liberalizing or inspiring; and teachers' training courses are weakest in the one field that could make the vocation most fraught with meaning. No teacher can to-day gain a vision of the wider reaches of his work without an economic and political outlook.

Only a compelling purpose can enable men to face together, in good spirit, the otherwise dreary details of daily routine. Digging ditches, counting tin cans, cleaning mules, recording endless figures — all this is hard to recognize at the front as the glorious

defense of humanity which thrilled the new recruit who saw the 'movies' at home. Yet all these tasks have to be recognized as just that — essential parts of a vast, unified effort to achieve a great end. If war-bread, faulty shoes, vermin-infested bunks, bruised muscles, and frozen fingers meant merely so much pain and discomfort, no army could maintain its morale for a month. But such daily sufferings, when recognized as the concrete details that make up heroism, are more to be desired than all the comforts of home.

The daily life of the soldier is nothing but a sacrifice for an ideal in the midst of sordid material facts — mud and mules — which tend toward disillusion. The teacher, as frequently as the soldier, needs to burnish his ideals. He must begin his career with a wide horizon. He must know exactly what he is about when he sacrifices personal comfort and the prospect of material rewards for the hope of inspiring a new generation with a passion for service, freedom, justice, righteousness.

Adapting a verse from Kipling, someone has said, —

> If teaching were what teaching seems,
> And not the teaching of our dreams,
> But only putty, brass, and paint,
> How quick we'd drop her — but she ain't.

Reports, records, schedules, examinations, filing systems, test tubes, themes — all the putty, brass, and paint of the teacher's job — soon become insufferable to one who has never had a vision. He finds every detail belittling, for to him it is nothing but a detail. A mule is a mule; a tin can is a tin can. 'Blessed is the man who has found his work' — if along with it he has found a clue to its larger meaning. 'To travel hopefully is a better thing than to arrive, and the true success is to labor' — but only if one has the means of knowing where he is traveling, and why. There is not much blessedness in mere work; the beasts of the field have plenty of that. It is precisely this capacity for illuminating to-day's lowly labor with high and remote purposes that makes us men and not beasts.

## II

Without that quickening touch, no one can be a great teacher, or long remain a good teacher; and so the conscientious teacher is always in danger of being too faithful to the daily routine. 'The main fault of half the good teachers in the elementary schools to-day,' says Dr. Frank McMurray, 'is the overconsciousness about little things. As a result, they become habitually tired, unsympathetic, and narrow, and therefore schoolish.' That the word 'schoolish' has such a sorry connotation is a call for the teacher to go out to play. Teachers do not stop playing because they grow old; they grow old because they stop playing. Dr. G. Stanley Hall said something to this effect; and all his psychological research has yielded nothing of more value to teachers. We all know the teacher who 'has no time for play'; who is dedicating himself to his work with such sacrificial earnestness that he himself is becoming emaciated. His class-work is like a clearance sale, followed by no replenishing of stock. The day soon comes when he goes to the cupboard and the cupboard is bare. At such times, his most urgent duty may be to leave the never-finished tasks of the schoolroom and swing into the open, where the flight of the red-wing is flashed in the sky-scattering river. On a winter evening, he may best serve his profession by throwing the latest set of spelling papers into the open fire, and dwelling a while with a mighty mind of the past, till he feels 'like some watcher of the skies when a new planet

swims into his ken.' Then let him greet the next day with a cheer, as, with a gladder face and a gladder voice and a gladder conscience, he dedicates the ashes of yesterday's spelling papers to the new inspiration that is his.

'What you all doin' there, Sambo, strummin' at the banjo an' singin' away all by yerself?' cried a passer-by. 'I'se just serenadin' ma own soul,' the negro replied. So should every teacher take time to serenade his own soul. An unhappy person is not fit for daily contact with children. A certain little girl of the discriminating age of seven divides all the ministers she hears into two classes: those with glad voices and those with sad voices. Perhaps we should classify all teachers in this way and require the sad-voiced group to understand their work, in order to reap the just compensation of joy in their labor.

Scorn is often expressed for the teacher who regards his part of the world's work as more important than any other part, and his subject as the one indispensable part of a liberal education; but if kindling vitality in others is becoming to the profession, we need whole faculties of such teachers. The staid dispenser of information, with well-groomed emotions, whose attitude and tone of voice seem to say, 'Possibly, it will do you no harm to learn a little about this subject if you have nothing better to do,' is not to be trusted with a vital message to youth. It will appear a lifeless thing — not poetry, but words; not music, but notes. Men have often observed that the crowning purpose of a teacher of adolescent boys and girls is to help them to discover commanding careers which shall mean to them what teaching means to him. But, first, his own career must command him. It will not command him until he understands it.

At best, the teacher, no less than the soldier, soon finds the vision of his great achievement clouded by the irritating dust of dreary duty. He needs more than the philosophy of 'smile' to keep the foreground of his own life from becoming cluttered up with the sordid and commonplace — the unreasonable parent, the jealous colleague, the unsympathetic principal, the hard-fisted citizen, the contemptible gossip, the false witness. He must fight with the beasts of Ephesus in the valley of the commonplace, and at the same time keep his eye on serene mountain-tops. He must have for a background a little Switzerland of his own, the abode of his highest aspirations, his holiest of holies, 'where battle-scarred thoughts may be nursed back into life' — and he must forever guard it against surprise attacks.

A teacher on the western slope of the Rocky Mountains, as she shut the door upon each day's routine, stood before the little schoolhouse and lifted her eyes to the hills. Then she swung into the saddle and cantered, through bracing air, over ten miles of silent, sweet-scented prairie, to her cabin home. There, one day at sunset, aglow with physical vigor and with the thrill of life in the open, she unsaddled her horse, spoke a few secrets in his ear, and ran singing to her supper. It was her last song in the mountains. At the cabin door, she found a message from New York City, and to the city she went, to give comfort to her mother.

Before long she was taking the subway, morning and night, and teaching in a city school. On a subway train, a Western friend found her with a shopping list in her hand — 'braid, yarn, cocoa, harness-polish.' 'Harness-polish,' cried her friend; 'what can you do with that in this place?'

'Come with me to my mountain cabin in Harlem,' she answered, 'and you shall see.'

There, hanging in a corner of the

little box of a 113th Street apartment, shining under many polishings, though long unused, was the saddle of her Montana days. It had helped her to keep alive a little Switzerland of her own; and so, through all the noisy, dirty, cramped city days, she had burnished this symbol of her ideals.

## III

Yet visions need not blind a man to material facts. Indeed, the material fact of an empty stomach may blind him to a vision. All the armies in Europe understood the function of hunger in destroying morale. The most effective weapon for restoring order in Russia was food: a carload of Carnation condensed milk was worth more than a carload of Winchester rifles. The morale of the teaching staff to-day is in need of food. Not that a majority of teachers are starving, but all teachers are hungering for what is to them the bread of life: the means of professional growth, books, lectures, magazines, social intercourse, university summer schools, occasional travel to conventions and to centres of the best in music, art, drama, and religion. They need just such perspective as this, so that the academic molehill of routine tasks will not obscure their view of the mountain heights of ultimate achievement. And they hunger for time — time for recreation; time they must now spend, to eke out a living, at odd jobs, which deaden rather than enliven their enthusiasm for their main work. Hunger for the things of the spirit is as demoralizing to the morale of a teaching staff as hunger for food is to the morale of an army corps.

Nevertheless, in view of the paramount need of morale, and the impossibility of buying it with money alone, teachers are in danger of paying for increased salaries more than they are worth. In some cities, teachers have already paid too high a price. For, even if a teacher could get as much pay after six years of professional training as after a six weeks' course in an automobile school, still the money would not be his chief compensation. Every teacher with the professional spirit desires, above all, unrestricted opportunities to serve; an open road ahead; freedom to give all that he has, at all times and in all ways suited to his own genius; independence in living up to his own code of ethics. He is loath to surrender all this to a labor-union. He knows that medicine would become a sorry trade if every physician, in the midst of an epidemic, had to ask a walking delegate how many children he could care for, at what hours, and for what pay; which physicians he would be permitted to consult, and what instruments to use. The teacher knows that any hour in the life of one of his boys may be as serious a crisis spiritually as influenza may be physically. And the teacher wants, in that hour, the utmost freedom of opportunity to save the boy.

To be subject to orders to strike would be as dangerous for the teacher as for the soldier on the eve of battle. To the teacher, arbitrary limitation of production is unthinkable. His products are for humanity; excess production of his commodities could not possibly confer special benefits on any one class. Humanity is his employer; humanity holds all the stock. His services now follow the ideal law of distribution — to every man according to his capacity to enjoy. If all commodities were so distributed, and no production artificially limited, our chief economic ills would be cured.

Teachers should deal directly with those to whom they are responsible — all the people. Judges, members of Congress, and policemen would make

the same mistake in affiliating with any minority organization. Among servants of all the people, divided allegiance cannot be tolerated. Some advocates of a union of teachers with outside federations of workers contend that none of these evils are contemplated for the public schools. Such a union, nevertheless, does tend toward these evils. Teachers should have a national organization worthy of their cause; but they should have one which safeguards rather than endangers the morale of their profession.

But devotion alone does not distinguish a calling from a trade. The law, medicine, and the ministry gained little until they added to their stores of highly specialized knowledge a firm insistence upon professional preparation. Teaching in some places is not far above medicine in the days when any person with a bottle of pills might style himself a doctor. The quack appears in every profession. Sadly enough, the efforts to advance teaching through insistence on professional preparation receive some opposition within the ranks of teachers. Just as it was the thirty-one Boston schoolmasters who opposed Horace Mann in founding the first normal schools, so it is some of our own university and college faculties who are antagonistic to-day to the professional training of college-bred teachers. 'They need no training,' said a professor at Yale. 'Let them learn to teach by observing the mistakes of their teachers.' Just as a man should learn to operate an automobile. we might add, by watching another man run it into a lamp-post. So long as professional training is regarded as unnecessary for teaching, we shall continue to read correspondence-school advertisements that herald among their phenomenal achievements the lifting of one pupil from brakeman to railroad president, and another from teacher to stenographer. But more and more effective is becoming the demand for professionally trained teachers, as more and more clearly we perceive that nowhere, from kindergarten to university, does teaching come to its own until the craftsman is prepared and inspired to develop for himself some of the materials, and methods, and larger reaches of his work. Fortunately, as schools are becoming more flexible and less institutionalized, adaptable to independent variation, freer from the domination of opinions and politics, and illuminated with scientific and socialized points of view, more and more are the ranks being recruited from experts — men and women with professional outlook.

## IV

Among the qualities essential to morale, we must include ability to subordinate personal interests; or, at least, the ability to see them in their enduring relations to larger interests, which, in the long run, amounts to the same thing. Yet morale does not cost the exorbitant price of individuality; Germany paid that price, but did not achieve lasting morale. No one need sacrifice individuality through loyalty to his firm or school or country. The individual does not become strong as the group becomes weak; it is in the midst of powerful associates that the individual thrives. And so the teacher who loses his life finds life, and finds it more abundantly. Through the school he achieves a kind of immortality — not the immortality of the soul, but that which seemed to the greatest of all teachers a higher end, the immortality of his work.

Readiness to wait, the negative element in morale, is as important for the soldier as readiness to act. 'Patience,' says Professor Hocking, 'especially under conditions of ignorance of what

may be brewing, is a torment for active and critical minds. . . . Yet impetuosity, exceeding of orders, unwillingness to retreat when the general situation demands it, are signs, not of good morale, but the reverse.'

In this description of the soldier, many a teacher recognizes himself. How eager he is to go further than his superior officers will permit! How clearly he sees an alluring objective beyond the day's orders! He knows it is attainable, is perfectly willing to sacrifice himself in the effort; yet, if the teacher is a good soldier, he does not risk sacrificing the whole company; he stays cheerfully in old trenches longer than he personally thinks necessary; he marks time when his every muscle is ready for double-quick advance; he does team-work, just as a good football player follows the signals, waits for his interference, and does not insist on playing the game all by himself.

For the teacher thus to do his daily part in sustaining the morale of his group, he must have that attribute which is most constantly needed and yet by far the most difficult to attain. Dr. Charles W. Eliot says that when, at the age of thirty-five, he was elected President of Harvard University, one of the wise old men of Cambridge said to him: 'What quality do you think you will need most in your new position?' Dr. Eliot made several suggestions. 'No, you are wrong,' said his counselor; 'your greatest need will be patience.' And Dr. Eliot is not the only college president, or the only teacher, who has found this drudge of a virtue the only one that could carry him across the plateaus of despond.

When the morale of a school is thoroughly sound, its teachers and students are patient; hope long deferred does not overwhelm them; they are not afraid to acknowledge mistakes, do not seek to conceal their limitations, do not fear to acknowledge points of superiority in other institutions, do not minimize the difficulties that confront them, do not try to protect anybody through enforced silence, and do not need football rallies, or other organized attempts to create 'school spirit.'

Which one of us, then, does most to fortify the morale of the school and strengthen it against its enemies? He who, first of all, protects his ideals. He who keeps to the fore the positive, not the negative, aspects of our common life; the things we have rather than those we lack; the work we can do rather than that we cannot do; the successes of our common efforts rather than our failures; the achievements of many law-abiding generations, as well as the grievances that invite further progress.

He does most for morale who is alert to discover and commend the good work of his colleagues; who shows pride in the achievements of other departments than his own; who starves his personal prejudices, plays the game, refuses to take offense; hangs up the receiver when the talk is mean; harbors no grudges, asks nothing for himself that he does not ask for all his coworkers; and who complains, if at all, directly to the responsible person.

In the school corps, he is the good soldier, the staunch defender of morale, who carries no concealed weapons of malicious gossip and enemy propaganda; who refuses to listen to disloyal talk; who sees afar off the enemy in ambush — the sneaking politician. He is the good soldier who packs up his troubles in his *own* kit-bag; who whistles most cheerily when the battle goes wrong; who meets reverses with redoubled determination; whose spirit triumphs over ingratitude and stupidity and slander, as if they were no more than the necessary chill and mud and vermin of trench warfare.

# A METEORIC CAREER

## A TRUE STORY

BY HORACE V. WINCHELL

SOME of my friends have intimated in print that, for one who is not a lawyer, I am too much involved in lawsuits. I am apparently suspected of having a litigious disposition and of indulging in court-room contests as eagerly as the Roman gladiators entered the arena. Indeed, so far am I from receiving credit for a naturally peaceful nature, that I am sometimes depicted as roaming around the country in search of combats, and forcing battle upon unoffending and unsuspecting victims. For this reason, and because I have sometimes told the story to those who seemed to find it interesting, I am writing out the events which led up to my first lawsuit. It has recently been referred to in the metropolitan newspapers and occupies a place in the legal lore of our country.[1] Indeed it resulted in the establishment of a precedent in an unexplored field of jurisprudence.

### I

On the second of May, 1890, fine weather prevailed throughout northern Iowa and southern Minnesota. Snow had disappeared, and, except in low and wet places, the frost was out of the ground. The grass was not yet green; no leaves had freshened winter's dull garb; but farmers were ploughing, the horned lark was nesting, and the air was soft with the allurement of spring.

Just after sunset, and about the time of the evening meal, the residents of that rather sparsely settled region became increasingly conscious of peculiar atmospheric disturbances. One farmer told me that, while he was eating supper, he had heard a series of crackling sounds, which grew rapidly louder until he was convinced that his house was afire and the woodwork all ablaze. Rushing to investigate, he saw overhead a moving cloud of smoke extending rapidly eastward, and his nostrils were assailed by choking 'sulphur fumes.' Another declared that the noises were like pistol-shots, which grew rapidly louder and increased in volume until he thought that a runaway team dragging a farm wagon was crossing the bridge over the ravine near his house. He, too, with all his family, rushed out and discovered the same smoke and the same odor.

At another farmhouse the sound was like sudden thunder out of a clear sky; and almost immediately there was hail on the roof, which ceased as suddenly as it came, while the noise died rapidly away in an easterly direction. Here the Scandinavian boys ran out and picked up the black hailstones which were rolling down from the roof; and one about as large as a cake of washing soap was seized as it rolled to the bottom of a straw stack on which it had fallen. The boy who picked it up said

[1] 86 Iowa, 71; 52 N. W. 1124; 17 L. R. A. 788; 41 Am. State Reps. 481.

that he dropped it instantly, because it was so cold that it burned his hand.

In Minneapolis, more than one hundred miles away, several of us were on the lawn. My brother, who happened to be looking southward, uttered an exclamation and pointed, saying that he had seen a luminous body pass rapidly across the sky near the horizon, and disappear. We heard no noise, and it is doubtful if we could have heard any.

On the following day, the newspapers contained telegraphic accounts from various points over a wide stretch of country of the passage of a meteor; and singularly enough each observer was under the impression that the stone had fallen quite near his region, although some of the places were more than one hundred miles apart. The meteor was variously described, and fantastic views as to its nature and origin were put forth; but no one claimed to have found it, although searching parties had set out, and many individuals were positive they could go directly to it.

Inspired by these enlivening data, I resolved, perhaps too hastily, to capture that visitor from outer space; and after spending part of the next day at newspaper offices, I took a night train for one of the places which had sent in the most circumstantial statements. For two days and nights, without success, I visited village after village in southern Minnesota. Then I received a telegram advising me to go to Forest City, Iowa, where fragments of a meteorite might be found in a certain hardware store. Taking a night freight, I arrived in Forest City very early in the morning; and as soon as the store was open, I found there one or two broken stony meteorites, which had been brought to town by a Norwegian farmer named Hans Matterson, living some eighteen or twenty miles northwest of Forest City.

At the livery stable I was told that I could have a team after lunch. No other team could be found, so, stipulating for a driver familiar with the roads, I restrained my impatience until nearly noon. When the team arrived, the driver, who was a lame boy, assured me that he could go directly to Matterson's.

Our progress was good for some miles; but mudholes were numerous, and my boy would persist in driving through them, under the delusion that there was still frost in the bottom. We came to one, however, where there was no bottom. My crippled driver was useless, and it was my task to walk a quarter of a mile several times, to a fence, pull up the posts, and carry them back to the discouraged team. At last, I got the horses out, pried up the buggy, carried the driver to solid land, half-carried and half-pulled the buggy to the horses, hooked the horses in again, and we drove on. The time lost here and at Forest City earlier in the day was the cause of many troubles.

At last I reached the lonely farmhouse of Hans Matterson. There I found a few meteorites, none of them weighing more than a pound, and all of them broken. The thrifty Norwegian said he had pounded them open with an axe in search of silver. This was not so strange, for the stones contained fine specks and filaments of bright nickel-iron much like silver in appearance; and of course, like all prospectors, he expected the veins to widen in depth. Matterson attached no value to his specimens, and was easily persuaded to part with them. He told me, however, that a neighbor, one Peter Hugelen, a Swede, had found a stone 'as large as a water-bucket,' and I started, posthaste, to interview Peter.

It was prairie country; there were few fences and not many settlers. The road followed section lines for the most

part. Here and there a clump of trees marked the position of a house on a 'tree-claim'; and the course of small streams in little valleys was indicated by sinuous bands of leafless bushes and trees.

There was no fence around Peter's place, and I drove up to the house. Seeing nobody in front, I went around to the rear, and there, resting on the ground by the back door, was the object of my quest.

It was sub-rounded in shape, covered with a black crust with the characteristic 'thumb marks,' and almost perfect. I lifted it and estimated its weight at sixty-five pounds. I was struck at once by the fact that the dead prairie grass of the preceding year, upon which it had fallen and which had been matted against it and crushed into its depressions when it drove its way into the earth, was perfectly natural and unscorched. This seemed remarkable, in view of the fact that the instant before its impact with the earth the stone's superficies had been heated to the point of fusion, and even of volatilization, by the intense friction with the atmosphere. That it had been broken several times in the air before its fall was shown by the fact that different portions of its surface possessed crusts of different generations and widely varying thicknesses, on some of which the molten black rock had flowed in waves and little streams. Through the crust could be seen tiny pin-points of the metals characteristic of meteorites, which it contained in small quantity. Inside, the rock was gray and fine-grained.

Mrs. Hugelen came to the door, and I broached the question of sale. She appeared acquiescent, and explained that she and her husband had been embarrassed by their inability to contribute to the cost of building a new church in the county. They were now satisfied that the Lord had provided this unexpected gift as a direct contribution from heaven, to enable them to gratify their charitable inclinations and to hold up their end in the community. Indeed, the gift had been laid almost at her feet. On the evening of May 2, she and her niece were driving in the cattle, when a cloud, making loud noises, passed over, and out of it fell this stone, which obligingly threw up a little mound of prairie sod to attract her attention. She at once called Peter to see it; and the next day he dug it out of its bed and brought it home. To settle the price, she referred me to Peter, who was in the field ploughing.

To Peter I went at once. He was a slow-witted, cautious individual, with a single-track mind. Just now he was ploughing. After my salutation and first question, he ploughed the furrow out and back before making any reply; and the same behavior characterized him during our entire intercourse. Back and forth through the field I followed him. Our negotiations were lengthy, but may be briefly summarized. Peter corroborated his wife. He was willing to sell, and for the reason stated. He wanted three hundred dollars for the stone, not because he had any idea of its value, but because he wanted to give that amount to the church. After much talk and many inquiries as to the estimated cost of the church, the contributions of his various neighbors, the purchase price of other meteorites, especially that which had fallen at Estherville some years before and which was larger than Peter's, we agreed on one dollar per pound. But Peter thought his stone weighed 75 pounds, while I estimated it at 65. To settle the question, Peter said he would plough one more furrow and then go to a neighbor and borrow some scales. I returned to my buggy and started across the freshly ploughed field toward the house.

On topping the rise, I was much surprised to see another vehicle, much like mine, coming over the field in my direction. Not desiring competition, I at once turned and drove back to Peter. I told him that I was in some haste, and that I would take the stone at his estimate and pay him seventy-five dollars for it.

Peter, who was now unhooking his horses, took his usual several minutes to consider that proposition, and all the time I could see the other team coming nearer. Finally Peter said, 'Vell, Ay tank ve may as vell veigh 'im.' And the other team drove up. Peter did not appear to notice it until one of the two men in the carriage accosted him with, 'Hello! That is quite a stone you have up there. Do you want to sell it?' (Long pause.) 'Yas, Ay tank so.' 'What do you want for it?' (Long pause) 'Vell, dis har feller offer may seventy-five dollar.'

(Prompt exclamation) 'Hell!'

And they started off, much to my relief.

Let me explain that I wanted that stone for the museum of the University of Minnesota, and that I had been wiring to University men and others in that region, asking them to try to secure it. Moreover, the newspapers of Minneapolis and St. Paul had a wide circulation throughout this territory, and had reported my departure in search of meteorites. It was possible that the strangers were allies instead of enemies.

They went but a short distance, talking earnestly to each other, and then turned and came back. The taller of the two, a pale, solemn-looking chap, addressed me, saying, 'Are you from Minneapolis?'

I admitted that I was and thus revealed my identity. But when I asked him where he came from, and mentioned two or three of the towns to which I had telegraphed, he gave me no satisfaction. After a little more discussion with his companion and a sharp look at me, he alighted from his carriage and joined the cortège now moving toward Peter's house. In the middle marched Peter, driving his horses; on his right was I, and on his left the tall Unknown. Our teams followed along behind.

After a little desultory conversation, I heard the tall Unknown, *sotto voce*, offer Peter $80. I promptly raised it to $85. Some distance farther, I heard a bid of $90. I countered with $95. By this time we had arrived in the presence of the exotic prize. We made some further examination of the stone, and discussed the circumstances of its fall and discovery, with Peter as uncommunicative as ever. Finally the Unknown stooped down and, lifting up the meteorite, said, 'It is n't worth it, but I'll give you $100.'

Whereupon Peter remarked drily, 'Ay tank Ay get may tree hundert dollar.' And I encouraged his hope by bidding $105. Again the Unknown mentioned a place hotter than the habitat of meteorites, dropped the stone, stalked to his buggy, climbed in, and drove away. Whereupon I picked up the stone, placed it on a board in the back of my buggy, paid Peter $105, took a receipt, and departed.

## II

I was now headed for the farm where the hail fell upon the roof, with the other carriage keeping about a half-mile ahead. Evidently it too was in pursuit of the hailstones. The farm which we were now approaching was fenced, and as our competitors had not turned to go in to the farmhouse, which stood in a grove of trees near the southern side of the 160-acre tract, I concluded that the entrance was on the

far side. A hedge running from the north boundary fence to the house gave me an idea, and I told my driver to go on around the farm while I slipped out and took the shorter route.

When I reached the house and rapped, the door was opened by a Scandinavian woman who could not understand what I wanted. She called two more to the door, and they all stood around in wonderment while I talked and gesticulated and tried to make a moving-picture of stones falling from the sky. Suddenly one of them exclaimed, 'Ah, *maytiōre stine, maytiōre stine*, ya, ya.'

'Yes,' I said, 'meteor stein'; and they all ran back into the house. But a few moments brought them out again, shaking their heads. 'The boys' had hidden the stones and were now out in the field at work.

I started through the trees to the field; but when I came clear, I saw two teams tied to the fence, and in the field a group of men and boys engaged in animated conversation, so I concluded that my best chance was with the women, and returned to the house.

I had no sooner stepped on the piazza than the door opened and the women came out with their aprons full of little black meteorites, and without more ado I pulled out some silver and soon had the stones stowed away in the pockets of my overcoat. Hardly was this transaction concluded, when I heard horses' hoofs and, looking up the road, beheld the two carriages swaying from side to side at a gallop. My buggy was in the lead, with one boy seated by my driver; in the pursuing rig were two men and two boys. Into the gate they swung and up to the house. The boys jumped out, followed by the tall Unknown, and they all entered the house, while I climbed into my carriage, and hearkened to the tale of my driver, who had indulged in a little competitive bidding on my behalf, and had finally bargained with one boy for his collection for something like $1.25, twenty-five cents more than the other men offered.

And now pandemonium broke loose. All the boys and women came rushing out of the house at me, screaming as they came. The tall Unknown, white with rage and sputtering oaths, ordered me to hand over some of those meteorites. I laughed and told him that I had bought them and for some had paid twice. He then threatened me with bodily injury and came still closer.

'What is this?' said I; 'a hold-up in broad daylight?' And slipping out of my heavily loaded overcoat, I jumped from the carriage and started in his direction.

At that he retreated, swearing still and promising me trouble. But as he was willing to confine himself to threats, I had no more time to waste, and I started for town. Looking back occasionally, I could still see the top buggy by the house.

It was long after supper-time when we arrived; but I did not eat until I had hunted up a strong box, made a list of my treasures, taken the box in a wheelbarrow half a mile to the station, routed out the express agent, and shipped the box with its contents to Minneapolis. With the receipt in my pocket, I felt easy, and sat down to a belated meal at peace with the world.

But my peace was of short duration, for almost immediately the hotel proprietor announced that I had been honored by a call from Banker Plummer. On my inquiring as to the reason for the call and the personality of the caller, I learned that everybody knew Banker Plummer, and he had not disclosed the purpose of his visit.

The banker was a large oily person, with massy gold watch chain and Masonic emblems. He introduced him-

self as a collector of art and of interesting natural objects. He had, of course, heard of the meteorite shower, and had seen the ones brought to town by Hans Matterson. He had also heard that I had driven out and secured a large one, and he wanted to see it and to know all about it. I thought that my driver had been talking, and I told the banker that I had no meteorite. He expressed surprise and incredulity, and I admitted that I had purchased one large one and some small ones, but said that they had already been shipped to Minneapolis. He was so obviously interested, that I described the stone's weight and appearance, and gave him a little lecture on the different kinds of meteorites, their composition, appearance, and other items of interest. To all of this he listened intently, and then departed, after inviting me to his home to inspect his cabinet — an invitation which I declined.

I rose before daylight the next morning, in order to catch a northbound freight train for other meteoric neighborhoods. It was frosty, and the going was slippery, especially as the boardwalk led down quite a declivity to the station. About half-way down, I saw approaching me several men. One, very large and powerful, was carrying something on his shoulder; another, smaller, bore a lantern. The walk was narrow and I had stepped aside to let them pass, when suddenly I recognized the express agent, and the next instant saw my box perched in the air on the large man's shoulder.

'That is my box,' said I. 'What are you doing with it?'

The big man put the box down and replied, 'If that's your box, you're just the fellow I want to see. I have seized this box on a writ of replevin.'

Right there my legal education began. My puzzled inquiry he met with, 'Hold that lantern here, Bill.' And to me he said, 'I'll blank soon show you.'

Just then my train whistled, while the sheriff, for it was none other, proceeded to read from a lengthy legal document somewhat as follows: —

'JOHN GODDARD *versus* JOHN DOE: —

'Whereas: Upon the property of John Goddard of Greensburg, Indiana, on the second day of May, 1890, there fell out of the sky a certain stone of meteoric origin weighing about sixty-five pounds, and more particularly described as follows [here came, in almost my own language, the description which I had given to Banker Plummer]; and whereas such meteorite became embedded in the soil and attached to and a part of the said real estate, the property of said Goddard; and whereas said meteorite, of the value of one hundred dollars, was wrongfully, feloniously, and through trespass upon said Goddard's land, severed and removed from its proper place in the ground by one Peter Hugelen and by him sold to said John Doe; and whereas the said John Doe is about to remove the said meteoric stone from the jurisdiction of this court, to the great and irreparable loss and injury of the said plaintiff Goddard; now therefore, in consideration of the foregoing and of the filing of a good and sufficient bond in the amount of two hundred dollars by said Goddard, for the ample protection of said John Doe, the Sheriff of this county is hereby authorized and instructed to seize the said meteorite wherever within the limits of this county it may be found, and to turn it over immediately to the possession of the plaintiff, his agents or representatives.

'Signed: John Goddard, by Peters and Fisher, Agents, and William Bradford, Attorney, Britt, Iowa.'

My train might start at any moment, and the station was some distance away. I was in the enemy's country, without funds, friends, or attorneys. It was necessary to go to Minnesota to find them. So I said to the Sheriff: 'That writ speaks of only one stone; you have taken a box containing many. I shall bring suit against you if any are missing on my return.'

I also reminded the express agent that I held the company's receipt for the box and its contents.

He replied that he knew it, and that that was the reason why he was accompanying the Sheriff, to see what was done with it.

Then I ran for my train. In a few hours I reached Albert Lea, Minnesota. When I returned to Forest City with an attorney and a surveyor, we found that the stone had indeed fallen just a short distance inside of land owned by Goddard, across a road which was the only indication of a boundary. It also appeared that Hugelen had a 'grass lease' of the land. The poor Swede was compelled to surrender the $105, which was deposited in a bank in Forest City (not Plummer's), to await the determination of the title to the erratic visitor from outer space.

Some months later, the case was heard in the local court. There was a large audience present, and I had my first experience on the witness stand. The atmosphere was tense. The tall Unknown became so excited that he fainted, and caused a sudden recess in the court proceedings. The court held that, although there was no precedent, yet there was little doubt as to the legal principles involved. The stone had no owner prior to its fall; but since it actually entered the soil and became part thereof, it belonged to Goddard. We filed an appeal. The Sheriff returned to me most of my small stones.

Time passed and the case had been presented on briefs to the Iowa Supreme Court, which had not yet rendered its decision. In thinking the matter over I had been impressed with the cleverness and utility of replevins. I therefore suggested to our attorney, that we replevin the meteorite back again. He thought that I was joking, and when I persisted, laughed at my ignorance, and explained why it could not be done. It was all a question of title, which would be determined in the suit already instituted.

I then asked him what the remedy would be and what the proper procedure, if neither Goddard nor Doe owned the meteorite, but some third claimant, not a party to the suit, wished to assert his rights. This set him to thinking, and he said he would look it up if I would suggest the third party. So I explained that while I had bought the stone, and the suit was against me, nevertheless the University of Minnesota was the real owner and ought to have a right to replevin the stone. This soon brought us down to the last chapter.

It was announced in the papers and on posters that the famous meteorite was to be exhibited at the Forest City Corn Festival. Judge Elliot would not permit me to accompany him, as I was too well known in that vicinity. He provided a bond of four hundred dollars, twice the value of the Goddard bond; he induced the clerk to make out the papers; he wrote out a receipt for the stone, to be handed to the Sheriff after it had been turned over to the agent of the new plaintiff; he called upon Peters and Fisher, who were engaged at that moment in some probate or justice court hearing, and made demand for the stone, which they naturally treated as a joke. Then, accompanied by the Sheriff, he went to the Fair grounds and — the stone was not there.

He hastened back to the clerk and persuaded him to change the papers, proceeded to the bank, and found the stone in an old gunny sack on the floor of the bank vault.

We now approach the climax of this story. The Sheriff took possession of the stone and handed it over to Elliot, who in turn gave the Sheriff his receipt for it, and in the language of

prestidigitation, told him to put it in his pocket.

Just then Peters and Fisher both rushed in — Fisher, large and slow; Peters, small, red-headed, and agile. Together they attacked Elliot in the bank with such impetuosity that he hastily returned the stone to the Sheriff and called upon him for protection. Then Peters and Fisher tried to intimidate the Sheriff, and nearly succeeded; but Elliot reminded him that the stone had already been surrendered to the plaintiff's attorney, as directed in the writ, and that he held the plaintiff's receipt for it. Whereupon, in the midst of rapid-fire dialogue, the bulky object changed hands for the third time in five minutes and the Sheriff again delivered it to Elliot.

Holding it in his arms, Elliot now created an excellent imitation of a football scrimmage by catapulting against Fisher and jamming him into the bank counter — a knock-out blow. He then turned and ran for the open door; but just as he reached it Peters tackled him and sent him headlong down the steps, while the stone went rolling across the sidewalk into the street. But Elliot, who had provided for all contingencies, had a team with a driver standing there. Plunging for his goal, he caught up the sack with its precious burden, threw it into the carriage, and told the driver to make tracks for Minnesota.

Fearful of being intercepted by other writs and legal processes, they avoided the main roads; and when the first team was exhausted, Elliot procured another from a farmer, and eventually arrived without interference at a small station in Minnesota. When the first train came along, it proved to be a freight, which started up again before Elliot could reach the caboose. But his momentum had not abated; he threw his suit-case and overcoat, and after them the stone, on top of an empty flat car and rode in triumph and a shower of cinders to Albert Lea.

Early the next morning, I was roused by persistent knocking at the door, and rose to admit Elliot, who presented me with the sack, and said he never wished to see it or its contents again. I lost no time in burying it once more in the ground, in a vacant shed on an empty lot near the University campus, where it remained for fully a year. For the next several days we heard that there were strange men around the museum, apparently searching for something.

We now had two suits going on over the same stone, but by stipulation the second suit was continued until the Supreme Court decided the first one. The decision, when it came, affirmed the lower court. Then we went once more to Forest City, where the University was sued on its bond. The jury fixed the value of the stone at $480. When that was paid, the meteorite finally made its appearance in the museum of the University, where I suppose it is to-day. Small stones belonging to the same fall are to be found in museums all over the world. I have seen them in Budapest, Moscow, and London.

There are several possible morals to my story, but the most obvious is: among your instruments be sure to keep a replevin in good working order.

# THE CRABBING OF YOUTH BY AGE

BY CORNELIA JAMES CANNON

## I

THE young of the human species, in their helplessness, are subjected to three major external influences — parents, education, and environment. To the adult mind the three appear so intertwined and related that they can hardly be disentangled and their different contributions evaluated. To the rising generation, however, they represent three distinct entities, each of which must be individually dealt with and combated, if existence is to remain endurable. There are no methods too fantastic to be employed. The harried young try active and passive resistance; they evade, they ignore, they capitulate; but they always and everywhere act upon the assumption that the adult world is an enemy attempting to run them down, as a hound his quarry.

We parents, on the other hand, see ourselves as their salvation, the only certain safeguard against the temptations of their turbulent natures. To be sure, we do think there are just criticisms to be lodged against their environment and the influences exerted by educational institutions; but, so far as our functions as parents are concerned, we do not admit that any exception can be taken to the working of a relation so obviously essential and preordained.

Yet where can you find a teacher, a juvenile-court judge, a moralist, a preacher, who does not find the parents guilty of every delinquency in the lay or legal calendar? Why are we, so zealous, so devoted, held up to obloquy for the way in which we discharge our biological obligation? Is there a reason?

Parentage is an old institution, but the individual parents come fresh to the task. They take up their responsibilities, oblivious of the fact that, from the incidence of the process of reproduction, they were destined to repeat the blunders of their protoplasmic ancestors. They are unmindful of the infant mortality among the paramecia, the offspring-devouring habits of some of the reptiles, the selfish greed of the cock, the cuckoo's shunting of its maternal duties upon the shoulders of some narrowly domestic member of the bird species. These things are easily forgotten in the exuberant conviction that they are attacking age-old problems in entirely new ways. Unless they could forget the trite 'There is nothing new under the sun,' life for fathers and mothers would lose much of its piquancy.

We welcome these children who come to us, and cherish in our secret hearts the certainty that we are going to demonstrate to the world how admirably the next generation may be prepared to carry on our civilization. We necessarily break with the members of the older generation in the process, for they have a penchant for having their ideas, which are obviously old-fashioned, carried out instead. We disagree as to infant feeding, outdoor

clothing, rocking-habits, tonics, bedtime, and pacifiers. We are inclined to think it sufficiently incriminating to an idea to prove that it was held by our parents. We urge grandmother to take up committee work, and leave us free to read the very latest books on the influence of table-talk on the young, the danger of the suppressed complex, and new ways of learning without studying. Our consciences are very much alive. We take courses on child-psychology; we scan eagerly the woman's and the children's pages of the papers and magazines; we discuss our grave problems in our mothers' clubs. We are determined that these marvelous new children shall be related to their world in an entirely new way. But the laborious years bring their disillusionment.

Our first fallacy is a belief in the supremacy of our influence. Since we are the only avenue through which those particular children could gain entrance into life, why is it not inevitable that we should determine their reactions to life? We are convinced that these little creatures are given to us to mould as we will. We are occasionally beset by a flashing suspicion that they may have been completed at birth, and that all we can add is a few finishing touches. Then we read a book on the spiritual effect of rhythmic dancing, or the transforming influence of project-work in the kindergarten, and brush the horrid fear aside.

The biology of the situation is somewhat disconcerting. Parenthood seems so anomalous a function, so difficult of definition or demarcation. The fish completes her maternal duties when she lays the fertilized eggs. She may then wander off, care-free, to devote herself to the development of her own personality. She has no further relation to her offspring except through a possible casual devouring of some of them in the minnow stage. The more elaborate care given by the bird or the mammal to its young is not so much evidence of the emergence of parental enthusiasm on the part of the adult as of the survival value of that care as an accompaniment of a helpless and prolonged infancy. The young of such species must be fed and sheltered and protected until they are able to care for themselves.

What happens when we come to man? Among primitive savages the child, whose labor is forfeit to his parents, is cared for until the age of puberty, when the boy, recognized as a man, must shift for himself, and the girl is disposed of by marriage.

With the development of civilization, the concept of the relation of parent to child takes on new elaborations. The idea of a duty owed by the parent to the child appears. The state takes cognizance of this concept by imposing legal penalties upon the parent for the non-fulfillment of his duty to the child.

The parent of conscience recognizes not only the responsibility prescribed by the law, but a more complete responsibility to be terminated only by death itself. The law recognizes explicitly such primary needs as food, clothing, and shelter, and by implication and judicial decisions the more subtle wants of a child in our modern complex society. The law lags behind, to be sure, but serves as an indicator of the moral attitudes of our civilization.

The legal minimum we do not find it hard to accede to. A natural impulse inspires us to care for the grosser needs of our children; and if our enthusiasm should chance to flag, there is the pressure of the societies for the protection of children to keep us up to the mark.

But a situation inevitably arises from which those exemplary organizations are unable to protect either the children or us.

The instant we accept the responsibility, and begin to perform our natural and socially recognized duty, a period of adult domination and juvenile subordination inevitably follows. We give and they perforce accept, whether it be oatmeal for breakfast, rubbers in wet weather, or academic education for the motor-minded. We become firm or helpless or tyrannical, according to our natures. The children react as positively with rebellion or acquiescence or self-assertion — all alike defense reactions to our hortatory stimuli.

An impartial observer, from some sphere where the race is perpetuated without the intermediation of parents, might have predicted it. The adult is naturally conservative, pessimistic, slow to experiment. He has learned the finiteness of human capacity; he knows through bitter experience the things that cannot be accomplished. The dignity and nobility of adult life lie in its uncomplaining acceptance of inevitable limitations. The quiet saints among the elders of our race are those who make a virtue of necessity and pluck victory from ostensible defeat. Serenity, poise, a mellow philosophy are the earmarks of a beautiful maturity.

These attitudes are antipathetical to every characteristic reaction of youth. They are calculated to raise nothing less than a flame of opposition from the young. The adolescent is rash, optimistic, venturesome. He is sure on all subjects within his ken, and perfectly willing to experiment on any subject without his ken. He neither can, nor desires to, profit by the experience of others. He wants to discover for himself whether the 'paint' sign on life is genuine. He wants to taste the soap, and is willing to run the chance of being very sick afterward. He will not take the word of another for any of the intoxicating possibilities the world holds out before him.

These natural incompatibilities are forced into juxtaposition with the recognized authority of the parent on the one hand and the enforced submission of the child on the other. The marvel is that we adjust ourselves to the situation so amicably, and that our interactions are so fundamentally blameless.

Of course, we are immensely helped by the fact that we love each other. Mutual affection must have been originally devised to meet just such emergencies. In times of domestic stress it stands us in good stead.

But, in spite of loving each other, those contradictions persist to afflict our common lives. On the whole, we are probably more difficult to bear with than our children; for, while their vocabulary resounds with 'I want,' ours is rigid with 'Don't.' We are the great inhibitors of the race, the unresting enemies of initiative. My young daughter had the good fortune to spend a summer at an art school, away from the family. She entered a new world, the world of the free play of mind on mind. With the other art students, she discussed immortality, the place of woman in modern civilization, the relation between liberty and license. Had she ventured, in the safe shelter of home, to embark on the arguments for a life beyond the grave, some conscientious adult would have interrupted with promptings as to a superfluity of food in the mouth, or with reminders of the excellent hearing of everyone in the room.

The old ideal, that children should stay at home until they go out to establish homes of their own, is still

dominant in agrarian civilizations, where neither the factory greed for workers nor the movement for the emancipation of woman has made inroads on the patriarchal organization of society; but the revolt against this ideal, so dear to the parental heart, is in keeping with the whole trend of thought in the western world. Contradictory as it may seem, with the development of communistic and socialistic currents of thought has come an intensified cult of individualism.

These fluctuations of social theory are undoubtedly, all alike, responses to pressures; the capitalistic or monarchical on the one hand and the personal or familial on the other. Even far-away China is feeling the repercussions of this fresh assertion of the right of the individual to his life, and, here and there, brides are being taken into separate homes, instead of into the ancestral dovecot presided over by the grandmother.

Does it indicate merely a swing of the pendulum, or is it significant of an emerging need in our civilization?

The Russian peasant is tied to his commune, his mir, his noisome hut. He lives and thinks as his forefathers did before him. But he is defenseless against change. He perishes in the presence of innovation. Protoplasm, so capable of adjustment to new demands put upon it, has become, in his case, so insensitive as to lose its primary rapidity of response. He dies by the million, when a quick adjustment to the needs of a new world might have saved him.

Modern civilization insists above all things upon capacity for change. Only so can those who live by mutation be saved from mutation.

The revolt of our children against home-rule appears thus as part of a larger movement, of a race insurance against the menace of civilization. We would guard their every step. They reach out instead for the stimulus of competition with their peers; they feel the urge to try themselves out in strange environments; they yearn to taste the full flavor of their own personalities. The protections we throw about them may be necessary; but not until that overlordship ceases, do their natures have their flowering.

When we see the predetermined capacities, reactions, preferences they show at this time; when we feel the dynamic quality of the whole cycle of their responses; when we realize the unhesitating nature of their decisions, we begin to have a fellow feeling for the parent fish. We suspect that our parenthood is about on a par with that of our piscatorial sisters. They accepted the finality of the egg-laying. We have encouraged ourselves to believe that the major part of our work consists of moulding and influencing our offspring after they have hatched. It may be that all we can hope to do, more than our fellow fish, is to refrain from devouring our young.

There are a few humble activities we can allow ourselves. The realm of habit is our chief domain, and many of the fiercest domestic battles are fought out on its debatable grounds. We struggle to inculcate courtesy, cleanliness, self-control, inoffensive table-manners, the graces of social life. Our success is seldom noticeable in our own homes; but delightful reports come to us from other homes, where the virtues, shunned under the parental roof, are practised as if second nature to the performer. But why should we expect to reap what we sow?

> Away down the river,
> A hundred miles or more,
> Other little children
> Shall bring my boats ashore.

We must train ourselves to find our main satisfaction in having launched

these sturdy barks on the ocean of conduct.

Beside a sporadic success in teaching the amenities of social intercourse, we can sometimes inculcate a respect for the dominant racial ideals. Honesty and truthfulness are not necessarily innate moral convictions, implanted in the germ-plasm, for to some races they are anathema. Instead, they are race habits which can be taught as are the A B C's. We are responsible for handing on to the next generation these habits, with other social attitudes of primary importance to the functioning of a gregarious species in a modern world; and we can measure our success as social agents by the degree of absorption we can demonstrate. For their abilities our children are beholden to the thousands of ancestors we have in common with them. But their moral attitudes we shall have to answer for in person at the Day of Judgment. However black the scroll, we shall have to say, 'I did it.'

But it is not alone in the establishment of habits that we play a part; we are apparently the deciding factor in determining our children's sense of values. We do not teach directly our conception of what is of greatest worth in life. There is no subject less susceptible to such treatment. Exhortation falls upon deaf ears. Admonition carries no conviction. But somewhere and somehow, through a shared life, they absorb our deepest faiths. Out of all the tumult, the conflict, the friction, the discipline of family life, the children take the best we have to give for the upbuilding of their own lives.

It is upon us the strain is greatest; for though they are unconscious of receiving, we are conscious of giving. We have not the relief that came to the principal of the boarding-school who said that if she had to be an example for nine months of the twelve, she would be a warning for the other three. We are compelled to practise all the virtues we can muster the year around.

Our generation early recognized the extension of the home into the community, and followed the lead that insight gave us quite simply, unconscious of the momentous effects, upon our lives and those of our children, of so changed an attitude. The consequences of this new orientation have affected our children's relation to the world in unexpected ways. Their look is no more inward than ours. Their contacts are ours in miniature. The old personal isolation is hardly possible to-day, even to the most selfish individual of the older generation, and not possible at all to the members of the younger generation. Our children foresee the new emergencies as the wild creature feels the threat of the coming storm in the pressure of the hurrying wind, and as instinctively they prepare their defenses.

One more thing we parents can be held accountable for — the social attitudes of the youth of this country. If our spirit is undemocratic, if we cherish the illusion that we are the chosen people, the secret is not hidden from our children. If there develops in this country an inflexible class-grouping; if class-jealousies and antagonisms become intensified, we shall have the parents to thank for it. Social attitudes are so elusive, so beyond the scope of definition, that they can be absorbed only through human contacts. The persistence of the democratic spirit, of belief in the worth of the individual irrespective of his antecedents, his financial status, or his social affiliations, lies in the hands of the parents of to-day, as it lay in the hands of the parents of yesterday. As we fathers and mothers judge the rich and the poor, the brilliant and the dull,

the black and the white, the native and the foreign-born, so will the next generation judge.

## II

What part does education, as obtained from our educational institutions, play in the development of our children?

Criticism of our schools is so popular that the stigma of inferiority seems to rest upon the entire system. Some of the censure is undoubtedly an expression of the high ideals the critics hold for education in a democracy; but a good deal of it is simply a manifestation of our national habit of abusing our public institutions. As a matter of fact, where there is any kind of serious educational effort in this country, the children of the next generation are receiving a superior education. It is not so good as that we hope our grandchildren will receive, but it is much better than that which was meted out to us. Indeed, it is in most cases so much better than we citizens, in our indifference, deserve, that we can only congratulate ourselves upon the unceasing labors and high standards of the pedagogic profession, of which we are the caviling beneficiaries.

The outstanding characteristic of the new education is its emphasis upon training for self-expression. It is an education of release. We are apt to be impressed by its unpleasant manifestations, which stand out prominently, and distract our attention from the much more striking gains in power and effectiveness. We can so easily see the whole method as devised to exaggerate a natural self-assertion, when in reality it is a potent agent for the reduction of the fears and phobias which have tortured mankind, and a strong stimulus to the development of a new self-reliance and a richer personal consciousness.

The word 'release' is to many minds the signal for the attack to begin. Suppressions, subordination, are the watchwords of such critics of human nature. But, unless we woefully misread humanity, the impulses that guide our conduct are reasonably decent. Taking us as a whole, we are right-minded, fairly unselfish, and properly tolerant of each other. Otherwise we should not waste effort embodying moral standards in the form of law, nor attempt the enforcement of our statutes.

Our fundamental need, in order to develop a full and rich civilization, is the free play of those energies of men which constitute the raw material of which any civilization is made. These energies are the powers our educators are striving to release. The liberation of a force which is to function does not mean that the lid is off. Every expression implies a repression somewhere else. One muscle can be effective only if another opposing muscle gives way. Similarly, in the activity of any aspect of personality, controls and inhibitions of other aspects are inevitable.

But the emphasis of this new education, which is predicated upon a faith in human nature, is not that self-control is unimportant, but that self-expression is essential. Which categories of conduct shall be subject to self-control, and which to self-repression, is decided by the ethical ideals of the nation; but the need of our democracy to-day is for fewer repressed critics and for more potential contributors.

The educator's methods are various. He strives, through a varied curriculum, to reach children of diverse interests and capacities, and to make their abilities available by appropriate training and discipline. The old idea of education, as some task the child must perform for the edification of the

teacher, is as extinct as the dodo. Instead, the child's effort is for the benefit of the other children in the room, or for some other class in the school, or just for the pure joy of acquisition and expression. The emphasis is less on the personal possession of wisdom and more on the social responsibility for the good gift of education.

Some of the schools for the Negro in the south have achieved a remarkable socializing of the recognized purposes of education. The students are taught to regard their educational opportunity, not as given to them in reward for general personal excellence, but as a trust placed in their hands, to be used in the service of the less fortunate of their race. Such an interpretation lays a special compulsion upon the educated, not to possess, but to share.

Our generation was born in an era of intellectual interrogation. We were not only encouraged to think, but allowed to question the sources of our convictions. Our chief attack was upon the bases of religious dogma. This caused consternation in sectarian circles, but, in a land of religious heterogeneousness, did not disconcert the country as a whole.

Our children have profited by the lifted ban, of which we were the original beneficiaries, to carry the attitude of skepticism further, and hold in question the economic and social principles on which our present society is based. It has shocked us very much. We had thought those beliefs outside the realm of controversy; but these audacious young things do not fear to question anything. They are cynical about the divine sanction of capitalism; they flaunt and defy the conventions; they will recognize none of our old shibboleths.

But is it intelligent for us to bemoan the tendencies of the time? Should we not rather rejoice and be thankful that they are not as we were? How otherwise can they better the tasks we have been attempting? Their fresh reaction to age-old problems is the best hope of to-day. The absurdities and exaggerations are but surface rufflings. Beneath, the main current is running swift and strong.

What if they do question the capitalistic organization of society? If it has not enough validity to hold their adherence, it must go. The failures of the system are possibly as monumental as its successes. If youth has a vision of some other form of society that promises better, it behooves us to deal gently with him, and let him have his chance to try out new combinations of the old elements in the hope of a happier world.

What if they denounce the institution of marriage? Surely we hold no brief for that institution if a better can be substituted. Marriage is a human device to make the perpetuation of the species work, so far as possible, to the best for all concerned. But the most ardent enthusiast cannot claim that the method is without defect, or has been an unqualified success. All that can be said for it is that it has worked better than anything that has as yet been tried. If these confident young people feel that they have an improvement to offer, we must withhold judgment until we see the outcome. We may marvel that they have sufficient conviction to sail the uncharted seas where so many have suffered shipwreck before them, but we must let them embark upon the great adventure with our deep-felt advice as their heaviest ballast.

The truth is, the young generation is not satisfied that 'whatever is, is right.' Were we, in our day? Should we wish them to be? We are troubled because we do not want them to throw the baby out with the bath-water, but

we can put a good deal of trust in their intelligence, and their sense of relative values, which we have no reason to assume are any less keen than were ours. To us the years have brought the 'philosophic mind.' To them the years have given the driving force of zest and optimism. Their restlessness and dissatisfaction, their criticism of us and our ways, their impatience of things as they are, typify the generous impulses of the young evangelist, who does indeed sometimes ruthlessly trample upon the sensibilities of those he is sent out to save.

## III

But the young people of to-day are reacting very differently from the way we reacted in our youth. How can it be? We have produced the environment in which they are growing up; we are guiding the destinies of to-day. How can we explain their taking attitudes so contrary to our expectation, and showing such antagonism to the world as we have arranged it for them? The truth of the matter is that, though we have helped to make the world as it is, it is a new world to them and to us alike, and a very different world from that of our own youth.

The alterations in the physical environment alone are nothing short of revolutionary. Our generation went buggy-riding, which was a mild and harmless sport. If the horse ran away, or refused to advance, we were not far from home and could walk back. There were no particularly interesting places for us to go to within the modest radius possible to us, so we took a swing round by the poor-farm, or a comfortable jog through the city park. Our children have their own automobiles or borrow their fathers'. If the gasoline gives out, or the commutator ceases to function, they are seventy miles from home with, possibly, a dubious road-house as their only refuge.

If a young man wished to take us to the theatre, he came to the house a week before, to see if we could go with him. He sat down with the family to talk it over. If he was not able to come in person, he wrote a note, which was duly submitted to the family's consideration before it was answered. A week's warning seemed none too long to assure the excellence of the seats, and to add the joy of anticipation to the happy event. We usually went without chaperons, but the whole plan was arranged in advance, and every safeguard of deliberation thrown round the great occasion.

To-day, in preparation for going to a 'show,' our young people are called up on the telephone ten minutes before the time of starting. An instant reply is necessary, and mother may be some distance from the telephone, so that the decision must be made without her. A chaperon can seldom be procured so speedily, the automobile holds only two comfortably anyway, so the course seems predetermined.

The situation is not different in kind but in degree. Every activity is accelerated; resolve outstrips the wind. New conventions will have to be established; new shibboleths, devised to meet the new emergencies, must receive social sanction. Doubtless, when they are generally accepted, this meteoric old world will have run into new complications, and the work will have to be done over again for our grandchildren.

One element persists, a consciousness in each generation that there are standards of some kind, dedication to which remains the test of moral worth. A pretty little flapper admitted that the girls in her college smoked. 'But,' she said, triumphantly, 'practically not a single girl inhales.' The whole issue is

there in a nutshell. Our generation would have gone to the stake rather than have danced cheek to cheek, or cut off our skirts at the knee. This generation would suffer any contumely rather than permit themselves to breathe in tobacco fumes emanating from their own cigarettes.

When we were young, the world was a small, manageable place. It was composed of the United States, with a few unimportant outlying areas. Europe we knew about in some detail; Asia and Africa dimly; South America and Australia were practically nonexistent; and, so far as we could judge, the Philippines were evolved out of the void by the Spanish-American War. How is it to-day?

A childhood that denied itself bread and sugar to save the Belgians, that adopted French brothers and sisters, that saved its pennies for the sufferers in the Near East, that bought canned milk for Russian babies, will develop an adult life conscious of world-responsibilities.

Roosevelt said, not so many years ago, that he was always astonished, in traveling round the United States, to find how few Americans thought nationally. And he added that he could count on the fingers of one hand the citizens of our country whom he had come in contact with, who thought internationally.

That certainly could not be said to-day. Numerous as may be the politicians who are still thinking in the old terms and taking the parochial view of every question, the terrific tearing-up of old landmarks has enlarged the vision of most of us and opened our eyes to whole new worlds of thought and experience. The starting of an American journal, wholly concerned with foreign affairs, shows how far we have traveled since the shot was fired at Serajevo.

In pruning off the old conventions, our children are discarding the time-consuming products of a simpler society. They are recognizing the seriousness of their problem. It is like the athlete who strips off his cumbrous clothing before engaging in his supreme effort. Since there is but one life to each of us, many old interests, perhaps ideals, will have to go, to make way for the new. The restlessness and uncertainty, the drifting and defiance, of the young people are part of the process of finding themselves, individually and collectively. We cannot be much help to them, for we are as bewildered as they. We assert our old prerogative of domineering, but feebly, and without conviction.

When we contrast an old, self-contained country community of the early days of the Republic with a modern community, we marvel that human nature has been able to make the rapid adjustments. A New Hampshire centenarian, who deplores the conduct of his grandchildren, looks back wistfully to his youth in the little village: the quiet round of duties and pleasures; the long days behind the plough or with the hoe; the evening chores in the dimly lighted barn; the kerosene lamp on the kitchen table; the fragrance of the beans as the pot was drawn from the oven; the church sociable; the monthly service by the itinerant preacher; the barn-raising bee; the long night for sleep. He recalls one of the great excitements of his life, when, on a trip to Boston, he saw his first Irishman. He cannot reconcile himself to the fact that his grandchildren are sated with such excitements and seek sharper stimuli. He cannot realize that they are living in a world disrupted by new forces in dynamic eruption. He is not conscious, as they are, of industrial injustice, of class-antagonisms, of racial hatreds freshly inflamed, of a new

emergence of religious bigotries. He would muster the platitudes of an earlier civilization to separate right from wrong; but his grandchildren have only intellectual uncertainty with which to counter the forces of destruction.

How can we expect coherence in the minds and conduct of our children? The marvel is that they are as steady as they are. They dream of bringing order out of the chaos; they carry on; they resist our pessimism, and feel that if we will but give them a free hand all will be well.

We can only be grateful to youth for its resilience, and bear with its less lovely characteristics.

One certainty we can hold in our secret hearts. However our children may disdain the fruits of experience that we offer to their service, life will beat them into shape, as it did us. They will be no more able than were we to escape the elementary realities of human existence. There are the same old biological bases for their lives that there were for ours. Their affectional needs will not differ either in kind or degree from ours. Love and grief, success and tragic disappointment will teach them as they have taught us. Economic pressures will steady them as they have every generation since Adam. No theory of the state, no juggling with the organization of society, no reinterpretation of economic law, can avail them to escape the need that man shall earn his bread by the sweat of his brow. Life is a long warfare between the wits of man and the partially controllable but permanently unalterable forces of nature. Each conquest in the subjugation of nature makes new demands upon man, that he turn his victory to the service of society, and not allow it to work destruction to humanity.

Our young people have a great and exacting task before them. Are we helping them as we should, with sympathy and an effort to understand? Are we sufficiently protecting them from the blight of our misgivings and letting the freshness of their young optimism blow through the dark corridors of our adult life?

Above all are we thankful enough to them for the blessing of their strength and courage at our side?

Hold, ye faint-hearted! Ye are not alone!
Into your worn-out ranks of weary men
Come mighty reinforcements, even now!
Look where the dawn is kindling in the east,
Brave with the glory of the better day, —
A countless host, an endless host, all fresh,
With unstained banners and unsullied shields,
With shining swords that point to victory,
And great young hearts that know not how to fear, —
The Children come to save the weary world!

# A LOST WORLD

BY H. PHELPS PUTNAM

## I

To make us mindful boys, the college chime
Rang all the while — it was the college will;
It sang the silver measurement of time,
And our young curses rang more silver still.

Then say that we were bells cast into flesh,
And every wind that rustled in our blood
Stirred in our skulls clear poignant chimes and fresh,
And poured them out a brilliant dreamful flood.

But now this wisdom sits upon our lips,
And smart reserve has caked us up with mould;
The wind dies down to little breezy quips,
And not a hand can ring us, soft or bold.

Or if chance wakes our resonance again,
We clang the dull and sodden speech of men.

## II

What is this liberty of which they speak?
They do not know: but we, the triflers, knew,
And while that dream of slaves grew old and weak,
We drank of liberty the noble brew.

They talked of truth; strange men played with the word,
And rained illusions on our innocence,
And each one than the other more absurd.
They did their best in kindly impotence —

The president, and deans, and all their crew;
And some were bold, some wistful, and some mean,
But none could touch the quick, because we knew
That candid rowdy truth which we had seen.

We sought not liberty, nor cared for truth —
And so they came to us once, in our youth.

III

It was an earthly place, but strangely made
Because it slept unruffled by the cold
Immutable ironic serenade,
The legal song of time, and food, and gold.

It lay beneath our common sky and yet
It was another world, a place called Yale,
A fancy land, wherein there daily met
Old pungent human dust and youth, the frail.

We lived there once, and then across our days
Strode death, a masquerader capped and gowned,
And we, the boys whom nothing could amaze,
Stepped downward into life and so were drowned.

Quite gone — and there is only left behind
A dream of misty elms to plague the mind.

# THE ARROW-MAKER

BY CHARLES D. STEWART

## I

CAPTAIN COOK, being an observer and explorer rather than a mere trader, appeals especially to 'the more philosophical reader, who loves to see human nature in new situations.'

There was never a newer situation in the history of human nature than when the inhabitants of this continent, still living in the Stone Age, suddenly discovered that there was such a substance as iron in the world. To the mind of an Indian, there could be nothing approaching it in importance except his first learning that there was such an animal as the horse. When we consider that, till well along in the last century, the Indians of the upper Missouri got their horses by stealing them from the tribes farther south, who stole them from the Comanches, who, in turn, stole them from the Mexicans, we gain some idea of the ability of the Indian to cover the length and breadth of this continent by way of theft or barter. The Indian never raised horses, and seldom bought them: his method was to steal them. But he would trade anything he had for a piece of iron.

Thus iron, and the news of iron, spread as if it also had wings. Nothing ever advertised itself better, or showed such ability to run on ahead. Indians who had never seen a white man had learned about it; and a specimen here and there had created a demand for more. It took no traveling man to go forth and introduce iron to the Stone Age.

Wisconsin, being on the trade-route between the Lakes and the Mississippi, and therefore the outlet for all the goods that found their way west, was a live place so far as the trader and *voyageur* were concerned, as far back as the middle of the seventeenth century. When the first missionaries came here, in 1669, they found traders in nearly every Indian village. The representatives of business were ahead of the representatives of God. The trader had begun to look the country over as early as 1639; and he had business well in hand before Marquette and Joliet came along, with Indian guides, to explore the Mississippi. The man of learning came along still later, of course — a tardy scholar.

But iron was not wholly dependent upon the fur-trader, to bring it on its way. The Indians, to some extent, were traders themselves. A whole tribe would sometimes go forth to make advantageous bargains with a tribe that was farther from the source of supply. Then too, the red man was a great news-bearer, carrying all his history, the terms of his treaties, and the latest doings of the wilderness, in his head. With these traits of his character in mind, let us take a look at the far Pacific coast, at a time when no white man had as yet crossed the continent, and see how the fame of iron is coming along.

In 1776, Captain Cook came eastward round the Cape of Good Hope,

and struck diagonally across the Pacific, in hope of finding a northwest passage. This was the voyage on which he discovered the Sandwich Islands; and while he did not find a northwest passage, he did gain some further knowledge of the western shore of that continent which Drake had discovered, and which was vaguely known as New Albion.

Threading his way among the South Sea Islands and finally up the American coast, he makes many stops along the way. At each stop we see canoes putting forth to meet him, and his ship swarming with strange peoples who have but one demand to make upon him: they want iron. His voyage from first to last is punctuated with this thought of iron. The call for it comes to him from island after island, and seems to be following in his wake; and when he reaches the coast of North America, the demand is heard again. To the reader with an ear for history, it becomes the dominant note of his narrative, recurring always and deepening in meaning. It is the voice of the Stone Age calling out for this new substance.

At a little island north of the Society group, a mere garden spot in the ocean, he makes this note: —

In the course of my several voyages I never met with the natives of any place so much astonished as these people were upon entering a ship. Their eyes were continually flying from object to object, the wildness of their looks fully expressing their entire ignorance about everything they saw, and strikingly marking to us that, till now, they had never been visited by Europeans, nor been acquainted with any of our commodities except iron, which, however, it was plain they had heard of, or had known it in some small quantity, brought to them at some distant period. They seemed only to understand that it was a substance much better adapted to the purpose of cutting, or of boring holes, than anything their own country produced. They asked for it by the name of *hamaite*, probably referring to some instrument, in the making of which iron could be usefully employed. For the same reason they frequently called iron by the name of *toe*, which, in their language, signifies a hatchet, or rather a kind of adze. When we showed them some beads they asked first what they were, and then, whether they should eat them. But on their being told that they were to be hung in their ears, they returned them as useless. They were equally indifferent as to a looking-glass which was offered them, and returned it for the same reason; but sufficiently expressed their desire for *hamaite* and *toe*, which they wished might be very large.

As on his second voyage, he did much traffic in nails; and at one place he says, 'Several small pigs were purchased for a six-penny nail; so that we again found ourselves in a land of plenty.'

At an island where the language of Tahiti was spoken the natives passed up some mackerel to them by means of a rope. 'This was repeated, and some small nails, or bits of iron, which they valued more than any other article, were given them.' And at another: —

As soon as we landed, a trade was set on foot for hogs and potatoes, which the people gave us in exchange for nails and pieces of iron formed something like chisels. We met with no obstruction in watering; on the contrary, the natives assisted our men in rolling the casks to and from the pool; and readily performed whatever we required.

Of this 'newly discovered archipelago' of the South Seas, there were five islands which he visited. Speaking of them generally, he says: —

The only iron tools, or rather bits of iron, seen amongst them, and which they had before our arrival, were a piece of iron hoop, about two inches long, fitted into a wooden handle, and another edge-tool, which our people guessed to be made of the point of a broadsword. How they came by them I cannot account for.

Having come among the Indians of the continent, which he first touched at a point in northern California, he coasted along Canada and the shores of Alaska. Here the demand for iron became more definite and insistent. Of the Indians along the Canadian coast he writes: —

Though our visitors behaved very peaceably, and could not be suspected of any hostile intention, we could not prevail upon any of them to come on board. They showed great readiness, however, to part with anything they had, and took from us whatever we offered in exchange, but were more desirous of iron than of any other of our articles of commerce, appearing to be perfectly acquainted with the use of that metal. . . . For the various articles which they brought, they took in exchange knives, chisels, pieces of iron and tin, nails, looking-glasses, buttons, or any kind of metal. Glass beads they were not fond of; and cloth of every sort they rejected.

From being so suspicious of a ship, the Indians, after a while of this sort of barter, became too familiar. They hung around the vessel in their canoes, and made a practice of staying all night. Presently the news struck inland, and parties from a distance arrived every day; meanwhile, those who had sold all they had would disappear for four or five days, and then return with fresh cargoes of skins and curiosities. At this stage of affairs Cook tells us: —

Nothing would go down with our visitors but metal; and brass had by this time supplanted iron, being so eagerly sought after that, before we left this place, hardly a bit of it was left on the ships, except what belonged to our necessary instruments. Whole suits of clothes were stripped of every button; bureaus of their furniture; and copper kettles, tin canisters, candle-sticks, and the like, all went to wreck.

These Canadian Indians were already in possession of metal, although Cook says he 'never observed the least sign of their having seen ships like ours before.' And here he makes a shrewd conjecture.

The most probable way, by which we can suppose they get their iron, is by trading for it with the other Indian tribes, who either have immediate connection with European settlements upon the continent, or receive it, perhaps, through several intermediate nations. The same may be said of the brass and copper found amongst them.

Along the shore of Alaska the story was the same.

These people were also desirous of iron; but they wanted pieces eight or ten inches long at least, and of the breadth of three or four fingers. The points of some of their spears or lances were of that metal; others were of copper and a few of bone, of which the points of their darts, arrows, &c. were composed.

Again Cook is puzzled to account for the presence of the metal.

We were pretty certain [he says], from circumstances already mentioned, that we were the first Europeans with whom they had ever communicated directly; and it remains only to be decided from what quarter they got our manufactures by intermediate conveyance. And there cannot be the least doubt of their having received these articles, through the intervention of the more inland tribes, from Hudson's Bay, or the settlements on the Canadian Lakes.

Thus we see that, in a voyage which took him from the South Pacific Ocean to a point beyond the Arctic Circle, he found that the fame of iron had preceded him all the way. It had been the same on his second voyage, three years before, when he was going into a world so little known that England was expecting him to discover a new continent in the South Pacific.

It was, in a sense, the age of bone as much as the age of stone. In the South Pacific islands their chisels were bone;

and as there were no mammals of any size on these islands, a chisel was always made of the upper bone of a man's arm. In Alaska, likewise, we find the darts and arrows pointed with ivory and bone. It is interesting to note in Cook's narrative (though he does not draw our attention to the point) that among the northern Indians it was the arrows that were pointed with bone, while the spears were pointed with iron. An arrow is likely to be shot away and lost. A fish-spear is held in the hand; or, if it does have to be thrown, it can usually be recovered. A blown-up bladder, attached to the spear with a thong, ensures its safety.

Among our American Indians, it was, in a more fundamental sense, the age of bone. Captain John Smith tells us that he once met an Indian who had an old piece of bone, which he carried about with him in his pouch, and which he seemed to prize greatly. Upon being asked what it was for, he replied that he used it in shaping his flint arrowheads. The captain, probably thinking there was some secret to be discovered in this piece of bone, tried to get possession of it; but the Indian refused to part with it because it was 'big medicine' to him.

As we now know, there was no secret about the bone. It was simply old and dry, and the refusal to part with it was wholly due to a trait in human nature. A skilled workman, whether he be white or red, clings fondly to his old familiar tools, and is loath to part with one, even though he knows he can easily get another.

## II

From such meagre and incidental hints as this, in the writings of soldiers and adventurers who were little concerned with the curious questionings of modern science, did we get our first clue to the means by which the pre-Columbian Indian shaped his arrowheads. The Indian of to-day does not know. But the archæologist knows, to a certain extent, even though he may not be able to do it. The Indian made all of his arrow- and spear-heads, and like implements, out of the hard, unstratified, glasslike rocks; and he did it by working on this refractory material with a piece of bone.

An amusing illustration of the ignorance of the modern Indian with regard to the art of his forefathers recently brought itself to pass in the course of a trip which some friends of mine made to northern Wisconsin. They were a committee of the State Archæological Society, who had been sent up there to investigate Indian mounds and dig for specimens; and they had along with them Mr. H. L. Skavlem, a pleasing old naturalist of the type of John Burroughs, who is an expert on Indian implements. Mr. Skavlem, whose summer seat is on Lake Koshkonong, in a county which almost joins corners with my own, is the only man, so far as Wisconsin archæologists know, who has acquired the art of making flint arrowheads after the manner of the pre-Columbian Indian. And I dare say he is the only one known in other parts of the world; for his work has recently come into demand in public museums. Examples of it have found their way into museums in France and Norway, and lately he had a request for specimens from the Canadian Provincial Museum at Toronto.

On this trip the archæological committee went up through the towns of the Chippewa Indians, following the Chippewa River to the mouth of the Flambeau. In the course of their wanderings, Mr. Skavlem picked up a mass of flint rock, and, having shattered it into fragments of workable size, occupied his spare time in shaping arrow-

heads. This work soon attracted the attention of the Indians. Being wholly ignorant of the art, they were much amazed. They stood about, saying nothing, while he turned out heads for bird-arrows and war-arrows, chipping the flint with apparently as little trouble as if it had been a good, crumbly piece of Wisconsin cheese.

This exploit soon began to have results. Thereafter, whenever they arrived at an Indian town, the Indians would be on hand awaiting his arrival. The news of the white man's strange ability had gone on ahead of him; and there would be a curious throng following him about and watching for him to do it again. In this way Skavlem made many arrowheads of approved archæological design; and this signal victory over the Chippewas was achieved by means of an implement very much used by the white man, namely, a tooth-brush. In order to make arrowheads, one needs only a piece of bone from which all fatty matter has been removed. Hence, why not a tooth-brush?

'At one place,' Skavlem told me, 'I thought I would test their knowledge of what I was doing. I held up an arrow before a group of Chippewas and asked them what it was. They all gazed at me in silence, not one of them offering a word of comment. Presently an old squaw found her tongue and said, "I know. Thunder stone!" That's how much they know about flint-working.'

In Wisconsin we have a little more than ten thousand Indians, most of them on the northern reservations. The oldest men among them, of pure Indian blood, have no remembrance of any tradition regarding the making of flint arrowheads. On a festival day, when the Chippewas array themselves in their finery of beadwork, and put on their bonnets of eagle feathers, they look very promising to the curious traveler who would pry into the ancient secrets. But he might better address his inquiry to the Elks, or the United Order of Red Men. Tribal history is preserved in tales of the heroic and the supernatural, not of the commonplaces of life. When the age of iron came in, the age of stone went out of the door with as little sentiment as a modern housewife would bestow upon the old washboard when the new electric laundry was installed. It is not Indian nature to make tradition out of anything so prosaic as mere work.

In other ways they are equally progressive. A couple of years ago, one of the tribes was divided into parties over the subject of the annual dance. Modern tendencies, such as the 'bunny-hug,' the 'bear-walk,' and other wild vagaries of the white man, had begun to creep in. The old men, who might be called the conservatives, raised their voices in opposition to such innovations. But the younger party stood stoutly in favor of the up-to-date.

In the Far West, the Stone Age held on much longer than it did in this country of the seventeenth-century fur-trader; but even there it passed out with a suddenness that was complete. Some years ago the Smithsonian Institution thought it had found an authentic pre-Columbian Indian in California. He was very secretive about his methods, and would not let them see him at work. Finally they outwitted him by placing a mirror so that it would transmit the necessary knowledge; and when they found him pecking away at the flint with an old nail, rather inexpertly, they knew they had not found a true flint-worker.

In order to do that, they would have to come to Wisconsin and visit the lakeside cottage of my friend Skavlem. As Charles E. Brown, curator of the State Historical Museum, recently wrote me, 'He is a real naturalist, with

a wide knowledge of birds, animals, plants, and rocks; and he chips flint with the same facility as the old-time Indian. We call him the John Burroughs of Wisconsin.' Besides being a true naturalist, he is a shrewd judge of archæological specimens, and has been of great help in mapping the many effigy-mounds to be found in this state. But it is his skill in flint-working, deliberately and purposely cultivated, which makes him of unique interest to the archæologist.

As for the practical objects which would actuate a man to cultivate this familiarity with stone and bone, there is a spirit of pure science behind it, and a finality of investigation which the true archæologist will readily appreciate. And the general reader, who has no doubt puzzled his head in vain every time he looked at an exhibit of Indian arrowheads, may now find his questions easily answered.

One day, not long ago, I went over to Mr. Skavlem's home, with the idea of giving the operation close scrutiny, and getting him to make an arrowhead for the editor of the *Atlantic*. My errand turned into a social visit, so that, although I had arrived shortly after dinner, it was growing dark before the object of my call again occurred to us. We were examining one of the books in his library, which entirely covers one wall of his small living-room, when the waning light warned us that it was high time to be getting at the arrowhead; whereupon we hurried down to the cellar. Here, before the dimly lighted window, were no tools but a piece of bone in a wood handle, and a block of oak. While I held my watch, he made a well-shaped arrowhead, with tang, barbs, and notch complete, in the space of eleven minutes.

In the bad light he had the misfortune to break it when it was nearly done, so that he had to start over and alter it into an arrowhead of smaller size. He had really made two arrowheads in that time. It was not intended as a museum specimen, but an example of the average arrowhead picked up in the fields. 'The Indian was not much of a mechanic,' he explained, continuing our visit as he worked; 'and when I am illustrating the average quality of work, I have to be careful not to make it too good.'

Mounted on cards, he has examples of the various styles of Indian arrowheads made out of all the materials that the Indians used — flint, chert, quartzite, jasper, chalcedony, and black obsidian. These are of his own manufacture. Prominent among them, catching the eye with their jewel-like glint, are bird-arrows, beautifully shaped and barbed, which look as if they might have been made out of emerald and topaz. These were fashioned with the same piece of bone, and in no great length of time, out of the bottoms of beer bottles, brown and green. While they are not intended as mere curiosities, they excite the greatest wonder of the layman, who naturally thinks them the hardest to make. This is a mistaken conclusion. Quartzite will scratch glass, and some flint will scratch quartz. The rocks are harder than glass, and no less brittle.

As an Indian always selected for his arrowheads the hard, structureless, and rather vitreous rock, there is no doubt that he would have made use of glass if he had had the glass to work with. He did make use of black obsidian when he could get it; and obsidian is nothing more or less than natural, or volcanic, glass.

Eleven minutes in Skavlem's darkening cellar begin to shed light; and it is a light which would never transmit itself through the polished glass of museum cases. Suddenly you exclaim, 'Why, it

was *not* such a great loss for an Indian to shoot away one of those beautiful arrows and never find it again! I had always thought —'

And who is there among us who has not thought it, as we stood gazing imaginatively into museum cases at delicate bird-arrows, and detachable poison-arrows, and big war-arrows intended to kill buffaloes and men? What a tragedy to an Indian to shoot at a bird and miss it! What a gambling with his long labor to draw upon a duck! What careful searches he must have made for arrows that went sailing away into primeval fastnesses, and there hid themselves with all the sagacity of a modern collar-button! We sympathize with him, knowing that, in his day as well as ours, there must have been this same 'perversity of inanimate things.' And finally we have said: 'What a waste of human effort it was to have to depend for a living upon the shooting of such ammunition!'

Museums are dedicated to wonder; but Skavlem's cellar is not. It is there done away with by means of a block and a bone. I dare say that prehistoric man was more concerned over the straight stick with which he had made his feathered shaft than he was over the loss of the arrowhead. He would hardly spend a great part of his day hunting for that, when he could so easily make another.

Thus the usefulness of a twentieth-century arrow-maker begins to make itself manifest. As everyone knows, who has posted himself theoretically upon some practical operation and then gone away with the intention of doing it or writing about it, there was always something he forgot to ask. You did not get quite thoroughly into it; and then you wished you were back at your original source of information. Archæology, so far as the Stone Age is concerned, deals mostly with tools. Many archæologists have made experiments with these tools, using the various drills, and boring out catlinite pipes by way of practical knowledge. In this way a man gets down to details, makes new observations, and becomes more of an authority on the catlinite pipe or the bead of wampum.

But how about making these tools themselves, setting out with nothing but a piece of bone, and making yourself familiar with the kind of tool that long ago decayed? Why not start from the ground up? This was the question which Skavlem asked himself, and which made him dissatisfied with the mere use of flint implements, or the making of stone axes by the pecking and grinding of stone upon stone. Behind the flint tool was another tool that made it; so he got a piece of bone and started in to rediscover its possibilities. It was the age of stone only in the sense that the stone implement bears everlasting testimony of itself, while the tool of bone decays. Some of these arrow-making bones have resisted decay enough to preserve their form; and Skavlem has found a few in such a state of preservation that he has been able to do a little chipping with them. If the New England farmer of to-day were able to plough up all the shoulder-blades of moose that were formerly used for hoes, and all the needles and bodkins and awls and flint-working tools that the Indian had ever used, he would probably be in a quandary whether to call it the age of stone or the age of bone.

## III

The making of an arrowhead is the last word in simplicity, so far as the outward procedure is concerned. It may readily be understood by anyone who has been housekeeping long enough to have had a few accidents with glass.

Possibly — or I should say probably — you have been coming through a door with a piece of plate glass, a mirror or other cherished object in your hands; and you have had the misfortune to strike it against a hard corner, in such a way that a piece was bit right out of the surface of it. The piece was a thin semicircle of glass, with knifelike edges, and somewhat the shape of a shell. This, to all intents and purposes, is the 'conchoidal fracture.' An Indian made his arrowheads simply by breaking such pieces out of a piece of flint, always working inward from the edge. It was never done by hammering. Such a method does not allow of that deliberate control which is necessary; and the force required would break off the more delicate details, so that the barbs could never be shaped. It is done wholly by placing the bone against the edge and using pressure. Thus the material is broken off, chip after chip.

It is evident that, if you are to have any control over the shape of the work, these chips cannot be all of the same weight and size. In forming the body, or heavier part, of the arrow, the chips may be long and large, striking inward halfway across the breadth of the arrow, or even farther; but in shaping the notches, with the shank and the sharp little barbs, the chips must be smaller and the work more delicate. You must have control over the size of the chips; and this is determined by the amount of pressure you bring against the edge, while, at the same time, you push downward to separate it from the surface.

I have said that you press downward, that being the natural way to exert a strong pressure. To do this, the flint must be held firmly in some way, as over the edge of a board or block; and the greater part of the flint must project, so that the larger chips shall be free to break off. But to hold it firmly in this position with the fingers is hardly practicable. And any viselike sort of arrangement will hardly do, because the fragment of flint has to be constantly moved about in shaping it.

After a little experience, the practical way suggests itself. You cut a slot in your oak block, a quarter of an inch deep and about as wide. Now, when you place the edge of your flint in this, it does not stand straight up, neither does it fall over on its side; it is at an angle of forty-five degrees, and the greater part of its surface is free to let loose the flakes as they are pressed off. By placing a finger of the left hand at the base of the fragment of flint, it is held easily in place, and you may now exert your strongest downward pressure as you work around the edge. The flint may be turned over readily into any position, as you work on it; and it will keep tumbling about in its slot as the deft workman virtually hurries it into shape. This is all there is, practically, to the making of an arrowhead. Any secret beyond this will be in your fingers, not in your head.

The work, it will be noted, is all done by pressing the end of bone firmly against the edge, to make it take hold, and at the same time pushing downward. In no case would it be possible to take a piece off your arrow by applying the tool to its face. A piece of bone would not remove an objectionable hump in this way; neither would a piece of steel, unless you were to hit it such a blow as to break the flint. It is this peculiar fracture which is accommodating you; and the white man gets the same results as the Indian by taking the same advantage of it.

'But,' says the attentive reader, 'I have seen arrows where these chips were taken right out of the face of the arrow. The marks did not lead from the edge.' True enough. But these marks are the remainder of larger

chips, which *did* strike inward from the edge, when the fragment was larger and was being roughed into shape; or they are the marks that were on the fragment before it was trimmed up at all. An Indian, in order to save himself unnecessary work, would select a fragment that was somewhere near the size of the arrow he intended to make.

The bone employed is, as I have said, about the size of the handle of a tooth-brush, and it is flattened down to an edge like that of a dull chisel, though not, of course, with a view to using it like a chisel. The edge of the bone stands at right angles to the edge of the flint, and is firmly pressed against it in that position. The bone is made about three-eighths of an inch wide, in order that it may be strong enough to bear the downward pressure; and it is sharpened to a point for three reasons — to enable you to do fine work and get into details, to make it take a firm hold of the edge of the flint, and to bring all the pressure to bear on one small point so as to start the fracture.

When we examine one of those chips that are knocked off the edge of a piece of glass, we see that it is not only shell-like in form, but also has a slight indication of ridges — little waves or ripples surrounding the point where the force was applied. In like manner, your edge of bone seems to radiate its force out into the surrounding material. The workman thus regulates the size and nature of his chips, taking off big ones to bring the work into shape, or little ones to put a set of saw-teeth on the arrow. It is the amount of pressure against the flint, together with the push downward, the one proportioned to the other, which determines the size of the chip: it is not dependent upon the amount of surface which the tool takes hold of. It is all very simple in procedure, though not at all easy to do. Being both simple and difficult, it is a trade; and one in which the skilled workman can produce wonderful results in a surprisingly short space of time..

Thomas Wilson, whose work on prehistoric art is a standard in its line, says that the work is done by pushing at an angle of forty-five degrees. His description is misleading, because it conveys the idea that the bone is held at a certain angle to the work. The work is not done by an angle which may be determined by the eye, but by the combination of two pressures which are determined by the fingers. Mr. Skavlem called my attention to this attempt of the archæologist to explain the use of the tool; and it conveys so little of the true idea, such as a man would get from a practical contact with flint, that I have thought it worth while to describe the process at length.

## IV

I cannot drop this hard and brittle subject here without the feeling that I ought to leave the reader better acquainted with my friend Mr. Skavlem. All the world loves a lover; and I have never met a man who represented the lover of Nature so purely and so simply, and with no ulterior motive. He is not a writer, nor a speaker, nor anything that reaches out for fame. With him, Nature is her own reward; and she still continues to reward him, in the eighth decade of his life. He knows the birds, the animals, the rocks, and the flowers. Every wren that selects its place for a home becomes his companion for the summer; and he has humorous appreciation of its strong character and little household ways. Along with this love of Nature, he has the strict truth-telling instinct of the pure scientist — all the more so, perhaps, because of this profound simplicity of mind.

But he has interested me particularly

because of his early beginnings as contrasted with what he finally became. 'We know what we are,' says Ophelia, 'but know not what we may be.' This problem is best solved when a man has passed three score and ten, and finds himself with a beard turned white and a whole life to look back upon. One may prophesy after the fact — and this, let me say, is one of the most interesting forms of prophecy. The self-educated man spends a large part of his life groping toward his destiny. And right here he may have a great advantage over the man who has become committed to a vocation too early in life, and feels that he must keep on, even if he has chosen wrong.

H. L. Skavlem, when he was a young man in a Wisconsin farming community, discovered that he liked to play billiards. The skill of eye and hand appealed to him. Amid the ruder employments of pioneer life, this fine touch and feeling for the weight of the ball, and the shrewd calculation of angles of incidence, gave him an outlet for something that was strong within him; and he became a confirmed billiard-player. It cost him little, because he was usually the victor; and so he could play as much as he liked. As he grew more skillful at the game, it dawned upon him that he was becoming too good. He was spending too much time at it; and it was getting hold of him. Suddenly, one day, he placed his cue in the rack and said, 'This is the end of it for me.' And it was.

As he tells this at the age of seventy-three, there is a glint in his eye which shows that the billiard cue is not really a thing of the past with him, but rather a passion long renounced. Billiards was his game.

In these retired-farmer towns of the Middle West, where farmers retire too soon and often without a shadow of excuse, it is the well-worn pack of cards that must bear the brunt of eking out the empty latter years. Some of them play all day, and come back to play in the evening; and when no opponent can be found, they play solitaire. To Skavlem, cards never made any appeal. The nature of the game bores him. In billiards, depending wholly upon skill, and appealing to a certain pride of workmanship, he found something that peculiarly fitted him.

Being a farm-boy by training, and having now a large city acquaintance, he was elected to the office of sheriff. With his taste for active employment among men, and a rugged physique derived from Norwegian ancestors, he was well selected for the position. Here one might expect him to go into politics, the office of sheriff being generally considered a long step in that direction. But he had no taste for the mere political side of his situation, its compromises and connivings appealing to him as little as did the game of cards. And so, having attended to the duties of the office, he stepped out without having paved the way to further preferment. Politics was not his line.

He had always been a hunter, and, as he grew older, he found himself with a settled taste for the out-of-doors. In the adjoining county is a lake, nine miles by four, which, as its feeding-grounds are especially attractive to the canvasback duck, has long been known as the Chesapeake of the West. Every autumn Skavlem was at the lake, gun in hand, consorting with hunters and making the outdoors his hobby. In the meantime, having an inquiring mind, he had been growing familiar with the scientific side of nature.

And along with this scientific bent he had a love of animals, which, as he had been raised on a farm, first manifested itself in his knowledge and understanding of horses. I was recently talking with him upon the subject of

histology, in which a mutual friend is much interested, and I asked him what he thought of the theory of curing human ailments by manipulation. 'Well,' he said, 'I have rubbed and kneaded too many horses into shape, and put them on their feet again, to be a complete skeptic regarding that method of cure.'

But it was the lake, and the out-of-doors, that really charmed and held him. Finally, twenty-three years ago, he built a cottage on its shore and made it his summer seat. And now, instead of merely hunting in the fall, he stayed there the greater part of the year. Thus, at the age of fifty, he reversed the programme of the average farmer. He retired from the city to the country.

Twenty-three years is a long time as human life goes — long enough for a man of parts to learn a profession and achieve eminence. What, then, became of Skavlem when he retired to the country and sat down on the shore of his Wisconsin lake?

For one thing, he became a botanist. The subject had always interested him as he came in practical contact with it, more especially the botany of water-plants. Finally, he produced his monograph on the *Potomageton pectinatus*, in which he held, contrary to the belief of all hunters and scientific writers, that the canvasback does not get its distinctive flavor from feeding on wild-celery buds. The government later issued a bulletin on the subject, setting forth evidence that reached the same conclusion; and, by an oversight, Skavlem, the pioneer, was not mentioned. A long time later, however, the editor, Emmaline Moore of the Department of Zoölogy and Botany of Vassar College, very graciously made amends. Having learned of his monograph and the date of it, she wrote him a letter acknowledging the oversight, and complimenting him, in 1915, upon work that he had done in 1904. Many elusive circumstances, partly botanical and partly due to the anatomy of the duck, had misled observers and perpetuated in science what was mere tradition and hearsay. 'Skepticism, at least in science,' says Skavlem, 'is the basis of human progress.'

But it was in ornithology, more than in botany, that Skavlem found himself truly at home. The largest collection of native birds in Wisconsin is the work of his hand. Having completed it and put it in order, he presented it to the city of Janesville. He humorously describes himself as 'an old-fashioned naturalist — one that knows a little of everything and not much of anything.' But the Curator of the State Historical Society at Madison, and bird-lovers generally, take him more seriously than that. He is the 'John Burroughs of Wisconsin.' This is a good description of him, both as to personality and as to his attitude toward nature in general; though he has a craggy brow, which is more like that of Bryant.

Unlike Burroughs, however, he has little inclination to write. The State Historical Society has recently been urging him to write some articles upon the making of stone implements, but so far with no success. The nature-lover in him tells him to write; the pure scientist — whose respect is all for the thoroughgoing and accurate — tells him not to do so. He confided to me that a scientist is on the downward path when he starts writing 'just to please people.' Such is the literary philosophy of Skavlem.

But there is, I think, a deeper reason why he does not write. He takes it out in first-hand contact — the pleasures of talk. His summer seat on the lake has become a Mecca for his friends — bird-lovers, geologists, hunters, and archæologists. It is the social instinct

that drives on your true writer. He is reaching out for people to share the world with. But when a man is so truly in love with Nature that she is her own reward, and when this brings a man just the human contact he needs, he is likely to put off the labors of the pen. Like Socrates and Diogenes and Coleridge, he gathers his disciples about him. One might wonder, sometimes, why Christ did not write.

There is a temptation to philosophize here; but we began with billiards, and the discerning reader always expects a writer to draw his observations to a point. We have no doubt raised the query, What has billiards to do with the career of a naturalist? And by this time we have anticipated ourselves so much, that there is scarcely an opportunity to point out the trend of Skavlem's predilection for manual skill.

It was this that made him known as an archæologist. The piece of land he bought on the lake was on the site of Carcajou, an Indian village rich in aboriginal remains. He found here much to interest him. And this, together with his growing acquaintance among the archæologists of the state, turned his mind strongly toward the problems of the Stone Age. He went behind the flint implements, and the experiments in using them, to the art of making them. And in the interest of pure science, he resolved to start life all over again, beginning with a bone. To members of the State Archæological Society, and to certain professors at the University, he is known for his remarkable control of the 'conchoidal fracture.' In the more practical view of the Chippewa Indians, he is the arrow-maker.

# THREE WORDS

BY JEAN KENYON MACKENZIE

## I

### THE HOST

MBITA GAMBALA'S name of friendship is Mimfenda, and I am to call him that. Always, when I visit his women, I drop in to see Mbita; then I try to remember that I am to call him Mimfenda. This little ceremonial of friendship pleases the old man, who is friendly. And because he is friendly, he remembers and I remember one of those embarrassing moments when the things of religion conflicted with the things of friendship.

There was Mbita sitting at a door of his palaver house; and there beside him, on a grass mat, is a recumbent wife; and there, between the two of them, a great pot of boiled plantains still steaming, golden in the pot. I come in out of the middle of the day, so excessive in the clearing that is Mbita's village. I sit down in the shade of the thatch, and am politely silent for an interval, after which I politely address Mimfenda. I tell him the news of my village. I am impeccable and he is impeccable. And I say I am hungry.

Many a Bene friend of mine has been pleased to hear this admission — looking at me quizzically and taking account of human frailties that reduce the white woman to be eating out of the clay pot, like another. 'The wind that shakes one little leaf of the tree troubles all the leaves of the forest.' I beg Mbita for a plantain out of his pot, being truly hungry, and thinking to please him. And suddenly all the elements in that palaver house are violently displaced. Like the pieces of glass in a kaleidoscope, they suddenly and violently fall into a new combination. I feel the agitations of that process of displacement all about me, and am confused. In that confusion I hear the voice of Mbita's wife, and she is begging me to desist — she has risen and is making gestures. Poor old Mbita, whose name of friendship is Mimfenda, is begging the white woman not to eat out of his kettle. He looks quite stricken. And I do assure you that we all shudder — the wind that blows on one blows on all.

Mbita, it seems, was tied by his mother never to eat with a woman. Needless to say, he has never broken this taboo. And needless to say, there has never been a woman to menace him after the fashion that I have so recklessly devised. With alacrity I withdraw. This is a faux pas of a most serious sort — the white woman leaping off into the dark and dragging the poor old headman of the village with her. These are the perils, the truly dreadful perils, of indiscriminate contacts. Mbita's wife, long after she is satisfied that we are safe, continues to breathe quickly, looking at me with a wary and scornful eye. But Mbita himself, whose manners are instinctive, patches up, with his presence of a stricken dignity, the shattered peace of his palaver house. The tide of darkness ebbs away. Only there remains the embarrassment of the negation of hospitality. And while I am explaining to Mbita that there will be a pot on every fire in the hut of every woman of his village, and that I may have a boiled plantain out of every one of these and so grow fat on the hospitality of his village, without breaking any of his personal taboos, there comes an inspiration to Mbita.

There is a carrier walking with his shadow down the clearing of the village. We see the load on his back and the legs of him beneath the load. He walks in the centre of the clearing, having no friends in any of the little huts, and not calling out any salutations by the way.

Mbita suddenly shouts to him. 'Ah mo!' he cries out, and we see the carrier pause. He waits there in the sunlight, not turning himself about; asking himself, I suppose, Now what are they going to put upon me, and what accusation of stealing or other misdemeanor have they devised against me in this village of Bene strangers! And he stands still at the voice from the palaver house. 'Ah mo! Ah, friend!' cries Mbita. 'Are n't you hungry?'

The carrier is still there. What a silly question — is n't he hungry! And why would n't he be hungry? What would he be eating in this country of strangers? And Mbita says to him, —

'Come eat my food that is here in my palaver house, you who are a guest in my village!'

I see the carrier turn about; there is front view of him plastered up against the load on his back. He is making good time up the hill now, the two legs of him speeding to the feast. He is a most surprised carrier. And I go away from a placated Mimfenda, who has demonstrated to the dullest of white people that he is a truly hospitable person, once you have made place for his religious convictions.

## II

### THE AUTHOR

Ela, I tell myself, is no longer a lad. I suppose, I tell myself, he is a considerable person in his own town. I reiterate these things because I cannot quite believe them, having known Ela since he was 'no bigger than an eyelash,' when he was an unimportant member of my household. Often since then he has visited me, but this is my first visit to his village, which is on a bypath.

He meets me at the crossroads. He is as high-strung as ever; the same tooth is missing, the same dimple flickers, the same agitations of friendly solicitude beat upon me. He is as ever a gossip, ironic, and overbearing in his manner. And he has at last a little inadequate beard.

Nothing in his town is too good for me, be sure of that. As a matter of fact, it is a shabby town, corrupted by Ela's lack of order; but such as it is, it is mine. He clamors for small boys, who rush to serve us. The fire-logs are carried smoking from Ela's hut; there is a great worrying of dust in that dim interior. My cot is disposed according to his order, with loud agitations — he remembers exactly how it must be done, and tells me so. He recognizes happily whatever is old of my belongings. If I try to tell him any wish of mine, he is impatient, and will not be instructed because he remembers — he remembers forever and never will forget — exactly my custom and my every wish. He hangs his little perverted mirror low on the wall near where I am to sit — and I am to sit where he has imagined me to be sitting. He wants to cut a hole in the bark of his wall, so that, when I sit there, I may look out at his grass-grown street. I am to eat at his crooked table. And I am halfway through with my supper when he discovers his cap on the table. 'This is a horror!' cries Ela, and flings it into a limbo in a corner.

His townspeople, harried by his anxious hospitality, have cooked my food, and he serves it in fine dishes — some of them borrowed, I know. Ela is terribly impecunious, that is evident. He wants to cook me a chicken, but has none of his own, and his neighbors will not trust him. I know this when little panting runners come from here and there to say, —

'He won't!'

'He does not want to!'

'He says no!'

A man calls him from the street, on I don't know what business. And Ela says, 'Put your head in the door!'

The man looks in, is stunned by the vision of me — struck dumb.

'Is this a time?' asks Ela, 'What will you be saying now?'

'Ah, no!' says the man, all cowed.

The supper served in grand dishes, the meeting by lantern-light in the shabby palaver house — neither of these is the core of my visit to Ela's town. Ela's book is that.

He has written a book for me: it is a history of the Bulu people. And he will read it to me, now that every one else — encouraged by himself to do so — has gone to bed. At last we are to get down to business. He tips the lantern and shakes it about to ensure its lasting for hours. I observe these precautions with the greatest interest, and exactly the feeling you have had yourself when your own author settled down for a night.

He begins to read, and I understand at once that I am not to be passive, nothing like that. His subject is subdivided and he drills me in the subdivisions. He says, —

'We will remember the things of men and the things of women, and we

will remember them separately. First as to men: the child is born; he has arrived; you see him, but what has he done? Up to this time he has done nothing! Watch his first doing!'

After which introduction he proceeds with the history of the Bulu people. His manner is momentous and severe. Laughter is in my heart like wine. And I am sleepy. The doings of the Bulu people are a kind of rumor, a humming of bees about a river-crossing, — the crossing of rivers is the core of their history, — until Ela is born. The whole tenor of history is altered at this point, you feel it. The famines are more severe, and the huntings more exciting, and the conduct of headmen more significant. Even the white man appears upon the scene shortly after Ela is born. Everything takes a turn, either for the better or the worse.

And yet, in spite of adventures and misadventures, and Ela fixing you with an eye when an eye can be spared — you wander. Is this history muddled, or are you?

'I must read it myself,' you beg Ela; and to leave it with you.

'You will be unable to read it,' says the Author; 'I make it better when I read it. Please let me finish it!'

But no, you must read it yourself — not now, some other time. And Ela must write it more clearly, after you have left the village. Then you will have a writing of it all your own. That will be better.

Ela does not think it will be better, but you tell him good-night. He hates to leave his dusty little cabin and the lantern and the company of the friend for whom he has written the history of the Bulu people. But he picks up his cap from the little heap of his belongings, and goes out. Soon it will be morning, and well he knows how white people rush away in the morning.

The visit is as good as over.

## III

### THE PREACHER

It was so early when we broke camp on this morning that we did not have prayers. And as it is not conceivable that we should journey all day without prayers, we stop where we are on the trail to have them. Only yesterday Se Menge, who carries the forward end of my hammock pole, was seen to wince, as if he had stepped on a thorn; and he said, when I asked him why, that he had just remembered he had forgotten, the night before, to say his prayers. To obviate sudden pangs of the sort, we pray. We are on the steep ascent of Mpikiliki hill, thrust up into the morning; the stars are paling when we close our eyes, they are gone when we open them; and many carriers have joined our little caravan to pray with us. Like ourselves, they have chosen to mount Mpikiliki in the silver hour; they are returning from a trading expedition to the beach, and they lean a little forward from the weight of the trade goods they carry in their shoulder-yokes. The bulk of their loads, extending above their heads, makes a permanent background for their mutable faces. Some of them are our friends, and one of them is Bwamba.

Bwamba, being an Ngumba, is not so good-looking as the Bulu in whose company he is walking; but he wears trousers, and so is distinguished. He has been, it seems, in jail. And when I regret this, — as it is a friend's part to do, — Bwamba says that it was quite all right; not a thing to be regretted, rather the contrary. And the way of it was this:—

Bwamba carried a load of rubber to the beach. He wore his trousers, and the receipt for his head-tax was in the pocket of them, where he could put his hand on it if he were subject to inspec-

tion. When he came to the beach and had delivered his rubber, he went into the sea, leaving his trousers hidden among the rocks. Along comes a black policeman in his khaki uniform, his club in hand, and he sees Bwamba in the water.

'Hi! you!' he cries; 'and where is your tax-receipt?'

Bwamba tells him that he has a pair of trousers and the tax-receipt is in the pocket of them. But the policeman scorns the idea — there is nothing about Bwamba to carry out the pretension of trousers; the policeman, uniform and all, goes out into the sea and arrests the pretender. He will hear nothing of trousers, and together they go to the prison at Kribi.

I make out that solitary confinement is not the policy of the Kribi prison. Whatever your crime may have been, you will find a brother to it there; and if you are a tax-evader, you are legion. It is a matter of luck — but bad luck, indeed. Thrust into the prison of Kribi, you languish and long to go home. You implore every prisoner whose term has ended to pass by your village, and to summon your friends to redeem you. You hear the alien sound of the sea, and you pine for the forest.

Well, the sun was in the middle when the policeman cast Bwamba into that place of many longings. I suppose he saw some friends of his there, but the most of them were strangers. And he asked them did they want to hear 'five words of the Word of God.' They said, certainly yes. So he preached to them for some time, until there was a hand at the door — and there was the policeman with the trousers, and the tax-receipt in the pocket of them. So that was all right. Bwamba put them on, and was immediately most distinguished. And the prisoners grieved to see him go.

The sun was going down when he came out into the air — and by this you may judge how long a sermon they endure in the prison of Kribi. Bwamba did not loiter in that beach settlement; rather he struck off into the forest. And he thought to himself, he tells me, 'Now, that going into the prison was a good going — like the imprisonments of Paul. Ah, Matyenda, for the purpose of telling the Good News I was cast into prison! And when I had done preaching — there was the policeman at the door — like the Angel!'

Having said our prayers, according to custom, and having heard of a miracle, as we cannot hope to do every day, we go our ways. And when we meet a policeman, — as we most certainly do in these days of the collection of taxes, — we produce, with the utmost agitation, from the wallet at our belts, or the fold of our loin-cloths, the little envelopes of banana leaf in which the most of us carry our tax-receipts. Our fingers tremble as we open these, and our eyes beseech the policeman to be patient. 'Just wait,' — we tell him, — 'it is here — it is certainly here!'

As for Bwamba, and his angel policeman — let it be as he himself has said.

# LABOR AS BANKER

BY GEORGE SOULE

WILL the entrance of labor organizations into banking convert unions into capitalists, or will it convert capitalism into something different, something more in accord with the aspirations of labor?

Numerous conservative bankers exhibit a somewhat surprising hospitality to their new competitors. Sincere friends of labor have interpreted this hospitality to mean that bankers are not loath to welcome labor into a field where it is likely to fail, with disastrous consequences to the unions. But the motive of the bankers is probably more ingenuous than that. Some of them may anticipate the collapse of the new enterprise, but their uppermost thought seems to be that, once the unions engage in practical banking, they will understand the financial structure of the country better, and that as a result they will become less 'radical' and will not direct against the banker so much hostile criticism based on lack of experience. It is the same motive which prompts the laborer to say that he wishes the lawyers who direct the policy of his steel company would spend a few weeks in front of the furnaces before refusing to deal with the union about working-hours. If any considerable part of the wage-earner's money becomes involved in successful banking, he may act more like a banker than he sometimes does now. He may be less likely to interrupt industry with strikes, or to attempt to gain concessions which injure the interests of capital — so hopes the bank president.

The other alternative of the introductory question is suggested by the theories of certain radical economists who believe that the control of credit is a crucial control in the modern economic process. Very few business houses, and almost no industries, can operate without going to the banker for loans. Even capital issues for expansion or for new enterprises are, at least in the flotation stage, largely dependent upon his favor. The man who decides where the money shall go, who shall have it, and what he shall use it for, virtually decides what sort of industrial order we shall have — according to these radical theorists. A large part of the income and savings of the country is the property of the wage-earners, yet these people allow their money and the credit power arising from it to be manipulated by representatives of another class, rather than by their own representatives.

Of course, it is recognized that most bankers do not appreciate the full possibilities of the control which, it is thought, lies in their hands. It is understood that the usual banker is wondering how he can get the largest interest-return consistent with safety and the banking laws. But supposing the banking function were exercised by representatives of millions of depositors rather than in the interest of the limited number who make a profit in the business of loaning other people's money, would it not be possible to direct the productive forces of the nation in such a way as to bring greater welfare to a

greater number? Would not essential industries be encouraged if necessary at the expense of the luxury industries which serve only the well-to-do? Should we be manufacturing high-power pleasure-cars, for instance, while the farmers were unable to finance the marketing of their grain and the unemployed were starving in the cities? Persons who are conscious of such anomalies, which frequently appear in our civilization, and who believe that the control of credit is the lever by which the economic world might be moved, look with keen interest upon the entrance of labor into banking.

Aside from such theories, there are the opinions naturally arising from the experience of certain groups in practical situations. When a railroad property is wrecked by bad financial management, and the 'insiders' fleece the 'outsiders' in a manner familiar to students of American financial history, the banker is often blamed. A common complaint is that the railroads are managed in the interests of the bankers rather than of the investors or the public. It is frequently said that in the growing concentration of the financial system, in the web of interlocking directorates of great banks, railroads, and industrial corporations, the banker is the spider in the centre who weaves his trap for the unwary common man. Many farmers, who were caught in the recent price-deflation with insufficient liquid capital, and who either were unable to negotiate loans to save their properties, or were obliged to pay high rates of interest, believe that the deflation was deliberately brought about and intensified by capitalist interests influential with the Federal Reserve Board. Organized labor, suffering from unemployment and wage-reductions, was inclined to share this belief. In addition, labor leaders felt that the campaign against unionism which accompanied the depression was a plot deliberately encouraged by great financial powers, and was in many cases forced upon reluctant employers by the banks. Just enough evidence cropped up here and there to give color to these views. Most 'plots' are delusions, and if analyzed on the basis of fact, would dissolve into unconscious tendencies or natural concurrences of like results from like causes. But the fact remains that the bankers and the great corporations suffered less from the depression than labor and the farmers, and the fact remains that labor and the farmers had less influence over banking policy than the centres of wealth. It is only reasonable to expect that, if the control of the banking function were broadened, whatever power it has over such situations might be differently utilized.

The labor banking-movement is growing rapidly enough for us to have before long a chance to test at least some of these expectations. There are now no less than eleven banks in various sections of the United States, a controlling interest in which is owned by labor organizations or their members. Their combined resources amount to many millions. About ten more banks of the kind are definitely projected. The Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers Coöperative National Bank in Cleveland is said to have received requests for advice on the possible establishment of labor banks in no less than sixty-two cities in thirty-two states. This institution, established in 1920 with a capital stock of $1,000,000, now has resources of twenty millions. The first labor bank to be established was the Mt. Vernon Savings Bank in Washington, D. C., in which the International Association of Machinists and its members own a controlling interest. Its paid-in capital is $160,000; but from this modest beginning its resources have grown to

over $2,700,000. In 1922 the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America opened the Amalgamated Trust and Savings Bank in Chicago, receiving deposits of almost a million and a half dollars in its first nine months.

Labor banks have been opened in the far West, in the South, and in other sections. No less than four labor banks are now in process of establishment in New York City, each of them to have branches in the various boroughs. The first of these to open was a second bank owned by the Amalgamated Clothing Workers. Another, with a million dollars' capital, to be known as the Federation Trust Company, is sponsored by the Central Trades and Labor Council of the city. The Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers has bought an interest in the Empire Trust Company, and expects to open a bank of its own besides. The fourth project is that of the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union.

Not all these banks are organized in the same way or are following precisely the same policies. But there is general agreement upon certain essentials. In virtually all cases either the central organization of the union, or a group of its members, or both, own a majority of the stock. In almost all cases the Board of Directors contains, in addition to union representatives, practical business men who combine knowledge of the business world and of banking with sympathy for the union point of view. In all cases the salaried officers and staff consist of trained bankers.

Most of the banks are organized with at least some concessions to the principles of Rochdale consumers' coöperation. Dividends to stockholders are limited, in most cases, to about ten per cent; profits above this are shared with the depositors. It has been the policy to attract as wide a circle of depositors as possible, and in few if any of the banks are a majority of the depositors members of the controlling organization. The special inducements to small depositors mark the first break with tradition in the practice of the new banks. This is a shrewd policy for numerous reasons. In the first place, it is good advertising, and is calculated to attract a large volume of deposits within a short time. In the second place, it increases the factor of safety, by avoiding the possible danger of placing the bank at the mercy of a few large depositors, who might be caught in adverse commercial currents or might wish deliberately to injure it. In the third place, it relieves the bank of the peril which might otherwise appear in case it were necessary suddenly to withdraw the funds of the union or its members for use in a strike or lockout.

Aside from the theories about labor banking, it is enlightening to look into the immediate causes which prompted unions to enter upon these enterprises. Too often the person who has not known the union movement at short range thinks of it as a mass of untutored workingmen under the control of unstable or even vicious 'agitators.' As a matter of fact, most of the higher union officials are extremely able, practical men, who are entrusted with the duties of daily administration in a large organization which frequently combines the activities of an insurance company, a publishing concern, an organizing staff, and other businesses aside from the peculiar trade-union functions of representation and negotiation in active disputes. These men are accustomed to handling, for their organizations, large sums of money, and are as familiar with banking processes as the average business executive. The advantage of owning one's own depositary is just as obvious to them as it has been to the heads of large industrial corporations who have acquired control

of banks in the past. Why should a national labor union, regularly depositing some hundreds of thousands of dollars, allow its balance to be in the hands of men who might, and sometimes do, aid employers who are hostile to the union? Why should not this money be put to work in ways which would be of help to the members of the organization? With this balance as a nucleus, could not the confidence of the man with a small income be so enlisted as to tap entirely new fields of savings which the purely commercial banks have not attracted?

Rapid as is the growth of the labor banks, they cannot for a long time, if ever, achieve a sufficient control of credit to accomplish any of the more ambitious aims which may theoretically be possible. For the time being they must nourish their growth within the industrial and financial system as it is; they are subject to the banking laws; they must, if they are to compete with other banks, practise banking based upon an order which permits the profitable and safe investment of capital. Only as they can, little by little, seize upon and put into effect principles which may modify the present structure in detail, principles which offer even a sounder development than is attained by the noncoöperative banks, can they prosper and grow.

One of these principles is the cooperative plan of sharing profits with depositors. Another is what a private banker would call extreme conservatism in loaning-policy. The labor banks are not likely to be parties to speculative ventures in private interest; they are not likely to look for profits at the expense of safety. The tendency, as so far developed, is to lean over backward in refusing loans for business enterprises where there may be a risk, and on the other hand, to purchase the safest of bonds, and issue notes only on the highest security. Since the stockholders are not looking for large profits, but rather for safety and the opportunity for service, the temptations of the more commercial banker are reduced. The result of such a policy is naturally to encourage stability in industry and to turn the investors' money into channels where the larger profits are not realized.

Another possibility of a similar nature is the exercise of the labor banker's influence for the stabilization of prices. It is a commonplace of post-war economics that booms and depressions, with their accompanying fluctuations of prices and the cost of living, may be either accentuated or minimized by banking policy. 'Inflation' takes place when loans are extended too freely on a rising market, and the volume of credit and currency expands more rapidly than the actual production and exchange of goods. This leads to speculation, to duplication of orders, to prices out of line with purchasing power, and so to an eventual collapse of demand and production — to a depression. The depression may in turn be increased and prolonged by too restricted credit. No economic group suffers more than the wage-earning class from violent fluctuations of this sort. They lose on the up-swing by a cost of living which rises faster than wage-rates, and on the down-swing by unemployment, reduced bargaining-power, and wage reductions. The policy of labor bankers, who are coming to understand this principle, is likely therefore to be one of restricting loans, raising rates, and discouraging too rapid expansion when a boom is in prospect, and as easy a credit extension as is consistent with safety after a depression has set in. Whatever influence they may have with the Federal Reserve Board is likely to be directed to stabilization of credit and currency

by all available means, especially by a well-calculated rediscount policy.

Naturally the labor banks will be interested in the labor policy of the business enterprises to which they loan or in which they invest. They will be quick to detect the financial insecurity which is likely to accompany hostility to organized labor, and will favor those establishments which have by an enlightened policy insured themselves against aggravated labor-trouble. They certainly will not lend money to any employer who is wasting his resources on detective agencies and an anti-union war-chest. On the other hand, the employer whose policy is approved by organized labor will be made more secure by any financial interest which labor's banks may take in his business. In this respect the loaning policy of the labor banks is probably sounder than that of the ordinary commercial money-lender.

It is probable also that the labor banks will develop funds for many non-commercial enterprises which have a wide basis of safety, but do not offer a large enough prospect of profit to attract money in a competitive market. Coöperative housing, for instance, is sorely needed in industrial centres, but it is an enterprise which can be undertaken to best advantage only on a large scale. The coöperators cannot themselves, as a rule, finance a large-scale operation — there is needed the reservoir of credit and of managerial ability to start the development in a proper way. Here is a tremendous field for the labor bank. There are possible numerous types of insurance benefiting wage-earners, which the banks may encourage. Credit unions offering small personal loans on personal security are capable of more development. Other coöperative undertakings, established on a sound basis, will naturally make use of the labor banks.

Last of all, there may arise the opportunity to encourage new types of industrial enterprise. It will be remembered that the British Building Guild was financed by the Coöperative Wholesale Bank. Naturally the labor banks will be cautious in floating experiments in coöperative production, in view of the many failures of this form of organization; but the possibility remains, and may look larger as time goes on. It seems probable, at least, that there will arise sound projects of democratic industrial enterprise which will need credit, and that the labor banks will furnish a more ready response to this need than could be found if they did not exist.

The result, then, of the establishment of labor banking may well give an affirmative answer to both the questions of the first paragraph. To be sure, labor banks will not and cannot suddenly overturn the present order, and, on the other hand, they will certainly fail if they so far desert the natural aspirations of the labor movement as to adopt completely the capitalist point of view as it is now understood. Yet, by using their influence on capital within a capitalist world, they may, if wisely administered, tend to modify the policy of other banks, and may start new currents of activity which will broaden out eventually to embody many of the aspirations of labor. While this process is going on, labor itself will learn much about the economic process, and will be induced to build solidly with the long future in view. All this depends, of course, on the imagination and ability of the men in control. Mistaken policies would lead to disaster in this endeavor. The chief limitation of the movement at present is the difficulty of finding enough practical executives with the necessary sympathy and vision.

# THE CANADIAN TYPE

BY RAMSAY TRAQUAIR

## I

CANADA is a nation. It is true that a few of her public men feel impelled to deny this from time to time; but these denials are intended only as spurs to urge Canada to more emphatic nationhood. Canada has long ago made up her mind that she is a nation.

Now the only workable definition of a nation is that it is any body of people who have made up their minds to be a nation. They do not need to be of the same race, as witness the United States or Great Britain; they do not need to speak the same language, as witness Switzerland; they do not even need to live in the same country, as witness the Jews. They only need to have made up their minds about it. Canada has made up her mind and, despite legal hair-splitting as to whether she is a 'sovereign nation,' or what not, Canada is a nation.

Canada is also very certain that she is a successful nation and, in general, on the right path. Rusty reactionaries or Red revolutionaries may trouble other less happy lands; the constitution of Canada, or rather the various acts of Parliament which serve for a constitution, is as near perfection as may be; on the whole it is even a little better than that of her nearest neighbor. So Canada is a nation, and this is, I suppose, the first step toward having a national type. Now let us go and look for a Canadian.

Every real nation has a type, if it is only for the comfort of the foreigner and the benefit of the humorous press. The type is, indeed, often unrecognizable to the native, but it is there. It is a *précis* of the points in which the nation differs from its neighbors. It is often wild, it is usually unflattering, but it must have a foundation in fact.

John Bull, for instance, stands for something in the English character, and there are John Bulls in England. He does not stand for the whole character, but only for those little bits, easily recognizable, which make the Englishman different from the Frenchman or the Italian. He exhibits what his friends call 'determination' and his enemies 'pig-headed stupidity.' He is plainly a farmer, and, industrial though England now is, at the time the type was formed, the English gentleman was a farmer. To a large extent he still is.

There are 'Sandys' in Scotland, 'Heinrichs' in Germany, gentlemen with pointed moustaches and hair *à la brosse* in France; they are rare, no doubt, but they do exist and justify our caricaturists. But what is Johnny Canuck like?

For him the Canadian cartoonist has produced a singularly colorless type — a gentlemanly but resolute personage in riding-breeches, leggings, and scout hat. He appears to be an idealized farmer of the prairies, but has so little real character that he must be labeled 'Canada' on his hat-band. Compared with that virile personage, Uncle Sam,

he is simply 'not there,' for no one ever needed a label on Uncle Sam. It is hard to see ourselves as others see us, and I am afraid that it will be a long time before the Canadian artist or the Canadian people produce anything better; but, if the Canadians do not, someone else will and the results may be less flattering.

Uncle Sam is, I believe, of home manufacture, and he is a credit to his creators. He must be as rare in the flesh as John Bull. His main characteristics, his height and rugged bony build, are possibly derived from Abraham Lincoln. To the student of races he is a Celt, and his type is still to be found in plenty in the more Celtic parts of Great Britain — in the north of England and in the lowlands of Scotland. He is the old historic Celt, to be distinguished from the wrongly called Celt of the Scottish Highlands and the west of Ireland. Possibly his type was once commoner in the United States than it is to-day; and I think that I have heard that he is the idealized New England farmer. In this case it is highly significant that he corresponds to John Bull, the English farmer. The English-speaking races live close to the soil; their types are country-dwellers even in an era of city-dwelling industrials. In Canada, too, the real type is a countryman.

Canada, however, has not publicly formed a type, for she is not yet conscious of one. You will hear of 'a fine type of Canadian manhood,' but this only means a good-looking, well-built boy (for Canada must of course be young), the kind of boy whom one might meet in any English-speaking land. Yet, to the sympathetic foreigner, Canadians do show distinctive traits: they are not Americans, they are certainly not English, and they are not a blend. I am told that to the American they appear slightly English, to the Briton they certainly appear slightly American; but they are distinct. The American or the Britisher in our midst is easily distinguished.

We lie culturally between the United States and England, and have, of course, a number of delocalized individuals who have, by accident or deliberately, adopted the traits of their neighbors. They may incline either to the American or to the English side, and are often impossible to place. But it is not from such that a national type can be formed; Canada merely happens to have more of them than most other countries. They are agreeable people, but nationally uninteresting.

The most serious difficulty in judging a national type is that we can see only what we are not accustomed to. We see differences, and so we judge a nation solely by the points in which it differs from our own. Its resemblances strike us as merely human, the common inheritance of all men. The Canadian must accordingly appear somewhat different to an American from what he appears to an Englishman. This national factor cannot possibly be avoided, and must be allowed for by the reader. So it is only fair to state here that these remarks are the views of a Scotsman resident in Canada, who is proud to regard Canada as his adopted country.

Now, one of the first points which strike the newcomer is the conservatism of Canada. This applies to all Canadians, French and English; they are all — in the mass — conservative. Canadian politicians are divided into the two traditional parties of English politics, the Conservatives and the Liberals. By tradition the Conservatives are, as the name shows, the party of *laissez-faire*, the opponents of change, the 'go-slows.' The Liberals are the party of change, the 'go-quicks.' But, to anyone accustomed to the strong differences of principle which

characterize European politics, both parties in Canada are conservative of the conservative. There is no party of change at all.

The Province of Nova Scotia, for instance, has had a 'Liberal' government for, I believe, thirty-six consecutive years. During those thirty-six years no very violent changes or reforms have been carried out — only the 'Conservative' party has got weaker and weaker. No reforming party has ever arisen, simply because nobody wants any change. The citizens go on voting Liberal because they are conservative.

Quebec, one of the most conservative countries in the world, has had a Liberal government for twenty-five years. Is Quebec meditating reform or change? No! no! The Liberalism of her fathers is good enough for Quebec. Recently in one of the Quebec provincial elections a young politician, rising to address a meeting, was greeted by cries of 'Judas!' His father had been a Conservative, and he was speaking on the Liberal side. Or was it the other way about? At any rate the electors regarded politics as hereditary.

Canada is, in fact, conservative through and through. The British Liberal party would be regarded as rash revolutionaries here, for there is in Canada no considerable party which contemplates change. This has nothing to do with the question whether change is desirable or not; it is a national condition of mind. France, for instance, would have a radical party in parliament if she were under direct celestial government, simply because there will always be a certain number of Frenchmen whose minds desire change. The same is true of most European countries; but it is not true of Canada. This argues, first, stability and, secondly, comfort. I think that both are characteristic. Canada is socially and economically very stable, and Canadians on the whole live very comfortably. Indeed, there can be very few lands where a competent man trained to any calling (except an artistic one) can more easily earn a competence. When we are comfortable, all is for the best; so we suppress any radical inclinations we may have, and turn conservative. Yet sometimes one wonders whether it would not be a good thing to expose the weak points in our civilization to more and freer criticism. Our most extreme 'progressives' are very mild people indeed, and Canadian life would be all the stronger for a few more active radicals.

## II

We have seen that the typical 'Canuck' of the cartoons is the prairie farmer. But the prairies have been settled for only some forty years, and the prairie-born population is still small and young. It has been averred that no one is born in the prairies who can avoid it and that no one dies there who can get out in time. In this there is just a grain of truth. People come to the prairies in youth, and retire to Montreal or Victoria in old age. It is not to the prairies that we must look for a type of Canada; rather to the old Upper and Lower Canada, Quebec and the Maritime Provinces.

In Quebec live the oldest and most purely Canadian people of the Dominion. Henry Drummond interpreted the French Canadian from the English viewpoint; and recently a Frenchman, M. Hémon, in his masterpiece, *Maria Chapdelaine*, gave a most sympathetic picture of French-Canadian life.

French Quebec is a pastoral and self-supporting community, of a type which is getting rarer with each generation. The French Canadian lives a life set apart by religion, by language, and by

manner of living. Revolutions may overwhelm the outside world, industry may die, and capitalism may be shattered; the habitant would alter his life and his habits very little. His religion is a simple faith, rather out of fashion elsewhere, but he believes it.

The habitant is, indeed, the true Canadian, for he has no other country. One hundred and sixty years ago he was torn from his motherland; since then he has been under the protection of a flag whose traditions are not his: he can know no country but Canada.

There seems to be something in the wild life of the woods which appeals particularly to the French temperament. The English settler prefers more open ground; he is perhaps more successful economically. But, far out in the farthest settlements, far from the railroad, in the depths of the woods, you will find a French habitant breaking new ground and fighting again with Nature face to face. He can make his home in the woods. To him its vague tracks and trails mean far more than the pavements of the city. Indeed, he sometimes seems to look on the city as a kind of forest, to be conquered in the same way. A guide who had been called into Montreal by business was asked if he could find his way back alone to the railroad station. Surely he could. But was he quite sure? Of course he was: 'I blazed the trail on the way down.' And indeed each electric wire-post from station to house was marked by a neat chip.

One must not seek the Canadian types in the cities. Their population is mixed and unassimilated as in the United States, though Canada has not received the same mass of 'alien' city-dwellers as the United States. But Canadian and American cities are very much alike, and one is sometimes inclined to the idea that there is a difference in blood, which makes some of our population take readily to industrial and city life while others remain unconverted country-dwellers. That curious heavy-jawed, fleshy, whitish person, who is too easily identified with the United States, is here, too. He is a city type, the result of over-feeding and under-thinking, one of the penalties paid for material success. But you will not meet him in the little country towns of Ontario or Nova Scotia, where man still struggles with the soil.

English-speaking Canada before the opening-up of the prairies included part of Quebec, Ontario, and the Maritime Provinces. It received a large part of its population in two waves. The first came at the close of the American War of Independence, when the Loyalists were driven into a scantily populated Canada. The second followed close after, an emigration of Scottish Highlanders in the end of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth century. These two settlements determined the national character of English Canada.

The injury done to the United States by the loss of some seventy thousand citizens whose only fault was loyalty is now generally acknowledged. Their arrival advanced Canada a long step toward responsible nationhood. Many of them were men of education, judgment, and experience in public affairs. Thousands of them found homes in Nova Scotia and Ontario, and the present Province of New Brunswick owes its existence to the Loyalists. In 1783 nearly twelve thousand arrived at St. John, 'the Loyalist city,' where, since then, May 18 has been celebrated as 'the landing of the Loyalists.'

Of those who settled in Ontario about one half were Scottish Highlanders who had been for so short a time in America that they had not yet learned to speak English. They had originally intended to settle near New

York; but they migrated to Glengarry, where they still to some extent preserve their Gaelic tongue.

The Highland Scot was no new settler in Canada. After the English conquest, many Highland regiments had been disbanded in Quebec and had settled down among the French population. To-day some districts of Quebec are full of Frasers who speak only French; and during the recent war the Highland regiment of Montreal received as recruits French-speaking Macdonalds who traced their descent to a Scottish soldier.

The Highlander made an excellent settler. Largely drawn from the bare western coasts and islands of Scotland, he was well accustomed to struggle with a severe climate and a poor soil. Even the barren shores of Nova Scotia were not more barren than those he had left; in the valleys he found land better than any in the north of Scotland.

In Nova Scotia and Cape Breton the Highlander still maintains his nationality. The only Scottish Gaelic newspaper is published in Cape Breton; and there the children still learn the language of their ancestors and sing the songs which are in danger of being forgotten in the old land. Bring two Cape Breton men together and in half an hour they will be deep in the intricacies of kith and kin; for the Highlander is ever a genealogist. In the Annapolis Valley and in New Brunswick, English stock predominates; but the north and east of the Maritime Provinces are predominantly Scottish.

Indeed a Scot may justifiably be proud of the part which his countrymen took in the building of Canada, for they appear in rather unexpected places. At the surrender of Quebec to the English, the keys of the fortress were delivered by a Franco-Scot, Major de Ramezay, to a Scot, General Murray. The battle which decided that surrender was fought on the Plains of Abraham, named after Abraham Martin, 'dit l' Écossais.'

But, to return to the Maritime Provinces — at the beginning of the nineteenth century hopes here ran high. It seemed natural that the traffic of Europe should come to the nearest ports, and many little towns still possess plans for great squares and spacious docks which never passed beyond paper. Traffic preferred the long water-route up the St. Lawrence, and Nova Scotia became a backwater. She still sees the traffic of Europe pass down to New York, but little of it stops at Halifax. She is too near Europe, too far from the United States. So to-day the population is not increasing, and the flood of the 'new immigration' has passed her by.

The typical 'bluenose' is the small farmer-fisherman, a handy man of many trades. He is independent in his ways and a little suspicious of strangers, among whom he includes 'Canadians.' Both from his New England and from his Scottish ancestors he has inherited a love of education, so that Nova Scotia is a land of schools and small universities. Except for the apple-lands of Annapolis, it is a comparatively poor country and, as its historians are proud to record, its greatest exports are men. The recent Prime Minister of Canada, Sir Robert Borden, came from Nova Scotia; the present Prime Minister of Great Britain came from New Brunswick; and the tale of distinguished men is long. The best type is energetic but reserved; for the 'bluenose' does not consider it necessary to be self-assertive.

The farmers are a pleasant folk to live among. Like the country-folk of New England, they are soft-spoken, courteous, and gentle in their manner, and kindly toward each other, as all people must be who have a long-settled

manner of life and a hard struggle with Nature. They are indeed isolated by position, as the habitant is isolated by intention; and in both cases it may be held that the isolation has had some good results. There is a great quality of humanity about their lives.

## III

Most visitors to the English parts of Eastern Canada are, I think, struck by its overwhelming 'Scotchness.' In Montreal, for instance, McGill University is a Scottish university, transplanted. It was founded by one Scot and largely built and endowed by another. Its head is a 'principal,' not a 'president.' On the hill above it stands the hospital, architecturally a copy of Edinburgh Infirmary, and with one of its largest wings recently built by another Scotsman. The same is true of Ontario. Eastern Canada, where it is not French, is Scottish. And the Scot is a peculiar animal. At home he is one of the most unpatriotic persons possible. He takes a delight in pretending that he is a 'North Briton.' He has even been known to assume a form of English accent. But take him away from home, and he immediately becomes a fervent patriot, discovers the date of St. Andrew's Day, and even eats haggis, a viand which he would never touch at home. [1]

The second or the third generation is even more Scottish than the first. I was recently introduced to a young man as a fellow countryman. I naturally asked when he had come out. He was born in Canada. When had his father come out? His father was born in Canada too, and his grandfather as well. Three generations makes quite an old Canadian family; but he was Scottish still.

To Canada the Scot has brought his logical and intellectual trend, his dour religion, his clannishness, and his lack of appreciation for art. He has also, I think, brought industry and that cautious habit of mind which refuses to be hurried into a decision. The stranger in Canada will receive a hospitable welcome, but, if he proposes to settle down and become a Canadian, he must be prepared for a period of probation. During this time he will be wise to hold as few opinions as possible, never to express even those, and to show in general little individuality. He will be tested carefully, and taken into friendship when found worthy. However, he will find the friendship worthy, too, and in later years will even be allowed considerable latitude in his views.

There is a reason for this attitude toward the stranger. We in Canada are forced to be on the defensive. Habitable Canada is after all a narrow strip, and from it seven million people look out on one hundred and five million along four thousand miles. That unarmed four thousand miles may be one of the object-lessons of civilization, but there is a never-ceasing attack across it — that most insidious attack, the attack of influence, of a bigger civilization than our own.

Nationality — and character too — is created by opposition. Canada's nationality was created by the United States and is still kept alive by them. Her independence of Great Britain has been assured for years, and she has no doubts on that score; but her independence of the United States is less certain. She has, no doubt, political independence, but has she economic, or social, or cultural independence? The struggle is carried on without ill-will; it is, indeed, often unconscious,

[1] Haggis is a kind of pudding, made of oatmeal, milk, and all the bits of sheep which cannot be salted down. It is eaten by the small Scottish farmer from motives of economy. — THE AUTHOR.

particularly from the attacking side. Most Canadians admire much in their neighbor, and are willing to admit that in many essentials of culture she is in advance. But Canadians wish to be themselves; there are few things they dislike so much as being taken for 'Americans.' There is nothing so encouraging as a little struggle, and it is not the least of the gifts of the United States to Canada that she has helped and still helps to produce a national type. Canada, however, at present easily assumes a protective armor against both Englishmen and Americans. She will quite naturally dispense with it as she increases in social and economic independence. But our attitude toward international schemes, such as the St. Lawrence waterway, is deeply influenced by this feeling.

Possibly from his Scottish forbears, the Canadian has inherited a rather reserved character, which finds difficulty in outward expression; and though he is proud of his nationality, he rarely brags of it. So that desire for enthusiastic and organized goodfellowship which has produced the 'Kiwanians' and the 'Rotarians' is a little exotic in Canada. A stern sense of duty does sometimes impel the Canadian to wear a button, wave a flag, and call his friends 'Bub' or 'Bill' in public. But he does not do it with that wholehearted *abandon* which such things demand. A certain unnecessary modesty marks his efforts. I am told also that it is rather hard to 'organize a campaign.'

We here, in fact, dislike extremes. This general desire to take the middle way, to compromise on everything, and to regard moderation as the greatest of the virtues, is generally associated with the English people. It cannot be said that it makes a conspicuous or a picturesque people. Some would even say that it makes an uninteresting people — an opinion with which I hasten to disagree. But it does make for an easy life. It makes for toleration, and that is a virtue which covers many sins in a democracy. Moderation pervades Canadian life. The business man does not even pretend to hustle all the time. Our strikes are never very big strikes. We are a tolerably rich country but not yet over-rich. In the universities football is not yet more important than education. An American whom I asked what he found distinctive in Canada replied without hesitation that to him we here seemed to carry nothing quite so far as in his own country. Prohibition, of course, is the most prominent example of this. We have not yet Dominion prohibition; no one really thinks we shall ever have it. It is significant that those provinces which have adopted it are free to reverse their decision tomorrow.

Of course too much moderation leads to lack of color and individuality; and just as I ventured to regret the lack of radicals in Canada, so I may here lament the lack of cranks. We have some, but we have not enough, and we do not know how to use those whom we have. For the crank is the salt of civilization. Too many cranks spoil the broth, but too few leave it tasteless. The proper use of the crank is one of the surest signs of a seasoned and well-established culture; a country which feels that its culture is still in formation is too much afraid of the enthusiast. But there are faint signs that we are improving. We have one or two — very mild — cubists.

Our strong point is independence. This I seem to have mentioned before; in fact, independence and the ubiquitous Scot pervade the article. But then — they pervade Canada, too.

# BARRIERS TO FREEDOM

## AN AUDIT OF INDIA'S HOPES AND FEARS

BY NICOL MACNICOL

### I

THERE is a pause at present in the clamor of Indian politics, and it is well that it should be used to review and to appraise the situation. What does the pause imply?

> There is a silence that saith, Ah, me;
> There is a silence that nothing saith.

Which is this? Is it the silence of sullenness and anger, soon to break out again in violence, or the silence of listlessness and indifference? These are questions for those to answer upon whom has been laid the burden of the mystery of this Oriental people. To govern it is necessary to understand.

It is, I think, true to say that one effect of government by an elaborate machine is that those in control are apt to consider the highest good of the administration to consist in its smooth running. The manipulation of its wheels and screws becomes the chief end of their statesmanship. But a time arrives, and it has arrived now in India, when a higher type of wisdom is demanded of the rulers. Statesmen, not officials, — men who can see into the causes of the nation's ills, who can feel and gauge the gusts of passion and desire that are stirring in the hearts of the people round about them, and who have the courage to act accordingly, however precedent may fail them — leaders of that kind are demanded by India's present condition, and the lack of such leaders makes the future uncertain and menacing.

It has always been a proverb that India is a land hard for the foreigner to understand, and a land about which it is dangerous for anyone to generalize. As a matter of fact, this mystery has been due to little else than the vastness and the silence of the Indian continent. But it is no longer to-day so vast or so silent. The shrinkage of a world that now, we are told, is to the wireless telegraphist only one tenth of a second in circumference, has affected India also. Lord Curzon, when he was Viceroy, described, in one of his sonorous phrases, some world-event of the time as 'reverberating through the whispering-galleries of the East.' There have been reverberations many and terrible since then, which have brought men together in fear, in hope, in jealousy of the stranger, in an awakening to national kinship.

These agitations have stirred the life of India no less than they have that of other lands. The dumb has found a voice. Someone recently in the House of Commons charged Mr. Montagu with having disturbed 'the pathetic contentment' of the Indian people. The pathos consists, one must suppose, in the fact that, once the sleeper wakes, no potions can charm him back to

slumber. From the point of view of many in the West the tragedy of the situation lies in the quickening of desire in these long-patient and submissive hearts. Where a temper of dispassion, of listlessness, had brooded for so long over a docile population, and 'love for the Ultimate and Universal' had happily absorbed their attention, the tides of worldly longing have now begun to surge and heave. It is a change that is disquieting to those who had profited by that 'pathetic contentment,' and it demands diagnosis.

The first fact that we have to face and understand is — Mahatma Gandhi. I do not propose to add another to the many attempts that have been made to pluck out the heart of this mystery; but no explanation of contemporary India can leave him out of account. When 'Lokamanya' Tilak died, someone described him as a 'portent.' He was that just because he was Lokamanya, that is, a demagogue, the voice of popular passion, crude, violent, dangerous. Gandhi is 'Mahatma,' and by that title he is linked, not with the gross, sensual, common man, but with India's ideal, India's dreams. In a Marathi poem, written seven centuries ago, the god Krishna is represented as describing the Mahatmas, 'the great-hearted,' 'who day and night are from all passion free.'

> With pearls of peace their limbs they beautify;
> Within their minds as in a scabbard I,
> The All-Indweller, lie.
>
> Therefore their love waxes unceasingly —
> These great-souled ones; not the least rift can be
> Between their hearts and me.

One of whom such thoughts as these can be thought is not a portent; he is a symbol. In him we see the spirit of India reawakening, calling up ideals, long forgotten, from their graves. Such is this frail man's power. He is India risen from the dead, and his voice stirs in hearts all through the land emotions that are ancient and profound.

A shrewd observer has remarked that the influence that Mr. Gandhi exercises is not such as accompanies a political movement but such as accompanies a religious revival. The religion of that realist, that practitioner of *real politik*, B. G. Tilak, was a tool in the politician's hand. 'He used to challenge my interpretation of life,' Mr. Gandhi tells us, 'and frankly and bluntly would say truth and untruth were only relative terms, but at the bottom there was no such thing as truth and untruth, just as there was no such thing as life and death.'

That is the voice of the Indian casuist, and Indian philosophy lends itself to such subtle and poisonous doctrine. Gandhi's message pierces beneath the message of the Vedanta to a deeper and not less ancient fountain of Indian wisdom. He claims to follow in the footsteps of Buddha and Christ, and in doing so he places himself in the succession of the Hindu *bhaktas*, those who, in however varying measure, recognize and reverence a moral order. He believes in God and duty, even as Mazzini did, and his central message affirms 'the sovereign virtue of sacrifice without retaliation.' Sometimes, with the fanaticism of a mediæval Christian monk or a modern evangelist, he preaches the supreme efficacy of 'blood.' It is a word that seldom fails to touch deep and passionate chords in the human soul. One heart ablaze sets another on fire. 'I know that people have sometimes gone mad,' he said to the judge who tried him at Ahmedabad. And he went on: 'You will have a glimpse of what is raging within my breast to run the maddest risk which a man can run.'

He knew that he was playing with fire; he took the risk. His business was to set India ablaze. That is why he is

in jail to-day. The British judge who sentenced him to six years' imprisonment said to him in doing so: —

> Having regard to the nature of your political teachings and the nature of many of those to whom they were addressed, how you can have continued to believe that violence would not be an inevitable consequence, it passes my capacity to understand. There are few people in India who do not sincerely regret that you should have made it impossible for any Government to leave you at liberty. But it is so.

The prisoner in the dock urged no plea in extenuation of his crime. He was wholly submissive and wholly unrepentant. 'I am here,' he said, 'to invite and submit cheerfully to the highest penalty that can be inflicted upon me for what in law is a deliberate crime, and what appears to me to be the highest duty of a citizen.'

These exchanges are at least unusual between the magistrate's bench and the prisoner's dock. A parallel has been freely drawn between that scene and the scene before the judgment-seat of Pilate, between 'the weaver of Sabarmati' and the Carpenter of Nazareth. There is, perhaps, this at least of similarity, that both prisoners were looking beyond the immediate present to remoter consequences. Their eyes 'dream against a distant goal.' Mr. Gandhi was deliberately and gladly laying himself upon the altar, in order that his people might be born again to what he believed would be a higher level of living. He would light a fire in India that should never be put out.

The actions of Mr. Gandhi were not, then, those of an aimless fanatic. They were all directed consistently to a single end — the creation of a new spirit of strength and self-respect in India. In one of his most outspoken articles in his paper, *Young India*, an article with the curious title 'Shaking the Manes,' he challenges, in behalf of India, the utmost that the 'hard fibre' of Britain can do to crush the awakening Indian spirit. The fight, he says, is to be a fight to a finish, but 'I hope and pray,' he goes on, 'that God will give India sufficient humility and sufficient strength to remain nonviolent to the end.' Every item in his programme has its place there as a means of making the people inwardly strong and self-respecting, and is meant to create 'a spirit that will neither bend nor break.' He holds that the domination in India of 'the most determined people in the world' has had the effect of crushing the spirit of those under their control; and by being continually told that they are not fit to govern themselves they are being made unfit. He would awaken in them the conviction that they can achieve their own destiny, and that they can do so 'without any further tutelage and without arms.'

Some who distrust the bona fides of this leader allege that he advocates nonviolence only because in the circumstances a programme of violence is doomed to failure; that he teaches this method as a policy, not as a *dharma* or matter of principle. That view is in direct contradiction to Mr. Gandhi's whole message and to his repeated declarations. No one can doubt that he is sincere in his belief that the strength he labors to create in India, that by means of which he believes that she shall achieve her destiny, is an inward strength based upon purity and love.

These are lofty aspirations, and, unless we are prepared to call their promulgator in plain terms a hypocrite, we must grant him a place of his own among the revolutionaries. It is not strange that he has been compared with Christ, when we find him echoing, in an environment so inhospitable to such a message, some of the central

thoughts of Christ. That he has caught the attention of so great a multitude, that, still more, he has won the hearts of so many among them, is an amazing fact, and, one is inclined to affirm, is something possible only in India. It is a poor business, and an unworthy, to belittle his achievement. Whatever deductions may have to be made as a result of more careful scrutiny, that achievement remains astounding. But now that an interval has been given for reflection, we are bound to ask how far Mahatma Gandhi has actually achieved an aim so high. Has he created a new spirit in India deep enough and sufficiently widespread among the people to make it possible to claim for him that he has opened the way to freedom?

He himself believed that the period that has now come would be the time when his work would be tested. It is not possible indeed to claim for Mr. Gandhi that he has been consistent in his utterances; and his broken promises of swaraj, as they appeared to many of his followers, undoubtedly helped to create, as time passed, a temper of disillusionment. This disillusionment was due, no doubt, to a failure to realize that every promise was conditional. The majority gave heed to the fair hopes he held up before them, but lent a deaf ear to the harsh warnings that accompanied them. The time of purgation had to come, and it has come.

In his worthiest hours Mr. Gandhi distrusted his own popularity. He desired to conquer, not by force of the numbers of his nominal following, but by the power of conviction of those who understood. 'I have become literally sick,' he said a few weeks before his arrest, 'of the adoration of the unthinking multitude. I would feel certain of my ground if I was spat upon by them. . . . I see that our nonviolence is skin-deep.' He even suggested that his imprisonment might be a benefit to the people. It would show, he said, that he had not the supernatural powers that the superstitious credited him with; it would try the reality of the people's faith in his programme and, at the same time, their ability to carry on their activities without his leadership; and, finally, it would give him 'a quiet and physical rest, which,' he added, and no one can dispute it, 'perhaps I deserve.'

## II

It is extraordinarily difficult, in a land so vast and varied as is India, to pronounce any confident judgment as to the prevailing mood of the people. In the Marathi region, for example, Mr. Gandhi's influence has never been widespread or deep. They distinguish there, as those who are perhaps the most 'realist' race in India, between the saint in him and the politician. The former they reverence; the latter they have followed reluctantly, and with no faith in his programme. Now that his personal influence is withdrawn, they are making use of the opportunity to reinstate the policy of their own admired leader, Mr. Tilak.

Almost all the leaders who have arisen in the Marathi country have come from among the Chitpawan Brahmans, whose 'hardheadedness' and practical statesmanship have perhaps helped to encourage the fantastic theory that, gray-eyed as some of them are, they may trace their pedigree to Scandinavian ancestors and have their Oriental mysticism crossed with the colder calculation of the North. Certainly their idealism is in little danger of 'leaving the earth to lose itself in the sky,' as Mr. Gandhi's may be said to do. Was not the programme for many a decade, even of their social reformers, the unheroic one of 'progress along the line of least resistance'? They are accordingly taking the opportunity that

is now granted them to disengage the political Gandhi from the saintly Gandhi, and to bring the Congress policy down to earth again.

There is certainly, not only in the Marathi country, but throughout the whole of India, a power working all the time against the 'Noncoöperation' policy, with its demand for sacrifice — the power of self-interest. The Mahatma makes great demands. Tilak, the worldly-wise, harnessed religion and politics side by side to the chariot of swaraj. But one who denounces untouchability and speaks so frequently of Christ — how can he, however much he protests himself a Hindu, escape the suspicion of the orthodox? He claims indeed to have 'experimented' by 'introducing religion into politics'; and in making that claim, he pronounces judgment on the religion, with the elephant-headed Ganpati as its symbol, which Tilak at an earlier period summoned to his aid. Tilak's experiment had introduced the outward emblems of Hinduism and the forces of orthodoxy and reaction into politics, but not the reality of religion. Mr. Gandhi sought to do so.

But here we touch, I think, the fatal defect of Mr. Gandhi's entire political structure—'the one weak place that's stanchioned with a lie.' The lie is not, indeed, the gross one that Mr. Tilak used. Mr. Gandhi is incapable of deliberate deceit; but he has been, one cannot but feel, self-deceived. He has adjusted his lofty teaching to mean political uses. He who should have been free to follow his own ideal, unimpeded, had, as Swami Vivekananda said of himself long ago, 'become entangled.' He goes far to acknowledge this himself. 'If I seem to take part in politics,' he says, 'it is only because politics encircle us to-day like the coil of a snake from which one cannot get out, no matter how much one tries.' It seems as if, as time goes on, the snake is wrapping its coils ever closer around him. Perhaps at the last the prison-cell presented itself to him in the aspect of a way of escape from an intolerable contradiction.

But if he was glad to escape from the temptations of expediency to the shelter of a jail, there are many who were still more glad to yield to these temptations. And now that he is no longer there, the saint, to rebuke them, they can yield the more easily and comfortably. Undoubtedly it is true of a large section of the population that the Mahatma's level was too lofty for them. They had grown somewhat weary, and were glad to relax. The pull of the worldly spirit was against his success. He wound them up too high; and they are now well content to get back to earth and to get on once more with their money-making.

The financial debacle is another element in the situation which has told powerfully against him. Many financial magnates are among the Mahatma's most devoted followers. It was easy to follow him and to be generous in support of his schemes in the years of the war and after, when their wealth seemed to have no limits. But now the lean years have come and enthusiasm has chilled. Counsels of prudence are more likely to be heeded, and there is a certain soreness in the remembrance of great sums, now irrecoverable, given away at the gust of impulse and by the persuasions of this unpractical saint.

It is surely a tragedy when a government has to place its hopes upon the triumph of the grosser elements in the souls of the people whom it governs, when it has to desire eagerly that worldliness shall return and engulf them as in the past. If only Brahma will sink back again into his heavy slumber, the *pralaya*, the period of catastrophe, which threatens us will

pass, and those in authority will be able to set the machinery of administration going again and 'pathetic content' will reign as heretofore. 'I fear,' Mr. Gandhi says in one of his many writings, 'we will have to admit that moneyed men support British rule; their interest is bound up with its stability.'

It is true, of course, that law and order are necessary for the pursuit of a man's honest avocations and for the maintenance of what is called civilization. It is true, too, that idealism may be a dangerous dynamite in the hands of folly or of ignorance, or even of *sancta simplicitas*. At the same time, there is, surely, something wrong with a state when the only place for the idealist whom all, even the judge who condemns him, respect, is the prison-cell, and when the strength of the state lies, not in its people's fear of God, but in their desire for gain. There is some justification in these circumstances for Mr. Gandhi's view that civilization is a disease with which England is 'afflicted.' It is irreligion, and 'makes bodily welfare the object of life.' It is, alas, a disease that afflicts India too, whether it is to be pronounced indigenous or an importation from the West. Undoubtedly the downward pull of this 'civilization,' the desire to cease troubling for a while about swaraj and self-purification, and to resume the making of money, has been a more effective ally of the bureaucracy than all their skill and statesmanship.

These things have caused what is at least a temporary weakening of Mr. Gandhi's amazing power. What is generally considered common sense will keep breaking in, and now its voice begins to be heeded. This is a quality that the Moderates possess in abundance. They are believers, like the rest of us, in civilization. They are not carried off their feet and they do not carry others off their feet. They are able to do little, for they do not awaken passion; they do not touch the heart. Moderation makes a poor 'slogan' with the multitude. Its advocates bring no torch such as Mr. Gandhi carries, with which to kindle a prairie fire. He calls his method that of *ahimsa*, nonviolence, even love; but it can hardly be questioned that, when it passes from his lips to his hearers' hearts, it is a flame still, but a flame now of hate. Hence the massacres of Malabar and Bombay and Chauri-Chaura. Is it simplicity or is it vanity that persuades him that, by waving his wand, he can tame this tiger? From 'mobocracy' he will evolve democracy by 'a process of national purification, training, and sacrifice.' Surely no leader such as this has ever before perplexed the minds of those who would understand him and estimate his influence; no leader who combined so much nobility and so much folly, such qualities fitted at once to exalt a people and to endanger the safety of the state.

It is a difficult, if not an impossible, task that Mr. Gandhi has set himself. He would be at once a stimulus and a restraint. He would awaken in his fellow countrymen simultaneously passion and self-control. In the former task he has had a success that is amazing; in the latter he has failed, and he is, I think, conscious that he has failed. It is a question now whether his half success will not prove presently an entire failure, and whether those so suddenly awakened are not even now sinking back again to slumber. He has created what is little better than a frenzy, as he calls it himself, which may burn itself out in a brief and destructive conflagration, and then be succeeded by a deeper desolation than before. He was dismayed himself once, when he stood in the streets of Bombay, by the battered victims of a

ferocity he had done much to unleash. That again was followed by other warnings, even more hideous, that made him pause. 'What if,' he cries, 'when the fury bursts, not a man, woman, or child is safe and every man's hand is raised against his fellow being? Of what avail is it then if I fast myself to death in the event of such a catastrophe coming to pass?'

He had good reason for such misgivings. India has no lack of inflammable material in its wide, sun-scorched plains. Perhaps, after all, the cold prudence of the Government is a wiser guide on the road to swaraj. But who will believe it? There is no more sinister aspect of the situation than the deep, invincible distrust of the good faith of Great Britain and her representatives in India that possesses the leaders of the people. Moderate and extremist alike believe — and much in recent financial transactions gives them valid excuse for their belief — that shopkeeper England is out for loot in her relation to India. This widespread conviction has wrought disastrously upon the attitude of the thoughtful and articulate classes toward the foreign ruler. So long as this is so, what place can there be for that gratitude which some demand?

The 'white man's burden' is the occasion only of a sneer. Whether with good cause or without, it yet is true today that India, who once in a measure reverenced England as her *guru*, her spiritual preceptor, now no longer does so. No one can ever deny that Great Britain has brought to India very great gifts. It is she that has shown to her the face of Liberty, and 'terrible are the loves she has inspired.' And yet we now see India, as represented by some of her noblest sons, averting her face from this foster-mother, at whose knee she has learned such lessons. We see her turning away, critical and suspicious, 'ashes to the very soul.' Distrust, deepening into 'nonviolent' hate on the one hand, and on the other a new ambition to live her own life, a new faith in herself, and an intoxicating dream of power — these make together a mood that is full of peril to the public peace.

## III

These are some of the elements that blend to form the complex and baffling situation in which we find the Indian peoples at the present time. The ingredients are mingled in varying proportions in one section of the community and in another, in one province in the North and in another in the South. Dominant over the whole has been the personality of Mahatma Gandhi, broadcasting, like a central wireless telephone station, a message of extraordinary stimulus and quickening. Hope and agitation and disappointment have swept across the land in wave after wave. Wherever any spark of anger or discontent has been kindled, this wind that is abroad fans it to a dangerous flame. The brutal passion of a planter; the long-established custom of impressing labor for Government purposes on the Frontier; the privilege of the 'poor white' to have a third-class compartment reserved for him in the train — such matters as these are no longer ordinary matters of injustice or of crime; they become occasions for the clash of interracial warfare; they feed the fires of interracial hate.

It may be that the hopes that Mr. Gandhi kindled are fading, that the flames are dying down, and that the Imperial Fire Brigade has now got the situation 'well in hand.' But beneath the ashes of the dying conflagration there smoulder Tartarean fires, and no one can tell when they may break forth again. Certainly we may well

fear that there will be further outbreaks of violence, bloodstained and full of peril to the state.

There have been warnings enough already that such events hover near and threatening. We have had some grim samples. There were, first, the horrors of Malabar in the South; then the horrors of Chauri-Chaura in the North. In both cases it is obvious that what might have been an insignificant outbreak of disorder was transformed by the atmosphere of the time into a hideous orgy of blood and violence. It is true that in both cases there was serious cause for discontent. India's agrarian troubles are not new, and they will not soon or easily come to an end. But the oppression of the landlord becomes to his oppressed and ignorant tenant only one item more in the crime-sheet of the ruler — one item more, which suddenly arouses him from sullenness to fierce and brutal acts.

Another centre that is being watched with considerable anxiety is the Punjab. Names from that province have come to be the rallying cries of hate. Amritsar and Jallianwalla Bagh are being used with the same skill and for the same purpose with which Antony held up Cæsar's blood-stained mantle. 'O piteous spectacle! O most bloody sight! Revenge! Burn! Fire! Kill! Slay!' The reaction to such a stimulus is inevitable. And when it is in the land of the Sikhs that the stimulus is applied, the reaction is likely to be as violent as ever it was in the streets of Rome.

No wonder then that the movements of the Akalis are causing anxiety to the authorities. This is a fanatical sect of Sikhs, who are to their religion very much the same as the Ghazi is to that of the Mohammedans. They claim as a right of their sect to carry arms; and when zeal for their religion reinforces zeal for their country's honor and the reawakening of old ambitions for dominance, there is danger enough that they will not only carry arms, but use them. How near sheer barbarism lies to the surface among these people was shown when a conflict of extraordinary ferocity took place within the courts of one of their temples between a company of Akalis and the armed retainers of the high priest of the temple. The story reveals at the same time how cunningly the horrors of even this crime can be used to feed the fires of patriotic hate. For the lie was soon passing from bazaar to bazaar, that the massacre was wrought with the approval, or at least the tacit connivance, of the British administrators.

There are other lesser symptoms of unrest that one can note in every province. To-day it affects the coolie workers in Assam; to-morrow the employees of the East Indian Railway. It breaks out among the hillmen of the frontier; among the Bhils of a Rajputana state; among mill-workers in Madras. Industrial discontent, agrarian discontent, discontent with long-tolerated caste-exclusiveness and pride — every wrong however ancient, now looms through the mist of ill-will with an aspect to exasperate and embitter that it never bore before. The non-Brahman refuses to coöperate with the Braham, and leaves the Brahman's fields untilled, his clothes unwashed, and his beard unshaved. The Brahman, himself a non-coöperator with the Government, is hoist with his own petard, and quite unable to see the humor of the situation. Hate is a dangerous devil to unchain. No one can be sure that he will not turn round, like Porus's infuriated elephants, upon the ranks of those who let him loose against their enemies. Perhaps this reflection also is occupying some minds during these days of truce.

But the root cause of India's unhappiness, but for which the great

multitude of her people would pay little heed to the incitements of the agitator, is her poverty. There is a ribald saying of the Anglo-Indians of an older generation that an Indian can live on the smell of an oil rag. He cannot, but sometimes he is almost compelled to try. It seems as if the land were becoming poorer and poorer, and the desert were encroaching slowly but steadily upon the sown. It is said that once upon a time Sind was a fruitful land. Wide tracts of the Deccan seem to be on the way to becoming what Sind to-day is. It is true that wide tracts of the desert have been won back to fertility by great systems of irrigation. But the area within which harvests are becoming more and more precarious is, it seems, extending steadily and continuously. That at least appears to be the experience within the last few years. The increase of prices may sometimes mean that the rich are becoming richer; it always means that the poor are becoming poorer.

By irrigation, by improved agricultural methods, this evil may be, and is being, palliated. But it remains a very formidable evil still. When the rains fail and the fields lie brown and empty, there is only one thing to do. Men and women and children — their cattle sold or dead — must strike the weary trail for work. And so the city sucks them into its black depths. The last census of Bombay reveals the fact that only nineteen per cent of its million inhabitants are natives of the city. The great bulk of them have been blown there like dust or withered leaves by the hot winds that sweep across the plains.

One notable feature of our industrial organization [to quote Mr. A. C. Chatterjee, Secretary to the Government of India, Department of Industries] is that the workers are practically all recruited from the ranks of agriculture. They travel long distances, in many cases hundreds of miles, to tracts where a different language, a different climate, and an entirely different environment confront them, in addition to the strangeness of unfamiliar, continuous, and sometimes dangerous work in closed buildings and areas.

These are circumstances which are not satisfactory from the point of view either of the master or of the worker. They create inefficiency and they create discontent; but, most of all, they create misery and disease and vice. The tale of industrialism, written in the West in smoke and squalor, is being repeated to-day in India, and the same pall that blackens our own land is being cast across the brilliance of her sunshine.

Already we can see, even in the jungles of the land, 'the spreading of the hideous town.' A black, steel-smelting city called Jamshedpur has arisen in the midst of the wide solitudes of Behar. In these iron factories and in the mills of Bombay and Calcutta and Madras work simple, ignorant peasant men and women, to whom the furnaces and the machines are strange demons to be appeased. They are as little adapted to live in their new surroundings as are their cows and their buffalos. Their children die; they become entangled in the net of the city's iniquities; they are fortunate, indeed, if they can presently escape back to the lesser tragedy of a life — even if it be on only one meal a day — lived in the clean air of their native village. The love of their own 'country,' the region in which they were born and their fathers were born before them, is often inarticulate, but it is always deep in the peasantry of India.

No one needs to remind us that the devil does not have his lair only in the city's streets. Mr. Gandhi seems to believe that there is something diabolic in machinery. 'It is machinery,' he says, 'that has impoverished India.'

That is, of course, pure fantasy and prejudice. He declares again, 'Impoverished India can become free, but it will be hard for any India made rich through immorality to regain its freedom.' There is at the same time an element of sorrowful truth in his denunciations. Mill-woven cotton is in danger, as he declares, of getting into the lungs of India, as of other lands as well. It is not the machine, but the materialism of which the machine is apt to be the symbol, that is the danger. The *charka* — the spinning-wheel — that Mr. Gandhi has emblazoned on his flag may signify, just as much as any power-loom, a spirit that is materialized and worldly. What Mr. Gandhi really desires to teach is, as the Greek poet sings, that 'the soul's wealth is the only wealth.' The *Gujerati* for civilization, he tells us, is 'good conduct,' and all men of goodwill must wish him well if he desires to translate into that language the materialism and the greed of so much that calls itself civilization.

It is really the enslavement of the soul that this man, when he understands himself aright and is truest to his central aim, desires to overthrow. That is the swaraj that he has set before himself, though he has often lost sight of the goal, and missed the straight path to it. Neither machinery, nor an English education, nor the 'Satanic' British Government, is the real enemy that hinders him and that hinders India from attaining this desire. It surely is disastrous folly to speak, as he has spoken, of 'the hallucination of Schools and Colleges'; to declare, as he has declared, that 'Tilak and Ram Mohan Roy would have been far greater men if they had not the contagion of English learning.' The hindrances in the way of the attainment of that high swaraj are indeed many and formidable. Poverty is one, as we have seen; ignorance is another; ancient and deep-ingrained prejudice, dividing class from class as by impassable gulfs of contempt, is a third. The coöperation of every man of goodwill, of whatever race or creed, is needed if these tremendous barriers to freedom are to be overthrown. No one could have more fitly or effectively exercised to this end a ministry of reconciliation than Mahatma Gandhi. He lies in prison, as do many others who might have been his fellow workers in a task so noble. Noncoöperation has failed, and repression has failed and will fail. Force is no remedy. It is time, for India's sake, that we all return to sanity and coöperate with one accord for the nation's highest good.

# FRANCE AND THE RUHR

## THE PEASANT-PROPRIETOR SPEAKS

BY ABEL CHEVALLEY

### I

In the course of my career I was for four years in charge at the Quai d'Orsay of the questions affecting the relations of France with the two Americas. But I do not feel myself either obliged or inclined to repeat for my American readers the official arguments of France against Germany on the Reparations question and on the affair of the Ruhr. These have been admirably and finally set out by M. Poincaré. Nor shall I try to refute German propaganda in the United States. All propaganda is a kind of boomerang. The only useful propaganda is that based on facts. A lie uncovered cuts off the retreat of him who first set it going.

Let me then set aside the paraphernalia of modern propaganda, and give you not my opinion, but my experience, of the French attitude. It is a long experience, for I belong to a generation which came of age shortly after the war of 1870. It is an experience wide enough and varied enough to free me from any suspicion of preconceived ideas. I am a countryman by birth, a small artisan by education, and the vicissitudes of life have brought me, heaven knows why, into contact with every class of society in my own country, and in many others where I have represented France as Consul and as Minister. During all this time I necessarily remained a middle-class Parisian whilst I lived in France. My tastes and my habits have now led me to become a small rural proprietor. To be quite frank, I am the Mayor, by election, of a tiny village of vine-growers in the district of Vouvray, in Touraine, the heart of France.

Though for twenty years it has often been my duty to set forth the official point of view in public, my best claim to represent the attitude of France towards Germany is, perhaps, that I live, in Paris and in the country, in close contact with those small artisans, those small proprietors, those small tradespeople, all extremely individualistic, who are the dominant force in my country.

In Paris I have lived for twenty-two years (except during my absences abroad) in one of the large southern quarters where there is no big business. The economic activity of this quarter is seen in the small workshops, and the small shops, carried on entirely by the family, or a very small number of employees. It is the life of the provinces transplanted to Paris. It is the missing link, that foreigners are all looking for and that so few know how to find, between the capital and the rest of the country. The only point of complete resemblance between Paris and France is in this very great number of practically independent workers. In the

world of thought and in the world of work they were the soldiers of all our revolutions in the nineteenth century. They resisted every effort to centralize political authority or economic power. In France, the large stores have not yet killed the small shopkeepers. The large manufacturers have not yet crushed the small employer. Joint-stock companies have multiplied and have successively taken charge of all branches of production and commerce. But for all that they have not yet got the upper hand of private enterprise in France. Private enterprise, aware that it is threatened, nevertheless rubs along. One might have thought that soon, in France as in other countries, there would not be a single individual left who was not the agent or the employee of a big company. Not at all. Shopkeepers and artisans have survived. Their trade associations resist the domination of the wholesalers, and the competition of their gigantic rivals. Politically they withstand the workers and even the intellectuals. Since the war they have held their heads higher than ever. Even at Paris they have increased rather than diminished in numbers compared with 1913. The war seems to have left many ex-soldiers sick of authority in any shape or form. They prefer the risks of a small business of their own to the higher wages which they could earn in the service of a trust. There are three million men of this type in France, making eight or nine million persons when you count their families. At Paris and in several of the large cities such as Bordeaux, Nantes, or Rouen, they outnumber the workmen employed in the large factories, and they effectively dominate the municipal councils and business.

My village is in Touraine, not the well-fed and scented Touraine of the châteaux, valleys, and villas, the only one known to the tourist. It is a little commune in Upper Touraine between Châteaurenault and Vouvray, on the river la Brenne, which descends from Vendôme to the Loire. Of two hundred and thirty voters there are only three or four who are not proprietors. Except for the châtelain none of these proprietors possesses more than twenty acres, — I am one of them, — and the majority of them have only from two to four acres. This condition obtains in nearly all France. In the middle of this solid mass of peasant owners, the nobles and bourgeois are more or less isolated, without influence on local affairs. These peasants govern themselves. They are not organized into political parties, and, although agricultural interests dominate France, there is as yet no agrarian party in Parliament. But Parliament does not dominate local life. Nine tenths of the municipal assemblies and of the departmental councils are in the hands of the small rural owner.

But let us return to my village. All the inhabitants of my village are both farmers and vine-growers. Even the smith and the grocer, the butcher and the baker, possess a small strip of vineyard or of arable land. None of them is really rich, none of them employs other hands than the members of his family, and occasionally one or two day-laborers. But none of them is poor. There are only five or six families with more than four children. The majority, alas, have only two — three at the utmost. About a fifth had bought Russian bonds before 1914. Three quarters have bought French bonds before, during, and since the war.

There has been an enormous intellectual change among them during the last twenty or thirty years, thanks to the great development of elementary education which is the principal achievement of the Third Republic. Their ways of living are still mean, but

they are no longer the ignorant masses described by J. C. Bodley twenty years ago, or the 'swarming millions embruted by toil, avarice, and superstition,' whom J. B. Crozier considered thirty years ago as the great obstacle to the political evolution of France. They read much and they think much more. I have lived among the peasants of Norway and I know those of England. I can assure my readers that the peasants of France are to-day, taken as a whole, in process of becoming just as cultivated intellectually, though they live less comfortable lives.

There are about thirty-three thousand little communes of this sort in France. They are inhabited by four million small peasant-proprietors. These, added to the three million artisans and shopkeepers of whom I have already spoken, make about seven million Frenchmen living a life as independent as can be imagined in a world where all men depend on one another. These individualists do not constitute the whole of France, but they are the dominant majority. Nothing can be done without their consent, and nothing can be done against their wishes. They are irresistible because they are indefatigable. They don't write and they don't speak in public. They are not organized as a class. The day is coming when they will be welded more firmly together, but they have an instinctive distrust of collective tyrannies, even the tyranny which might result from their own unions. Passive resistance and slow pressure are their weapons. They do not know themselves.

No one has yet really translated the aspirations of this mass of men, for they have not yet emerged into self-consciousness. A hundred years ago they thought only of keeping their land, of acquiring a little more, and of freeing themselves from clerical and military domination. Since then the political and religious tyranny that the average Frenchman feared has receded before his patient resistance. It is he who has made impossible the domination of the three great moral forces which contend for the control of contemporary France — Catholic Clericalism, Internal Militarism, and International Socialism. Each of these forces has contributed more or less usefully, more or less legitimately, to the shaping and to the misshaping of public opinion in France. Each has left its impress on the average Frenchman, but he has gradually eaten into them and slowly transformed them, because they all threatened his independence. If to-morrow he became a socialist in name, it would not mean that socialism had conquered him, but that he had conquered socialism by diluting and dissolving the residue of collectivism in socialism. His destiny is to maintain not so much his political liberty (which after all is only a means), but his economic independence, and his personal liberty, which he silently considers as the best things that life can give. He is not 'merry and bright.' Nothing could be duller for the average American than his existence; but he is happy in so far as man can be happy — that is, in proportion to his capacity for realizing his own potentialities.

## II

This is the man who is at once the real master and the best servant of France. Twenty times in two thousand years, thrice in a century, German invasions have brought out the most characteristic of his natural instincts. He and his like know German civilization by tradition, and by their own experience. They respect it for its power and for its organizing capacity, but they feel that it is entirely opposed to their own

conception of life. I dare not say their ideal, for they make it a point to see things as they are. The average German is quite satisfied to be a part in a whole, to be a serviceable cog in a piece of first-class machinery. The average Frenchman loathes the 'mécanisation de la vie.' Between the two there is an abyss.

Ten years ago, the Germans had made such marvelous progress that the wisest prophets predicted the total disappearance of the type of existence and civilization that France represents. A miracle of energy and the help of her allies enabled France not only to resist but to conquer. But the French were decimated and their country was devastated. They thought that the Peace Treaty would give them reparation at once and security for the future. They realize that they were either mistaken or misled. During these four years they have agreed to successive reductions in the payments promised by Germany, and the guaranties of security given by their allies have been whittled away. Out of their own pockets they had undertaken the reconstruction of the regions that Germany had devastated, and not only did they not know whether they would be repaid, but they had a new war in prospect. They faced their ruins and their danger alone.

So they decided last January that they would also act alone. A means of pressure, possibly a means of payment, possibly a guaranty of security, was within their reach — the Ruhr. They seized it. It was a leap in the dark, it is true. No one could say last January whether the occupation of the Ruhr would give France either the security or the reparation which she *must* have, or die. The very existence of France and of French civilization was as much threatened in January 1923 as in July 1914. We had to act then or never. We had to make a choice — even a blind choice. The choice has been made in face of the opposition of the world.

The question now is what we *want* to get out of our choice, and what we *can* get out of it. At the moment when I write it looks as if negotiations might very shortly begin. I am not going to give here a list of the demands of France, but I want to try to explain them.

If the word philosophy were not too grandiloquent when applied to a class which is inscrutable, prosaic, unimaginative and inarticulate, I should say that the key to the French attitude can be found only in the philosophy of those middle classes which I have just described.

Is it necessary for me to say here and now that they are neither militarists nor imperialists? The very notion of all that these two words imply is contrary to their way of looking at life. The greatest misery for a man who is passionately devoted to liberty is not to be a convict but to be a jailer. If France became the jailer of Germany she would be Germany's prisoner as certainly as if she had been conquered.

When my country folk in Touraine and my neighbors in Montrouge talk about this question with one another, they often make use of such phrases as, '*Il faut nous protéger sans nous enfoncer.*' '*Il faut dévider sans emmêler.*' ('We must be protected without being paralyzed.' 'We must roll the skein of wool into a ball without getting it tangled.') In other words, they were not altogether comfortable about the occupation of the Ruhr with all its possibilities of entanglement. Their native shrewdness warned them that the operation was not only dangerous but of doubtful profit. But they did not hesitate. A sure instinct told them that it was better to make a blunder than to do nothing at all. Now they are re-

assured. The Ruhr perhaps won't give them what they are expecting, but it will give them something which is better than anything else and which they had not ventured to hope for. Germany will make up her mind to pay because France has made up her mind to be paid. The Germans will at last learn that desire for security which we ourselves have felt for so long.

It is true that in itself the Ruhr is an insufficient guaranty either of reparation or security. It is to our advantage to allow the big German industrials to go on working, for otherwise we shall have the population to feed. Yet if we do allow them to go on working we shall not be exercising an irresistible pressure on the magnates who are the real masters of Germany. Hence it would seem that we must exploit the Ruhr on our own account. But the Ruhr can give us only coal and its by-products. Now coal alone even with its by-products is not a paying commodity. The direct financial profits of the occupation are in any case small in comparison with its expenses. It would have been no consolation for the small owners, the small tradespeople, the small artisans of France, even if the occupation of the Ruhr had renewed the prosperity of our large metal industry. They have no more liking for the industrial trusts and the financiers than they have for the priest or for G.H.Q. If they had been asked to risk the lives of their sons in the Ruhr to enrich the Schneiders, the Wendels, and other steel kings, they would have been furious.

But in this respect they were only too soon enlightened. During the first three months of the occupation the French metal industry had to close down 40 of the 116 blast furnaces which were in full swing on the first of January. There are 219 blast furnaces in France, and only 76 were in action at the beginning of April. And so the bonds of 'La Grosse Métallurgie,' secured on Reparations, fell thirty points. Most of these bonds were held by the class of people of whom I am now speaking. If the French and German metallurgical interests reach an agreement for the exchange of Ruhr coke against Lorraine ore, nobody in France will be slow to approve. Nor can anyone in England or America object: a two-party agreement of this sort cannot involve as dangerous a competition to Anglo-Saxon industry as Germany's undivided control of both the coke and the ore up to 1918.

Whatever happens, the occupation of the Ruhr is not considered by the average Frenchman as a financial panacea. Nor is it a military and territorial panacea. It was not necessary for us to go to Essen to threaten Essen. Our real line of defense would be this side of the Rhine, if worse came to worst.

## III

I say nothing here of the dismemberment of Germany. The average Frenchman does not even think of it. A certain school of specialists and a certain school of publicists may perhaps dream of it and make speeches about it, but dismemberment is a thing which never comes from without. The disruption of the German Empire would certainly be a move toward universal peace, and the historian would see nothing surprising in it. But no Frenchman, town-bred or country-bred, dares to hope that the military spirit of Germany, and with it her moral unity, will disappear. If ever German unity were threatened, for example by a quarrel between the Communists of Saxony and the Royalists of Bavaria, we should take no part for or against. It would be quite enough for us if the administrative and military hegemony

of Prussia were weakened. We know that unfortunately it is East Prussia, Slav in origin, which has stamped its military character on the whole of Germany, and we should be delighted if the Rhenish Provinces rid themselves of this domination; but that is their own affair.

We have gone into the Ruhr, not to secure any immediate and definite result, but in order to obtain reparation and security. What the middle classes in France repudiate most warmly is the charge that we are in process of realizing an historical dream — the military domination of Europe. We desire no annexation, and it would be madness if we did. We do not even desire the disguised annexation of a Rhineland state, subject to the exclusive influence of France and Belgium. A Rhineland Republic, thus created, would inevitably gravitate back to Germany.

It is not a question of France's choosing between reparation and security — she wants both. She wants to be paid; because if Germany does not repay the enormous sums which we have had to spend, we are doomed to internal bankruptcy and the destruction of the class which, at the present moment, is the most numerous and the most happy within our borders. Germany has already turned itself into an immense factory; France would be condemned to do the like. Our social organization would have to be transformed into an intolerable sweating-system. The average Frenchman is perhaps mistaken; he believes that his social system is the nearest approach to the ideal of every Government — the greatest happiness of the greatest number.

Does the economic and intellectual civilization for which France stands deserve to disappear? Is it not on the contrary for the good of the world that it should continue?

Make no mistake. If we do not recover at any rate our war damages, it is the social economy of us French which will collapse. We have no means of recovery. It would be the collapse of all that is most characteristic and most precious in our civilization.

If we are paid without being effectively and finally protected against a future war, in ten or twenty years America and the world will have to recommence the same struggle as in 1914–18. Their efforts will then be in vain. Germany is in no need of recovery; her industry is intact; the collapse of the mark does not mean the collapse of German production. There is suffering among the poor in Germany; but there are no ruins. The collapse of the mark has increased the industrial power of Germany, that is to say the power of the German nation for war. Signs are not lacking to show that in 1919 industrial Germany tried to take her revenge in the sphere of industry for the military and political defeat of 1918. Thanks to the fall of the mark, and at the expense of her own working-classes, Germany reckoned on being able to sell her products throughout the world at prices defying any possible competition, and thus on letting loose everywhere unemployment and revolution. The reason that she did not succeed is that the greed of her business-men surpassed the calculations of her manufacturers. They wanted to profiteer, and as a result — Germany was beaten in the second war she let loose.

But let us look further ahead. Between the years 1935 and 1940, France, already behindhand in population, will be short of all the children who ought to have been born between 1915 and 1920. She will have only half the young soldiers which she had in 1914. This half will not be equal to one fifth of the generation which Germany can

then put in the field. The people of forty to fifty years of age in France will be a weakened generation, for lack of all the men who disappeared at twenty years of age on the battlefields, between 1914 and 1918. There again, we have no power of recovery and resistance. But look at the case of Germany; even after the loss of the territory which the Treaty of Versailles has taken from her, she will not only have made up her population but will have very substantially increased it. Against our weakened resistance, her power of offense will be more than doubled. We shall be at her mercy if we have not taken precautions beforehand. If America does not wish to aid us, can she blame us?

## IV

I know the objection which you make to this. You say, 'If you *will* not have more children, you cannot escape your fate.' You are right. But what is true is not always just. I regret our low birthrate. It is the result of looking too far ahead, of a rather mean economy, of a false idea of family well-being, and, finally, of the right to make testamentary dispositions. On the other hand, the comparative sterility of France results from a social system which is based upon independent small ownerships. It has saved us from one form of social misery. It has preserved us from the scourge and the haunting fear of unemployment which besets all industrialized nations. Ask us to abandon our system if you like; if you don't, you cannot, on that ground, refuse to share our mortal uneasiness before the future.

One word more. Is it rash to claim that the high birthrate of a people depends largely on freedom from anxiety, confidence in the future, and territorial security? In this respect, France is in a tragic dilemma. Prolific families would be necessary to defend her and to exploit her resources; but three invasions in a hundred years have made every generation of Frenchmen afraid of massacre, ruin, and tyranny; and this is not favorable to the begetting of children. For the first time for a hundred years, France has had a reasonable chance of escaping from this nightmare, and that without transferring the nightmare to another nation. But her chance will be irrevocably lost if she does not obtain the territorial and financial security which is the sole object of our occupation of the Rhine and of the Ruhr. You cannot haggle with us about our security against Germany and, at the same time, blame us for our sterility. These are a few of the many unspoken reflections which come to millions of French fathers and mothers as they toil in the fields or the workshops.

When they compare the attitude of France in 1870 with the mixture of arrogance and whining which the Germans have offered to us for the last five years, they wonder with a smile which of the two nations is virile and which is hysterical.

When they examine the degree of intelligent foresight and reckless gambling shown by the two countries, they say that, after all, political courage and wisdom are not the monopoly of any one people. And then they return to the immediate problem of reparation and the Ruhr.

My compatriots — the small proprietors, the small artisans, and the small tradespeople—have neither the time nor the means to read everything that has been published on this question. Besides I do not know any class of people that is more mistrustful of printed 'Revelation.' It is true that nearly the whole Press tells them every morning pretty much the same thing; but their decisive impression, I

mean the impression which governs their vote, their choice, and their action, does not come from any book or paper. It comes from reality, from life, from the family, from conversation, and from men. It must be remembered that for three generations they have been living with their eyes fixed on Germany, and three of every four of them have seen the Germans at work in France during war. The average Frenchman knows what he is talking about when he talks about reparation.

He knows that, in spite of her lamentations, Germany can pay and pay a great deal. The London Reparations Programme fixed at 150 million sterling the annual sum to be paid by Germany. Everybody, even the English professors, recognizes now that 'for a country that spends on armaments only a fraction of the sums spent by countries with a smaller population and which is paying practically nothing on its home debt, the provision of 150 million sterling in the form of export surplus to be obtained by means of taxation, seems by no means impossible. . . . It would not even be difficult were only the present automatic dwindling of Germany's liquid resources stopped by means of currency stabilization.' [1] This stabilization is partly accomplished as I write. Nothing will get it out of the heads of the French electorate that Germany, if she wishes, can meet the infinitely reduced financial obligations with which the London Agreement left her. It is the will-to-pay which the occupation of the Ruhr must sooner or later bring out in unoccupied Germany. Whatever be the majority in the next French Parliament, whether it be moderate, radical, or even socialist, that Parliament will take exactly the same view on this point as the present Parliament.

[1] Robert Crozier Long, *Fortnightly Review*, March 1923.

If England should ask us to repay her only what she herself repays to the United States, the German annuity of 150 million sterling (3,000,000,000 gold marks) for 30 to 35 years could secure a world loan, pay the German debt to France, and finally enable France to wipe out her own debt to America. Whatever happens it is impossible to conceive that we should give up our claim to get the whole of what we have spent and have still to spend on reparation. The occupation of the Ruhr is not popular, but now that it is a fait accompli, evacuation without payment would be so unpopular that no Government will risk it. So far as the financial aspect of the question is concerned, this is the line which the public opinion of France will insist on her spokesmen taking.

As regards our future security I have heard vine-growers in the valley of the Loire say, '*They* can do what they like in the rest of the world (by 'they,' they mean the French Government and the allies of France), but if *they* do not let down a steel fire-proof curtain on the Rhineland between Germany and us we are done for in ten years; only, the whole world will blow up after us.' They have a vague idea that the Rhineland railways might be internationalized, that an international commission of control might ensure the delimitation of the Rhineland, that an international police force might be put at the disposal of this commission and that perhaps the whole of the organization might be entrusted to the League of Nations. But they have no very great faith in this fragile and complicated mechanism. They have the same respect and admiration for the League of Nations as for an expensive orchestra. They do not yet appreciate or understand its practical possibilities.

In any case they will leave the Ruhr

only if they are paid. They will leave the Rhine only if they are paid and made secure — or driven out. At this thought they bow their heads and set their teeth as they did before Verdun. But if the Germans themselves offered the money and security that France desires, France would be only too happy to come to a lasting and final agreement with them.

## V

I have tried to explain from the point of view of the average citizen the essence of the French attitude on reparation and I have outlined certain of its applications. Historians and politicians have a way of creating phantoms, and perhaps I have fallen into this error myself. We hear of democracy, imperialism, and socialism, as if they were real living beings. We talk of France, Germany, America, as if their millions of citizens had all a single thought and a single will. You can no more reduce 'middle-class France' to a unit than you can 'the French nation.' You may then answer all my arguments by saying that class and country are mere generalizations and a fiction of thought.

I agree. But there is an error still more common than this confusion between reality and the verbal expression of reality — it is the confusion between the *two sorts of reality* which exist side by side in every country and in every class. The word reality is often used to describe the indescribable quality, the inimitable and incommunicable something which makes the existence of one community totally different from the existence of another. It is just this which cannot be analyzed. I have made no attempt to conceal the fact that I cannot translate exactly the 'aspect' of Europe and the 'form' of the reparation question as they appear to the most numerous class in France. For this class there is no *aspect* and there is no *form* in this matter. It is a matter which they are *living*. They see it from within, with the invisible and piercing eyes of their innermost being. For them there is a 'consciousness' of reparation, a 'consciousness' of security; there is no *problem*. The French middle class have had enough of suffering and of fears for their own existence. Not so long ago their despair was deep enough, and in recent days their hopes were high enough, to justify them in thinking that on a question of this sort they have the right even to make mistakes. From the point of view of reason they may be wrong; from the point of view of life they *know* that they are *absolutely* right. Anglo-Saxons sometimes make it a reproach against French mentality that it works only by deduction. Here is a case where we are trusting simply to instinct.

These people are at the present moment the protestants of the economic world, the rebels of individual life against universal mechanization — the true and perhaps the only guardians of the principles of the English Revolution, of the American Revolution, of the French Revolution, against the modern tyranny of super-organization from above, or from below, which Germany represents. If they do not succeed in getting paid and in getting protected within ten years from now, their civilization is doomed. The world will sink one step lower toward slavery under the industrial, political, and military, machine which Germany adores. In a large measure America can help us to dispel this nightmare. If she will not help us, at any rate let her not stab us in the back.

# THE CHILDREN'S SOVIET AND OTHERS

BY DOROTHY NORTH

DEAREST M——

The long blank months that have brought no letter from you have, I am afraid, been lonely ones for you, and maybe have not brought you mountain wanderings.

I had too much of the hot summer, too far from the river and the fields and the hills, to do much letter-writing, either, and I was secretly awfully let down by Russia. We were all so fearfully, so impregnably, American, and the Russian life we had contact with, and that formed the whole staple of conversation, was so petty-politician-y and corrupt, and so American, too.

Well, thank goodness, that is over, all but the after-effects, which hang on like the effect of reading vulgar stories. Anyhow, I'm quit of the crowd, have heaps of time to dream and be alone, and a tiny group where I alone hold sway. Is n't it all fearfully egotistical? Certainly this group-life brings out that quality. But the net result of being marooned here, out of the sound of an automobile or a train-whistle or a dynamo, is wonderfully sweetening and heartening. I have come to love my fellow man again, to delight in the bulky shapes of the peasants and in their mild, half-protesting voices, to amuse myself pitting my brains against the rather rudimentary wiles of the local politicians, and fighting with the lust of battle against a wicked director of one of my Children's Homes.

The days have grown prodigiously short and mostly are gray and threatening, with occasional wild wind-storms and rain or snow, and my imagination is busy with pictures of what the winter will be.

I have a jolly little house, with a big living-room, dining-room, and three fair-sized bedrooms. There are two great stoves, one on each side of the living-room, that turn a side each to a bedroom, and so, after a fashion, heat us all. The cook sleeps in the kitchen, as is proper. At present I and the giant interpreter, Dmetri, hold the fort with the cook.

I am having the most diverting difficulties with this letter. Opposite me at our little dining-table sits the sociable and beguiling Dmetri. It is the end of a long damp Sunday, and he has had little to do. Just some instructions to the would-be purchasers of our horses from the Aral Sea, a talk with the Communist leader, who came so prettily begging for costumes for the village theatre, and a few trade bargains, nails for flour, eggs for grits. So he is feeling very conversational and lures me from the path with stories of his capture by bandits and recapture by the Red Army, who almost shot him; for he had started out with a paper containing the army's passwords for half a month, and how could he prove he had swallowed the paper when he was captured, and not sold it to the bandits?

'My golly, I was scared. The frost came out all over me. But when the two weeks were over and they saw none of the bandits got in to our posts, then they trusted me and let me go.'

Now he is playing gay little ditties on his *balalaika*, that it 's hard to shut one's ears to. And he has crinkly hair that goes gold in the lamp-light, and gay blue eyes, a pointed, fresh face, and the joyous confidence of two-and-twenty.

In Canada he always had a crowd of girls, but here, since he was in jail he has lost interest. 'That 's all foolishness,' he says, with a masterful American air and a high chin. 'My uncle wanted to marry me to some girl, but I won't think about such things till I'm an old man, till I'm thirty.'

I suffer torments of anxiety lest he find life dull here, for he loves to dance and have a good time, and of course he never reads if he can do anything else, and my books are all over his years, if not over his head. And, you must know, he is terribly clever — figures and engines and horses and mechanical toys are nothing to him. He was the head of the office when he was in the K—— A——and had eleven men under him; and if he were at T—— he would be the head of all the instructors, five of them. But he is very amiable with me, likes it better here than in T——. 'If I stayed there, I'd get a swelled head. There 's too much work,' he confided engagingly to me to-night. And he loves my calico pony and treats him like his son. When we drive out on the steppe together, he whirls the long lash of the whip and whistles through his teeth, and the pony scuttles till I almost fly out of the telega over the bumps.

DEAREST M——

To-day is Sunday. It is also the second day of the Yarmarka, the three days' annual market of the village. Ever since Saturday morning the heavy wooden telegas have been rolling in behind the patient little cows, and are now lined up along the main street.

I was furiously beating the typewriter when the cook announced a Chuvash woman. A buxom form sidled in, almost as wide as she was long — a maiden of the primitive tribe, who still retain their own tongue and curious dress, and live apart in villages of their own.

The maiden explained with a wide grin that she had walked in from Ignashkin to exchange her costume for a waist and skirt. She pulled off the thick gray shawl that covered her head and shoulders, and displayed the dangling beads and coins that ornamented her curiously beaded and embroidered headband. She rattled the dozen or more strings of little coral and glass beads that hung around her neck, and showed the flat ornament on her chest, silver half-rubles and 20-kopek pieces sewed on a leather foundation, with an occasional suspender button to give the modern touch.

The dress beneath this splendor was worn and dirty, but still its barbaric cheerfulness shone through the grime. It was a rough cotton bag with sleeves, and trimmed with bands and patches of Turkey-red calico, bits of the cheapest Western colored braids, and fine cross-stitch embroidery, all jumbled together in a mad confusion. A dirty apron covered the front, while from a handsome black broadcloth belt the inimitable Chuvash 'tail' hung down behind — an embroidered, tape-and-bead-decorated piece, about eight inches long by four wide, flaring at the bottom and finished off with a long black woolen fringe. The tail is in reality the continuation of the decorative effect of the embroidered headscarf over which the beaded headdress is worn, and which ends in long streamers falling down the back to the waist.

To end the matter, we went to the warehouse to find the dress our friend had tramped eight versts in the mud and wind to get.

She was a long time making up her mind. She fingered the cotton-flannel of many sewing circles, and the serge. She said she would like to take all the things of which I was offering her the choice, and in the end drove an excellent bargain. Somewhat to my surprise, I found myself at the end of the conversation laying in her capacious arms a fair sample of all the women's clothing we had — a large, solid cotton-flannel dress and an even larger gray waist (because I thought she needed something warm and practical), a blue-and-white shirtwaist (because she wanted something to dress up in), a red ribbon (because I was afraid she would realize how homely the practical gray waist was), and a small black serge skirt that we had earlier agreed was too small for her, but that she begged me in the end to throw in for the coral necklace.

'A good thing, too,' I said to the room at large; 'now she will have some warm, sensible clothing for the winter.'

Out in the street I saw her hug her bundle, and the grin expanded in direct proportion to the distance between us. The bargain was concluded — no more need to school her face to an expression of sadness. If her loot was not of the dazzling brilliance she had expected of the Amerikanka, it would still overawe the inhabitants of darkened Ignashkin.

DEAREST M——

I have only newly come into my kingdom of three volosts, and am still full of the marvels thereof. When my gay little Chuvash pony came to me, I decided with his help to explore my new domain as fast as possible.

Sharp at nine o'clock on the 31st of October I started off, full of anticipation, with my stalwart interpreter at my side on the board seat of the telega, a bag of oats for the pony, buns, chocolate, sugar, tea, and a can of beans for ourselves, and wraps innumerable.

We had twelve versts to go in the teeth of a lashing wind, that was soon blowing pellets of stinging snow into our faces. The wide road was deeply rutted and frozen hard, so that we jolted and bumped in the springless telega, and the pony's back expressed the bitterest protest against the violences of nature and the wrongheadedness of man, as he doggedly pulled us along. Snow clouds hung low, veiling the broad steppe and the low, plum-colored hills on our right.

It seemed an interminable distance, those cold eight miles.

At last, over the tree-tops we saw the church of E—— looming white against the gray sky; and with a final scramble up a slippery slope, we rattled into the village.

The little frame house of the Village Soviet was dreary outside and in. In an inner room a number of men were gathered, sitting like stuffed birds, I thought, motionless and speechless on the bench under the window and at the bare table. This was the Village Soviet. They soberly made room for us on the bench, and we waited silently for the arrival of the president.

In a few minutes the president of the two village committees came in. He was a mild-eyed, kindly peasant of about thirty-five, in a high black Astrakan cap, dark overcoat, canvas trousers, low canvas shoes without shoestrings, and low rubbers.

My interpreter unfolded our business. The Quakers had been buying horses for the peasants and had assigned seven to E—— if the village could give a list of seven men with families of five or more, who had once had a horse and now had none, and were among those who would starve this winter if they were not helped.

The horse could be paid for during the next two years in work for the Quakers.

As we talked, the men in the room grouped themselves round us, and their eyes brightened. They were a sober lot, with thin faces under fur caps of many patterns, and they entered into the discussion with interest.

Finally one said, 'You will not get many buyers. We cannot pay for a horse with work when we have no bread.'

Again we told the story of the bread that a man with a horse could earn hauling wood or food or repair materials for the community — so much they would work for food, so much to pay for the horse. It would not be hard to make a living and yet buy a horse.

'We will send in the list to-morrow,' said the president, after the little murmur of assent and noddings of the head subsided.

A school for E—— was the next question. The Government has large plans for education, but they are not always practicable in the famine area.

'In September,' the president explained, 'the department of education in B—— sent a representative to start our school. But we were to be taxed 70 poods of grain [2520 pounds] for one teacher, besides having to furnish vegetables, fuel, and a room, and every child who attended school was to bring 2 poods [72 pounds] for books. The men who had no children said they would not pay, and the men with children could not possibly pay so much grain for every child. So we have no school.'

'But don't you want a school?' I asked.

A man sitting beside me spoke up eagerly. He was broad-shouldered and wore a little yellow fur cap.

'We are eight souls and four should go to school. There is not a pound of flour in the house and we are eating grass, but I would give all I have to send the children to school.'

'If the Quakers fed your teacher all winter, could you feed her for the first month?' I asked the president.

Yes, the village could do that.

'And if you will raise a fund for books among yourselves, we will double it,' I went on.

Yes, they would do that, too.

'I will call a meeting of the Soviet this evening and everyone will say what he will give,' the president promised.

When the question of the school building came up, the president said, 'In the summer Anna Antonina [the affectionate name by which my predecessor was known in her district] told us to start repairing the schoolhouse. But the Quakers could only pay for the work, by giving *pyoks* to the workers, and we had no materials and no money, so the work was not done. But if the school cannot be used, we will find a house. And we will heat it somehow, if you will pay the teacher. That is the great thing.'

'Would you like to see the community work we are doing for our pyoks?' the president asked when everything had been arranged.

Now I had had great doubts about our projects for 'work for pyoks,' and I was very curious to see how the peasants were meeting the plan. All last winter, when starvation was acute, they had been given their month's ration free, and also in the summer during the harvest work. Then had come two months of no pyoks, when they were living on the scanty harvest, or by working for the more fortunate. What did they think now of being suddenly required to dig or plough or make roads in return for their food? To work, not even directly for the Quakers, but for the village, and under their own village authorities? Would they not refuse?

We went first to one of the 'large' houses of the village, a one-story frame house of four fair-sized rooms, which was to be occupied by a Children's Home. Everything was ready for the children: three stoves made over, twenty new panes put in the windows, floors repaired, and the painted walls washed — all as community work.

From the Dietsky Dom we tramped against the driving wind to the open steppe beyond the town. Looking down into a hollow made by a spring stream, we saw a great crowd of workers, gray against the dull hillside, but for the red shawls of the women. They were making the community dam. Some were carrying loads of earth on little stretchers and dumping them on a mound of earth that reached across the bed of the stream; some were digging a little upstream with long-handled spades; some were arranging heaps of brush on the dam itself.

'We began work two weeks ago,' said the president. 'The dam will catch the water in the spring and make a little lake for the cattle in the summer, and will run up the hollow there a long way.'

For some time we watched the unhurried but constant work. The men and women glanced at us from time to time, but did not stop. They were dressed in tawny brown shubas, — sheepskin coats with the wool inside, — and full swinging skirts to below the knee — men, women, and children. A dozen or more boys were at work, husky little urchins, from ten to fourteen years old, sent by widows and women who had no men to work for them and could not come themselves. 'They will all go to school,' the father of four said proudly, waving his hand at them; and they grinned at us, no doubt preferring to do 'men's' work.

The dapper little assistant to the president had all the workers down in his book, with their attendance, two hundred souls, with fifty more cutting brush in the woods and hauling it in with cows. 'We did not know if these men would be paid or not, for they have working cattle,' the president explained; 'but we mobilized them anyhow. A dam built only of earth would not last. But this one will last for fifty years and will make us remember the Quakers always.' We explained that this work would be paid, too.

At that minute a whistle blew and the crowd came streaming toward us. The president reminded them that they used to get their pyoks for nothing, and that some of them had not believed this was Quaker work and would entitle them to pyoks. Now the Quakers had come and promised pyoks to all who worked.

As we turned to go, two cows appeared over the top of the slope with a heavy wood-telega and load of brush. Down they slid, and at the bottom the driver cleverly overturned the wagon. The last we saw was the branches being laid for the next layer of the dam, and the digging and carrying going on as before.

'We must work hard,' the president said; 'for the snow will come in December, and then I do not know what work there will be. If we do not have help, we shall starve as we did last winter. Some of the men are eating grass now. This dam will take two months to build, and we are working every day.'

'That will be food for four months,' I said; 'for we only ask half a month's work for a month's pyok. You can be sure of food until the end of February. We shall have to find new work for the three months until the harvest.'

'Is there anything the women can do?' he asked wistfully. 'Many of them must stay at home with their children and cannot do this work.'

'We are getting wool for them to spin,' I replied, but faintly, for I did not know where wool enough for even one village would come from.

At this minute the man who so wanted the school caught up with us. He was waving a willow switch. 'We shall plant trees all along the dam,' he cried. 'Just put them in the earth and they will grow.'

A vision of a quiet lake, edged with willows swam before my eyes, gratifying an ambition born of the shadeless summer just past — an ambition that we should leave trees on the Russian steppe as a reminder of the days we had passed in it.

Only, as we dragged through the homeward road, now heavy with mud, some little phrases of the president would stick in my memory to mar my satisfaction in the Quaker dam: 'I am twice a president and have no shoes. . . . It is hard to work without shoes and warm clothing.' And I had to remember his canvas shoes and the bast shoes of the workers at the dam.

DEAREST M——

I do not know if Children's Home No. 77 was always as it has been during the last fourteen days of constantly expecting to move away to E——. The Director says there is no other home as clean as his. I can only chronicle what I have seen.

My first visit to the home was on a cold October Friday.

The court was full of the noise of children's voices. It was incredibly dirty, and was full of a sharp smell of steam and cooking. Around the square mud stove in the shed, half a dozen children were busily engaged. One stood on a stool, and was pushing a thick stick into a steaming bowl. From his movements and from the smell in the court, I took it that he was boiling clothes; but a closer look showed that it was potatoes he was prodding. A big, elderly woman was washing clothes in the corner.

The children dropped their work and crowded round me. They were ragged and dirty and startlingly dressed in underwear, with an occasional pair of trousers or a sweater, and they shivered with cold as we talked. There were more clothes in the storeroom, they told me, but the woman who had charge of their clothing had gone to S—— for the Quaker food, and had taken the key to the storeroom with her. The Director was in E——, looking at their new house.

We went indoors to the warm kitchen. It was swarming with children. As I drew out some ancient nuts and candy, a half-dozen heads popped over the top of the mud stove and pairs of intense eyes peered through the crack between the stove and the wall of the next room.

It came near to being a riot over the beggarly plateful of good things I was passing. In a minute all pretense had been abandoned of sitting on the benches or at the table; the big ones were hustling the little, and half a dozen hands would have been in the plate at once but that I intervened, shocked at the exhibition. A little girl then came masterfully forward to second my efforts, kept tab on the wriggling mass of thirty or forty youngsters, and pointed out the candidates for the last bits. She had snapping black eyes, round pink cheeks, and the stature of eleven years, but her execution pointed to maturer years.

It was not possible to stay long in the stifling atmosphere of the kitchen, and I was revolted to see the nutshells finding their way instantly to the newly washed floor. If a little treat destroyed the one virtue, and that a transitory one enough, of the one livable room, it was time the fairy godmother withdrew.

With a smothered *'Gosvidania,'* I made for the door. In the unsavory court I met the Director.

I complained of the filth in the court. The Director replied he could do nothing, the *Ispolkom* would not clean it for him. It was not a matter for the Government, I insisted, but one of the daily life of the home. He replied with unruffled calm that they were leaving soon; that he could do nothing with the children — they were forty, he was only one. He had the highest standards, but even depriving them of their dinners did no good. As for the lack of clothing, it was wash-day and all their clothes were in the wash; it had been warm until recently; and the clothes were being saved. He seemed not to notice the little girl standing beside us, shivering and chattering with cold so as to interfere with the conversation. As for her, so deeply was her curiosity gratified by what she heard, that I doubt if she was conscious, either, of her sufferings.

In my indignation I turned my back on the Director and walked off, he trailing behind blaming the Ispolkom.

Two days later my luncheon was interrupted by a message that one of the staff of No. 77 was leaving, and the Director would not let her take her Quaker clothes with her. Pleased to baulk the rascality of the Director, I sent him a note asking that the woman be given her clothing.

It was not a quarter of an hour before the Director stood before me, and in an excited stream of Russian laid before me and my interpreter the case — thieving, discovery, dismissal.

'Who discovered the theft of the blankets?' I asked suspiciously.

'The children,' he replied. 'They found one blanket under the porch, and when they accused her and demanded the second back, it appeared the next day.'

There was nothing for it but to abandon my rashly taken position, although the Director's radiant satisfaction at my recantation caused me uneasiness.

The following day was market day, and while I was engaged in the congenial occupation of exchanging clothing for some quaint finery from one of the Chuvash villages, a little whirlwind blew in my warehouse door — the discharged laundress crying that she knew nothing of the blankets, and on either side of her, like jailers, two animated little girls from the home, my black-eyed friend and another a few inches taller.

'I am the President of the Children's Committee,' she announced. 'She is an officer, too,' indicating the other youngster. Then of the prisoner, 'She stole our clothes.'

The woman grunted angrily, and for a while words whistled among the piles of clothing. But the Committee held its ground and was convincing as the Director could not be. In the end, my interpreter took a hand. Looking down from his six-foot eminence at the midgets, he said gravely, for me, —

'The Quakers leave the matter in the hands of the Children's Committee and the Director.'

The President nodded briskly; and seizing the luckless laundress by the sleeves, the children marched her off.

To-day I had my third meeting with the home. The lady who had gone to S—— with the key that cold October day appeared, asking for clothing for the children, and blankets now that the nights were so cold.

Grimly I accompanied her to the home.

The children grinned amiably at me and crowded about in their dirty underwear and ragged trousers. I noted mentally that it was not wash-day.

'We will go first to the warehouse and look at the clothes you have,' I announced, 'and without the children, please.'

Sadly they fell back, and we went in alone.

In the storeroom, among the potatoes and turnips, were three painted wooden chests, such as are dear to the Russian heart. Out of these came an array of warm, new underwear and a smaller amount of outer clothing — enough, I indignantly reflected, to have dressed every child in the home decently. In the corner, in the dirt, were some unpleasant-looking bundles. Quelling my squeamishness and that of the unfortunate *gospitalnitza*, I inspected the soiled clothes, while the Director shifted from one foot to the other in the doorway, and listened with what command of countenance he could to my frank comments on the housekeeping of the home, and to my repeated questions why the garments were unworn and the children cold.

It appeared that some garments were too large and some were too thin. These I gathered up in a large bundle to take back. The Quakers had no clothing to be laid away in chests, I explained. I would give the proper size.

'Now may I see the children?' I asked, as we returned to the house; a superfluous request, as they swarmed out to meet us.

Then began one of the strangest dress parades the world has seen. The children stood before me in groups, the biggest first, and showed me without hesitation the rags they were wearing, their misshapen bodies showing plainly through the almost total lack of clothing.

'Why has not this boy one of those warm shirts you tell me are too large?' I demanded on behalf of one of the big boys.

'He has a vest,' the 'matron' replied; and so, to be sure, he had — thin back, no sleeves, and all.

'Would you like a shirt?' I asked him, and watched him pull it over his head, grinning.

'Why has this little girl no skirt?' And I pointed out a little thing wrapped in a jacket.

'She has a petticoat,' and there it was, at least half-way down to her bare knees. One nine-year-old boy's thin arm showed through a long tear in his flimsy top shirt. They were economizing on him, so that he would have something to wear when they moved. A short lecture followed on the Quaker idea that it was better economy to keep the children decently dressed and to save them from catching cold, than to make a fine appearance on entering E——.

The moral atmosphere was fast getting as thick as the air in the kitchen, when I bethought me of the request for blankets and the four new blankets I had seen lying in the storeroom, also the rows of little wooden beds, each with its blanket, in the dormitory.

'Where do the children sleep?' I inquired.

'Here.'

'Here, on the floor?' I asked faintly, looking round the small kitchen filled with the long table, the benches, and the stove.

'Yes; at night they bring in their blankets. It is too cold in the bedrooms.'

A brief inspection revealed the deadly chill in the rest of the house and a broken pane in one of the bedroom windows. No use to ask Russians to sleep in that temperature, with no matter how many blankets. Whatever I did, the children would go on sleeping as they were, until they moved.

Heartsick, I was ready to go. Then a thought struck me.

'Where is the Children's Committee?' I asked; and, radiant with importance, the three little girls stepped out.

I looked at them with intense seriousness. 'The Quakers are trying to do their best for you,' I said. 'They want you to have good food and clothes enough. But are n't you ashamed to be so dirty? You have a soviet of your own and still you live like this. Why have n't you a boy on the committee to keep the yard clean? [Whispering in the serious ranks.] It is a disgrace, and the Director says he can't do anything about it. [Floods of confirmation from the Director in the doorway.]

'We hold the Director responsible for everything,' I went on, with a severe look into the dishonest blue eyes, 'but he cannot do much unless the children work with him. [The audience was sober now, almost to tears, and the round, clipped heads, the bulging famine-stomachs, the flapping drawers of the boys and the transparent dresses and spindly legs of the girls, were going to make me cry or laugh in about a minute.] 'If I go home and see what I can find for you, will you try to keep things nicer?'

The chorus of assent almost swept me out of the room.

As the Director accompanied me to the street, he asked solicitously where I objected to the dirt.

'Everywhere,' I replied succintly.

'And will the staff receive blankets?' he went on, as if, now that the good conduct prizes were being given, it was time the most distinguished got theirs.

'I shall visit you in your new home,' I replied pleasantly. 'If I am better satisfied there than I am here, we can talk of such things then.'

In the afternoon I had another visit at my warehouse. The Committee, very pink-cheeked, would like to have the clothing I had promised. And might they please have back the underwear trimmed with lace? It was the prettiest they had ever seen, and someone had cried when it was taken away. No, indeed, it was not too thin, as the matron had said. The children had never seen the clothes that the Quakers had given. They had been locked up at once. Now that the Committee knew just what was being given, everything would be better.

Gravely they advised about sizes and gave numbers. No boy would get a sweater, they explained, who had other warm clothes, or unless, as I suggested, he had cold work, like gardening. Indeed, they would take care of the things.

And was the Director to have one of the blankets, when the children received theirs? the President asked, with careful justice.

'Yes, give him one,' I said in a burst of forgiveness and, perhaps, of malice at the thought of my old enemy getting his blanket at the hands of his youthful soviet. Surely they were a forgiving lot, and it was not for me to be behind in generosity.

Suddenly the strain was over, and we began to laugh and be natural.

At the door three radiant grins rewarded me for my labors.

'Thank you! thank you: *Ochen blagariu — bolshe, bolshe sposiba!*' And they plunged into the street, their arms full of woolen stockings, dresses, and four little pairs of trousers — my whole store.

I did not like to think of the disappointed faces of the boys who must go on fetching the wood and working in the gardens in a simple pair of underdrawers and French-heeled lady's shoes. But —

'*Bog daiout*,' as the peasants say, 'it is as God gives'; and if He does not give trousers in large sizes, then let us be thankful He does give underwear.

# THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

## THE ULTIMATE NIGHTINGALE

THE broad beans were in flower. We did not know it then. We only thought that there must be magic in the very breath of Warwickshire.

'There will certainly be nightingales,' said Anthea.

'How could there not be?' said I.

A fortnight of such reassurances lay behind us. Everywhere we had heard tales of nightingales in incredible abundance, coupled with laments at this year's shortage. In refreshing contrast to traditional self-centredness, each village was convinced that the one just beyond had somehow escaped this unhappy dearth. The Next Village was always bordered by a wood where you could hear them singing all night long. The most positive and alluring statements of all came from a cobbler whose tiny shop overhung the river that divided the town. His account of the legendary wood was so rich in enchantment, that it was like being talked to by one of Pamela Bianco's drawings.

An audience marooned in stocking-feet, while the story-teller affixes revolving rubber heels to its shoes, is a highly specialized temptation. Reluctantly he allowed us to pay him and depart. With a wealth of detail he described every turn of the road we were to follow.

As we strapped our packs on our backs again outside the door, Anthea turned suddenly and said, 'But everywhere we go, people call the Next Village by a different name. How is a body ever to reach it? By the time you arrive, it has always moved on somewhere else.'

I said, 'Come, Anthea,' with severity. It seemed a pity to befog an honest tradesman, especially when he looked so like Erasmus according to Holbein.

The cobbler stared thoughtfully through Anthea. Then he said, 'Yes, miss, quite so — jam yesterday and jam to-morrow, but never jam to-day!'

We both went back and shook hands with him. Incidentally we had a glimpse of his bookshelf. There was only one, and it was rather small. But how delightfully different from the prescribed Five Feet of Indispensable Instruction! Everything that was not detective stories was forest lore and nonsense rhymes and wonder-books.

'A nightingale would be an anti-climax now,' said Anthea; 'let's not hunt any more.'

But we did. By the time we reached Stratford, we had collected fifty-one different versions of the only possible place. Daytimes we did whatever errands we could not avoid, with much sitting on stiles by way of antidote. In the evenings we followed one set of directions after another. Fortunately, they were all within two miles of Stratford. Day and night we spent a good deal of ingenuity in avoiding parties of tourists. Ours, we told ourselves and each other, was not a tourist point of view. The very sight of a sight-seeing party made one's feet ache and one's knees wobble. How they *could!* We shook our heads and sighed tolerantly. The Birthplace? We lifted our eyebrows and murmured, 'Poor Shakespeare — that hideous daily invasion!' And then the *souvenirs* — we shuddered silently. Tourists always looked so hot and so purposeful. Let the poor souls perspire

an they would. But for *us*, the nightingale.

Our appointed time to leave Stratford came and went. We remained. By the end of three weeks we could have charted the deeps and shallows of every lane and meadow within walking distance. The longer we stayed, the farther people sent us. The unheard song took on a remoteness, which led us on and on, however unavailingly.

Meanwhile we were beginning to have glimpses of a hitherto unsuspected Stratford. Lasting friendships were made. Rose gardens invited us. Music beckoned. Drama commanded. Now for the first time, we dared to think of Shakespeare. It was with an odd, shamed sense of relief that we found that our new friends refused to take our quest for nightingales seriously. Yes, nightingales did undoubtedly often sing in the rose arbor, they said. But they probably would n't if we lay in wait for them. And anyway, why bother? There could never be much joy in anything so hideously prearranged. Why not find all that we expected of the nightingale and more by quietly and comfortably reading Josephine Preston Peabody's 'The Nightingale Unheard'? In any case, they simply would not be chivied into singing when they did n't feel like it.

There was only one thing that troubled us about these really enchanting persons. They not only did not sadly endure the Birthplace, Anne Hathaway's Cottage, and the rest, but frankly gloried in them. Nor did they stop there. They spent time, money, research, enthusiasm, in keeping these places safe and well preserved. They even spoke of tourists with disconcerting tolerance, because they contributed so generously to this end. More than that, they insisted that there was something touching and fine in the average tourist's feeling for Shakespeare and for any least thing that even *might* have been his. And as for the crowds — Shakespeare was never a man to stand aloof, they said.

There was no hushed reverence in the way they spoke of Shakespeare. What they expressed was a living, hearty love. We began to wonder. Perhaps there really was something in Stratford as worth while as nightingales. Might the tourists — horrid thought! — have had the finer impulse, after all? So there came a day when we stopped exploring the countryside for the unheard nightingale.

That night, we came over the bridge at sunset. We had never dreamed that Stratford could be like this. Gradually and steadily, it put aside all the disfiguring mannerisms of the day, and withdrew into a quietude that seemed as wholly at one with the sky as the deepening afterglow. Even the grimacing crowds of souvenirs in the shop-fronts became no more than the forgotten, uncouth playthings of some exiled Caliban. Glimmering casements began to answer the blue night, star for star. A century slipped away at each turn of the road, as we followed the narrowing streets to the Inn. Faint lights and blurring shadows imposed their own design upon the beautiful cross-timbering. It was as if we saw it for the first time. To-night we came in like wondering children.

Our rooms were in a small and ancient cottage back of the Inn. Its age was the subject of learned dispute. Quite obviously it looked upon the Tudor Inn as a newcomer. The treads of our black oak stairway were worn into deep hollows, which candlelight often disguised to our undoing. But now we did not stumble. The lovely austerity of the little white-walled, dark-beamed chambers was like a spring fragrance always. To-night the casements opened on the rising moon.

We were in Chaucer's England. There was expectancy in the way the moonlight fell. We stood and waited, without knowing why. The invisible Chaucer waited with us.

The moon rode higher now. We slipped, by imperceptible degrees, from the fourteenth century into the fifteenth. Now the moonlight, pale primrose before, deepened into daffodil gold. We had reached the sixteenth century. But we knew that Chaucer was still waiting for Shakespeare.

'They should have been boys together,' said Anthea, 'instead of letting two hundred years keep them apart.'

Elizabethan moonbeams damascened the ancient floor. The transcendent sanity that was Shakespeare entered the chamber. It came like a cleansing wind. Our prized antipathies, our mean, clever little deridings blew out of our minds forever — a pinch of dust whirling away into nothingness. Then he and Chaucer were gone. But we could almost hear them call good-bye to each other at the turn of the lane.

There was a long, dynamic silence.

'I shall go to the Birthplace tomorrow,' said Anthea meekly.

'And the Grammar School,' I murmured.

Anthea considered. 'Of course, tourists are — *tourists;* but then, so are we. I do hope Shakespeare won't insist on our liking *us* as well as we do the cobbler and the tea-grocer's boy. I suppose that's snobbish, though.' Suddenly the curves of her mouth expressed a nimble self-derision. 'With all our keeping so smugly aloof, we've been every bit as souvenir-mad as the rest of them, only we've hunted nightingales instead of post-cards — What could be more unspeakable?'

We stood abased. Then, 'Do you suppose we shall never hear one, after all our trying?' she said wistfully.

We must have slept very soundly that night. Through the vague twilight of a dream wound a glimmering thread of light. You could feel rather than see it weaving in and out of the tree branches, in and out of the shadows on the grass. And all the time it kept spinning itself into brighter and brighter strands. They wound and unwound, streamed and curled and floated, always just out of reach. But you must watch very intently and breathlessly, following and following the design. . . .

I was sitting up in bed, intent, breathless, following — what? The glimmering strands of light were still floating and falling around me, — the vanishing filaments of a half-forgotten dream. Light? No, song! I must not go to the window. It would stop. Was it music, or was it light, after all? Streaming, curling, floating — flower-gold, moon-gold, sun-gold — gone!

The little cockney maid was bringing Anthea's tea when I woke in the morning. She continually suspected Stratford of trying to undermine her fierce loyalty to London. The tilt of her alert nose, the obstinate angle of her chin said defiantly, 'Try it on if you dare!' As she came across the narrow strip of hallway to my door, I was wondering whether I really had sat up in bed and heard — what I thought I heard, or whether that, too, was part of the dream.

'Kerridge, did anything wake you last night?' Anthea's tone was cautious, very. Dreams could be so plausible.

Kerridge put down my cup. Then she slowly, unwillingly nodded. 'Yes, miss, they 'd of woken you many a night, if you 'ad n't come 'ome late-like, too tired to 'ear 'em. 'T is nightingales, miss. They sing 'ere somethink *chronic!*'

Her tone condemned the shameless intruders. But there was a light in her eye — London had surrendered.

## RHUS TOXICODENDRON

THE ability of man, at a later time, to laugh over the pains of yesterday preserves him from becoming, as the case may be, a prig, a bore, or a hypochondriac. To-day I can smile, actually smile, at the mention of poison ivy; yet but two little months ago, I tossed upon a sleepless couch, one vast, substantial itch, and, with fingers clenched upon the counterpane, strove not to obey that impulse.

At the time I was living with pastoral friends in New Hampshire. Under what hapless circumstances I took my flier in ivy was never clear to any of us. I know only that, one morning at milking-time, I woke from the first sweet sleep of night, to find my epidermis for all the world like one of Roger Babson's statistical reports of the thickly settled districts, cities of over 50,000 population done in red. So I betook myself to Emma.

'Land!' exclaimed she, peering through her specs at my mottled hide. 'You *air* pizoned!'

Beyond a doubt. But *que faire?*

'In my fambly,' quoth Emma, 'we allus stick by the old remedies: a cup of vinegar with a cent in it.'

'Must you have a fresh cent in every cup?' I innocently asked, considerably amazed at this astounding property in our much neglected unit of currency.

'Take it as a joke and welcome!' With asperity Emma banged shut the oven door.

From the woodshed came Wal'r's voice. 'My folks use nitre,' he drawled.

'That 's for a fever, is n't it?' I remonstrated cautiously.

'Inside or out,' he replied. 'What do you think pizon ivory is, anyhow?'

I was about to reply, Fire and Brimstone and All Get-Out, when Wal'r continued: 'It 's a fever, and no mistake. Why, man, I 've had my legs swelled big as pillers, from ivory that I tread in while hayin'. I slapped nitre on them legs, and took nitre internal three times a day, and it eased down that swellin' jest as sweet as a kiss at a huskin'-bee.'

Convinced by such evidence, I trudged off to the general store for pints, quarts, gallons, if need be, of sweet spirits of nitre.

'Poison ivy?' inquired the lady of the counter, who had once lived in Saugus, Mass., and gave the *pas* to no one. 'You don't want nitre! Just run out to the gasoline tank, and let Billy spray you with a couple of quarts.'

'My stars, Verena!' remonstrated her aunt; 'who ever heerd of such a new-fangled notion? Jes' don't listen to the girl. What you want is potash. Here 's some soap I 've made to wash the kitchen sink with. It 's got plenty of lye in it. Now you jes' bile —'

'Lye!' I expostulated. 'Kitchen sink! Gracious Powers, Mrs. Smith, have you no heart?'

'Iodine is a tol'ble help, they say, for some folks,' spoke up Oramel Jewell from beside the stove.

His brother, Romanzo, spit reflectively through the door.

'Dirty stuff, thet iodeen. Why don't you try salt and vinegar?'

'That 's two for vinegar,' I reflected.

Forthwith I purchased a gill of nitre, a pint of vinegar, a quarter's worth of iodine, a little lye, a twist of salt, and left the store, for the present dispensing with the gasoline shower.

On the stoop the pastor met me.

'You look like a drug store,' he laughed.

I told my story to the man of God.

'Now throw away all that truck at once!' he interrupted, indicating my sovereign remedies with a fine scorn. 'The trouble is with your blood.'

That rather irritated me. Though I may not resemble the photographs of

Mr. J-ss W-ll-rd after having taken two bottles of Nuxated Iron, I rather fancy my blood. It arrived in Hingham, coursing in a deacon's veins, in 1636.

'Thanks,' I said rather stiffly, and walked off.

'Sulphur and molasses,' he called cheerfully. 'Make you fit as a tick.'

At the iron bridge, Sid Hunkins (Phœbus, what a name!), who had learned of my complaint, offered his wisdom.

'It 's tew late fur this season,' said Sid, 'but next spring, the fust ivory as ever you see, you just swaller three little leaves. After that you can go gallivantin' in the stuff, regardless.'

But I did n't care twopence for next spring. It was here and now that troubled me.

Before turning down the road to Wal'r's house, I stopped at the telephone pay-station and sent a telegram to a doctor in Boston, who was a friend of mine: 'Badly poisoned by ivy. What shall I do about it?'

Then I walked home and set the harvest of the rural pharmacopœia on the shelf. In the afternoon a reply came back: 'Doctor Cutts is on his vacation in the Canadian Rockies.'

Despair filled my soul. There ought to be a law preventing medical men from going to such places. With a moan, I rushed to my store of drugs and tossed off a noggin of nitre. Then I painted my chest with iodine, embossed my arms with potash, and submerged my legs in vinegar and pennies.

For six days I was busy — as Wal'r put it — as a hog on a tin roof. Yet there was fascination in the thing. Now I would think the lye was winning; then the vinegar would forge ahead; again, it was the iodine that was downing the fell adversary. And at meal-time — O Volstead, where is thy sting! — my toddy of nitre — 92.4 per cent alcohol — cast a pleasant glow upon this struggle between disease and remedy.

On the seventh day there came a letter from my friend the doctor, who had returned from the Rockies. 'What have you tried?' he wrote. 'The best thing is patience. Poison ivy is like first love; it has to run out its course.'

It had. The scaly tetter vanished; lo! my skin was white again as snow.

## THE WAY OF A HORSE WITH A MAN

When I came into my farm, among the hereditaments was a pair of horses — huge beasts, of melancholy mien and temperamental behavior. Roy, who worked the farm on shares last year and aspires to work me on a salary next year, broke the news bluntly as soon as the papers were signed.

'Them horses better be traded off now. They've got a way of lying down in snowbanks and mud-puddles. You'll notice, too, that they can't get along together or apart. Put 'em in separate fields and they break down the fences getting together, just to tease and pester one another. Like some married folks. Course, I don't aim to be telling you your business; but if they was mine, I'd trade 'em sight unseen for anything that walked on eight legs, neighed, and weighed above a ton.'

The more I saw of those horses, the more I valued Roy's advice. One morning, after we had chased them around the pasture for an hour, I told him to proceed with the deal — any deal. So, a few days later, Roy introduced me to Mr. Northrup. Yes, Mr. Northrup had a team, a young team, a good team, a team which he valued highly — at $500, to be exact. As for my horses, Mr. Northrup thought one of them might be worth our valuation of $100 (that would be Bill). The Tom horse, said Mr. Northrup, did not impress him more

than $75 worth. In fact, he had heard stories about the Tom horse not in the least to the Tom horse's credit.

'Now this team o' mine,' continued Mr. Northrup, 'is a team I can do anything with. A Ford don't mean nothing to them. They'll follow me anywheres. No, sir, if I could afford to keep them over the winter, they'd never be up for sale. Pets, downright pets!'

This last was not quite convincing, because here was Mr. Northrup contemplating equably the taking in and boarding of Bill and Tom. No young horses, such as his pets, could possibly eat as much as Bill and Tom, after all their years of experience. This flaw in Mr. Northrup's logic led me to suspect his motive to be gain, and that, perhaps, his last figure would be less than $500. So we drove over to his place.

It was a cold, raw day, so we left the Ford in the barn and traveled in a weatherproof sedan. This was a tactical blunder. It confirmed Mr. Northrup in the belief that I was a plutocrat, and fair game for any honest farmer. On the way, I tried talking him down from his $500, but he clung fast. Such amiable horses were not to be found every day — at least in this part of the country. Yet in a Ford I am sure he would have tumbled within the first mile.

Arrived at his steading, Mr. Northrup let down the bars of his hillside pasture and approached his pets, halters in hand. They made a beautiful picture, dapple-gray against the brown earth, with white manes and tails whipping in the wind. We envied Mr. Northrup his calm bearing as he crossed the field; not so confidently were we wont to march up to Bill and Tom.

But, what 's this? The pets separate and move — away from their master. One up the hill, one down. In vain he clucks and whistles; in vain he soothes and cajoles. He cannot get within six rods of the one or two rods of the other.

Mr. Northrup returned briskly with an explanation — a good one. The animals do not know him because, for the first time this season, he is wearing his overcoat. He removed his garment, hung it on the fence, and went back into the field. Same result. The pets do not recognize him even now — or do they? At any rate, they hold aloof.

Mrs. Northrup, shawl over head, appeared with a suggestion. Oats. Mr. Northrup bowed to the inevitable, took a two-quart measure, filled it with grain, and a third time entered the arena. Discipline, love, and moral suasion having failed, he would try bribery. One of the grays snorted mildly and went on up the hill. The other, more curious, edged along, twenty paces distant from Mr. Northrup, until he saw us standing by the gate. Then he departed with a flourish. Theoretically he was a splendid animal; but, of course, no one buys a horse without inspecting his mouth and feeling his legs. That ritual is always followed. So I did not even condescend to make an offer. The best I could say to Mr. Northrup was that, while he might be able to take his horses anywhere, he would need to put them in a truck first. I fancied that might sink into his mind to my eventual profit.

Two days later, Mr. Northrup reappeared. Whereas our Bill and Tom before had looked to him worth only $175 in trade, he now conceded that they were worth $50 more than we had imagined. It appeared that we had never given Bill and Tom sufficient credit. He would allow us $250 for them, providing his pets held firm at $500. We will let him simmer a bit on that basis, and then suggest that he mark his grays down to $400. That is about where they would have been if I had been smart enough to ride to Mr. Northrup's Waterloo in the standardized conveyance of the countryside, instead of in a glass-and-steel box with cushions.

# THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

'DIVORCE is a clinic, a piece of social surgery attempting to salvage the wreck of marriages which are manifestly mistakes,' writes **Joseph Fort Newton** who discusses divorce in this number of the *Atlantic*. He is minister of the Church of the Divine Paternity, in New York, and the author of a number of Atlantic papers on Preaching in London and Preaching in New York. ¶Pricking the bubble of American complacency is a function for which **Agnes Repplier** is well equipped. In her present paper, which is as piquant as any she has done, discontent is canonized. **James Norman Hall** is the author of *Kitchener's Mob* and *High Adventure*. Since the war he has found contrast and contentment in the South Seas at Tahiti; but last winter, by way of violent interlude, he sojourned in Iceland, whence comes to us the following: 'During the past month I have traveled more than seven hundred kilometres on horseback. . . . I have crossed some of the wildest, loveliest country in Iceland: along wide green valleys to the headwaters of magnificent rivers, over mountains, across moorlands alive with wild geese and ducks, plover, ptarmigan, over vast tracts of country as dead to life surely as the surface of the moon; and all the way I have been on my knees in spirit, before such beauty.' **Amy S. Jennings** is a new American poet, who appears in the *Atlantic* this month for the first time.

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**James H. Maurer** has been a trades-unionist since he joined the Knights of Labor at the age of sixteen. For the past eleven years he has been President of the Pennsylvania Federation of Labor. **Charles Rumford Walker** is the author of *Steel: The Diary of a Furnace-Worker*, published last fall by the Atlantic Monthly Press. After working in the steel industry as a common laborer on open-hearth and blast furnaces, he followed the trail of 'ingots and men' to copper and brass. In one of the largest copper and brass mills of this country he worked on refining furnaces and in the rolling-mills as an unskilled and semiskilled workman. Later he became a personnel assistant for the same company. ¶Soldier, sailor, and artist, **Henry B. Beston** served with both Army and Navy during the war. He is the author of *A Volunteer Poilu*, 1916; *Full Speed Ahead*, 1919; *The Firelight Fairybook*, 1919. 'The Wonderful Tune' is a chapter from a new book of Wonder-Tales, to be published in the fall by the Atlantic Monthly Press. **Laura A. Hibbard**, assistant-professor of English literature at Wellesley College, is one of the younger mediæval scholars who has already achieved distinction in her chosen field of Arthurian Romance. ¶Formerly president of Reed College, Oregon, **William Trufant Foster** is now engaged upon a number of economic studies for the Pollak Foundation. He is the author of the paper, 'Shall We Abandon the Gold Standard?' which appeared in the July *Atlantic*.

* * *

'A Meteoric Career,' by **Horace V. Winchell**, a mining geologist of Los Angeles, has reference to a few tumultuous weeks of the author's recollections rather than to the more even tenor of his professional career. **Cornelia James Cannon** will be remembered for 'American Misgivings' (February 1922), and other provocative *Atlantic* papers. **H. Phelps Putnam** is a young American poet who has the faculty of pouring a new and rather heady poetry into the old bottles of the sonnet form. ¶A naturalist, a devoted student of Shakespeare, and a novelist, **Charles D. Stewart** has yet found time to build with his own hands the stone house in which he lives. **Jean Kenyon Mackenzie**, missionary, poet, and essayist, is an old and dear friend of *Atlantic* readers.

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**George Soule** has become known as one of the most scholarly and thoughtful among

radical writers on economic and social questions. He was at one time a member of the staff of the *New Republic*, and later of the editorial staff of the *New York Evening Post*. He is director of The Labor Bureau, Inc. of New York. ¶We apologize for writing **Ramsay Traquair** an 'agriculturist' in the March Contributors' Column. He is in reality a Canadian architect, in charge of the department of architecture at McGill University, Montreal. The **Reverend Nicol Macnicol,** a Scottish missionary at Poona, India, combines a wide knowledge of Indian politics, life, and character with a broad sympathy for the Indian point of view. **M. Abel Chevalley** is a French diplomat, who was at one time head of the American section of the Foreign Office, and later Minister to Norway for France. Of his paper on the Ruhr, he writes: 'I have avoided a mere restating of the "official" case. . . . I shall try to translate for your readers the views of a very typical village of rural France, entirely inhabited by very small landowners and vine-growers, of which village, though a diplomatic servant by trade, I am — if you please — the elected Mayor.' **Dorothy North,** whose home is in Chicago, has served with the Quakers in France and in Vienna. Last winter she was in charge of relief work in a tiny village in the south of Russia.

* * *

The publication of Mr. Belloc's article on 'The Anglo-Saxon and the Catholic Church,' in the same number of the *Atlantic* with 'Testing the Human Mind,' has raised the question of the relative intelligence of persons from Catholic and from Protestant countries. We quote from a recent letter: —

Perhaps the very instructive table given on page 364 of the same number of the *Atlantic* in which Mr. Belloc's article appears is not without significance in relation to the present discussion. Manifestly the table is not complete, but it is at least interesting to note that among the foreign-born citizens drafted for our army those from dominantly Protestant countries make up the entire upper half in the scale of intelligence, not a single Catholic country being represented in the first eight out of sixteen nationalities listed. On the other hand, the lower half is made up almost entirely of natives of Roman or Greek Catholic countries, while the two countries whose natives showed the very lowest average intelligence, Poland, and Italy, are almost exclusively Catholic. France is the only country not represented in the list which might have appreciably raised the Catholic average, and it is by no means certain that its inclusion would have this effect, while the inclusion of Spain would offset any gain that France might bring.

The following letter on the Roman Catholic position is from the Reverend Joseph A. Murphy, D.D., St. John's Seminary, Brighton, Mass.

The ancient argument on the alleged inferiority of Catholics to Protestants has received new impetus from the comparative statistics furnished by Mr. Yerkes in the March *Atlantic*. As a recent writer observes, ' . . . it is at least a reasonable question whether there is any relation between the facts shown by this table and the teaching of a church which discourages the free use of the reasoning powers and insists upon a complete submission to an authority which may not be questioned.' Alas and alack! After enduring the laughter of centuries at the involved reasonings of our theologians, our scholastics and casuists, ecstatic metaphysicians who carried reason almost to the reductio ad absurdum, we are now calmly told that the Church 'discourages the free use of the reasoning powers.' Is the writer aware that what he attributes to Catholics is plain heresy? Does he know that the Church teaches that reason precedes faith?

The insinuation is that Catholics surrender intellectual freedom. Manning, Newman, Benson, the Chestertons and a host of others found new freedom in the faith of their ancestors. The Catholic, in matters of faith, simply acts as the average man of common sense acts in matters of less importance. He consults authority. Imagine a sick man applying the principle of private judgment and refusing to consult a physician lest his reasoning powers be hampered! Imagine the confusion if everyone were allowed to interpret the Constitution and act upon private illumination of the text! Catholics believe that what will not work in everyday life will not work in the spiritual life. They listen to the Church because they believe it is divinely guided. Its voice is the voice of Christ. Surely if the Protestant believes that Christ speaks to the individual and guides him, it is not unreasonable that the Catholic should believe that Christ speaks to and guides His Church.

As for the supposed inferiority of Catholic mentality everyone who knows the history of civilization will admit that Catholics have contributed mightily to the progress of the world.

There is not a single department of art, literature, or science without Catholic names on the roll of honor.

Because the poor peasants of persecuted and divided Poland and Ireland, or the refugees from the agricultural districts of Southern Europe, have not measured up to the intellectual standards of immigrants from the industrial sections of countries of wealth, power, and opportunity, the Catholic religion must be to blame. Farmers versus mechanics in a test dictated by an industrial country! The wonder is that they did so well!

Is Judaism superior to Christianity because of the ability displayed by young Hebrews?

Is Catholicism superior to Protestantism because the citizens of Rhode Island could score higher on an intellectual test than the citizens of South Carolina?

Is Protestantism a failure because of the Kultur it produced in the country in which it was born?

Is Catholicism a success because Belgium, France, and Italy saved the world?

Comparisons are odious and dangerous. Surely with the world on fire all about us it is no time for Catholics and Protestants to be hurling brands of religious hatred at each other.

Let us look backward as well as forward, inward as well as outward . . . and lend a hand.

* * *

Here is a sharp though friendly appraisal of *both* articles on the Anglo-Saxon and the Roman Catholic, by Dean Inge and Mr. Belloc.

Dear Atlantic, —

Hilaire Belloc and Dean Inge afford much interest by contrast, being Englishmen and writing for the reading American public. Both write as Englishmen, from the English point of view, and Englishlike assume they know the American mind.

I should enjoy reading two articles by the same gentlemen two years from date were they to leave their studies in England and toil as do laymen and clergymen in America, say in the Middle West, fortified by the usual stipends paid here and with the normal day-by-day problems confronting them on Main Street.

The Dean is a polished, exasperating cynic, very careless at times in the use of clever phrases and important words, occasionally satisfying, more often wearying save to those who wish to remain vague, unsettled, satisfied with indefiniteness.

Mr. Belloc is wrong, honest, clear cut, definite, satisfying, practical.

Here is one case where the middle man cannot be eliminated without injustice. Mediocrity may have its vices, and ofttimes be guilty of damnation, but between these two extremes it is most desirable.

To the *Atlantic* I am most grateful for the two splendid articles. I should like to read Mr. Belloc's thoughts after reading the Dean's article. I am sure he could write a very interesting reply.

Harry S. Ruth.

* * *

Here is more light on 'talk' as an educative force — especially for professors:

Dear Atlantic, —

I am a college professor, and my wife tells me that I talk too much! Imagine then, my secret pleasure in reading, 'American scholarship will never achieve its high destiny until American professors talk more!'

Your contributor is right in saying, 'We need more talk'; but he tells only half the story when he concludes that 'American scholarship will never achieve its high destiny until American professors talk more.' The Oxford dons learned to talk as students in the Junior Common Room. Shelley and Coleridge and Wordsworth and Arnold and Tennyson all talked as students. Not only do American professors not talk enough, but American students do not talk enough. They memorize inaccurate notes on endless lectures, but their *talking* is confined to planning fraternity rushing parties, electing dance committees, and foretelling the result of next Saturday's baseball game.

There you have the American problem! Nothing wiser has been said since Cardinal Newman thus spoke: 'If I had to choose between a university which dispensed with residence and gave its degrees to any person who passed an examination, and a university which had no professors or examinations at all, but merely brought a number of young men together for three or four years and then sent them away, I have no hesitation in giving the preference to that university which did nothing. The universities, which did little more than bring together youths in large numbers, can boast of a succession of heroes and statesmen, of literary men and philosophers, of men conspicuous for great natural virtues, for habits of business, for knowledge of life, for practical judgment, for cultivated tastes, for accomplishments, who have made England what it is.'

Our colleges can make America what it will be. At present they do not train our students to talk. No wonder, then, that these students develop into pedantic professors!

Carl Weber.

Colonel Robert M. Yerkes, in 'Testing the Human Mind' (March *Atlantic*), quotes what he terms a 'misleading' statement of A. E. Wiggam, the biologist, to the effect that the mental powers of forty-five million people in this country 'will never be greater than those of twelve-year-old children.' Mr. Wiggam believes that an injustice has been done him by Colonel Yerkes: —

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

The statement may be somewhat in error or merely unfortunately phrased, but, if so, up to fifteen months ago when the statement was written the psychologists had not published sufficient interpretation of their own work to prove it was not true, or if they had, the searching of myself and an assistant through hundreds of psychological and educational journals failed to unearth the fact, and a number of most reputable psychologists at that time were repeating the statement publicly and *in letters to me personally endorsed the statement.* Can conscientious and responsible journalism go further?

Again, quite obviously, the article was written as coming from a biologist who naturally could do nothing but ask a number of reputable psychologists what were the facts in the case. Consequently the personal injustice to me both by Colonel Yerkes and the *Atlantic* is to hold me up as responsible for statements made by the psychologists themselves. I speak with the utmost personal courtesy toward both the *Atlantic* and Colonel Yerkes in saying that, if the psychologists could not tell the biologists the facts of their own work, it would be the utmost impertinence for the biologists to assume to tell them. If the statement is in error, and perhaps it is, slightly, it is plainly the fault of Colonel Yerkes's own profession and not mine. Colonel Yerkes writes as though I invented the 'thirteen-year statement,' but clearly it was the belief at that time of a very respectable percentage of his own profession and, if not true, I, as a biologist, had no means whatsoever of knowing it.

I think I am entirely kind to Colonel Yerkes in saying that, had he quoted a paragraph almost immediately following the one he bases his article upon, he would have had no basis for his article, so far as concerns me, and would have found that I am arguing in entire accord with his own opinions, expressed elsewhere (Professor Brigham's *American Intelligence*), that the danger to this country is not from its present intelligence, whether low or high, but from its *prospective decline.* I state that 'the danger is not from the ninety-odd millions who have little or no intelligence but from the four millions who have. The four millions are decreasing while the ninety millions are increasing.' I then go on to show how and why biologists believe this to be true, and that present educational and social methods are hastening the process; but, far from being an alarmist, I go much farther than Colonel Yerkes or Professor Brigham do in pointing out large constructive measures by which this process may not only be checked but turned into a great programme of race elevation and race improvement.

Please be assured that I have no idea that either Colonel Yerkes or the *Atlantic* had any notion of being unfair toward me. It does happen, however, I think, that taking a passage out of an essay designed to prove other things, and one which was entirely constructive, and holding it up as a specimen of irresponsible and alarmist journalism when it was sanctioned by the leading members of his own profession — a profession with which I do not profess and did not then profess to be in the least familiar — is, to say the least, decidedly misleading, and, without intent upon your part or that of Col. Yerkes, does me quite an injustice.

My cordial attitude, however, can hardly be doubted since I am plunging at once into defending this very article of Colonel Yerkes and mental-testing generally. I am also distributing quite a number of Colonel Yerkes's articles among friends without any adverse comment.

A. E. WIGGAM.

423 West 23rd Street, New York City.

The *Atlantic* is unable to give a complete statement of Professor Wiggam's views. Interested readers are referred to his article in the *Pictorial Review* for April 1923.

* * *

In Joseph F. Fishman's article on 'The American Jail' in the December *Atlantic* appeared this paragraph: —

At least, reading matter could be supplied. The American Library Association would find a worth-while field if they would turn their attention toward the jails of the country.

Miriam E. Carey, chairman of the American Library Association, has written now to Mr. Fishman and received from him a suggested programme. She writes: —

Mr. Fishman's practical outline of ways and means filled me with hope and admiration. For do not the experts usually give counsel of perfection? The field seems hopelessly big, but it is quite out of the question to refuse to take up Mr. Fishman's challenge.

# Attleboro Public Library

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